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HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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From Human Nature, London.

SPIRIT PICTURES.

History of the Glasgow Painting Medium

Many of our readers have either seen some of the paintings produced by this medium, or witnessed him actually at work; while many more have had their curiosity aroused by reading a stray notice of his doings. We have resolved, at the request of several who are deeply interested, to give a somewhat detailed account of the present condition and history of the medium and his work. For the sake of those who have no opportunity of seeing such peculiar manifestations, we shall give a picture of

THE MEDIUM AT WORK.

By the kind invitation of Mr. H. Nisbet (who acts as "medium" between the public and Mr. D. Duguid, the painter) we paid a visit recently, accompanied by an old mesmeric friend, to see how matters were progressing.

We may here state, that we have been personally acquainted with Mr. Duguid, Mr. H. Nisbet, and all the parties more immediately concerned, for some years, and can testify to their thorough honesty of purpose, and gentlemanly conduct in giving every reasonable facility to those intererested in the investigation of such phenomena. Having had the novelty of the matter brushed off by previous examination, we were the more able to examine and watch critically the various movements of the medium.

On arrival, we found several gentlemen before us, and ere long there was a company of six or seven to watch the proceedings—several of them for the first time, and somewhat skeptical. Our host had laid out for inspection several of his finished paintings, including some of the medium's first attempts, which enabled all present to judge of the progress that had been made. Having examined these carefully, and had a friendly chat on the subject, Mr. Dugnid now entered the room, when we all sat down and kept quiet. The medium placed himself in a chair, and sat quietly for a few minutes, when his eyes closed, and he appeared like a person in the mesmeric trance. Presently he rises from the chair, advances a step (his eyes still firmly closed) smiles, shakes hands with the invisibles (three in number) and bows politely, with an air of reality about the affair that is somewhat amusing to onlookers; realizing the picture of Ben Jonson—

> He's up, and walks
> And talks in his perfect sleep, with his eyes shut,
> As sensibly as he were broad awake;
> He'll tell us wonders!"

The introduction over, he walks up to the easel, which had been placed almost beneath the gasalier, for the benefit of the strangers. A small landscape, already half-finished, was to be his work. But now that he is entranced, we may take a good stare at him without been considered rude. He is of ordinary stature, and strongly built. His temperament seems principally what is known as bilious, with a good dash of the fibrous, indicating a quiet, receptive plodding character, with considerable muscular endurance. The head is large and well shaped—in fact, a good specimen of the national type: pretty strong in the reflective organs, and broad about Caution; the perceptives somewhat prominent; the whole head high above the ears, which is said to give an æsthetic tone to the mind. He seems principally deficient in Ideality, the head narrowing considerably in that direction: the appearance about the eyes, too, indicates a lack in the organ of Language; and there is likewise a slight want in the region of Self-esteem. Out of trance, he is quiet and retiring, and he retains this peculiarity while entranced, rarely speaking till the painting is over.

All present were surprised at the rapidity with which he worked. He stops for a few seconds occasionally, and looks at the picture knowingly; sometimes rising from the chair and retiring a step or two. To show that the light was of little consequence, except to enable us to see, the gas was screwed out, except one jet, which was lowered as far as possible: and even the glimmer from this peep was obscured by holding our hand between it and the canvas, so that it was impossible to tell what he was painting. We had carefully noted the appearance of the work before lowering the gas, and on turning it up suddenly in three minutes, found he had introduced several small boats on the loch in the foreground, and had brought out more distinctly a castle which stood on the margin of the water. He then, to our astonishment, with what appeared to be a few careless daubs, inserted a pleasure-boat, in which were several figures. He continued to paint in this manner for upwards of an hour, when he took a common card from his pocket, and commenced a rough sketch of a landscape, for the purpose, apparently, of using up the paint on his brushes. He now carefully put the paints in order, wiped his brushes and palette, closed his box, and turned round his chair, as if done with painting for the night.

Having risen from his chair, he appears from the lively expression on his face to have some pleasant banter with one of the spirit painters who influence him (Jan Stein, we are told) then sitting down again, the spirit, through the medium, says he is ready to answer any questions from those present. Various questions were put, and answered generally to the satisfaction of the inquirers; but as they were mostly of a commonplace character, we shall not trouble the reader further with them. The questioning over, the medium now rose, shook hands with the invisibles, bade them good-night, bowed politely, and sat down. To prevent the light hurting his eyes when he awoke, the gas was lowered, in less than five minutes he awoke, rubbed his eyes, and looked as human as any present. On questioning him, he said he had but a very faint impression of anything that transpired while he was entranced.

Such is a faithful report of the results of the seance, described as it would strike a stranger, We shall now, from authentic sources, give

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE MANIFESTATIONS.

Mr. Duguid is about thirty-five years of age, and a working cabinet-maker by profession. He has had no education further than is common among the working classes. He is rather shy and retiring, speaks but little, and finds considerable difficulty in expressing his ideas. He is in good health, and has none of the hysterical traits which are thought by many to be the origin or result of such peculiar powers. He never studied or attempted drawing or painting before he was "influenced" while investigating Spiritualism.

At the beginning of 1866, he was led by curiosity to witness some of the table-tilting manifestations at the house of his friend, Mr. Nisbet. He was skeptical at first as to the agency of spirits in the matter. At one of these sittings he began to experience curious sensations, such as shaking of the arms, accompanied by a cold current running down his spine.

His first attempts at drawing took place in the house of Mr. Nisbet, under the following circumstances:—While sitting at the table, he was mentally impressed to call in the aid of a young lady, a writing and trance medium. After sitting for some time, her hands feeling cold, she put her right hand on Mr. D's left, to let him feel how cold it was, when at once his left hand began to move. Thinking he was about to be developed as a writing medium, a pencil and paper were laid down, when the pencil was picked up, and various figures were drawn on the paper. Though very rude, the design of a vase with flowers could be made out. In the same awkward position, viz., with his left hand, on which the right hand of the lady rested, he drew the section of an archway. The guiding "influence" gave the name of "Marcus Baker," and promised to return.

Two days afterward they held another seance, when the hand of the medium was controlled to draw, with colored pencils, a basket of flowers and fruit, a portrait of the spirit, and several heads. He still used his left hand, encumbered with that of the lady medium; which was done, they were told, that it might the more readily convince skeptics. At the next sitting they were allowed to provide water-colors, with which he painted an elaborate symbolical picture; but by this time he was using his right hand, while the aid of the young lady was dispensed with. He now wrote with closed eyes, and appeared so deeply entranced as not to hear them speak. It was found that though he could not hear them, the spirit could, and was able to reply to them through the medium, although unknown to him. Through inquiries, they learned that the spirit was that of a Dutch painter; that he was born in 1636, and died in 1681; that "Marcus Baker" was not his real name, which he declined to give; but that he would furnish them with the means of learning his name, viz., by reproducing, through the medium, one of his principal pictures.

This promise he began to fulfill at a subsequent sitting, by sketching the outline of a waterfall—a wild scene of rock and crag, with pines growing from their clefts; a hill, crowned by an ancient fort, towards the right; on the left, a hermit's hut, with a rustic bridge leading to it over the foaming water. The medium, when awake, said that while entranced he could see and converse with the spirit, and described him as a man of melancholy aspect, wearing a strange old-fashioned dress. He always came accompanied by a beautiful female spirit, who, along with the painter, shook hands with the medium. He also gave an account of the hardships he endured while on earth, which brought tears to the eyes of the medium.

This painting was begun on the 18th April, and finished on the 21st—four hours being the time actually employed on it. When completed, the initals "J. R." were observed in the left hand corner. None of the party could recognize it as like anything they had seen before, and they had no idea how to prosecute the inquiry, when fortunately an artist having called to see it, he thought he recognized the picture as one he had seen somewhere, or at least an engraving of it. On looking over "Cassell's Art Treasures Exhibitor," at page 301, he found an engraving entitled the "Waterfall," by Jacob Ruysdael, acknoledged to be his *chef d' œuvre*." On comparing the engraving with the picture, it was found to resemble it so closely as to be almost a fac simile; the only difference being that in the engraving there were two or three figures on the rustic bridge which were absent in the painting. On being questioned as to the difference at the following seance, the spirit replied that the figures were not by himself, but were put in by his friend Berghem; which, upon reference to the biography of Ruysdael, was found to be correct.

In the same biography were found many facts coroborating the sad history previously given to the medium. Up to this time, Mr. Duguid had not been made aware of the discovery, but on awaking from the trance, he was shown the engraving, and a portrait of Ruysdael which accompanied it, when he at once recognized the likeness as that of the spirit painter.

At subsequent sittings, the spirit artist was accompanied by Jan Stein, a celebrated Dutch painter, and a contemporary of his own.

The requisites for painting in oil were now procured, and the medium commenced at once to put them in use, painting a number of small sketches under the combined influence of Ruysdael and Stein. Up to the present time, 1868, he has painted between forty and fifty different pictures, of all sizes. They show a steady progress in the manipulative department. He was told at the beginning that he would gradually improve, and that ultimately he would be able to paint out of trance, without being controlled by the spirits. He has attempted more than once to work a little at the painting while in his normal state, but only succeeded in spoiling them, and had to be entranced before he could remedy his blunders.

As to the merits of the paintings as works of art, we do not pretend to be competent judges; but professional men who have examined them declare that they are of a superior order, and characteristic of the school of painters from whence the inspiration is said to come.

Judged from a common standpoint, they would be extraordinary works for a workingman to paint, without previous education and preparation: but when to this is added, that they are done with the eyes shut, in the dark, or only with gaslight, which is known to be quite unsuited for painting,—then we may say that they are most marvelous indeed.

The subjects of many of the paintings are scenes which Mr. Duguid has personally visited, while others are compositions, the images of which are brought before his mind's eye by the spirit artist. Mr. Duguid has been entranced frequently while in the country, in the open air, and in that state taken rough sketches which were afterwards elaborated at home.

He has now perfect command of the trance condition, and can go into it at any time he pleases, and under any circumstances. While in his normal condition, he is occasionally visited by his spirit friends, whose presence he perceives, though he cannot see them, by a peculiar cold current runing through his body, and frequently, by clairaudiance, receives messages and instructions from them.

It is proper to add, that at the suggestion of his (to us) invisible guides, he went to the Government School of Art in the city for four months, at the end of the last and beginning of the present year, where he made very rapid progress in drawing.

We might add a great many very interesting details, several of them tending to prove the identity of the spirit painter, but space forbids at present. The painting seances have now been visited by several hundred persons, many of them eminent in science, literature, and art; but though the closest scrutiny was observed, and all sorts of tests applied, nothing in the shape of fraud or deception has ever been discovered. No one as yet has broached a theory that will cover a tithe of the phenomena; but all are agreed that it is "wonderful," "extraordinary," "no 'canny,'" and so on.

WILLIAM ANDERSON.

Since the above excellent description was penned by Dr. Anderson the developement of the medium has been characterised by other features, without reference to which, any account of him would be incomplete—we allude to the *direct* paintings, drawings, and writings now produced at almost all the sittings.

Nearly three years ago, it was suggested—as a test of the abnormal condition of the painter—that he should, after the usual work on the large picture, begin and finish a little card painting or drawing in the presence of the company assembled. The suggestion was adopted, and at various subsequent sittings a number of small oil paintings were executed by the medium, sometimes in the light and sometimes when the gas was turned down, with just as much light as enabled us to see him working. The time occupied ranged from eight to twelve minutes on each picture. These little paintings were invariably given away to parties present, and were much prized as good tests of the medium's trance condition.

About two years ago, however, a still farther development was manifested. We were told through the medium that these small paintings and drawings could be done in less time if we would insure total darkness. This was done, and the result was, that equally good pictures were produced in from one to three minutes. On one occasion when the time occupied was five or six minutes, we got six seperate pictures, painted on one card, and as close to each other as the squares on a draughtboard. Subsequently, on getting a landscape done in little more than half a minute, we expressed our belief that it was impossible it could be done by the medium, when we were told that we were right in our conclusion—that the little card pictures were the direct work of the spirit; and to prove this, on turning off the gas, the medium laid his hands in ours on three several occasions while the paintings were being done. From that to the present time, we have not only had direct paintings and drawings, but direct writings. One of these is in Hebrew characters (Deut. xxxii. 4), several in Greek, some lines in Latin with English translations, and a goodly number in English. On one occasion, an array of Egyptian hieroglyphics were thus produced on a card. At another sitting, a piece of blank printing paper which had been laid on the table, was picked up by the medium, breathed on and placed by him in a gummed envelope, which he sealed up, and placed beneath the opened lid of his paint case. After a few seconds of darkness, the gas was re-lighted, and on tearing open the envelope, we found one side of the paper covered with writing. The time occupied in writing, as much in some cases as would cover a page of note paper, ranges from ten to twenty seconds.

Along with his developement as a painting medium, Mr. Duguid has for two years been subject to the influence of an ancient Persian, who, through the medium in trance, is giving a series of interesting passages from his life in the body, extending onwards to his life in the spirit. Several of the drawings and most of the direct writings have been done for the purpose of elucidating the Persian's narrative. A large oil painting is in course of execution, under the direction of Jan Stein, illustrative of an account of a seance witnessed by the Persian in an ancient Egyptian Temple, 1900 years ago.

The figures, five or six in number, with the surroundings, form a picture which promises to be one of great interest to investigators in this field. An extra large size oil painting, having for its object the Magian "Grove Worship," has been produced.

The Ghost of a Sensation.

From an article on "Phantom Limbs," by S. Wier Mitchell, in *Lippincott's Magazine*, we extract this graphic account of how a man feels a limb that is not there:

It has long been known to surgeons that when a limb has been cut off the sufferrer does not lose the conciousness of its existence.

This has been found to be true in nearly every such case. Only about five per cent. of the men who have suffered amputation never have any feeling of the part as being still present.

Of the rest, there are a few who in time come to forget the missing member, while the remainder seem to rethin a sense of its existence so vivid as to be more definite and intrusive than is that of its truly living fellow-member.

A person in this condition is haunted, as it were, by a constant or inconstant fractional phantom of so much of himself as has been lopped away—an unseen ghost of the lost part, and sometimes a presence made sorely inconvenient by the fact that while but faintly felt at times, it is at others actually called to his attention by the pains or irritations which it appears to suffer from a blow on the stump or a change in the weather.

There is something almost tragical, something ghastly in the notion of these thousands of spirit limbs haunting as many good soldiers, and every now and then tormenting them with disappointments which arise when the memory being off guard for a moment, the keen sense of the limb's presence betrays the man into some effort, the failure of which of a sudden reminds him of his loss.

Many persons feel the lost limb as existing the moment they awaken from the merciful stupor of the ether given to destroy the torments of the knife; others come slowly to this conciousness in days or weeks, and when the wound has healed; but, as a rule, the more sound and servicable the stump, especially if an artificial limb be worn, the more likely is a man to feel faintly the presence of his shorn member. Sometimes a blow on the stump will reawaken such conciousness, or, as happened in one case, a reamputation higher up the limb will summon it anew into seeming existence.

A SHOCKING EXPERIMENT.

In many the limb may be recalled to the man by irritating the nerves in its stump. Every doctor knows that when any part of a nerve is excited by a pinch, a tap, or by electricity—which is an altogather harmless means—the pain, if it be a nerve of feeling, is felt as if it were really caused in the part to which the nerve finally passes. A similar illustration is felt when we hurt the "crazy bone" behind the elbow. This crazy bone is merely the ulnar nerve, which gives a sensation to the third and fourth fingers, and in which latter part we feel the numbing pain of a blow on the main nerve.

If we were to divide this nerve below the elbow, the pain would still seem to be in the fingers, nor would it alter the case were the arm cut off. When, therefore, the current of a battery is turned upon the nerves of an armstump, the irritation caused in the divided nerves is carried to the brain, and they referred at once to all the regions of the lost limb from which, when entire, these nerves brought those impressions of touch or pain which the brain converts into sensations. As the electric current disturbs the nerves the limb is sometimes called back to sensory being with startling rapidity.

On one occasion the shoulder was thus electrized three inches above the point where the arm had been cut off. For two years the man had ceased to be concious of the limb. As the current passed, although ignorant of its possible effect, be started up, crying aloud, "Oh, the hand, the hand!" and tried to seize it with the living grasp of the sound fingers. No resurrection of the dead, no answer of a summoned spirit could have been more startling. As the current was broken the lost part faded again, only to be recalled by the same means. This man had ceased to feel his limb. With others it is a presence never absent save in sleep. "If" says one man, "I should say I am more sure of the leg which ain't than the one that is, I guess I should be about correct."

ABSURD MISHAPS

sometimes remind men of the unreliability of these ghostly members, which seem to them so distinctly material. In one case a man believed for a moment he had struck another with the absent hand. A very gallant fellow, who had lost his arm at Shiloh, was always acutely concious of the limb as still present. On one occasion, when riding, he used the lost hand to grasp the rains, while with the other he struck his horse. He paid for his blunder with a fall. Sensitive people are curiously moved by the shock which comes from such failures of purpose. In one case, the poor fellow, at every meal for months, would try to pick up his fork, and failing, would suddenly be seized with nausea, so that at last his wife habitually warned him.

NO MORE GRAY HAIR.—*Nature's Hair Restoratice* brings back the original color. It is not a dye, and clear as crystal. Contains nothing injurious. See advertisement.

Singular Verification of Dreams—Who can Account for it?

The springing-a-leak, and loss of schooner Sachem, of Gloucester, occasioned by her sinking on Georges, Sep. 8th, was attended by a singular circumstance, which we find published in the *Cape Ann Advertiser*, that paper assuring the reader that it is correct in every particular, and will be fully substantiated by the master of the vessel, Capt. J. Weuzell, from whose log-book the particulars were gleaned.

The vessel left Brown's Bank on the 7th of September, at 9 p.m., for Georges, with a fresh N. W. breeze. At midnight, the steward, John Nelson, arose from his berth, and going aft where the skipper was, remarked in an agitated voice, his whole appearance indicating great fear:

"Skipper, we are soon to have a severe gale of wind, or something else of a dangerous nature is going to overtake the vessel, and we had better make land if we can, or at least keep clear of Georges, so as not to have it so rough when the danger comes."

Captain W. asked him what made him think so, as everything was clear at the time, and there were no apprehensions of trouble or danger.

Nelson replied, "I have been dreaming, and twice before I have had the same kind of dreams when at sea, and both times have had narrow chances of being saved. The first time we were run into the day following the dream, and left in a sinking condition. With great efforts in bailing and pumping, we reached the coast of Norway. The other time we experienced a terrible gale, had our sails blown away, and the vessel half full of water ran before it under bare poles, until we met the northeast trade winds, when we patched her up and made out to get into Havana."

He then told the purport of the dreams, which were of females dressed in white, either standing in the rain or near a waterfall, or attempting to cross a brook. The figures in each dream were the same, but the surroundings were different.

The steward is a reliable man, and was so much in earnest that the captain, although seeing no signs of a gale of wind, and not inclined to be superstitious, concluded it first to be on his guard, and charged the man forward to keep a strict watch.

The wind was now increasing, with a heavy sea rising, and at half-past one A.M., the vessel was about five miles from Georges banks. She was hove to under a close-reefed foresail, and they were furling the balance reef, when a white light was observed to leeward, supposed to be on board a fisherman lying at anchor. Suddenly, one of the crew sang out from the forecastle, "the vessel is filling with water!" Telling him not to alarm the men, the captain went down and found six inches of water on top the floor. The pumps were immediately manned, and bailing with buckets commenced, after which the captain went sounding around in the hold to find the leak, but the vessel was rolling so hard, and the water made so much noise among the barrels and in the ice-house that it was impossible to hear anything else. It was thought that the leak was under the port bow, and the vessel was wore round and hove to on the other tack, in hopes to bring the leak out of the water. The steward was told to get some provisions and see that the boat was ready to launch at a moment's notice. It was now blowing a strong breeze from the northward with a heavy sea. They spoke the schooner Prescadar, and told them their condition. With all their pumping and bailing they could not gain on the leak, and the crew were determined not to remain on board another night. The tide swept them down to leeward of the Prescador, and efforts were made to speak her again, but they could not reach her. Their movements were seen on board the Prescador, and upon asking them to send their boat to take them off, they did so at once. When they left the Sachem, the water was eighteen inches above the forecastle floor. At two P.M. she rolled over on her side, raised herself once, then plunged under, head foremost, the master and crew feeling thankful to God that they had escaped, and were safely on board the good schooner Prescador.

These are the facts, and our readers can account for the dreams and the disasters in any manner that best pleases them. We publish the statement because we consider it somewhat remarkable that the dreams should be the harbingers of disaster on three occasions.

Marvels of the Insect World.

The *Spectator*, in its notice of M. Pouchet's work, *The Universe*, says: "Man generally flatters himself that his anatomy is about the highest effort of Divine skill; yet that of the insect is far more complicated. No portion of our organism can compare with the proboscis of the common fly. Man can boast 370 muscles. Lyonet, who spent his whole life in watching a single species of caterpillar, discovered in it 4,000. The common fly has 8,000 eyes and certain butterflies 22,000. M. Pouchet treats it as an established fact that so fine are the sensory organs of ants, that they converse by means of their antennæ. Consequently the strength and activity of insects far surpass ours in proportion. In the whole field of natural science there is nothing more astounding than the number of times a fly can flap his wings in a second. As the fly passes through space at the rate of six feet in a second, it must in that point of time vibrate its wings five or six hundred times. But in rapid flight we are required to beleive that 3,600 is a moderate estimate. The mind is stupefied if it attempts to realize these results.

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and Subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 830, Mobile, Ala.

(NUMBER XII.)

Light, Heat, and Electricity—Continued.

Having advanced degree by degree, upon the natural empire of fundamental law, as manifest in and through us and our surroundings,—and having glanced summarily at the general premises, we now advance to the consideration of those conditions, relations, and laws, forming and sustaining the legitimate links connecting us in the two-fold sense of our mortal life here, and our immortal beyond.

We are so constituted as to desire on the reception of a ray of light from the infinite, to analyze and contemplate the grandeur and more suggestive beauties of its wonderful spectrum, and if possible, unravel the great cause from which all originated. We are unwilling to stop within the confines of natural science, that treats of mere abstract motions of bodies, much less natural philosophy and natural history that but treat of outer forms, whether animate or inanimate. We cannot feel content to stop, as the profound mathematician, clothed in the unmeasured majesty of his numbers. We rebel at the thought of remaining outside of the interior world of impulses, not to say impresses, thoughts, and sensations, when once we have had our eyes opened, and been touched, as it were, by "pentecostal fire." We feel that we have, as it were, a sixth sense, and are but impotent and unwise, that we do not use it, yea, even the undiscovered seventh sense, seems as if restive behind. All nature as an infinite volume, is open before us, inviting our study; we feel that it is our duty to trace change through all its connections with change, if such duty be necessary, to comprehend and explain it to others.

Though we may wing our way through the untold realms of space, and contemplate the to us, infinite beauties there; though we may far outstrip the age and season of our surroundings, and after all return to the within, our humble selves, but to the more thorough comprehension of the undeveloped creatures that we are, and in this comprehension, but the more keenly realize the infinitude of untold, unseen, unimagined cause beyond. Yet, even then may we humbly feel thankful, that we are on an ascending scale, and that we may, in response to the deepest desire of our souls, hold converse with our most loved kindred and friends, of the gone before. We feel as none others feel, who do not realize these great truths, that seemingly descend upon us as the "Holy Ghost," in all the hallowed strength of its baptizmal fire.

For one, the writer knows, beyond all doubt, that he has seen, felt, and conversed with intelligences once resident on earth, who are *now* in the next state of existence; and he furthermore knows for himself, they are there, as pure and refined, and moved by as good motives as when on earth. And we may add, that for one, we realize for ourself, that we know those of our friends gone before, with whom we have communed, are neither the "Devil," nor the "agents of the Devil," nor of any other "evil purpose"; and we furthermore feel, that none other, but the poor bigoted, wilfully blind fools, who either live on the reputation of past errors or present design, could so neglect to investigate, and so stoop to slander and traduce those so far superior while here, and now still so much the superior beyond. Yet the hog must grunt, the ass must bray, and of course the pitiful fool must fulfill the measure of his being. The poor ignorant creature that has no opportunities to acquire a knowledge of these things, must be excused with a deep feeling of commiseration, while those of better opportunities but no aspirations to learn nature's more important truths, must be condemned for both indifferent neglect, and in most instances, for wilful perversion. But enough of them.

We know for one, our friends do return, and do commune with us; and since it is only effected through certain conditions, the chief of which is in the dark, the antipode of light, we propose its brief consideration under this head. The smattering knowledge of outside physics, has in a measure blinded all, save true chemical research, into a seeming indifference, as to the grander range of the conditions, relations, and laws, of constitutional change.

Perversion has, through the professional persistance of inglorious aim, clothed itself in a shell of self-assurance, suited to the probational growth through which it has to pass. How much better it seems, it would be for them now to rise, as upon the spiritual sunbeam of truth, as the limpid dew-drop that has, as a globe within itself, just risen from its microcosmic reflection of the beautiful infinitude of its surroundings.

Though we realize that it is only a question of time, and perhaps probational duration of suspense and pain, yet we would have all to see the supernal nature and character of the truth as we now see and realize it, for their own personal happiness, as well as for the benefit of society and the world.

Reader, presuming you to have had some experience, and to have seen some unaccountable things in the so-called spiritual line, I can, in a measure, trust to your toleration respecting the probable truth of the statement of facts I am about to make. I make the statement in the first person, so as to shoulder the whole personal responsibility before the infinite, my own conscience, and yourselves; as to the skeptical world, they can set my statement down as worse than the "Shadrach Meshach, and Abednego affairs." Well, my statement is this:

Some time early in February, I think in 1858, about two o'clock in the morning, while lying in my office berth, on the steamer Oakland, at the mouth of Sillimore, in White river, Arkansas, I passed into what I call a semi-conscious vision of sleep.

I saw a seeming speck of light in the zenith, after looking at it a moment I traced a streak making off in a curved form to the eastward, until to my uiter amazement, my vision rested upon a building in flames, in Memphis, Tenn., on Adams street, between Front and Main, known as "Egan's Block." I saw where every engine stood—how they worked, and many persons standing round whom I knew, and think I spoke to some of them,—finally one of the walls fell—fell on a man, doubling him up, breaking his back and a leg. My vision then retraced the light streak back to the light speck in the zenith. Again, at this moment, some one or something seemed to whisper in my ear, "Look close and you can see how this is done." I contemplated the premises a moment, during which some one said, or these thoughts passed through my mind: The light and heat of that conflagration is the magnetism of electricity in motion, it is mirrored in the zenith as upon the great *sensorium commune*, which, in darkness, reflects as a mirror, and at that moment, I seemingly saw a limpid lakelet of water, located in the perceptive regions of my own brain, on which the fire going on was impressed, a beautiful picture, from the mirror in the zenith, which it as a mirror, had caught up from the actual scene of disaster. Next morning I rose, dressed, and made my appearance among the officers who were sitting round the stove. I called the steward, instructed him to set a table out to itself, and place paper, pencils, etc., upon it; having things thus arranged, I addressed Captain "Pete" Flemming, formerly of Louisville, John Patterson, the mate, "Dave" Garen, the carpenter, "Si" Dougherty, and Geo. Partee, pilots, and some others, not remembered,—"Now, gentleman, said I, there are pencils and paper, take your seats and write down what I state, and if it does not turn out true, I shall have no more to say about Spiritualism (we had been speaking of the subject the night before)." Though much amazed, they did as I bid them, and thus espied my statement of the facts as I saw them occur. When I had finished, they looked at each other as with a significant inquiry, as much as to say, I wonder if he has gone mad sure enough. Capt. Flemming slipped out and beckoned me unseen. On answering his call, he looked at me wild, and said with a seeming shudder, What do you mean? This circumstance will ruin us, the people are bound to hear of it. Let them hear, responded I. You know we are several hundred miles from Memphis. You know there is no telegraph within two hundred miles of this place; and you know I have not only given the hour it occurred, but detailed the circumstances; and knowing as I do, that the facts are as I stated them, the people are welcome to all the capital they can make of the facts, when their truth is known.

We were lying up on account of low water. In about a week, however, the river rose, and the first steamer up, that we met, gave us a Memphis *Appeal*, which contained an article, giving an account of the burning of Egan's Block, almost word for word as I had stated it, and as it was written down. I presume many of the persons named are yet living; they were living witnesses at that time. Capt. Flemming was right, it did ruin us, we could not get an Arkansawyer to risk his soul on that craft any more, so we, in a trip or two, blowed out and quit the trade. Though I give these facts from memory, they are substantially correct.

It is some times the case in these semi-conscious visions of sleep, that I visit spirit libraries and read for hours, and though I can remember the persons and appearances of all I see, I cannot remember what I read. My clairvoyance, if it is such, is of a semi-conscious kind, and from the breaks and connections incident to its peculiar character, sometimes unreliable; yet certain when realized as it was in the above case. I have not made this statement with any other motive than to make the explanative point as to how the vision was effected; and also to open the subject philosophically or scientifically, to what I may have to say in the future as to the *rationale* of our actual communion with spiritual intelligences beyond us. The query is in every one's mouth, "Why can't *you* do it in the light?"—"I want to see"—"*you* can't fool me that way—I'm too smart." "*You can't make a fool of me!*" As to the first query, we will endeavor in future articles to explain the why's and wherefores; as to making fools of the smart ones—we could'nt improve on the original job.

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LOOK on every day as the whole of life, not merely as a section; and enjoy the present, without wishing through haste, to spring on to another section now lying before you.—*Jean Paul Richter*

A Swedish scientific expedition has recently returned from the coast of Greenland, bringing more than twenty masses of meteoric iron, which were found on the surface of the ground. The largest, weighing more than 49,000 Swedish pounds, or about 21 tons English, with a maximum sectional area of about 42 feet square, is placed in the hall of the Royal Academy of Stockholm. The removal to a more southern climate causes them to disintegrate, and it is proposed to preserve them in a tank of alcohol.

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Unfolding the laws of the Progressive Development of Nature, and embracing the Philosophy of Man, Spirit, and Spirit World. By Thomas Paine, through the hand of Horace Wood, Medium. Price, 50 cents; postage 4 cents. For sale at the office of this paper.

THE NEW YEAR.

A Happy New Year, to all who may chance to read this article.

We have entered upon 1872, full of good will to our fellow-men. The welfare of all absorbs our fondest hopes and most sanguine expectations. Hence we say, *a Happy New Year* to everybody.

All are alike the children of Infinite Wisdom. All ever have, and ever will, live on a plane of being. All have missions to perform in their eternal rounds of life. To perform that mission wisely, and in a manner to produce the most enjoyment to others, is a means of producing most happiness for ourselves. We are, so to speak, each and every one of us, but so many links in one endless chain—ever occupying a position legitimate to the conditions surrounding or applied to us.

O that we could, at all times, realize that great truth. To realize it is but to arouse to action our wisdom faculties—to exercise the top brain instead of the selfish and unreflective faculties. How much happier we are when we exercise *charity toward our* fellow-men, however *wayward in our estimation* they may be. Poor, shortsighted mortals! We look upon the follies and foibles of others and condemn. If we were developed to a degree that we could turn our attention inward to ourselves, how much work for a missionary we should find there! How much better we might occupy the time used in condemning others, by casting the "beams" out of our own eyes.

The new year brings along with it many sincere—real, heart-felt greetings. "I wish you "a happy new year!" It is grand in the extreme, other things considered, for men and women to enter into the upper chambers of their natures and lives, even but for one day in a year in accordance with the *Harmonial Philosophy*. To live in that spirit that we can cheerfully take our *old and bitter foes* by the right hand, and wish them in all sincerity of our best nature, a happy new year. A happy new year to every human soul, is our sincere wish!

Many thousands of our fellow citizens of Chicago and the Northwest, have, within the last *twelvemonth* — since the last general greeting of "I wish you a happy new year"—passed through trials that were of a nature almost unparalleled in history. One year ago this new year's day, they, with happy smiles, greeted their friends and acquaintances in the full expectation that another year would bring similar greetings under like favorable circumstances. Alas, how uncertain are all human calculations! The blessings *we most esteem are fleeting and transitory*. We know not what a day may bring forth. We build our storehouse and gather in our crops, and expect to enjoy the fruits of our labors in ease and comfort, when lo! the destroying elements sweep over the land—all is consumed, and our most sanguine expectations are forever blasted.

In such a calamity a terrible lesson is taught. It comes through suffering, mental and physical, inexpressible. Loved parents, children, kindred and friends, are severed in a moment by the devouring elements, which have been thus unchained at an unguarded moment.

The few moments of suffering by those who were consumed by the fiery elements so recently brought near to us, can better be imagined than expressed! How horrible the spectacle to be beheld, aye, to be contemplated! Our *demonstrated philosophy*, only, brings the true balm of consolation. *Spiritualism demonstrates* that those loved ones who fell victims to the devouring element, are to-day in a world of real life and activity, above the effects of the elements that destroyed their physical forms, and feel to, and do, sympathize with those dear to them, with a greater degree of intensity than they were capable of when subject to physical conditions.

This thought cheers the Spiritualist amidst suffering, by the most severe calamities that befall him. He sees the husband, the wife, the child, the brother, the relative and friend, that fell beneath the consuming fire, an arisen soul—an *angel* in a *beautiful world of light*—surrounded by millions of intelligent beings, who love to minister to the every want of a new born spirit.

Such new born spirits, by the aid of others, come closely *en rapport* with the loved ones left behind, and under favorable circumstances, whisper words of cheer and comfort in the mental ears—proclaim more fully in the hours of slumber, when the external senses are more passive and quiet—saying, fear not, an angel father watches over you, a loving mother inspires you, an affectionate, prattling child brings flowers, and enwreaths your *sleeping, toil-stricken form*, a loving brother or sister is ever with you, and ere long will welcome you to the home of the blest in the world of light.

To our friends—Spiritualists everywhere—we bid you, one and all, a happy new year, and say to you, place not your affections upon physical, mundane objects, that may perish in an hour, and in perishing, perhaps, consume your physical bodies along with them, but remember that the embellished soul—the truly developed mind—is imperishable; in it is centered all real treasures—such, alone, as you can carry with you to the *higher life*.

E Terry, Santa Barbara, Cal.,

Sent to our care twelve dollars for our afflicted brother, Austin Kent, of Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., which we forthwith despatched to him.

Mr. Kent is a worthy brother, so badly crippled that he can not even feed himself, nor walk a step. Such charities are well bestowed, and worthy of imitation.

AN average New York fashionable party now costs about five thousand dollars, a small fortune for a good many people.

Items of Interest.

—Read the able discourse of D. W. Hull on 2d page.

—Miss Susie Johnson is still lecturing at Port Huron.

—J. G. Fish is lecturing on Geology with good success. His address is Avon, N. Y.

—We shall publish in our next an able article from F. B. Dowd on Statuvolence.

—Mrs. S. A. Rogers, trance and inspirational speaker, can be addressed at Lewiston, Me.

—The National Suffrage Committee will hold a Convention at Lincoln Hall, in Washington, on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of January.

—M. W. Turner is now lecturing at Kansas City, Mo., where he can for the present be addressed. His permanent address is St. Louis, Mo.

—Mrs. Margaret Bush writes: "Why do n't mediums come to Texas? If such a man as E. V. Wilson would come here how much good he would do."

—Miss Ruth Painter, a Welsh lady, recently arrived from Europe, is preaching in Blue Earth County, Minn. She is regularly licensed by the Congregational Church.

—The indefatigable D. W. Hull is to have a discussion with Elder W. R. Jewell, of Wauseon, Ohio, at Crawfordsville, Ind., commencing March 11th. Mr. Hull is one of our ablest and spiciest debators.

—Attention is called to the new advertisement of the celebrated and well-known analytical physician, Dumont C. Dake, M.D. The uniform and almost unvaried success that attends his practice shows his power over disease.

—Dr. J. H. Rodes, magnetic healer and physician, has just returned to Philadelphia from Holyoke, Mass., and may be consulted from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M. daily, except Sundays, at 1005 Race street.

—What law or force gives the world its rotary motion and sends it on itsdiurnal trip around the sun?—Inquirer. *Reply.*—See "Cosmology," by Ramsey. For sale at this office. Price postpaid $1.66.

—Dr. Samuel Underhill when last heard from was at Springfield, Ill. Will he send us an account of his doings. Everybody should read his work on Mesmerism. As a developing medium, lecturer on temperance, etc., he cannot be easily excelled.

—Monson people are considerably excited over the appearance of a woman, or a ghost, or a man dressed in woman's clothes, or some other species of person, who meets and follows men who are out late at night, or up early in the morning.—*Boston Herald.*

—A Pennsylvania court has granted an injunction against a Catholic bishop, restraining him from removing a priest from his pastorate. The circumstances are not given in the despatch; but it is manifest that the decision is a "new departure" in the relations of civil and ecclesiastical authority.

—An English clergyman tells a story illustrating the way some persons read the Bible, looking upon it as a kind of charm or fetich. He was called in to visit a dying woman, and when he went he found her husband with his eyes streaming in tears reading to her a list of genealogies from the Book of Chronicles.

—Spurgeon delights in the story of the genuine conversion of a servant girl. She was asked, on joining the church, "Are you converted?" "I hope so sir." "Why do you think you are really a child of God?" "There is a great change in me, sir, from what there used to be." "Can you explain what this change is?" "I do n't know, sir, but there 's a change in all things; but for one thing—I always sweep under the mat now."

—Dr. Kayner is engaged to lecture at Watseka, Iroquois Co., Ill., Saturday evening and Sunday morning and evening, January 20th and 21st, 1872 Also at Milford, same county, January 27th and 28th. The friends residing in that vicinity who are desirous of hearing from this able lecturer should at once make arrangements for the intermediate evenings while they have the opportunity to secure his services. His address is St, Charles, Ill,

—Hon. Dan. W. Voorhees, of Indiana, a leader of the Northwestern Democracy, goes for an aggressive, organized hand to-hand fight with a Democratic candidate against Grant. As Mr. Lincoln would say, this reminds us of a "little anecdote." A wicked fellow was desperately sick, and lying at death's door, when he was called upon by a minister, who urged him, in view of his probable early departure from the shores of time, to "wrestle with the Lord." The sick man called attention to his emaciated limbs and unstrung muscles, and said, "Do I look like 'wrestling with the Lord?' Why, he would trip me into hell the first pass."—*Exchange.*

—A Wisconsin poetess, residing, no doubt, in the rural districts, has spread her fine abilities on foolscap in the shape of a Poem on Chicago. She commences to pour it on as follows:

> Oh, city fallen! fallen low—
> Bow down with shame thy lifted head,
> Now, thy fall is great indeed;
> Now for thee let tears be shed.

Through several verses she scintillates, and then bursts forth in full blaze in this verse:

> Blacker than the dreary waste,
> Left on thee by the scourging flame,
> Is this foul stain thy hideous sin
> Has left forever on thy name.

—Bro. D. J. Dingam writes as follows from Louisville, Ky.: "The Children's Progressive Lyceum had an exhibition and Christmas tree on the afternoon of December 25th. Quite an audience assembled to hear the declamations, calisthenics, singing, etc. The distribution of gifts from the tree by Santa Claus created considerable mirth and satisfactory feelings among all present, It was said by those who have attended similar entertainments in other cities, that they considered this excelled anything of the kind they ever had experienced. It being our first attempt we feel greatly elated. In the evening we had a ball where one hundred couples tripped the light fantastic toe. The whole proceeds are to be appropriated toward furnishing a complete outfit for the Lyceum here. Both afternoon and evening entertainments passed off harmoniously. All appeared in good spirits."

—Dr. Daniel White, formerly of St. Louis, has removed to Topeka, the capital of the great and growing State of Kansas, and has joined Dr. T. B. Taylor in the practice of medicine. They are giving special attention to the treatment of all chronic diseases. We deem it but just to say that Dr. White is one of the most successful physicians in the West. He has practiced medicine for thirty years with great success. Dr. Taylor is a successful electro-magnetic healer, and has made some splendid cures recently. The sick can address them at Topeka, and be successfully treated through the mails, or patients visiting them will find comfortable board at reasonable rates in the city. All chronic diseases that are curable yield readily to their method of cure.

—The *Patriot*, of Springfield, Mo., speaks as follows in reference to Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson: "Mrs. Wilcoxson, a lady of fine talent, has been delivering lectures or discourses upon Modern Spiritualism, in the city for a week or two past. Last Thursday evening she gave a very forcible enunciation of her views, at the Court House, to a very respectable audience. Last Sabbath evening also she lectured at the same place to a crowded house. She is the most remarkable female lecturer that we ever heard; has a fine clear voice for speaking in public; her thoughts flow easy and her words are well chosen. Her arguments, we are free to admit, show a great depth of thought and intelligence, and mark her as more than an ordinary woman. We love to hear her speak, for she enters upon her subject as one thoroughly acquainted with it, and with an earnestness that plainly shows her heart is in the work. We know our people will gladly listen to her lectures, and hope she will remain a few days longer, and give all an opportunity to hear her."

—*The Witness*, of New York, is a semi-religious paper, and as such has met with immense success. It goes into religious spasms, moral contortions, and virtuous rheumatic pains, over the fact that the *Tribune* of this city worships Mammon more than the Orthodox God. It speaks of the Sunday issue of the *Tribune* as follows: "From a contemporary we learn that in a recent Sunday issue 'it was found necessary,' in consequence of the advertising pressure, to omit every line of telegraphic matter, specials as well as press despatches! Public opinion in the desolated city must still be of a most perilous sort, when the leading journal is thus desired, and willing, to dishonor the Lord's day without even a pretense of justification. If this is the best service that a great newspaper can do for the true wants of men, our faith in the institution must be sadly shaken. Our Chicago friends might adopt as their motto the language of the men mentioned by the prophet Amos: When will the Sabbath be past, that we may set forth (expose for sale) corn?"

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

Progression.

Of all the grand revelations which have marked the era of modern Spiritualism, there is no one so well calculated to fill the soul with true and living hope as that which proclaims in unmistakable terms the fullness and perfection of the great law of progression. To the soul immersed in crime, sunk deeply in the depths of vice; to that large class of humanity who are indifferent to all things save the present, and to those whose souls are ever seeking the better way, it comes alike with healing on its wings; with blessings to all. The child of sin, wearied with the heavy burdens that have been laid upon it by the conditions that have surrounded it ante-natally and post-natally, as it catches glimpses of this beautiful revelation, and feels the thrilling power of the divine within, impressing it with the fact that the beautiful law of progression holds not only all human beings, but all nature within its firm and absolutely unyielding grasp, so that there can be no possibility of escape.

Realizing this thought, the soul leaps with joy in the consciousness that its freedom will come; that it will yet escape the thralldom of a bondage which is always galling, and come out of the darkness which falls with a crushing weight upon it.

The flashes of light gleaming across the heavens and thus revealing the law, may be few and scattered, but they come, and their power is felt by all. Even the thoughtless and indifferent multitude are sometimes startled from their apathy by a consciousness of these revelations, but to the reformer—he or she who goes forth in the world seeking to break the crust of old conservatism, this idea of progression, universal and absolute, is the grand lever by which all are to be moved. The thought of a being who is an absolute reprobate, without any hope or opportunity of reform is most saddening; far worse than annihilation would be. There are certain monstrous ideas that the human soul revolts against as atrocious, unnatural, and consequently impossible, and this is one.

The church has spoken of the possibility of sinning out the day of grace; of becoming reprobates; cast off forever from all hope of return to peace and joy, to happiness and love, but no human soul has ever believed this. It has been the offspring of a cold, selfish intellect, fostered for generations and hardened by repetition, until the mind has uttered the thought; but such an intellectual condition is not easily maintained, and to-day the world, is filled with free-thinkers who have been shocked by the gross and repulsive idea of an eternal hell from which there was no escape.

While the forms of the church may retain vestiges of this infernal doctrine, the people repudiate it, and many of those who minister at the altar, turn away from the thought, and will not give it utterance. Human nature revolts at such a gross libel upon the character of the Deity.

A little boy said to his mother:

"I have never known a person so bad that I would be willing to burn them for a minute, and mother, I know God is better than I am."

The law of progress underlies and overtops all other laws; it is the most absolute of all laws, for unto it all laws are subservient.

We rejoice that this is much better understood by mankind to-day, and also in the fact that the angels have come to preach this great sermon of progression.

They tell us that all the pains, all the sufferings, and sorrows that have ever cast their shadow over their pathway, have been under laws which were supplementary to, and part of this great universal law of progression; that out of all these conditions however hard they may have been, for the time, they have come with cleaner garments and purer aspirations, and when the mists and fogs of error and darkness which have surrounded them have cleared away, the beautiful sunlight of eternal progression has shown around about them, and revealed to them the better way, which leads to higher conditions.

The joy that comes to the soul from this knowledge of progression here, is but a foretaste of that higher happiness which it shall realize in the future, when with unfolded vision, and better appreciation of all the past, the soul shall look back and review the lessons of life, teeming as they have been with so much of practical value that was not realized by it when it was passing through these experiences.

Reading thus, chapter and page of life's great book, we may gather new lessons with deeper meanings each time, and then, looking around us in the clearer atmosphere of the higher life, we shall see that this great law of progress is the very foundation on which God has built His universe, material and spiritual. Thus the study of all laws and principles leads to the one great fact, the knowledge of the perfection of the law which binds them all as one, and links them to the Infinite.

Nor is thi all. For when the vision of the soul in the inner life is so unfolded as to go over the past and glean the valuable lessons that we have left all along life's pathway, because we could not carry them with us; when it realizes its present attitude and relation more clearly, then it is prepared to go forward with perfected vision, and see something, at least, of the grandeur and beauty of the higher fields which lie beyond, where, surrounded by conditions which shall aid us in our journey, so that all the masks and shams that have marred the lower condition shall be laid aside, and in the glorious freedom of true lives, the soul shall find that the burden of its labors are not required to correct its mistakes, and change its important conditions; but clad in the white robes of purity, and walking in the conditions of the higher life, relieved from all those conditions which now harden us, new and more beautiful thoughts and aspirations will cheer us; the better realization of the present, and the bright, gleaming hopes of the future, undimmed by sin and sorrow, will bring heaven into our souls; and still, in the highest condition which can be attained, the law of progression, more refined and beautiful than ever, will shine above and around us, and as we grasp the rounds of this great ladder, we shall mount upwards with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

We may compare the laws of the universe to the geological strata of the earth, which lie one above the other. Man could not have lived when the primitive crust of the earth, the granite rock, was the highest development. So there are laws so low down in the scale that they bring disease and death to man whenever he comes under their influence.

In order for the operation of the law of progress on the material plane, it was needful that the crust of the earth should be broken up and upheaved into hills and valleys, with their dips and inclinations, so that all might be mingled into one, and form the various soils on which first plants, then animals, and lastly man, could live.

Although the granite of itself, would not furnish the proper conditions for man to live in, when it is taken from its bed and chiseled by the hand of the architect, it makes beautiful and enduring temples and dwelling places for man. So, even the conditions which we have called the lower are essential to man's progression, and the breaking up of the strata of these has led to the development of conditions which have produced what we find today, and while we speak of higher and lower laws, let it not be understood that we suppose for a moment that there is not any one that is not good in itself and proper in its place.

The law which produces an atmosphere upon any globe, may be compared to this moral law on the plane of mind, and without this, man can not exist.

We know that atmospheres are not equally pure. So these moral laws may and do vary, and there are persons who now live in the murky atmosphere of crime, which may be compared to the old carboniferous atmosphere that supported plants and a few animals only. But the moral atmosphere, like the physical, is growing clearer, and the world, material and spiritual, is moving onward and upward, and the day is coming when there shall be a still better atmosphere, spiritually and physically, and man shall live upon higher and purer planes in all departments of his being. The law of progress must and will bring this about.

Man may and does co-operate with the law. This is his highest mission, the sum and substance of his education, to show him how to live, how to bring himself into the best relation with the very highest laws that he is capable of reaching, and when this lesson is fully impressed upon man, and he carries it out, the law of progress will operate with accumulated speed, and man will walk in higher fields and perceive grander truths than he has ever yet realized.

We know that all mankind desire the coming of this good time, but who will work for it, earnestly, honestly, and sincerely? Let us lay aside every prejudice, every hindrance, and seek for a larger capacity to receive the truth, which is ever ready to flow in upon us just as rapidly as we can take it in. Then let us help each other in all directions to find it, and having found it, let us not be afraid to live it in our daily lives, and thus bring the good time which has been so long predicted and hoped for, into our present experiences. Let us ask ourselves every day are we willing to do the best we can? For assuredly if we are, the good time has already come to us.

> 'Tis glancing in the twinkling star,
> 'Tis glowing in the sun,
> 'Tis written on the stormy cloud
> Where the crinkled lightnings run.
>
> Beneath the strata dark and deep,
> Mid subterranean fire,
> 'Tis written in those powers that leap
> And evermore aspire.
>
> Progression in the mighty past
> Rolls on forevermore,
> And God around the Universe
> Sweeps, like ocean round its shore.
>
> Deep currents play, and mighty tides
> The whelming billows roll,
> And over all triumphant rides
> The world's Great Oversoul.
>
> Whelmed in the tides of being,
> We live our mighty day,
> And towards the sun of life and light
> Like plants and flowers we pray.
>
> Our souls their petals open wide,
> To drink the blessed air,
> And where 'er life expands a leaf.
> The love of God is there.
>
> He builds the archway of the sky,
> And whirls the glowing sun,
> Eternity gives no reply
> When his great work is done!
>
> Forever and forever still,
> His loving heart must beat,
> And ever from his life to ours
> Flows a communion sweet.
>
> Oh God! the Father, mighty One!
> In star, in planet, and in sun;
> In atoms small
> In rains that fall,
> In sunbeams making glorious all;
> Upon Thy sacred name we call!
>
> —*E. S. Wheeler.*

To the Friends of Humanity.

At a meeting of the American Association of Spiritualists, held at Troy, N. Y., Sept. 12th, 13th and 14th, 1871, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved: That there is need of more liberal, humane, and comprehensive methods for the relief of diseases of the mind. That we recognize the possibility of great good to the human family from psycopathic (magnetic) treatment of the insane, and that all efforts in that direction commend themselves to the hearty support and co-operation of all Spiritualists and persons of liberal thought.

The following persons were appointed to consider the subject, obtain such information as they can in regard to it, and report to the Association next year:

Henry T. Child, M.D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Penn.; Henry F. Gardner, M.D., Boston, Mass.; I. G. Atwood, M.D., corner of Irving Place and 17th street, N. Y.; Susan C. Waters, Bordentown, N. J.; Sophronia E. Warner, Cordova, Ill.; Andrew J. Davis, Orange, N. J.; Dr. Meade, Boston, Mass.

As Chairman of the above committee, I am desirous of receiving, not only from the members of the committee, but from all persons interested in this important subject, information in reference to it, and would be much obliged by an early reply to the following questions:

1st.—Have you any direct information in reference to cases of insanity treated by magnetism?

2nd.—Have you treated any cases, or witnessed the treatment by others?

3rd.—Can you give me any information of the general plad of treatment of insanity?

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Medium's Column.

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S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. CHICAGO, JANUARY 13, 1872. VOL. XI.—NO. 17.

Phantoms and Apparitions.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—As the following letter of inquiry is of singular interest, I lay it before your readers, with the subjoined reply.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Dear Sir.—I desire information on the topic of apparitions. Medical books refer to the case of Nicolai, a German, of the latter part of the last century, who published an account of the apparition that he beheld from February 24th, 1791, to April 20th, of the same year. Dr. W. A. Hammond has republished a portion of it in his essay on wakefulness, pp 57—62. If you cannot refer readily to the work, I will transcribe portions of it, and underscore such parts as I wish you specially to consider in your answer.

Nicolai states that he was accustomed to be bled twice a year this had been done on the 9th, of July, but was omitted at the end of the year 1790. During the ten latter months of that year he had experienced several melancholy incidents that deeply affected him. In January and February of the year 1791, he met with several other extremely unpleasant circumstances which were followed on the 24th. of February, by a most violent aberration. His wife came into the apartment to console him.

"On a sudden," he writes, "I perceived at the distance of ten steps, a form like that of a deceased person. I pointed at it, asking my wife if she did not see it. She did not see it, and being alarmed for my welfare, sent immediately for a physician. The phantom continued for about eight minutes. * * * *

"At four in the afternoon the form which I had seen in the morning reappeared. * * * About six o'clock there appeared also several walking figures which had no connection with the first.

"After the first day the figure of the deceased person no longer appeared, but other phantasms often representing acquaintances, but mostly strangers. Those whom I knew were composed of *living* and deceased persons. * * * The persons with whom I daily conversed did not appear as phantasms; those representing chiefly persons who lived at some distance from me.

"These phantasms seemed equally clear and distinct at all times, and under all circumstances, both when I was by myself, and when I was in company, and as well in the day as at night, and in my own house as well as abroad; they were, however, less frequent when I was in the house of a friend, and rarely appeared to me in the street. When I shut my eyes these phantasms would sometimes vanish entirely, though there were instances when I be held them with my eyes closed, yet when they disappeared on such occasions, they generally returned when I opened my eyes. * * * * * *

"I generally saw human forms of both sexes, but they usually seemed not to take the smallest notice of each other, moving as in a market place, where all are eager to pass through the avenue! At times, however, they seemed to be transacting business with each other. I saw also several times people on horseback, dogs and birds. * * * * * * * *

About four weeks after they had first appeared I also began to *hear them talk.* The phantoms sometimes conversed among themselves, but more frequently addressed their discourse to me. Their speeches were commonly short and never of an unpleasant turn. At different times there appeared to me both dear and sensible friends of both sexes whose addresses seemed to appease my grief, which had not yet wholly subsided! Their consolatory speeches were in general addressed to me when I was alone. Sometimes, however, I was accosted by these consoling friends while I was engaged in company, and not unfrequently while real persons were speaking to me. * * * *

"At last it was agreed that leeches should again be applied to me, which was actually done, April 20th, 1791, at eleven o'clock in the morning. During the operation my chamber was crowded with phantoms of every description. This continued uninterrupted, till about half an hour after four o'clock, just when my degestion commenced. I then perceived that they began to move more slowly. Soon after their color began to fade, and at seven o'clock they were entirely white. * * * * * * Soon they seemed to dissolve in air, while *fragments* of some of them continued visible for a considerable time. About eight o'clock, the room was entirely cleared of my fantastic visitors."

QUESTIONS.

1. "Were those phantasms, as Nicolai describes them, what are termed by Spiritualists as spirits?

Nicolai states that they were seen by him and heard by him.

2. "What were those phantasms of persons that Nicolai mentions as being *living* persons?

3. "What were the horses, dogs and birds he alludes to?

4. "Did all these phantasms exist independent of Nicolai and his bodily organization? Were they objective or subjective?

5. "Why did the phantasms increase in number during the operation of the leeches?

6. "What are the forms, (generally frightful ones) seen by persons suffering from delerium tremens? Are they objective or subjective?

7. "Were the visions of Jesus seen by the martyr Stephen, the apostle Paul, by the many votaries of the Roman Catholic church, by Jacob Boehner, by Swedenborg, by Wm. Blake, by Mother Ann Lee, by A. J. Davis, and by multitudes of modern Spiritual mediums, objective or subjective appearances!

8. "What are the tests to distinguish between objective and subjective apparitions;

9. "What is the philosophy of the birth growth and developement of subjective apparations or phantasms!

Other pertinent questions might be propounded, but I doubt not your elucidation of these will so dispell the mist that enshrouds the subject, that additional inquiries will be unnecessary."

INQUIRER.

REPLY.

1.4. We regard the phantasms seen by Nicolai, as *subjective*, although possibly some of them may have been objective, because they appear to have *entirely* depended on his physical and mental conditions. That he heard them talk is no evidence of their objective character, more than his seeing them, for the sense of hearing is as liable to perversion as that of seeing.

2, and 3. "The previous answer covers the second question, as well as the third. That he saw phantoms of birds and beasts, is evidence that they were not objective.

5. "The disturbance of the circulation would, for well known physiological reasons, momentarily increase the tendency of the mind to perceive phantoms, but with sufficient loss of blood this would be counteracted. We learn that the result of depletion was, that the phantoms entirely vanished. They were produced by the unusual plentitude of blood, caused by his not being bled "at the end of the year," and disappeared as soon as that operation was thoroughly performed.

6. "In delirium tremens, the phantoms may be objective, but almost always are subjective.

7. "This question allows only a general statement, covering the entire ground of phantom seeing, from the earliest times to the modern seeing, or clairvoyant mediums. The phantoms must be studied in each individual case to learn to which class they belong. Even known mediumship is not a perfect test of their character. These statements will not be considered as mere assertions, when the answers to the 8th, and 9th, questions are submitted. "The birth and development of subjective apparitions," can only be explained by a comprehensive philosophy of the mind, such as has not yet been taught. The mind while in the body is reached by and through the brain, and so far as physiological research leads, every impression, no matter through what sense, is received by the brain, transmitted to the mind, and registered in the memory by means of organic changes. To illustrate, a musical note is received by the ear and arrives at the mind by producing a certain molecular change in the substance of the brain. A series of musical notes, each produces a similar effect, but every note a different change. Every object seen by the eye affects the brain in a similar manner through vibrations in the optic nerves. It seems that an impression thus produced can never be forgotten, and that the brain diseased, is more liable to assume the condition into which it has been previously thrown by impressions of objects, than any other. When it does thus assume these conditions, the mind has no power to judge whether the impression thus given, is objective or subjective. For instance, the sight of the rainbow produces a certain condition in the optic nerves, and changes in the substance of the brain. If the nerve is diseased, or disturbed, a similar state may be produced on the brain, and the mind receive visions of the rainbow, even more vivid than the real spectacle, because the changes are greater. In passing into trance, beautiful rainbows and prismatic colors are often observed. In all these instances the mind itself is deceived, and is unable to distinguish between the objective and subjective.

I have not space to fully demonstrate the following statement in this neccessary brief reply, but I believe it can be fully relied on. Every subjective phantom is either a resurrected impression, or a combination of impressions, the frequent distortion being the result of such combination. It is not necessary that the resurrection of a former impression be accompanied by the memory of that impression, though really such renewals of an old state of change by the brain, of itself is a species of memory. When a tangible object produces impressions on the brain, these impressions are received by the mind in a direct manner. If the brain assume afterwards, in the absence of any exciting object, the same state, memory, the shadowy presence of that object is produced; but if this state is abnormally intense, the mind fails to distinguish between the two states and receiving the semblance for the reality, phantoms are created. Of course these changes are rarely simple, but blended into each other, and especialy in abnormal mental conditions, as the few colored bits of glass of the kalidoscope yield infinite changes, so the mental impressions confusedly blended yield infinite diversity of appearances.

How shall we distinguish these subjective phantoms from the real and objective spirit that appears to the medium? A most important question this, and the more difficult to answer, because the method of spirit appearance and communion are so nearly the same as those by which phantoms are produced.

Thought itself is accompanied with structural change in the brain. The mind receives a certain change, as a representative of a certain idea. Now a spirit wishing to impress a medium with a certain idea, causes the structural change accompanying that idea, and the mind receives the corresponding impressions. Externally over the same field, or at least widely overlying each other, the difficulty of distinguishing between them to be overcome, requires the most careful research. We believe that patient and extended observations of the phenomena connected with trance and clairvoyance, will yet reduce this neglected and unexplained province to absolute certainty and law, but this as yet, has scarcely been attempted; until then we must judge each case by itself. If the vision has the elements of reality in it, it is *probably* objective, if it has not, but is a purposeless panorama moving before the eye, it is *probably* subjective. The crowds that passed before Nicolai, "moving as in a market place, where all are eager to pass through the avenue," the dogs, horses, and birds, which mingled with absent friends, by no possibility could be objective; nor can the serpents which twine around the victim of the delerium tremens.

It has been exceedingly prejudicial to rational Spiritualism, that its ardent supporters, with praiseworthy enthusiasm, claimed with it everything of a mysterious character. Nothing is gained, but much is lost, by this extension of the province of Spiritualism.

Man is a spirit while in the body, and amenable to spiritual laws. This fact complicates the question of spiritual influence in a high degree. The answer of the question, "How distinguish objective and subjective impressions," requires little change to answer. "How distinguish between our own thoughts and spirit impressions?"

At present no certain rules can be given; each case must be studied by itself, and, as it were, rest on its own merits. The character of the phantasms, especially, when compared with the circumstances which evoked them, usually reveal their cause.

The importance of this subject can not be too forcibly impressed on the minds of all Spiritualists and mediums. It is highly important to the latter to be able to distinguish the apparitions of spirits from their imaginations, or the unconscious workings of their own mind.

The value of their mediumship almost depends upon their doing so.

The Spiritualist can afford to be skeptical, and winnow so carefully, that only the most golden grains are preserved. Better cast the imperfect kernels out, than garner all the chaff and rubbish. Every phenomena should be imputed to material and known causes, until the contrary be proved. The facts we shall gather by such a course will be irrefragible, and of sterling value; whereas, if we set out claiming everything for spirit power, our cause will be weakened by the failure of a great proportion of our evidence.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Berlin Heights, Ohio.

STEPPING OUT OF HIS BODY.

A Man who Actually Believes that he Accomplished that Feat.

Mr. B., a resident of Louisville, Ky., who is noted for the accuteness of his perceptive powers, his intelligence and scrupulous veracity, relates an experience that seems to merit the attention of those who seek to know more of the nature of man, especially since Mr. B. is not a Spiritualist nor an orthodox Christian, who might be suspected of credulity, but a materialist, who believes that the soul is the result of physical life, and ceases to exist as an individuality when physical life ends.

Mr. B. says:—Some years ago I lived in St. Louis. My house was on Olive street, and I occupied two stories of the house. We did our cooking in the first story, and our sitting-room was in the second story, from which there were an outside and an inside stairway, by which we could go down to reach the street.

One evening, returning home about nightfall, I sat down in a rocking-chair in our sitting-room, while my wife went down stairs to prepare supper. From the kitchen she could have seen me if in a somnambulic state, I had gone down either of the stairways, but she is positive that I did not go down stairs. I must have been but a few minutes sitting in the rocking-chair when I had an impulse to go down town. I had no special business, but felt that I must go, and I seemed to go down stairs by the outside stairway. I was not conscious of any unusual sensation. I felt no want of my body—no consciousness of getting out of it, if I was out. I noticed that the street-lamps were lit. Coming to an alley crossing that was muddy, I considered that it was necessary to make a little effort to spring across it, and was astonished to find that I jumped much further than I had anticipated.

Wondering at my buoyancy, I thought I would spring up and see how high I could jump, and, making the experiment I was astonished to find that I had jumped so high that I looked into the second-story windows, and it seemed to require something of an effort to get down to the earth again. Passing on, down street, I met many persons returning from work, and it struck me as singular that none of them gave way to me. I had to get out of their way or they would have run against me. I came opposite a bank and noticed that there was a light inside. This did not astonish me, as I knew that in many banks and stores a light is kept burning all night, but looked in and saw a man inside counting notes. I felt a wish to go in, and I knew the door was shut and locked. I could see that, but it seemed that the door did not close so tightly but I could slip in, and I did so. I noticed exactly the hour that was shown by the bank clock, and could hear the ticking. I went opposite the man who was busily engaged counting notes. He had hair a little grey, and very peculiar features. I noticed that he sorted the notes as he run them over, throwing the different denominations apart, and then counting them.

Observing this for a few minutes, I was suddenly seized with a dread lest the man should look up, and supposing I had come in with some felonous intent, do me some harm, as by shooting me before I could explain how I got in after the door was locked. In considerable trepidations, I, for the moment, could not see how to get out. I did not remember that I could go out where I had come in. Wishing to have the man see me without being startled, and thinking that the best way to excuse my presence was for him to see me between him and the door. I went round to his side to attract his attention, but he did not seem to see me even when he looked toward me. I attempted to put my hand on his shoulder to insure his attention, but somehow I could not touch him. I spoke to him but he did not seem to hear a word that I said. Recollecting, then, how I had got in, I went out through the door crack and went straight home, the only noticable incident being, as on going down town, that those I met did not give way to me. I had still to step aside, or they would have run against me.

On getting back to our sitting-room, I settled myself in the rocking-chair, and the next thing I knew, my wife was shaking me to have me wake up for tea. How long a space had elapsed from the time when I came home from work until my wife called me to supper, I have no means of knowing exactly. Now, I might suppose that the whole was a dream, but for some unaccountable circumstances. One of these was that I had not previously noticed the bank in waking hours. The next day after this curious experience, I went down street as I had seemed to go the night before, and I saw the bank, and the man whom I had seen counting notes was there behind the counter. I recognized, at once, his marked features and grayish hair. I do not think I had ever seen him in my waking hours before. I saw also the clock that I am certain I never saw before the night when I seemed to see it after I went into the bank.

When I thus seemed to verify that I supposed I had seen the night before, I had an inclination to tell the gray-headed banker about it, but I feared he might suppose that I had been in the bank in person for some bad intent, and this restrained me. I am utterly at a loss to account for my experience. That I did not leave my sitting-room, my wife is confident. When she awoke me, I was in the chair as I was when she was down stairs. If there is a spirit distinct from body, and it was the spirit that went down street and saw things previously unknown, why was I not conscious of being out of my body? What purpose could be subserved by a spirit thus going out of the body without any object, and looking into strange places and then going back into the body? But how did I, when asleep in my rocking-chair, fancy the incidents previously entirely unknown, yet which were so strangely verified afterward?—*Exchange.*

From the Medium and Daybreak.

The Spirit Messenger.

The medium having been controlled, Tien-Sien-Tie proceeded to answer the following questions:—

Q. Is prayer efficacious in restoring the health when it is impaired?—A. Yes. The real philosophy of the matter is simply this:—The person who sends upwards his aspiration for the health of his friend, prepares the psychological conditions surrounding the sick man for the reception, as it were, of spiritual power and health. Prayer is, therefore, simply a means to an end, and one of the many forms of which humanity avails itself for its benefit; it is one method, but not the highest. It is subject to vast improvement.

Q. What is the highest method?—A. The highest method whereby humanity can elevate itself is the absence of the necessity of prayer—where life is one eternal song of praise, and not praise and prayer at intervals, simply when the pressure of circumstances causes humanity to feel its weakness. It is the principal or force within acting upon the individual, and making him feel his dependence upon the laws that govern his being.

Q. Do you mean to say that man is absolutely dependent upon spirits outside of the forces of nature?—A. We would rather have you infer that man is naturally dependent upon the principles of existence. Directly he attempts to infringe them, they make him feel their inflexibility. The more we trust to expediences, the more sure is our discomfiture.

Q. If a medium is troubled with low spirits, how is he to get rid of them?—A. The best method we could advise would be, first to take the medium out of such surroundings as conduce to a low and depraved condition, either physically or intellectually, more especially physically; for low and undeveloped spirits are of necessity drawn to, or attracted by, depraved physical conditions; while, when they find a high standard of physical excellence, it is difficult for them to penetrate the sphere around it. Place the medium in such circumstances as promote a healthy condition of body, thus causing the mind of the medium to centre on all that is pure, noble, and elevating; and this will eventually wake up powers that shall, by organic barriers, prevent the ingress of so-called low spirits.

Q. Take the case of a medium who is surrounded with average good conditions, and who is yet plagued with bad spirits?—A. It is the law, so far as we have been enabled to study the matter, that no imperfect and undeveloped spirit can maintain a hold on another individual unless there be some flaw therein; and therefore we must return to the physical condition of the medium suffering, and we shall find that there is some temporary downfall of the bodily conditions.

Q. Do you think the science of phrenology, in its present condition, is anything like perfect?—A. Phrenology, like all other sciences that for their unfoldment depend upon the intellectual condition of humanity, is not yet in a state of perfection, nor yet in its infancy. Giant strides have been taken, but there is still more to do. We hope to be able to offer our experience on this subject at some future time.

Q. Last week you expressed your inability to answer a question respecting a disease of the brain which was called by its technical name; may I ask, therefore, if you are unable to understand a question put in a foreign language?—A. As we are sympathetically related to the consciousness of the medium, we are, for the time being, dependent upon his ability. All things that fail to impress themselves upon his consciousness we are unable to make any use of.

THE "STROLLING PLAYER"

then gave a sketch of a hard-working man who, though without vicious propensities, had no desire for anything higher than the gratification of his lower faculties. He might attend church, and be considersd worthy of heaven; but such a person would be very uncomfortable in the orthodox heaven, where so many beautiful objects and such charming society were to be enjoyed. He contended, therefore, that the popular notion of paradise was false, as it did not even meet the requirements of those who were deserving of happiness in the future life. He promised that on another occasion he would resume the subject, and sketch the career of such a person after death.

LUCY AGNES WOOD.

"I feel so strange! This is the first time I have done this. I have been asked to come and let my parents know that I am well, and that all that I used to fancy I saw was true. I left the body in June, 1869. I was only fifteen years of age. My name was Lucy Agnes Wood, and I lived at Dunmore Villa, Forest Hill. I want my parents to know that I am so happy, so happy."

The spirit controlled with difficulty, and some of the words could scarcely be heard.

WHERE THE MUMMIES SOULS WENT.

Metempsychosis and Dollars—Plato, Pythagoras, Origen, Fourrier, Montaigne, and the Interminable Bonard Will-case.

The Bonard will-case, when in court, elicited the following:

Dr. Clymer testified that he was Attending Physician to the Philadelphia Hospital. He devoted himself to nervous diseases, and has given much attention to the subject of insanity. He is acquainted with bronchial pneumonia. One of the principal symptoms of the disease is anxiety on the part of the patient about his condition. A man suffering from bronchial pneumonia would get up at night, walk about, and betray his disease by exclamations.

Q. What do you understand by an insane delusion?—A. A false illusion.

Q. Give an illustration of a delusion.— . I will mention the case of a lady who was of unsound mind. She had an impression that her daughter was possessed of the devil, who took the form of various young men.

Q. Would the expression of a belief by any adult of the human species, at variance with that commonly entertained by his fellow beings, be an indication of irrationality?—A. Not necessarily.

Q. Suppose a man over sixty years of age should express an opinion that the soul of man, after death, passes into the body of an animal, without, however, refering to his own soul; and suppose that the opinion was expressed by him ten years previous to his death, and not within those ten years, would you consider that that belief, assuming it to be a delusion, would continue to the time of his death?—A. There is a strong probability.

Q. Have you studied the subject of metempsychosis?—A. I have.

Q. Give your views on the subject?—A. The doctrine of the transmigration of souls appears to have been very common at one time. It is known as the doctrine of Pythagoras. It was first expressed by the Egyptians, and was their view of the immortality of the soul. The doctrine was held by the Druids both in France and Britain. It was supposed that Pythagoras derived his doctrine from the Druids, but it is likely that he got it in Egypt. It is found among some of the early fathers of the Church. Among others, Origen, who professed to find it in the New Testament, the ninth chapter of John, I think. It is now held by Fourrier.

Q. Would you consider a person who entertained such a belief irrational?—A. Not necessarily; it is a belief which has been entertained by some of the first minds in the world.

Q. Is it not at times difficult to draw the line between belief and delusion?—A. The question is a somewhat general one; it is so much of a relative and not of a positive character that I cannot answer it. It is not the number of votaries to a belief that would make me consider it a delusion.

Q. Do you believe in the transmigration of souls?

A. I do not.

Q. What is your belief?

A. I am a Christian.

Q. Have you, in your experience, ever known a person who believed that the soul of an adult of the human species, as my learned friend expressed it, passed into the body of a dog, a monkey, or a cat?

A. No.

Q. Suppose a man of large estate living in a cheap boarding house in the poorest quarter of the city, in the habit of uttering unintelligible exclamations at night, and who made two wills within a short time before his death; would you consider such a man rational?

A. There would be nothing neccessarily in those circumstances to prove irrationality.

Q. Suppose a person, under such a belief as metempsychosis, and possessed of a large estate, should leave his property to a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, would you consider him irrational?

A. No.

Further hearing adjourned.

A Hindoo Missionary to the Christians of England

S. S. JONES.—*Dear Sir*;—It affords me very great pleasure indeed, to offer to yourself and readers another one of "M. D. C's" London Letters, which I have just cut from the *Cincinnati Commercial*.

Your readers are, no doubt, familliar with the English saying: "It is like carrying coals to Newcastle." Well, this saying in a missionary sense is being literally "fulfilled," for, behold! we have "*A Hindoo Missionary to The Christians of England*!"

Now, there can be no gainsaying as to the utility and allmost indispensable necessity to the people in England of Newcastle coal, but, the "coal" which is brought to Newcastle by the Hindoo Missionary, are PEARLS OF COAL, TRUTH! A. D. SNIVELY

Xenia, O.

Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 16.

It is just as I aprehended. I remember well, when writing to you about the Hindoos in London, sometime ago, prognosticating Pundits coming over here to teach the English people something about religion. Bishop Colenso told me in conversation of the astonishment he felt when far away among the Zulus, an African responded to his Bible narratives by asking him if he was quite sure of his facts. I have heard, too, Professor Newman relate how he was taken aback, when, as a missionary, he had expounded the plan of salvation to a carpenter in Damascus, the man merely expressed his surprise that a people so clever as the English—especially in cutlery—should have such an odious religion. But, if great Oxonian scholars like these, sent out to convert pagans, have been converted by them, what security has the Most Holy Faith, if these ingenious Orientals shall carry the war out of Africa, and out of India, and—to mix the metaphor a little—beard the lion in his den?

Is this apprehension paradoxical? It certainly is. Nevertheless, the paradoxical often comes to pass. On Sunday last a large and highly respectable audience assembled at a hall in an aristocratic part of the city to hear a discourse from A. Jayram, of Mysore, India, on the seemingly innocent subject of "Education in India." Mr. Jayram (Row is a title equivalent to Prince) holds the high position of Tutor to his Highness the Mahaharajah of Mysore, and is now on leave of absence to visit Europe for the purpose of studying science and perfecting himself in the Continental languages. He is already able to use English not only clearly, but felicitously. I have learned from himself various interesting facts of his personal history, which I had perhaps better mention at once, lest in the perusal of the singular address I am to report, the question of this gentleman's competency to express such important opinions should arise in any mind. Mr. Jayram, was born at Anantapoor, District of Bellary, Madras Presidency, in 1843. He belongs to the highest or priestly caste, which he will loose by his journey to Europe, as he will be unwilling to go through the superstitious forms and sacrifices which, with considerable money in addition, are necessary to purify a Brahmin of high caste who has been tainted by leaving his country for even the smallest time. Through a series of domestic misfortunes he was thrown at an early age upon the hands of his grandparents, who took no care of his education, and it was only in his seventeenth year that he began to study in the Provincial school at Bellary. He next matriculated at Madras University, and became Assistant Master in the Bellary school. He then passed successive tests and became F. A. and B. A. of Madras University. In 1869 he was appointed to the position he now holds. It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Jayram is in a position to speak upon educational questions in India. An additional interest was felt in the announcement of his discourse because he is the first Brahmin from the Madras Presidency who has ever come here. We have only had the roseate accounts of the missionaries themselves from that region hitherto. I may add that Mr. Jayram has no connection whatever with the Brahmo-Somez movement, which high caste Hindoos seem to look upon as a sort of Oriental Methodism.

When Mr. Jayram came to St. George's Hall, on Sunday, he was accompanied by a company of students from University College, where he is studying the sciences. This attendance was significant; it was made up of a number of students well known for their deep-dyed rationalism, and at their head was the handsome face of Professor Hunter, a law-lecturer in the same University, which said face has become a kind of banner for any intellectual radicalism going. When the young Prince took his stand behind the footlights, with the sufficently oriental drop-curtain behind him, there was a visible sensation at the novelty and picturesqueness of the whole thing. He has a very handsome and highly intellectual countenance; a perfectly smooth and bright chocolate complexion—his face of elegance, as if carved out of some fine sandal-wood; and a large, soft and winning black eye. He wore the dark velvet fez of his caste, a black coat buttoned up to his throat, which, parting at the waist, disclosed a dark purple apron which descended below the knee. He is a much handsomer man than Bahoo Chunder Sen, who was justly admired; and his address showed him to have much more scholarship and intellectual power than the Brahma leader, whose force was in his large heart, and the warmth of his enthusiasm.

In a quiet, clear voice, the Prince began by alluding to the two systems of education which England had introduced into India, represented by the secular and the missionary schools. With much grace, he thanked those who established the latter. So long as the English were making sacrifices under the belief that the poor Pagans are lost unless brought to embrace their faith, they (the pagans) cannot be too grateful. But, said the speaker, sooner or later, the truth must out, that Christianity has no successes in India, and is never likely to have, notwithstanding the working for over a century of a vast machinery especially designed for that purpose. Among the millions of India, the number of educated natives who have become Christians would fall short of the number of one's fingers. The only persons whom the missionaries claim are the Pariahs, not one of whom, as is notorious, could possibly state any point of divergence between the abandoned and the embraced faith. This class constituted the first of four divisions into which the speaker divided the people of India. They are entirely without education, either English or Hindoo. The second division are of those who posess an elementary knowledge of English and a tolerable acquaintance with Hindoo literature. The third are those who have by their own efforts secured some knowledge of the sciences also. The fourth are the learned men of Hindoo philosophy and Hindoo sciences, "such as they may be." The first class has a religion of the senses—Fetishism. Christianity, "with its medley of dogmas and theories, half fetishistic, half metaphysical," is far less attractive to this class than their own idols and oracles. The missionary rarely masters the vernaculars enough to make himself intelligible. If he does that, the apostle scarcely forgets the whiteness of his skin, or his comfortable bungalow, enough to mingle with the dark masses toiling under a tropical sun. The missionary's five hundred a year is enough for a splendor in India, which he is fond of. He generally has a phaeton. His hebdomedal harangues fall on careless ears. From the ignorant class the only converts to Christianity are those induced by poverty to accept a faith which always provides at least a livelihood for every Christian native. "Can you wonder, then, if a few unfortunate or unprincipled Hindoos take shelter under a religion which does not compel the idle to work?" But this course is fatal. "The contempt and disgust which these dissipated and ignorant wretches engender in every mind, are in themselves sufficient to bar the progress of Christianity among the better classes."

With regard to the division of those who have a tolerable English education, the speaker said one of its first results was to make them skeptical concerning their own native religion; and if he challenges his own country's beliefs, he is tenfold more severe in his criticisms upon the alien faith—Christianity "He pounces upon the thousand metaphysical difficulties which surround its doctrines, and which have puzzled the ingenuity of its highest philosophers, without being brought one step nearer to a satisfactory solution. Nay, he rips open its very fundamental conceptions, chasing to light every inconsistency, inconsequence, and self-contradiction lurking or enshrined therein, while their helpless champion, trembling with horror, but unable to stop this work of vandalism, wonders if Heaven's wrath has spent its lightnings. Meantime, the havoc proceeds. The shattered images crowd on every side. The different attributes of the godhead, so irreconcilable with one another, and, therefore, incapable of predication together; the strange doctrine of prayer, also useless if (God be just, —so impious, so blasphemous, if implying his openness to adulation;) the simultaneous belief in Predestination and Free Will, an impossibility, both of thought and fact; inherited sin, and salvation through the sufferings of an innocent God—a conception allied to the wild caprice of blood-thirstiness—and, to crown all, the working of this very salvation through centuries of human suffering, without bringing the greater part of mankind any salvation at all—this scheme, which even human pride might blush to own."

The rest of this passage, uttered in a ringing but never loud voice—spoken with eloquence of dark eye-flashes as well as of tones—had its close drowned in a spontaneous outburst of applause from the intent English listeners. Could I believe my ears? Can an assembly in this Christian land applaud such sentiments? I looked around to see if the company was made up of the Bradlaughites, the Secularist regulars, the South place Radicals, the Voseyites, with most of whose faces I am tolerably familiar. Not at all; they were as average an audience as one could find listening to symphonies at St. James' any fashionable evening. When the Hindoo found that he had the sympathy of his audience with him, he unsheathed himself even more freely, and brought before us a droll picture of the missionary dodging the learned Pundit—who ever goeth to and fro seeking a missionary to devour argumentatively, a process—as missionaries go—not very difficult. He mentioned it as a remarkable fact that no instance has ever been known of a missionary even attempting to convert a learned man or Pundit. Such he gives a wide birth when he can. But unluckily he is not always successful. "The Hindoo, in whose constitution a love of controversy is constitutional, seeks out his antagonist, and hurls at him every objection in the most damaging form that his ingenous brain can devise, while the preacher, goaded to the quick and unable to maintain a show of contest, flies into a passion or gets entangled in platitudes which bring upon him mischevious merriment." But the final and deadly blow which the always feeble prospects of Christianity in India have received was stated by the orator to be the discovery which the prevalence of the English language and literature has forced upon I dia, that this religion—whose only forcible argument was that it was the religion of "English intelligence and civilization"—this religion recommended to India is "exposed to a life and death struggle from the rapid advances of science in the very land of its highest triumphs, in the very cradle of its early successes!" If Christianity has little chance with the very ignorant in India, if it only rouses the antagonism of the tolerably educated, what chance has it of conquering the conviction of the scientific, or the prejudices of the Hindoo *Literati*? The speaker showed that these—his last two divisions of the people of India—were profoundly engaged in translating their old faith into a rational substance, and converting their gods into ideas; and could abhor nothing more than another and fresh importation of miracles and legends. He gave a most interesting account of the present phase of Hindoo Phillosophy. "The state of society in India, in respect of beliefs and principles of action, is, and has been for a long time, very much like that of Greece and Rome in their palmiest days. In those countries the beliefs of the higher and educated classes—of their philosophers—had little in common with the superstitions of their less advanced countrymen. If they tolerated them it was because they were prudent, or because they knew that all men could not be philosophers. Something like this obtains in Hindoo society. If the Pundits encourage the popular beliefs, it is from policy. Their philosophy is to subtle for the masses, nor is it their interest—being priests—to popularize it. The Brahmin has two schools—the esoteric and the exoteric—the one full of ceremonies, prayers, penance; the other of discussions of the phenomena of the universe." All of which was taken to be such a fair transcript of the Broad Church in England that the audience was amused, and some one in my vicinity whispered out: "Stanley all over."

The speaker, unconcious of the parallel he had suggested, proceeded to claim that no system of philosophy is more "logical and profound" than the Vedantic, which, he affirmed, very nearly approaches that of Mill and Bath in fulfilling the requirements of modern scientific thought. Buddhism—an offshoot of Hindoo philosophy—was simply an unsuccessful effort to reconcile its rational character with the emotional cravings of the masses. The original philosophy which Buddha thus compromised with popular ignorance is much purer. This would appear to all but for the misleading fact that the Vedantic Philosophy expresses itself by a mystical phraseology. This is not, the speaker submitted, a demerit, for it amounted simply to using the actual language which represented Hindoo habits of thought. "The Berkeleyan Idealism, which reduces both the objective and subjective worlds to permanent possibilites of sensation—undoubtedly the most logical theory yet conceived by the European intellect—has been distinctly enforced in the Hindoo philosophy for centuries. When it enunciates that the internal and external worlds are varying manifestations of the one principle "Maya," the mere dabler in Hindoo philosophy thinks only of the goddess so named, and pronounces the doctrine absurd: the patient student finds that though the ordinary meaning of "Maya" is Illusion, the real signification of it is Phenomena (in contradistinction to Noumena). The modern theory of Evolution is shadowed in the Vendantic resolution of all into one unconscious, self-existent and ever varying principle—matter with its many aspects and properties. From this flows its conception of necessity, which means only that constancy and uniformity of nature which European science affirms. The popular Hindoo notion of three deities is merely a flesh and blood personification of the three fundamental generalizations of the philosophy of force. Brahma is the constructive, Siva the destructive, Vishnu the restorative—Force."

The speaker went on to say that the awakened mind of India was eagerly. "Only, like the magic gate in the Arabian Nights, the portals of our hidden energies open to no sound but that of wisdom." Christianity has not yet uttered that charmed word. He criticised the secular schools of the government and its universities severely, because they not only do not teach what India needs and craves above all, Science, but have no man there capable of teaching any science. He showed that India held treasures that would make deficits impossible if her people were instructed in science. With regard especially to social science, it was an unrecognized, unknown phrase among English instructors in India, at the very moment when the most momentous social changes were going on. Simply as matter for thought, India, with communities representing every variety of social organization and custom from the remotest past, furnishes the greatest field for the study of social science on earth; but it can be explained only through Hindoo scholars, for it is impossible for Englishmen to come close enough to the people or their customs to study them. England should therefore take the greatest care to teach the phyiscal and social sciences through her educational institutions in India—a course now not even begun. Nay, said the speaker, so carefully are we given a religion we will not have, while real knowledge is kept from us, that from the provincial schoolmaster up to the Director of Public Instruction, a sublime ignorance reigns concerning the highest achievements of modern science and research.

I can not describe to you the impression made upon the large and intelligent audience which listened to this eloquent Indian scholar. When he was through, a large company of literary and other citizens gathered around him, and assured him that they profoundly sympathized with the just demands of India which he had enunciated.

That India shall have fewer missionaries and more science has indeed been, for some time, the theory and theme of a large and cultivated class; for it is recognized that it is the missionaries who dread science and keep it out of the schools there. It is very plain, however, that with A. Jayram, Row, and several dozen clever Hindoos of high rank and influence, thirstily imbibing from the universities of England the principles of Darwin, Huxley, Mill, and Spencer, India will not have her path to positive knowledge piously impeded much longer.

M. D. C.

Letter from J. Russell Robinson.

BROTHER JONES: You've passed through the fire I perceive, with your old JOURNAL-office clothes all burnt from your editorial back, and stink of the smudge so bad that it is disgusting to the ollfactories of my *conscientiousness*, so that I can't endure to read it any longer, *unless* you'll consent to permit me to smother down the fumes with a *postal order* scented with the essence of greenbacks, to make its perusal somewhat more tolerable To be sure, I can do as I've always done prior to the fire,—read it and pass it to such as can't pay for it, let them read, and then put three of them in a two-cent postage wrapper, and send them to Gallatin, Davies Co., Mo., Mrs. Libbie Santee, enjoining her to keep them budging as long as they're legible. I'd have written ere this but for the waiting for a little of the above-mentioned *essence* which comes each 4th of December during the residence of my earth-life; and also each quarter of the year.

We think Brother Francis' controlling influence perpetrated a great mistake in assigning to the higher order of spirits the planet and world-making business. We think if man was concerned even in his own manufacture as an unfolding principle, he had no consciousness of the process; and can't to-day, with all his love and wisdom, justice and mercy, harmony and congeniality and beauty, the primary agencies by which his material organism was unfolded from the elements of light and life, repeat the work, by any ingenuity he will ever be able to scare up.

We say, defiant of the abrogation of our saying, that no man upon earth, or in the spheres, is able to make even a *baby* by any conscious will-power. And we can give the why scientifically, philosophically, systematically, and analogically, rendering it clear, certain, and self-evident—if demanded of us. A planet is a self-existent, eternal, immutable principle, standing as such in the elements of life, and, like man, one of its constituent eternal principles, will, by the agencies of love and wisdom, justice and mercy, harmony and congeniality and beauty, self-existent in all organic life, unfold itself by its own inherent laws in the material elements of its own being, the moment conditions are all right for its development; and no man can willingly either help or hinder it.

Again, we say as before, Nature, as a grand, elementary system, is an automatic unfolder and developer of its own principles; and all the controlling influence of Brother Francis can't demonstrate a refutation of our postulate by the rule above. But we won't say that our brother's "Search after God" is useless, but quite otherwise. It *startles the thought machinery into action;* sets love and wisdom agog, to discover the reality of its status in relation to truth.

That Catholic Irish lawyer who purports to inspire Brother Francis has circled round, confessedly, for three hundred years to find God,—like a whale in the sea in search after the elements he exists in,—like the chap that "could n't see the town for the houses."

Whatever minds may think of the old book as a clew to metaphysical science and philosophy, in hunting for the divine principle of life's unfoldings, we regard the last verse of Romans 11. as at least a good hint, and it will be amply sustained by all science, philosophy, system and analogy, so as to become self-evident to any intelligent and intellectual thinker.

What signifies all these flittings of scientific fragments, if they can't be philosophically, systematically, and analogically arranged in the proper order of truth?

We all obtain our science of literature, arithmetic, etc., by just learning their elementary principles, and then their combinations into organic or systematic order, analogically. Intellectual Love and Wisdom go out to explore together: the latter primary principle acting in the capacity of eyes, to direct the way, etc.

Nature in all its organic developments uses seven primary principles, be it to organize thoughts or material elementary forms. Love, to collect their elements; Wisdom, to see that these are of the proper order for the organism, and to direct the mechanical structure of it, which is its philosophy. Justice sees that all parts are equiponderably adjusted in the structure. Mercy holds all secondary principles to their proper standpoints, taking care that Justice is defrauded of none of her legitimate rights; hence Mercy isn't pity, which many suppose. Harmony adjusts all parts of the elements in equilibriate order; and Congeniality, the consociate primary with harmony, brings all the elements of an organism into their congenial relations; and Beauty as a grand dome, with all the work of the afore-mentioned primaries collected in one grand order, displaying to the intellectual consciousness as the varieties of all colors intermingled in the blossoms of Nature are displayed; thus are the primary principles of life's unfoldings—Love and Wisdom, Justice and Mercy, Harmony and Congeniality, and Beauty interblended and united in one grand effort, to unfold the elements of organic truth in seven grand orders of development.

The Winona *Republican*, thinking Prof. Huxley's reasons for not accepting the invitatation of the Dialecticals of London "all right," said in one of their daily issues along back, that "Prof. Huxley, like most scientific men, has a profound contempt for the humbug called Spiritualism." The other day he was invited to attend one of the notorious Home "seances," in London, for the purpose of assisting in a proposed investigation of the great medium's pretentions, and sent a noteworthy answer to the invitation,"—which *you've* also published.

We wrote a reply to their remarks, and they saw fit to give it to their readers, on the first page of their journal, the day after its reception, which we send inclosed. You can judge who "*caught the American Tartar*," although they essayed to fix *all* upon Huxley. We had n't the faintest idea of its publication in their paper, and thence wrote it in the vein we did, to indicate to the editors the indifference of Spiritualism to all the contempt of universal editoriality, and wrote it on "both sides" of the half sheet of legal cap. It excited the whole city into a grin, and our right arm has received many an exultant shake from the citizens, who, all but the D.D.s and the M.D.s, secretly hope it is true. They discover that our "ism" is growing to a mighty power in the land, and bids universal defiance to all opposition. Even Brother Francis' planetary artists could n't suppress its onwardity if they would.

We 're happy to find the JOURNAL alive and *speaking*.

Winona, Minn.

Letter from an Old Man.

BRO. JONES:—Permit me to say that I sympathize with you and the people of Chicago, Peshtigo, and all those who are suffering from the late fires in the northwest or elsewhere. But as to yourself, I hardly know which to admire most, your independence, perseverance, or audacity. Your independence seems to make you say, with Burns,

> "If you would gain Dame Fortune's smile
> Assiduous wait upon her,
> And gather gear by every wile
> That's justified by honor.
> Not for to hide it in the hedge,
> Or serve a train and 'tendants;
> But for the glorious privilege
> Of being independent."

This is a noble sentiment; but you go a little further, and say, "I am not to be crushed"

> For your perseverance I need only say,
> The JOURNAL was dead, but is alive to-day.

As to your audacity, allow me to say, it is full equal to your other two characteristics just noticed; if not, how dare you, in the face of the sermons preached on the late fires at Chicago, and other places, as being special judgments of the (mythical) orthodox God on those places; and the proclamation of your city mayor to the people of Chicago? These sermons must have been terrible, for it is published that on two occasions the affrighted, or disgusted, congregations there half absconded. Is not this hopeful? But among all this fire, I should like to know if our Protestant priests could not have got a little holy fire to light their tapers with, as well as their Catholic brothers at the holy sepulchre.

Does not this special-judgment preaching about fires smell of fire worship? If we worship this mythical God for his judgments, might we not worship light and heat, (fire) real elements he makes use of, as we are told to execute them with more propriety. But sir, how dare you, in the face of this preaching, ask me or any body else to assist you, by patronizing you again in a business that has so lately called down the just judgment of a just God, as we are told And more, does not this kind of preaching tend to shut the door against all help or charity in feeling, word, or deed, for any of the people of Chicago, and all others under like circumstances?

God being just, logic says his judgments must also be so; and, for me to say to him, "You old tyrant! you have desolated the most of Chicago, yet I will feel for the sufferers, and speak kind words to them, and give them what assistance I can, in spite of you, sir!" Would not this seem audacious enough?

Be this as it may, as you have the spirit of perseverance, independence and audacity enough to say, "I am not to be crushed," I will exercise a little of the same, though orthodox Gods, priests, and sects forbid it. I am in my seventy-fourth year of age; have been crippled with hardships, miasmatic fevers, and drugs over twenty-six years, and for more than two years past been unable for the most part of the time to dress my feet, or get into bed without help; yet I have worked, and still work, to support my family, pay for the JOURNAL, and some books.

I have been a medium since 1850, and performed many cures through spirit aid and otherwise, by magnetism or laying on of hands, and have not taken one cent as a fee. I am called a faith doctor, but make no such pretense, but will say I have been much interested in Dr. Fahnestock's statuvolic theory, and the articles in the JOURNAL respecting it. In Volume XI, No. 9, the doctor, in a letter to Dr. H. T. Child, says,

> But I have yet to see or hear of the first cure that has truly been made by the laying on of hands, simply independent of faith or belief on the part of the patient that such a result would follow.

And further on he brings in the "will" of the patient as an aid to cure. To all interested in this subject I will say that I have no objection to faith, or will, on the part of a patient, but doubt that they are absolutely necessary to effect a cure; for some patients have told me, after being cured, that they had no faith; and many others that I have cured, who were but a few weeks or months old, and could not talk, and could have no faith or will in the matter. The addition of the scientific department to the JOURNAL is, I think, a most valuable one; for I look to science, reason, and good deeds, and not to so-called holy books, theological myths, nor even a God in the constitution, for my rule of conduct or salvation; now will I have them in my heaven.

Brother Hull's article about God in the constitution is valuable and instructive, especially to those who have not been behind the scenes, by showing somewhat of the origin of the mythological orthodox God; the folly of praying to him; the tyranny, cruelty, meanness, and contemptible crimes of sectarian religionists; and warnings to beware of them. Let us condemn error but save humanity. Are not orthodox religions the greatest frauds that ever cursed humanity? Are not governments the next in order? Is not law and physic near akin to them? Has not church and state alwas been united, and law and physic nearly allied, all more or less ready for mutual aid and protection? If not, why so much class legislation?

All this has tended to exalt the few and crush the many, and for this reason I have buried priestcraft, kingcraft, lawyercraft, and doctorcraft in one grave, and written for their epitaph, NO RESURRECTION!

For the enclosed four dollars please send the JOURNAL as directed. DR. LAIRD.

Pomona, Tenn., Dec., 27, 1871.

Voices from the People.

ALLEGAN, MICH.—Charles Putnam writes.—In a late issue of the JOURNAL, if my memory serves me right, you made the statement that the doctrine of total depravity was an infamous lie! Good enough. I like to see a solid shot planted square into the enemy's works occasionally. It is sure to hurt, and more than that, it will serve to keep them awake and give them an inkling of what they may expect from the same quarter in the future.

DIXON, ILL.—Mary A. Hilles writes.—We have for our guests Dr. Sprague and Mrs. Abbe, Lord Palmer. Dr. Sprague we think a very fine man and an excellent medium. The people are not receiving the benefit they should from his extraordinary mediumistic powers. As we gather around the fireside, Constantine occasionally gives us a short lecture through him, that for depth of thought, and clothed in the finest language, I have never heard equaled.

MANHATTAN, KANSAS.—H. C. Towner writes. I subscribed [illegible] to help you along. I heartily wish it was ten, yea, a hundred times more; but a disastrous prairie fire on the 8th of October burned me out of house and home, leaving me nothing in the world but the clothes I stood in.

MAQUON, ILL.—J. M. Grove writes.—Inclosed find $5.00, for which please credit J. B. Alley on his subscription. I have not noticed in your list of receipts anything from Maquon, but about the 15th of last month I expressed you $15.

PUT IN BAY, OHIO.—W. S. Wilde writes.—I have delayed writing for a long time, but better late than never. I am too poor to subscribe for a paper, but you might as well take my dinner as to take the JOURNAL away from me—the best paper published. $3.00 inclosed.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—A subscriber writes.—I am rejoiced to see the dear JOURNAL once more, face to face. Despite the old orthodox idea, which perhaps is derived from Shakespeare's theory of not being able to return from that bourn just a little out of sight, as also many ideas of John Milton in his "Paradise Lost," to whom many a pious soul is indebted for a large share of their religious ideas—nevertheless the JOURNAL is recognized by us in its coming back, and heartily welcomed. I am glad to see the spirited determination of so many of its friends, "conspiring with conditions" so necessary to insure its coming. Its presence is a solace to all, in any position in life. May the spirits of dear ones gone on before impress every friend of freedom to renewed action in this, our common cause, thereby supporting one of freedom's noblest advocates and exponents. Wherever Brother Francis finds God, I am quite sure he will never be found in the Constitution of the United States. But if the churches should locate him there, the question might arise, as it did with the little boy, who, upon entering a menagerie asked the showman which was the elephant, and which was the rhinoceros. And I hope they would be as generous as the showman, whose answer was, "Well, bub, you have paid your money, and you can take your choice."

VERMILLION, ILL.—L. M. Jackson writes.—I am in arrears for the JOURNAL since Oct. 23rd. I will send you $3.00, which will assist you some, I trust, in this, your hour of need, and place me in a more pleasant situation. I wish that I could assist you more, but this is the best I can do at present. While in Indianapolis, a short time since, I visited the rooms of Madison Doherty to get, if possible, a spirit picture of some of my friends whom I could recognize. I obtained a very good one of some lady who appears to have had what I shall call a swelling, for want of a more appropriate name, just below the lower jaw, on the right side of the neck. It is quite a good picture, and for one who could recognize it, would be a very good test. Mr. Doherty appears to be a very honorable gentleman, and is doing a good work. I prize the JOURNAL very highly, and hope it will continue to be as interesting in the future as it has been in the past.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.—J. W. M'Conaughey writes.—Regretting your recent suffering and loss, I rejoice at your early restoration, and hope your future may be more bright and prosperous.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Mary Chute writes.—A few days since I received a beautiful painting of flowers from our friend and sister, Mrs. E. A. Blair, with a beautiful verse inscribed on a scroll in the centre, as follows:

> "Long we've sought some gift to bring
> Love's messenger of purest flowers.
> Let their influence e'er cling
> To cheer in lonely hours."

Long may this sister live to accomplish such a grand and beautiful gift.

COLFAX, CAL.—Thomas Woodliff writes.—Will you please publish to the world that I am a spiritual physician and inspirational writer? You must trust the spirits more.

REPLY.—Then what?

THOMPSON, OHIO.—E. Hurlburt writes.—It has been rather hard to get hold of money here, which has been the reason of my not renewing my subscription to your indispensible paper long ago. But I am thinking that it must be much harder for you to do without the small mite of $3.00 I send you, after passing through such an ordeal by fire, than it would be for me to raise that amount in renewal of my subscription for the JOURNAL another year. In consequence of this prevailing argument you will find inclosed my prayer for the continuation of the visits of your soul-cheering JOURNAL.

REMARKS:—You are right, my brother. The little exertion that our subscribers have to make to pay up arrearages, and renew in advance, is nothing to the exertion we have to make every week to earn the six hundred dollars we have to raise each week to pay current expenses of the paper, to say nothing of meeting liabilities for retaining our Publishing House. If all would consider this matter, and make it their own case, they would soon make us flush with funds. How many will try, just for a Christmas and New Year's present to us? Our just dues!

VERONA, WIS.—J. H. Pierce writes.—Inclosed you will find $5.00 to pay in part my delinquencies. I am sorry I can not pay more. Last year the crops were cut off by drought, this year by chinch bugs. I was taken sick five years ago this winter, and have not been able to labor since. I am seventy years old.

REPLY:—Have no anxiety, venerable brother. You shall have the JOURNAL. If you do not feel able to pay for it, the angels will prompt somebody to do it—all is well.

ATLANTA, ILL.—Mrs. J. M. Tefft writes.—I am much pleased with J. K. Bailey and Hudson Tuttle's remarks about Mrs. Woodhull. No doubt she is a good medium, but when any spirit, in the form or out, gives out "my policy" as a rule for other people, I think they are getting top-heavy, and may have a fall.

WINDSOR, CAL.—D. P. Myers writes.—Spiritualism is taking deep root in the minds of our people, and I am happy to report the signal success of our friend and brother, Dr. J. H. Priest, late of Berlin, Wis., who is clairvoyantly enabled to diagnose and cure the most complicated and inveterate cases of disease. He is also used by his angel band in disseminating the spiritual theory from the rostrum and in giving spirit tests.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—D. A. Eddy writes.—Please send me two copies of the JOURNAL, number twelve, dated Dec. 9th. Inclosed find pay for the same. The JOURNAL, thus far, since the fire, is intensely interesting, and I think, so far as I can judge by your correspondents, that you have every reason to be encouraged.

GREENWOOD, NEB.—D. Dayton writes.—Please find inclosed seventy-five cents for three months' subscription to the JOURNAL. All the money I can spare just now. I will endeavor to pay for the balance of the year before the first quarter expires. I have never been a subscriber for the JOURNAL, but have read it more or less for the last four years, and am fully convinced of its merits. I believe it the duty of every Spiritualist to lend you a helping hand.

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 332, Mobile, Ala.

(NUMBER XIII.)

Science a Positive Reflex from the Spirit Side.

All close observers are doubtless aware of the reticence and reserve of spirit teaching, respecting things common to our plane of observation. They are likewise aware, that the more reliable class of communicating spirits are governed by a sense of propriety and self-respect, that forbids their pandering to our uncomely sense of curiosity, much less those selfish feelings, that so often apply to them, for a sort of mutual admiration recognition.

This evidence of their practical wisdom and good interest, is sufficient in itself, before any just tribunal, to overthrow the bigoted assumption, that they, our nearest and dearest friends, who thus return, are but the menial time-servers of the Devil.

For one, the writer's dearest of all friends and kinsmen, are in spirit form, and many of them have returned to commune with him under the impress of the noblest of impulses,—and to hear a set of pompous pusillanimities, thus traduce them, though it be in ignorance, serves but to excite the deepest feeling of contempt. Preachers, priests, and others, never make such remarks to the writer with impunity. But of this anon. In resume we have often noticed a seeming failure to answer such questions as would have almost saved a life-time study, and we have as often speculated how much better our spirit friends understand the fundamental range of natural law than ourselves, or than we may learn by research to understand them? It would seem that apart from their own respective surroundings upon which their experiences are based, they either know little, or which is more probable, they are indisposed to teach much beyond what we can, and seem required to learn for ourselves.

We have noticed in circles organized for such purposes, they are singularly reserved on the conservation of those forces that connects our spheres of being, and very seldom, if ever, hazard a questionable statement; nor do they, unless led by some self-suggestive question, go beyond the confines of what it is our privilege either to learn here, or infer from substantial parity as to the beyond.

There is, however, this difference between us and our spirit friends,—their light of knowledge is less aberative than ours. Their teachers are less fettered by the ignominious tyranny of preconceived opinion than ours. These facts, together with the consideration, that there is less of the pomp of self-sufficient display in their manner of teaching than ours, makes them the preferable as teachers. Yet, admitting all this, still there is a sphere study incident to this life of ours on earth, which it would seem from all we can learn, cannot be neglected with impunity. Each mind must study and comprehend for itself. Though it may observe, collect, and compare all the suggestive facts it finds within its reach, along the pathway of the past,—it must analyze and digest them as so much mental food, if it would grow on up direct into the higher ranges of truth—life, to which it aspires.

Our spirit teachers openly and earnestly advise us of the importance of making the elevation of our minds through judicious culture a means of progress, henceforth and forever, and also of the paramount importance of devoting this earth-life of ours to that end, and always show a willingness, and even desire to join and aid us in all of our studies and aspirations. Such seems to be the character of the reserved teachings awarded to those who are earnest and honest, and yet disposed to get their thinking done by the spirits.

Then, there is another class of over-credulous recipients of spirit teaching which, if it comes from the spirits, is not unfrequently misconstrued, and defended in proportion as misconstrued; as a mother's yearning goes out after her deformed child. This class can only be taught the prudence of truth through the exceeding follies of falsehood—and the influencing powers deal with them accordingly—and it may be, as claimed, that being vague themselves, they attract spiritual counterparts, that but add thickness to the fog in which they are blundering. This class remind us of Don Quixote and Esquire Sancho Panza on the wing. And sometimes these long-legged snipes on the shore, who wade deep to little purpose, being so constituted that when their heads dart down after a tadpole their tails momentarily contemplate the sun. Yet even these, after a life of "hide-and-seek" chagrin and mortifications, are so instructed in this contro-temp way, as to acquire more experimental knowledge than such as are less credulous, and yet, too self-wise to study for themselves.

We know some of our leading and most worthy spiritual teachers who have found the credulous "Jordan," a most wonderful and contradictory road to travel, as soon as corrected by the severest, credulity correcting experience, they generally come out of the furnace all the purer ore, "right side up with care."

There is another less flexible class of investigators, and to these we may append mediums, who cannot be ruled through other influences than their misfortunes. These are subjected to the sorest trials to bring them into the service for which they are best fitted. This class, particularly the mediums, are generally more stately impetuous and powerful, and run with a wild momentum through all the pioneering mortifications of tangent extremes; but to learn in the life-sequel of a wonderful experience, that trial, trouble, and tribulation, are our best teachers. They could not have learned this (to them) all-important lesson in any other manner so well.

There is another and final class of Spiritualists, more modest and retiring, neither fish nor fowl—neither milk nor cider—so demoralized by the pompous world around them, as to dare not say above a whisper, they have a soul of their own. The higher range of this class are as yet in their swadlings, complaining of this and then of that, whining over the misfortunes (to them) of impulsive mediumship; always criticising practical reform in an impractical way, and now and then denouncing their betters, because perchance they do not understand them—half afraid, half the time, the old he ones at their elbow. As to the class who, on such grounds ignore physical mediumship, they would be good if they had the moral courage, but the old Orthodox scare is embedded so deep in their own self-righteous natures, that nothing save the experimental fires of "Hell and Hecla" will melt it out. We have some warm personal friends of this class, that often scare at their own shadows, and are so befuddled by the pressure of their surroundings that, were they to meet the Devil on the highway, they would run into hell, to hide from him, if it happened to present the best seeming refuge.

The inferior portion of this class, is equally wishy washy and irresolute—equally self-righteous—equally disposed to run with the fox and bark with the hounds,—and equally big, on those small occasions, that admit of the mutual admiration practice, of magnifying the weaknesses of their species.

Though we would not repel any from the fountain source of truth by harsh remarks, we feel compelled to say we could take the premises of "Darwin's Theory," so-called, and make almost equal thinkers, better moralists and far more consistant philosophers out of the instinct of monkeys.

And yet comes the genius of justice inquiring even of us, why we thus sit in judgment on others, since we are all alike weak, and to those in advance of us equally the subjects of criticism.

Our spirit teachers, if only recognized in the character of our own intuitions, teach us charity and toleration. We, who at times criticise most severely, should admit in humble sincerity that we alike have grievous weaknesses, to the unfeeling exposure of which, we should feel equally pained.

Could we all, who have chronic sores, bear with "Christ-like" fortitude to have them lanced in us, by the insensate critic's spears; we should much the more courageously mount Calvary, bearing our cross in the face of our irreverable crucifixion. Irrespective of the imperfection, holding forth the mirror it is well, that the classes referred to, and such others as are circumstantial deformities, should see themselve as others see them, and if possible, profit by the seeing.

Letter from E. Lindsay.

BROTHER JONES:—The cheerful face of the JOURNAL has arrived once more. It seemed as if a friend had indeed returned. Its pages are better filled, the types clearer, and it seems to have commenced life a little higher up. Long may it live to enlighten humanity, lead mortals to live a better, truer life, and point to a brighter future. We have established a "Lyceum for Intellectual Culture" here, making the platform free and open to all. One of our Advent brethren felt called upon by God to kill Spiritualism—and after occupying one Sunday, proposed to occupy the next. Finding that Spiritualism still crawled after his first effort, sent for another of the lord's servants to help him swallow it. No less a personage than Elder Cornell, came, saw, felt, and swallowed until he came to affinity-hunters, free-lovers, and Victoria Woodhull. Then again began the shining process: That God permited us to believe this lie that we might be damned, thereby adding to his glory. Ah! surely the blood of rams, bulls, and the Son of God are but the sacrifices of men; but as for God, he will burn whole hecatombs of human beings to crown his triumph and give amusement to the invited guests of his Pantheon. He proceeded with a long preamble to the effect that enemies were not reliable witnesses in any controversy, as they would color things. So he would kill us with our own statements and proceeded to read Lizzie Doten's prayer to Lucifer, and other garbled extracts—from our papers, Davis, Edmonds, Jamieson, and other speakers; related how his bosom companion had been led from the path of Christianity by a serpent in the form of a man Spiritualist, in his absence; how she told him she had no more faith in the blood of Christ than any other man, and how she had made him a mere wreck of his former self, broken down in spirit and health. Poor man! he really is to be pitied for bringing all these misfortunes on himself by not allowing his wife to have an honest opinion of her own. That comes of his bigotry and prejudice.

He finally closed by admitting the whole phenomena of Spiritualism, and laying it all to the Devil. He admonished us that if a demon appeared in the perfect form of our mother, father, etc., to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" That the time was fast approaching when we would all be tried, and those whose faith was not surely grounded in the blessed Bible would fall, for Spiritualism would sweep the earth from center to circumference. And that he had placed the matter before us truthfully and in the fear of God. Mr. Cornell was followed by Mr. Cox, a Spiritualist who labors for his daily bread, and could not be expected to cope with him in oratory as he has been preaching at least twenty-three years. Nevertheless he produced Biblical facts to support his position, which Cornell could not, nor did not answer. He proved conclusively that God, man, and angel were used interchangeably, and meant one and the same thing,—showed the errors of Adventism, and the beauty and worth of the spiritual philosophy, and closed by complimenting him on having had so sensible a companion, and hoping he would soon see the errors of his way and return to labor in the same useful field with his wife for the good of humanity and his own soul.

Windsor, Sonoma Co., Cal., Dec., 1871.

To Our Brave Brother, Greeting!

It is well that there are deeps beyond deeps in the human soul, that cannot be reached by any of the storms that rage so wildly on the external and material plane. The malice and envy of foes cannot penetrate to the innermost fountain; fire cannot burn it; and in your case it remains to be seen whether water can quench the divine but mighty flame. When touched by the right key, the ever-flowing fountain quickly responds, by sending to the parched surface, bright jets of sympathy, charity, and love for humanity, and for you, my brave brother. I hope that so many of these sparkling jets, these little rivulets, singing as they go, will unite in making a great river which will flow toward you, till you shall ride triumphant on its topmost wave, with renewed success and prosperity; and may the dead ashes of your buried hopes and purposes, rise again to the surface in the sweet, pure white lilies of angel thoughts and teaching, and may the strength and power be given you, "to gather, —gather them in," in such a mulitude that you will be enabled to feed all the hungry, starving sons and daughters of earth, that are now turning with such deep digust from the bitter and dry husks of old moth-eaten theology

Take courage, my brother, and move steadily, calmly on, for on looking for you clairvoyantly amid the ruins of desolation, destruction, and death, I saw you sitting on a rock in a green field, flowers and clinging vines, and gently-bowing whispering trees, all around, but at a little distant from you and just over your head, hovering a beautiful white dove bearing in its beak, a wreath of bright greeen leaves scintillating with tiny gems. So you see you are "to be crowned" sometime.

E. A. W.

North Bennington, Vt., Dec. 5, 1871.

List of Lecturers.

HEREAFTER we shall keep a standing register of such speakers as are furnished to us BY THE PARTIES INTERESTED, with a pledge on their part that they will keep us *posted* in regard to changes; and in addition to that, *expressly* indicate a willingness to aid in the circulation of the JOURNAL, both by *word and deed*.

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The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, being an especial friend to all true mediums, will hereafter publish a complete Directory, giving the place of residence of all professional mediums, so far as advised upon the subject. This will afford better facilities for investigators to learn of the location of mediums, and at the same time increase their patronage. Mediums will do well to advise us from time to time, that we may keep their place of residence correctly registered.

It is a lamentable fact that some mediums so far forget their self-respect as to speak evil of other mediums, not unfrequently even of those who are far their superiors. The names of such persons will be dropped from this Register so soon as we have evidence conclusive of their indulging in such unkindness.

It should be borne in mind that individuals visiting mediums carry conditions with them—so to speak—which aid or destroy the power of spirits to control the medium visited; hence it is that one medium gives satisfaction to certain persons, another better to others—all having their friends, and justly so, too, and all equally honest and useful in their place.

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BY..... E. V. WILSON.

The Third Day of God's Work.

"And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear, and it was so."—Gen. i, 9.

"And God said," spake with a voice, or commanded. Was this voice spoken from the mouth of a physical being, as a man speaking; or, was it the sharp action of certain positive forces in nature called voice? Such as the voice of the wind, or the voice of the waters. That it had an effect, and a marked one, is evident from the results recorded.

"Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place."

They came together, obeying this voice, into one place, not many, as now, forming springs, rivers, lakes, seas, and oceans, but were gathered together into one vast ocean, overflowing all matter; just as the waters above the firmament were gathered together; the one hiding the sun, moon, and stars; the other hiding or covering the earth. Thus we find the waters held apart by a ray of light—not sunshine, beautiful and cheerful, but dull and grey and cold. Whence came this light? Echo answers back from the waters, "Whence?"

"And let the dry land appear."

Let it rise up and appear above the waters, or let the waters retire from the land, or was this land made out of nothing, in the form of a globe or ball, as a potter forms a vessel out of something? Or, is the action of light slowly but surely absorbing the world of mist existing between the heavenly bodies and the earth? Or, was there a world, plastic and soft, made up of all manner of minerals floating in infinitessimal particles in this vast ocean of mist, now for the first time reached by a ray of light? This light condensing the mist into water, and with the assistance of heat, forming motion, magnetism, attracting gravitation, drawing together,—electricity quickening into life, producing a result—the world—our earth.

"And it was so."

What was so? We ask with an earnest desire to get at the truth. The earth obeyed, and showed its rock-crested shell up out of the waters. The waters rolled into one place, and our dear old mother earth came forth from the waters,—born out of the womb of mist. We ask, did God give birth to the earth, or the earth give birth to God? Was God in the earth, and a part of it, and dependent on the earth for his being, as we are for ours? Will some of God's ministers answer us?

"And God called the dry land earth, and the gathering together of the waters called he seas.—Gen. i, 10.

This voice is the language of Nature. "God is a spirit." "And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters;" hence spirit, the law, and matter, the phenomena of the law, and mind, the sensate expression or phenomena of matter in any form, sometimes of a very low order, and sometimes of a high intellectual order. We are progressing finely toward the form, features, and facts of him who made all these things.

"And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass; the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind whose seed was in itself, upon the earth. And it was so.

"And the earth brought forth grass and herbs yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself after his kind. And God saw that it was good.

"And the evening and the morning were the third day."—Gen. i, 11, 12, 13.

How gradually Nature is unfolding! How beautiful all her works!

The mind that spoke these words was a thinker, and contemplated God from an independent standpoint, evidently considering God as a spirit in Nature, acting under law.

On the first day, out in the dark, amid darkness, moving upon the face of the water, preparing the way for light, and there was light. On the second day, and so soon as the light penetrated the darkness, the mist condensed, forming water, at once gathered together into bodies called seas, and on the third day, or era of time, matter began to appear, or fully appeared. The dry land appeared.

That land or earth had long been above or out of the water, is quite evident, for in this era grass, herbs, trees having their seeds in themselves, appear. The reader will observe, however, that there is as yet no fruit—all nature is cold, and only the germs of life are quickening into action. We have now the base or foundation for life, and have accomplished out of darkness and confusion, light and order, water and dry land, grasses, herbs, and trees with the seed of fruit in them. We find the mists of space clearing away under the laws of light, heat, and electricity, gravitation, magnetism, and pneumatics, all movers of infinitism or God, preparatory to the introduction, through combination and correspondences, of two other parts or principles in God,—the animal with instinct and reason. These principles or parts of God are now in germ form of life; needing increased heat and light to develop action—first, in the saurian life; second, in the animal or instinctive life; third, in the biped or reflective life, with reason; fourth, the spiritual life or immortality—God.

In our next we will contemplate the sun, moon, and stars, or the fourth great period of creative power.

Is Henry Ward Beecher a Spiritualist?

We clip the following from the Ottumwa (Ill.) *Weekly Courier* of a late date. It is a Beecherism, and smacks strongly of Spiritualism, and yet we suppose Mr. Beecher would be offended if we called him a Spiritualist.

We are a Spiritualist, and teach the thoughts he utters in this article:

BEECHER AND "LITTLE BREECHES."

"Henry Ward Beecher startled his hearers last Sunday evening with a sermon on Spiritualism, in which he treats the subject very leniently, to say the least, and virtually endorses the Pike county theory of angels, as set forth in the story of 'Little Gabe' being toted by spirits from scenes of danger 'to where it was safe and warm.' His text was from John iii, 8:

"'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit.'"

"After speaking of the conversation of Christ with Nicodemus about being born of the spirit, Mr. Beecher said:

"'I suppose that from the beginning of things this world has been open to the influence of spirits; that other influences come into the world. Such a truth as this is to be infinitely desired. There is a disposition to treat it with scorn and neglect. It is not impossible to believe that there is a spiritual unity or influence which we can neither understand nor appreciate. This is certainly the doctrine of the New Testament. It is taught by the Savior and the apostles that both divine and demoniac influences roll in upon the human soul. It is the attitude of most thinkers to repel everything that they can not prove by the senses, and therefore the doctrine of Spiritualism has been in bad repute. There is nothing that we so much need, and should so much desire, as that there should be wafted into this sphere the influence of the divine spirit. The doctrine fits and harmonizes with the higher life toward which we are groping our way. We do not know what we are. We go step by step; we are conscious of vague longings and aspirations, and do not know how to locate them. What every thoughtful, rational man should desire is that there should be an influence to teach us the divine. Fantastic and false notions have arisen during all ages in connection with spiritual phenomena. This does not interfere with the truth in the mind of the real seeker after it. Where does our knowledge of the divine come from? It is no argument against astronomy that men sought it through astrology, or against chemistry that it was sought through alchemy. Seeking shows a need that it is not a part of God's economy to allow. Our Savior declares that we can not understand these things. 'If' says he, 'I have told you of earthly things, and ye believe not, how can ye believe if I tell ye of heavenly things?'

"It is impossible to interpret a higher sphere to those in the lower. We are not to suppose the spiritual influence a supervision of our faculties.

"So far as we can gather from the Word of God it would seem as though this is a process of re-creating. It wakes up our dormant powers; it revives, beautifies, and fructifies. The periods of growth have been when men believed most in the invisible. This belief has inspired men to activity in the best part of their nature. We are often influenced by a spirit outside of ourselves. It comes unexpectedly, is uncalled for, and often unwelcome. In one sense this is understandable. There is a way to prepare ourselves for the presence and action of the spirit. Men prepare themselves for friendship, but refuse to put themselves in a state of reception for the spirit. There would be summer if there wasn't a farmer on the continent. There would be flowers if there wasn't a florist in the land. But the farmer prepares his ground, and we can co-operate with the divine influences that seek to guide us. By this divine help we can not only grow, but can successfully resist demoniac influences. We are not to set up antagonism to the working of the spirit. How many men have been lovingly won from evil ways by this divine influence. As the sun wakes up the flowers, so does the divine mind stir up the dormant soul. When the influences come to you that stir the better nature and make you hate evil, believe. It is the light that comes from above. If you are given noble conceptions of what you are capable of being, believe. If there comes a sense of sweet spirit communion, believe that God's great love sends the ministers of His to guide, comfort, and instruct you. Is there anything we desire so much as that light should shine upon the Great Beyond?"

Note from E. Sprague.

E. V. WILSON—DEAR SIR:—At a recent visit at St. Deroin, Neb. I met Prof. Clark Braden. At a lecture of mine I affirmed that you told me that since your discussion with him at Cleveland, his friends at Du Quoin, Ill., had written you, requesting you to allow them to get another gentleman to discuss Spiritualism with you, and you had consented. He replied:

"It is all a lie. No friend of mine ever wrote him so. It is a lie."

Will it be your pleasure to state through the JOURNAL whether what I said was "a lie" and oblige, yours truly,

E. SPRAGUE.

Letter from J. P. Hazard.

BRO. JONES:—I have frequently inquired if any photographs of the spiritual paintings which I saw in your office last May had been seen in the market, but have been unable to learn anything upon the subject.

I should be very glad to know how it may be, and fear the originals may have been lost in the great fire. The Ministering Angel I regarded as one of the most beautiful things I ever saw on canvass. Had it been mine I would not have exchanged it for a quarter section farm in your fertile state, though I would not be able to pay $100 for it. If it is lost, I shall scarcely know how to forgive its custodian, after his promise to have it photographed at once.

I am very glad to hear you are re-established and in successful operation. With my best wishes for your success in this greatest of all causes, I am respectfully yours,

JOS. P. HAZARD.

Newport, R. I., Dec. 23, 1871.

REPLY—Dear brother, all were consumed. Not a photograph nor any other copy was ever taken of either—all were consumed. I have this consolation, I have the promise from the spirits controlling Br. N. B. Starr, whose paintings you so much admired in particular when here, of paintings much superior to those you saw.

I expect to receive something very fine from Brother Fayette and Sister Blair. As yet I have only received five from the wonderful spirit artists, who use no human aid, only the mediumship of the Brothers Potts, of Harrisburg, Pa. You have seen Brother Potts' letter in regard to those. The manner in which they are produced is truly wonderful.

As I receive new spirit paintings I will announce the same through the columns of the JOURNAL. It is a beautiful phase of spirit power. It is condemned by some, perhaps, because it is done in the dark!

E. V. Wilson.

The lecture of E. V. Wilson, in this city, on Sunday, Dec. 31st, attracted unusual attention on the part of the Spiritualists here. The well-known character of the man, his iconoclastic manner in dealing with old theology, his wonderful tests and eccentric method of annihilating error, has won for him a reputation that he might well be proud of. The interest in his lecture here was so great that the voluntary contributions from those present amounted to nearly $30.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Allegories of Life; by Mrs. M. S. Adams: Lee & Shepard Publishers, Boston.

This volume is splendidly gotten up, and the design of the author is to inculcate moral lessons through the instrumentality of allegory. It is not a novel, yet the author is decidedly *novel* and unique in the way she expresses grand truths. She gives in beautiful language twenty-three illustrations of important truths, which are so pointedly portrayed that they cannot fail to make a very vivid impression upon the mind.

A Treatise on the Intellectual, Moral, and Social Man; written under forty captions, with an Essay on Man, embracing fifteen headings or captions. By Hiram Powell.

The author in part first of his book takes into consideration: The Best Books to be Read, Rich and Poor, The Source of Wealth and Poverty, Aristocracy, The Other Side of the Picture, Proposals of Basis, Faith and Knowledge, Purposes of Life and Principles of Morals, The Moral Law, Liberality of Sentiment, Cheerfulness and Happiness. In connection with these subjects he presents many facts of interest to every reflective mind. The Essay on Man refers to those conditions of life of which men should have a perfect knowledge.

Use Natures' Hair Restorative. See Advertisement.

Take Notice.

We are in receipt of letters from Malinda Newell, Mary Berry, and Rebecca H. Irey, none of whom give their post office address or state. The above-mentioned parties will please send their respective addresses to this office at once, and their business will receive our prompt attention. Our correspondents will please make a note of this, and be careful to always give post office address and *state*.

Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

For the last four years we have had a specific fund entitled as above.

The object of this fund is to enable all who desire to do so, to aid a class of people to read the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL who are unable to subscribe and pay for the same.

The appeal of that class to the proprietor of this paper has *never* been made in vain. About one per cent. of the expense of *free subscriptions* has been paid out of *that fund*; the balance has been borne by the publisher.

All widows, orphans, and aged people who desire to read this paper but feel too poor to pay for it, on request, will have it sent to them marked F. W. O., which means *free*, and charged to the Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

Since the fire several kind-hearted people have donated small sums to aid us in buying a new outfit. The money is very timely, and we most sincerely thank the donors for the same. Money is hard to be got at this time, "*every dollar counts*;" but as we have often said before, notwithstanding we found ourself greatly embarrassed by the terrible destruction of property on which our insurance is of little or no value, even to one-half more than our good brother, Dr. Child, mentioned in the second miniature JOURNAL we issued since the fire, yet we wholly disclaim being an object of charity.

All sums donated to us will be passed over to the credit of the above-named fund, and those who make such donations are respectfully requested to name the persons to whom they would like to have the JOURNAL sent free, to the full amount of their respective donations, and it shall be done.

If in any case parties making such donations shall fail to mention to whom the paper shall be sent free, we shall apply their money for the first applicants.

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TESTIMONIALS.

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LORENZO MEEKER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

I hereby certify that I have used tobacco over twenty years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has effectually destroyed my appetite or desire for tobacco.

DAVID O'HARRA.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 15th, 1871.

I have used tobacco between fourteen and fifteen years. About two months since, I procured a box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. It has cured me, and I feel perfectly free from its use. Have no desire for it.

F. H. SPARKS.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 25th, 1871.

I have used tobacco, both chewing and smoking, about twelve years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has cured me and left me free, with no desire or hankering for it.

GEORGE A. BARKER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

Mr. R. T. Wyman, of Waukau, informs me that he has used one box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. Inclosed find two dollars. Please send me a box,

D. H. FORBES.

Oshkosh, Wis., Sept. 19, 1871.

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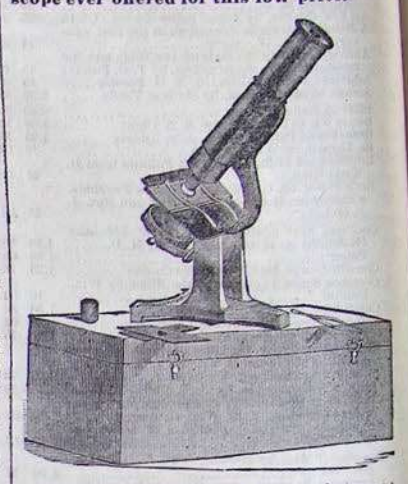
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CHICAGO, JANUARY 20, 1872.

VOL. XI.—NO. 18.

Original Poetry.

CHRYSMUTATIO.

BY SARAH E. PALMER.

Death wears not oft the angel robe
That charms e'en love's fond sighing;
Not oft we gaze with thankful hearts
To see our loved ones dying:
At best we can but sob and say,
Father, thy will be done!—
Not lift our heavy souls to see
Life's last, best victory won.
But sometimes through those mystic gates
Such gleams of sudden glory
Drift down the darkness, that our hearts,
Remembering faith's fond story,
Take rapid flight like birds at morn
On wing for native heaven,—
We see through death our angel-born,
Nor heed the earth-tie riven.
And thus one night when tempest winds
Howled o'er the raging billow,
And earth was dark, a brother lay
Upon his dying pillow.
We knew his soul was entering through
The gates to fields Elysian;
We knew it by th' enraptured gaze
That told of golden vision;
We knew it by the laboring breast—
The pale lips' painful quiver—
As trembling stayed his human feet
Beside the mystic river.
Our hearts were moaning like the wind,
Our tears like rain were falling;
We could not see the breaking day,
Nor list the angels' calling;
We only marked the failing breath,
The heart-beat's painful flutter,
And veiled our faces in a grief
Too deep for words to utter.
O bitter was that breaking weight!
Till through our mournful dwelling
A mystic sound of music swept,
Above the tempest swelling,—
Softer than summer's gentlest sigh
Where creamy buds are blowing,
O'er all our hearts those angel strains
Like silvery waves were flowing.
Our souls uprose like chaliced flowers
To greet the morning's breaking,
Uplifted to that wondrous power,
From palsied grief awaking;
And lo! the fluttering heart was still,
Hushed was its last faint sighing,
And o'er the pale dead face a smile
Of shadowed bliss was lying;
And on our souls a glorious awe,
Past speech or power of telling,
Held ev'ry sense in trance-like thrall
With sweetness all excelling,
And ev'ry heart-beat told the joy
The angel choirists chanted.
Almost we heard their rustling wings,—
The place was glory-haunted,—
Till heavenward rising, soft and sweet,
The night winds, wildly sobbing,
Closed o'er the song; we only heard
Our heart's tumultuous throbbing.
But gath'ring round the still, pale form,
We thought no more of sighing;
So near the star-gemmed portal seemed
We could not call it *dying*.
And from that night we gladly walk
And wait the signal given
That through the bursting bonds of earth
Unfolded gates of heaven.

La Clede, Mo.

From The Medium and Daybreak, England.

SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS AND OTHER WONDERFUL PHENOMENA.

By Emma Hardinge Britten.

SIR.—It is some time since I have had the pleasure of communing with my spiritual friends and co-workers across the Atlantic, but though the long and dangerous illness of my beloved mother, together with the urgent and *exigent* duties of a public life have absorbed every moment of my time, my English friends and the sphere of labor so long and pleasantly occupied by myself amongst them have never passed away from loving memory. In earnest of my undiminished interest, in the field of London Spiritualism, I herewith send a few spirit-photographs procured through the Mediumship of Mr. William Mumler, a view of which, together with the subjoined account of my seance with that gentleman, may interest the visitors to the Progressive Library. About a fortnight ago I called upon Mr. Mumler for a sitting, impelled to do so by the remarkable accounts of tests furnished to me by reliable persons who had obtained through this channel unmistakable proofs of their spirit-friends' presence and identity. The result of my first sitting was the production of a female form, bending over me in the attidude of affection; but, although the spirit bears some resemblance to a dear departed friend, it is not sufficiently obvious to constitute a likeness. At my next sitting a large and remarkable looking head appeared on the negative, but ere the prints were taken I could not trace clearly any well-defined likeness. I remarked to Mr. Mumler that the negative appeared to present the appearance of some musical character, as there were indications of a lyre shadowed forth in the negative. Upon this Mr. Mumler immediately wrote on a slip of paper, backwards, the name of "Beethoven." When the prints were at length produced, they clearly showed the portrait of Beethoven hovering over me, and holding a faintly defined musical instrument in his hands, so placed as to present the shadow *between my dress and the watch-chain which falls across it.* Now, the circumstances which render the appearance of the great musician upon my photograph singularly significant are these:—My principal occupation during my late residence in England was to write certain musical criticisms in which the life and works of Beethoven formed the chief theme of my analyses. The very last piece of musical writing which I executed was an essay on the Beethoven Centenary at Bonn, celebrated just as I was about to return to America. Whilst engaged in these writings, I have the best of reasons for believing that the spirit of the noble German was frequently with me, and by a variety of test-facts convinced me and others that he was interested in what I wrote, and not unfrequently suggested ideas or dictated corrections upon points of his life and musical intentions. The inspired and venerated spirit assured me, moreover, that he had constituted himself my musical guide, and purposed, in the bright communion of the better world, to reward my unbounded admiration of his character and compositions by assuming the office of my instructor. I think there must be several of my friends in London who will bear witness that I occasionally alluded to communications of the above named character from Beethoven, but I can most positively assert that I never mentioned them to anyone in America, and I am confident that Mr. Mumler neither knew anything of my musical writings in England nor that I was in the least interested in the appearance of Beethoven. These circumstances considered, I think the remarkable resemblance of the spirit-portrait to the well-known head of Beethoven may be taken as a striking and conclusive test of spirit-presence. A vast number of persons with whom I am well acquainted have received admirable portraitures of their spirit friends from Mr. Mumler, and that when they themselves were strangers to him, and no possibility could exist of his procuring any likeness or knowledge of the spirit-friends represented.

The few pictures which accompany this article were chiefly taken for the persons who were unable to attend in person, but who, having sent their own photographs and complied with the conditions announced in the enclosed circular (*), have received portraits of their spirit-friends, just as true and faithful to life as those who have attended the sittings in person.

It is for the benefit of my friends, then, in England, and in the hope that some amongst them may be blessed by the wonderful phenomena of a spirit-portrait taken in this manner, that I send the accompanying specimens and the descriptive circular of the conditions to be observed.

Three (†) of the pictures I send are taken simply through the influence of distant psychology, and a photograph, the fourth(‡) is myself and the spirit of Beethoven, and the other two (§) are acquaintances of mine, who testify that the spirit-forms seen are accurate likenesses of beloved friends, not one of whom could by any possibility have been known to Mr. Mumler. It affords me especial pleasure to bear this unsought-for testimony to the truthfulness of a medium who, my English friends may remember, has been virulently assailed and publicly prosecuted, as well as persecuted by an infamous attack upon him in New York. Now, although Mr. Mumler was triumphantly acquitted of the charge of imposture, and the verity of the spiritual hypothesis remained as the only method of accounting for the production of his remarkable pictures, it seems to me eminently fit that we should still continue to investigate a phenomena thus publicly assailed, and present all the cumulative evidence to the world which subsequent developments afford.

I must not omit to record, moreover, the wonderful phenomena which are now transpiring in the presence of Dr. Slade, the physical medium, of New York. In company with a friend, I visited Dr. Slade a few nights ago, and in a semi-darkened room, but still with a sufficient amount of light to read large print by, I saw several spirit-heads form, become brilliantly illuminated with small flashing lights, present themselves in dense white substance within a foot of where we sat, smile, nod, display the full proportions of the head, and then dissolve and melt away from our eyes.

One of these heads was that of a valued friend of my own—a lady whose appearance I could not mistake. She came twice—once as a bride veiled, and once with the full proportions of her sweet face openly displayed, as she last appeared to me a mortal like myself. Writing messages on a slate by the hands of spirits, playing the accordeon in a similar way, and many other marvelous tokens of invisible intelligence, also occurred in Dr. Slade's presence; and the fact that these things are all done *in the light*, and that Dr. Slade affords his sitters the most incontrovertible proofs of his perfect candor and honesty, increases the value of his mediumship tenfold, and renders the phenomena produced in his presence very convincing to sceptics.

Wonderful accounts have reached me through the most respectable and reliable sources of the marvels exhibited through the mediumship of a Mrs. Andrews, of Moravia, New York. A friend of mine, in whom I have the utmost confidence—a merchant of high standing, and a shrewd, keen observer—informs me that the perfect semblance of several of his deceased friends and kindred were shown him through Mrs. Andrew's mediumship. He saw the veritable head, gold spectacles, thin grey hair, necktie, and other slight but most significant tokens of identity, which, in the life that he thought was ended, had distinguished his grandfather.

A lady appeared and spoke to him. Face, form, and voice were those of the friend he had deemed dead; but to make assurance doubly sure, he requested her to turn her head so that he might behold again the dark curls for which, whilst on earth, she had been so much admired. The spirit moved her head slightly and drew forward a mass of dark, shining curls, resembling precisely the appearance they presented in days of yore. Volumes might be filled with narratives of this kind, received from persons incapable of deception, and most unlikely to exaggerate or make mistakes. At present I have not witnessed any manifestations of spirit-forms materialized, except through the mediumship of Dr. Slade, of New York City, and those given in the manner described above; but are not such phenomena alone sufficient to stagger all our antiquated opinions on the subject of death, and open up to our view a completely new world of forces, powers, and even substances? Whilst the form I have loved, touched, handled, and known lies crumbling in the dust, a duplicate form stands before me in all the panoply of life, attired in the very garments that have perished out of being, and presenting all the tokens of real, dense substantiality that the body wore whilst its atoms yet cohered together! This spiritual substance, too, grows and dissolves at will, takes what form, and assumes what color its creator desires to show, and melts away again into the airy invisibility from whence it was gathered up, under the potent spell of a chemistry of which every earthly chemist is profoundly ignorant.

In view of such manifestations as these, dialectical and other self-constituted bodies of scientists may regret that they gave premature reports, and perceive that the law of spirit-communion must be gauged by all the senses before investigators are in a position to pronounce upon it. The leaders of public opinion elevated to professors chairs will have a somewhat broader field of analysi to explore than "psysic force;" darkness w no more shield the impostor or mask the doors of the honest; and we may confidently expect, as the next developement of spirit-power, that we may walk and talk with the inhabitants of the better world with the same familiarity and open intercourse that we enjoyed whilst they were denizens of our own sphere. In concluding this Trans-atlantic waif, permit me to say that, so far as my own experience has gone, public interest in the doctrinal part of Spiritualism advances in steady proportion to the increase of phenomenal demonstrations. In Boston, for five successive weeks I have been greeted by audiences numbering over 3,000 persons. In the few surrounding towns and villages—districts to which my home duties have for the present limited my visits—the same abundant evidences of public interest have everywhere met me. I am at present lecturing in my old spiritual birthplace, New York City, where the large number of respectable strangers and ever-faithful friends of yore who crowd around me bring me the gratifying assurance that the proverbial instability of the American character does not apply in New York Spiritualism.

As there are none of the American spiritual papers personally interested enough in the English speaker's successes to make mention of them, I take this opportunity of informing my English friends that the public here are still as kind and demonstrative in their appreciation of me as ever; and, in fact, I do not know but that I owe to the obvious tokens of public favor that I receive, the editorial neglect with which I am honored. Spiritualism in the United States lives, flourishes, and increases. May the hungry multitudes of Europe find spiritual food and refreshment beneath the overarching boughs of the same mighty tree, is the prayer of your friend,

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

* CIRCULAR.—To those residing at a distance and wishing to obtain a spirit-photograph I would inform that I have been very successful in obtaining likenesses, by having simply a picture of the sitter, in taking a copy of which the angel form appears by the side of it. It will be necessary for those who intend sending to me to inclose their own card photograph or any one else's to whom the spirit-form desired was known or thought of, having a natural affinity for the law of love and affection, and to mention the day, the date, and the hour that said picture should be copied by me, calculating the time a week or ten days from the day that I should receive the order, so that the person of the picture would, at that time, concentrate his or her mind on the subject. The difference in time will be calculated by me. Particular attention is expected to this requirement, as much of the success of obtaining a strong and well-defined pitcure depends on the harmony of the Positive and Negative forces of the parties concerned. As it is seldom that I succeed in getting the spirit-form until I have taken a number of negatives (consuming both time and chemicals), I am obliged to fix the price at five dollars per half-dozen. Those sending pictures to be copied must inclose *at the same time* the required amount.—Respectfully yours, WM. H. MUMLER, 170 West Springfield street, Boston, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

† No. 1 represents a full-size portrait of a gentleman, in an Oxford frame, resting on a low table. A tall and commanding spirit of benignant aspect, stands behind and to the one side. Her left arm rests on the top of a harp. She resembles Jenny Lind when in her youthful prime. No. 2 is a group of photographs on a table, which have been sent to Mr. Mumler to have the related spirit-friends taken. In the background are nine or ten spirit-forms, but the group is not very distinct. No. 3 is a truly beautiful production. The spirit, that of a vivacious, slender girl, of twelve or fourteen years, with a beaming, spiritual countenance, stands by a table, on which she rests a small basket of flowers. On the table is the card portrait of a gentleman, which had been forwarded, and attracted this spirit.

‡ Many will be glad to see this very striking portrait of their much-respected friend. The attitude is pleasing, representing Mrs. Hardinge as engaged in reading a book on her lap, while the spirit stands over her, with an arm over each shoulder, and holding what appears to us to be a wreath in front of the sitter. Curious enough the shadow of this object appears under the chain that hangs from Mrs. Hardinge's breast. Through the kindness of Mrs. Wilkinson, we have seen the other photograph, on which a female spirit appears. In this instance Mrs. Hardinge looks upward, as she used to do on the platform before commencing her orations. These pictures excite grateful memories of pleasant by-gone times.

§ No. 1 represents a gentleman sitting for his photograph. A female spirit stands by his side, with one arm on his shoulder, and the other across his breast. Over her head is a crown with rays of light streaming from it. Behind her a male spirit appears. These figures are so distinct as to be quite cognizable, as Mrs. Hardinge states. No. 2 is a very beautiful group. A gentleman sits for his likeness, and a female spirit, with a star over her head, extends her arms and places a wreath upon the sitter's head. Above and beyond the spirit's outstretched arms, and immediately behind the sitter, appear the heads of two boys, apparently about ten and fourteen years of age. These figures are remarkably distinct.

Tests from Spirit Life.

BROTHER JONES:—The enclosed slip from the Cleveland *Sunday Voice* will, I think, be just the thing for the JOURNAL, as it comes from a disinterested source entirely outside the Spiritual Fraternity. D. A. EDDY.

Cleveland, Ohio, Dec. 28, 1871.

Special correspondence Sunday Voice.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18.

"It never rains but it pours." This proverb is as applicable to justice as to anything else under the sun. Tweed bids fair to be in quite as undesirable a position as Connolly. He says that he can prove that he is entirely innocent of any charge of fraud, or complicity with fraud, that can be brought against him, and insists that the large fortune he has made within the last few years is the result of speculation—not peculation—and is also prepared, according to his own showing, to prove this last fact. Strange as it may seem, the great majority believe these statements; but this belief does not cause them to regard him with any more leniency. They say,

"He may not have taken for himself, but he has allowed others to steal, and has indirectly reaped the benefit thereof. His subordinates have feathered their nests pretty thor ughly, and he, as their chief, must be held responsible."

So out come twenty indictments against the unfortunate politician. One has been already served, and he is out on $5,000 bail—and the avenging angels of the Gotham swindled are determined, so says rumor, to put the remaining nineteen through in the shortest possible space of time. The friends of the Tammany Sachem are looking glum.

Says one, "I don't believe in the scapegoat system, and that's what they're trying on Bill. All the real thieves will go scot free, and he, probably the most honest of the whole ring, will come to grief."

Says another, "I don't like these sudden storms of principle—they are apt to break far more heavily on the undeserving than on the guilty."

And so on. The popular impression seems to be that he is to suffer for the sins of others. His magnificent gift of last year has made him many staunch friends among the masses, and they stand up for him conscientiously.

The Spiritualistic excitement still continues. There is a professional medium, by name Dr. Slade; who is at the present occasioning great confusion in the ranks of anti-Spiritualists. You who read the New York papers cannot fail of seeing the different accounts given of his wodderful proceedings. They are almost toonuan ible for belief. Of course, you have read all about the singular doings at Moravia. Although fully understanding that "there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio," etc., and having been astonished a great many times in the course of my not uneventful life, some way I did not exactly credit the statement in reference to the apparitions said to appear there.

As if to give the lie to my skepticism, I received a few days ago an invitation to visit the house of Dr. Slade, No. 218 West 43d St., for the purpose of beholding spirit faces. I didn't believe I should see anything more than I had seen a hundred times before; but wntt. The paraphernalia ordered by the medium was a very innocent piece of black cambric, suspended in front of the table by a tow string. An aperture of about six by ten inches was made in the upper part of the improvised curtain. We all seated ourselves—Dr. Slade, a lady connected with the staff of one of our dailies, and your correspondent, at the table, after having previously examined everything in the room at the particular request of the medium. There was not the slightest chance of humbug or chicanery of any kind. There was no cabinet, no closet, no nothing, but a couple of yards of black cambric with a hole cut in it.

The gas burned dimly for about three minutes and then it was ordered turned out; Dr. Slade sitting quietly by our sides with both hands on the table. That moment I saw a form glide from the opposite corner, and then a hand appeared at the aperture holding a white rose or japonica, I could not tell which. After a moment it vanished; I then said, "What was that flower? could you tell?" It immediately returned, and I found it was a rose. Then came a slight mist, and then, as sure as I live, the face of a young lady friend, who passed away almost four years ago. It was radiantly beautiful, and my recognition of her was so perfect and instantaneous, that for a moment I could hardly keep from fainting. She bowed and smiled, and tried to speak. I said,

"Cuss, Cass! my dear child, can it be?"

She smiled and bowed, and pointed to her head. What she had there I was unable to make out, although the head was repeatedly bent in the endeavor to make me understand. After this the face of an old gentleman came quite as distinctly as the other, and was immediately recognized by my companion as her grandfather. What do I make of it? Do n't know; I can only tell you what I saw, and what hundreds of our most reliable citizens have seen, and are ready to make affidavit to, if necessary.

I may say without exaggeration that I have received upward of a hundred letters from the east, west, north, and south, and each one containing the following question, "Did Mr. Beecher, or the church, order the table removed?"

Not a bit of it; as a church, Plymouth is ahead. There are hosts of avowed Spiritualists connected with this church; and Mr. Beecher knew it when he welcomed them to the fold. The fact was, the reporters found that they were unable to perform their tasks with either ease or accuracy. The manifestations were attracting crowds of the curious, and every motion was anxiously waited for by the sensation loving multitude. To your correspondent personally, it became altogether unbearable, and was almost as obnoxious to the other ladies.

One week ago last Sunday morning the table behaved so outrageously, (that's the word) and the knocks were so loud on the platform, that at the conclusion of the service we were obliged to confess ourselves beaten, and order the table taken out. Now we write our reports on the Plymouth collection. I clutch my hymn book frantically, expecting every moment that it will be snatched from my hands; but up to date we have been left in peace—there, that's all I know about it.

From the Winona (Minn.) Republican.

HUXLEY AND THE SPIRITUALISTS.

That Eminent Scientist Catches an American Tartar in a Winona Defender of the Faith.

You've been pulling the hair and tweaking the noses of us *sensitive Spiritualists*:—When? Why in your issue of the 11th inst. It seems you thought we were of no account in these diggins, and that you could give Spiritualism raps over the knuckles in return for its raps on the tables, chairs, head-boards of our sleeping-couches, and every other locality accessible to their finger-ends; and as if you could n't vent sufficient contemptuosity toward the pestiferiosity of that *twenty-three year old humbug*, so called, you must suborn the dewy protoplasmic popularity of that scientist, Tom Huxley, who, from his confessed ignorance of the whole subject, decides it to be a humbug, and carries more weight (with analogous mentality) than seven millions of such men as Drs. Hare, Brittan, Hallock, Dexter, Grey, Dake, Winchester, and hundreds of others on our side of the water, with the late Drs. Elliotson, Ashburner, Professors Crookes, Varley, Wallace, and a noble list of others, too numerous for detail, on the other; all of whom can render a reason from thorough investigation of its manifestations.

Wonder if wisdom won't die when Huxley does, and all progress settle back to fogyism? Well, 't is funny, decidedly, to witness the curlecues of human affections under the diverse and conflicting influences that beset us!

You seem to think you and Huxley can frown or scowl Spiritualism out of time and out of mind; but, gents, *we*, the hospitable entertainers of its glorious philosophy, believe it has come to stay, in spite of all opposition from the most concentrated fogyism in existence. But we can put you in possession of a scheme of testing your success at the cry of "humbug," and the scowls of bigots, with every other conceivable device you may be able to scare up; and that is, to parade every opponent of its being what itself claims to be, upon the levee along the Mississippi in front of the city, and let every soul of such who are fully satisfied of its being an unmitigable humbug, commence to ridicule the old daddy of the flowing water, saying: "Come, now, old chap! ain't you aware how foolish it is to be always flowing southerly?" Let these people summon every educational prejudice, fanatical idea of the devil's being the prime instigator of its movement in that direction; tell him that Prof. Huxley, a great and fresh savant recently come to notice in old England, of wondrous authority, may, in the strange vicissitudes of occurring events, decide his flow in that direction to be a piece of contemptible humbuggery, and perfectly unworthy of serious notice; and should the Professor once give such a decision—he being a leading scientist, especially on protoplasm's being the basic seat of life—your fair fame as the "father of waters" would become null and void and of no effect.

And now, if all the devices made use of on the occasion we have suggested—scowls, contemptuosities, cries of "humbug," "devil in't," charlatanry, and the hue and cry of editors, D. D.'s, M. D.'s, priests, lawyers, fashionability of churches, etc., put into grand action for reversing the mighty current of the Mrs. Scip., would prove a *non sequitur*, you can judge of the result of similar action upon the great "humbug," Spiritualism; for, be it known to the sagacity of the corps editorial of *The Winona Republican*, that the said "humbug" is just as surely the mighty flow of Life's unfoldings as the flowing waters of that great river are the results of gravitation. But, gentlemen, editors, and scientists, you must hurry up if you expect to kill Spiritualism with sneers, jibes, jokes, contemptuosities, scowls, inuendoes, or anything *on that line*, for you'll find it a *full Summer's work*. It has got to be a mighty hum—or rather snapping—bug. It has been through the killing mill every year since the young Foxes invented it at Hydesville, New York, and for some valid excuse it won't stay killed. Every time it has passed through that ordeal we have observed it to rise from its ashes with increased vigor, and its killers, sink into *obliviority*. Gentlemen, your most respectful correspondent is an old pensioner back of the Lake. J. R. ROBINSON.

NO MORE GRAY HAIR.—*Nature's Hair Restorative* brings back the original color. It is not a dye, and clear as crystal. Contains nothing injurious. See advertisement.

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and Subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 333, Mobile, Ala.

(NUMBER XIV.)

Light, Heat, and Electricity—Desultory Remarks on Mediumship.

We are often at a loss to draw the lines of distinction between the mortal and immortal nature of things. Natural history and philosophy are necessarily founded on natural science, and so are all the measures of mortal founded on immortal being.

Because we can only see the sun as finite existences here, is no reason there is not an infinite beyond there. We are pompously asked by every poll parrot, at every corner, why this "spiritual business" cannot be done in the light?

Though we do sometimes have manifestations in modified light, we accept and consider their question as asked, for the reason there are considerations that prelude the presence of either strong positive light, or immediate contact of positive thought.

We had occasion in speaking of photography to notice the necessity for the exclusion of light from the dark room, wherein the chemical process was conducted, for the reason that the positive polar force of light, proved destructive to the delicate or passive nature of the compounds used, particularly the collodio-nitrate of silver film on which the picture is usually taken.

We have witnessed dark seances of the best character, time and again, particularly those of Mrs. Ferris and Mrs. Lord, and have conversed with the spirits as openly, definitely, and intelligibly, as we ever conversed with a friend, all of whom agree on the main points (as far as they seem to understand them), as the means through and by which spirit communion is affected.

The spirits, as well as all analytic parity and deductions, say, that the solar light and some phases of thought, are positive to them or their condition, and renders the particles of which they form, or individualize themselves, too subtile and positive among themselves as particles, to be aggregated into manifesting form.

We can take the positive magnetic impress of sunlight corked up in a gunbarrel into the dark and print from it at midnight. We can take the positive magnetic impress of light closed up in a book into a dark room at night and print a picture with it. We can send a ray of light through a dark cell into a glass jar containing hydrogen and chlorine gas, and with terrible effect explode a compound, that never would have mixed chemically but for the positive impress of light. We can concentrate light on anything terrestrial with such positive force, as to depolarize and decompose it. In a word, no one denies that light is positive and that darkness is relatively negative; no one denies that thousands of compounds take place in the dark that could not be effected in the light. But, persists triumphant superciliousness, "I do n't believe it, because I can't see it; the spirits, bright as they are draped in their star-spangled robes of heavenly light, could not hide themselves in the dark, after that manner; besides," say they, "do you think they are such fools as to come down here as mere 'bummers' of groveling curiosity? Out upon such stuff, it carries sacrilege upon its face!" And as a general thing, after disgorging themselves of all of this, to them, heaven-born fustian, they come down with the sledge-hammer question. "How can spirit commune with matter, anyhow? It is impossible!"

In turn we would say, as they usually do,—"God and the spirits doubtless know their own business"—as to why they come in their star-spangled robes, to the great neglect of higher duties, is no concern of ours; they are running the job, and we are glad of it! As to how spirit can come in contact and commune with matter it is quite plain, and self-evident to us, all stupid assumes of "impossibility" to the contrary notwithstanding. Will these wonderfully wise philosophers tell us how they see, hear, smell, taste, feel, and draw deduction—we ask pardon, they do not draw deduction! But how do they exercise the five senses? And when they so far overstep themselves as to think, we would like to know how such a thing as thought, can come in contact with their spittle and clay *ensembles* of common dirt? Not that we have any womanly curiosity, but we would like for them to inform us, just for the sake of the principle involved. And since we think of it, we would also ask them to point out their learned system of ethics or mental philosophy, that accounts half so satisfactorily for the source, manner of coming and purpose of their thoughts, particularly their groveling "bummers," as we can account for the source, manner of coming and purpose of our returning friends. To say the least, their position does not reach up further than the *contratemps* bewilderment of a "puppy muddle."

But as to the reasons why our spirit friends in manifest form, have to approach us in the dark, should we interrogate them as we have done, we learn they, as individualities, (where they are) compare the memories, experiences, and intelligences of their life recently lived, and all other inferior forms of existence through which they have passed, and that through these agencies their essential life-center, has the power, as the life-center of the germ, to call up through forces at hand, its outer form; the soil has their (the germs) embryo interrelational food, to which we have referred, and is the menstrum in which they first begin to form. So darkness being the only passive conducting menstra, through which spirit can approach, and bring in requisition those electro-polar forces, by which their elementary being can be assimilated into manifesting form. The laws being the same in the germination of a seed, as in the formation of manifesting spirit, and darkness as much the surrounding soil of the one as the earth soil is of the other. These we say, being the conditions, relations, and relative facts characterizing each of the two extremes, we could match our learned interlocutors, by Yankying them in turn, with the learned queries—Why do n't whales walk over the African wilds? Why do n't elephants survive under the icebergs of northern seas? Why do n't birds crawl and worms fly? Why do n't day and night, like the sun and the moon, get on the same side of the earth at the same time? Why do n't "God" clear out the "Devil" at once; and above all, why do n't fools observe, investigate, think and reason like wise men—or to return to the germinal point—Why do n't vegetation take root, and grow in the air, rather than send its life hunting roots as groveling mud-bummers, down among the "nasty" dirt of which, proud man was made to look up some filth from which to form beautiful flowers and luscious fruits. Scientifically considered, our sage questions are just as profound and unanswerable as theirs. And when we take the field as we soon may, we intend to put our pertinent questions into the prize entries of the scientific world, with the confident hope of sweeping every leather medal, Orthodox genius can award.

As to the main point—there are laws by which persons or intelligences that formerly lived on earth, who have "died" as the change is termed, can and do return. And what is more, those laws can be pointed out and demonstrated, beyond all possible question. The reader may think we are rough, and unfeeling, and withal coarse. The reader is welcome to his or her thinks. We have one one with whom to play the mutual admiration "thing" since our Dulcina Geltoboso" has quit.

We are called crazy, and now and then feel like taking the benefit of our calling, out of the mutual admiration-pie of our observant traducers. By way of reciprocity to those in high position, who say we are crazy, we would say one of two things in return, they either have not brains enough to be subject to the same misfortune, or else they are hypocrites; since we lay it down as a rule, (being crazy) that there is not a properly balanced mind truly informed on the subject of natural laws, that can believe the unnatural assumptions of Orthodox humbuggery.

Hence, (being crazy) we hold that the great big chicken-eating shouters, and journeymen soul-savers, who reject nature and reason, are either fools or knaves. And of the two, we had far rather deal with the knave, upon whom we can calculatingly secure steerage, while as to the latter or fool, even "God" himself, who knows all about hash and sausage, canno tiell which way he is going, nor whether it is probable he will stop when he gets there.

Another shriek of holy horror.

Pile in lemons, let us have a jubilee round the refugee camps of modern Israel, which, like old Noah, is now bedrunkened and be-puppy-muddled among his own daughters.

Deacon Squzzilezenks, my most dearly beloved old Christian friend, allow us to point you to the Belteshazzar eye-opener—"*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.*" *So mote it be!*

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

WANTED—AN AMERICAN CHURCH.

BY REICHNER.

"A distinguished Episcopal clergyman remarked to us," says Theodore Tilton, in the *Golden Age*, "that America seemed to be feeling after a church." Remarkable as the expression is, considering the source from which it comes, it is yet simply the sectional language of religious bias, to a degree more free than sectarianism in general; the expression of a conviction doubtless wrung from the lips by a calm outlook upon the world-wide unrest and overturning commotion among the discontented people, especially in America. And is it the want of a "church" which is indicated by all this transitional struggling among the nations? or is it simply the irrepressible strife, the interminable march of the race to a higher and holier freedom?

True, the careful study of man in his entirety, discloses him to be a religious being essentially yet for the proper and redeeming unfoldment of his emotional nature is the organization of a church absolutely necessary? The church—all churches; of the past, have been an expensive and soul-trammeling luxury to the race; and in America, the most liberal land on the globe, there is not to-day a FREE church. The simple combination of such language seems in conflict and the supposed fact an impossibility. Would an organization without a ritual, a formula of service, a creed, an object of worship, constitute a church? And yet such a service, even in its freest spirit, indicates a species of human slavery at variance with the spirit of individual liberty.

What is the character of the spirit, and in the most of instances of the letter, of the sects of America? That of arrogant kingcraft and a despotic priestcraft, the sacred oracle of each, enjoining respect and deference for kings and priests, and all in similar authority; holding up the great object of their supposed worship, God, as the GREAT KING, Source of All Power, and Jesus Christ his Son, Ruler of the Nations. All consent to such service is slavery, the spirit of which is wholly incompatible with man's pure and soul-redemptive freedom.

It seems to have been the interest of priestcraft in the past to keep the race divided against itself, and aided by potentates and kings, priests, and ministers of sectarianism, they have succeeded in their religious craft for too long. They have taught men in their "total depravity" to despise and distrust themselves—that in human flesh there dwelt no good thing, but that man for his redemption must look away from himself to a power supposed to be higher than he. Governments and ecclesiastical institutions have rapidly grown aristocratic, oppressive, despotic, infusing a spirit and tendency in humanity to despise itself; evils inseparable from religious institutions, or the worship of a Deity exclusive of and separate from man.

Even Jesus, the great humanitarian, judging from the few glimpses of his world-wide inspirations, which the trammels and the tampering of the priesthood have left us, made no effort to establish a sect. But iconoclast as he was, his object seems to have been to break down existing sectional institutions, and to inculcate the beauty, utility, and duty of a universal brotherhood.

"God is a spirit." "I (humanity) and my Father are ONE,"—for we are all his offspring.

And to prove the cosmopolitan character of genuine worship, Jesus continues, to the outcast at the well: "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall worship the Father neither in this mountain nor at Jerusalem." But "the true worshipers," he tells her, "shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth."

The genuine worship of the divine can be confined to no place or creed. If, therefore, America ever does come into the possession of a national church, its creed, indigenious to her own broad, free soil, must breathe not the exotic spirit of the old monarchial world, but the democratic (not partisan), fraternal, liberal spirit of the new; its ritual, the voluntary outflow of the people in the daily practice of good deeds, charities as broad as the race, a faith like a well of living water, in every individual, manifested constantly in projects and works of the hope-inspiring amelioration of all; a creed whose only command is that of love, so diffuse in its catholicity as to embrace all races and conditions of men. A church, the great object of whose worship, work, praise, and prayer, continued labor, shall be not a supposed omnipotent Deity exclusive of man; all such worship is simply idolatry. But the responsive recognition of the divine in man and woman; more, the worship of the only true and enduring church must embrace the acceptance of the spirit of the divine everywhere, in all things, the tree, the shrub, the flower, the bird, the fish, the insect, and the broad expanse of the animal formation.

By the passing away of all cruelty, and the mutual recognition in each of the spirit of the divine, the lion is led by the hand of a child. The lamb and the lion lie down together and all nature becomes harmless. And the unbroken communion of angels and men, the harmonial marriage of our emotional nature with science, progress and intellectual purity shall form the holy tabernacle of all aggregated good, freedom and love; there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying;—all tears shall be wiped from all faces, and there shall be no more pain; for the former things, all sectional bickerings and priestly hate, shall have passed away, and God, LOVE, will be ALL IN ALL.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

CAN SPIRITS LEAVE THE BODY AND RETURN TO IT AGAIN.

BY SAMUEL UNDERHILL, M.D.

I saw in the JOURNAL an article from Sister Wilcoxson, a statement that the spirit can never leave the body and return again, and I see the same in Brother A. J. Davis's last very interesting work, The Temple. Now I love them both, feel their priceless value, and know that neither wish to be considered infallible. Permit me to lay before them a few of very many kindred facts, that prove to me that they are mistaken in this interesting particular. You know that in my work on Mesmerism, I have asserted that they appear to leave the body. I seem bound to offer through your paper facts—not theory. They make no apologies for contradicting me, and they are right. I don't believe they thought when they wrote. If you think that you love them better than I do, you are mistaken. I believe that I shall not offend them.

Now I believe that the spirit can, and often does, leave the body in trance; also in the simple clairvoyant state, and I presume in sleep. Proof: In scores of instances I have had them do it, sometimes volun arily, more frequently by request. They say they did go. Others, clairvoyant, sitting by, say they see them go out and see them returning. They make a bounce in the chair on returning to the body. Their pulse on bidding me good by at starting, falls—in one case, from one hundred to the minute to thirty, and never less than twenty beats to the minute. Now visible facts in support of my position; they are few, but of mighty import.

1st. The fall of the pulse. 2d. They are at once insensible to my voice. 3d. They are insensible to pins or needles. 4th. I cannot attract their hands, nor render their muscles rigid, which, before they go, and after their return, awake or asleep, is quite easily done. 5th. They say they go.

The clairvoyant once came from the further part of the hall, with a solemn step, saying as he came, with her arms folded, "Wonderful! wonderful!" and came and stooping over the young man, who had departed by request on an errand, to be gone five minutes, kept repeating the word "wonderful."

I said, "What is wonderful?"

"Why, his spirit is gone away from his body."

"Will he not return?"

"O, yes; but his spirit is gone away, and his body looks so strange."

"How does it look different from when the spirit is there?"

"O, doctor, can't you see his spirit is gone away, and his body seems all filled with air."

This clairvoyant was the best I ever saw, and I have seen many. Clairvoyants in the body can see no farther than the nervous fluid can radiate. I directed one's attention to the moon, when it was in eclipse.

"Why, doctor," said he, "I cannot see the moon."

He was a very superior clairvoyant. You can make them believe that they are in the moon, or planets, if you know how.

It is Brother Davis's opinion that spirits, at great distances, when they have left the body, at what is called death, can send an influence to produce raps; that it forms a distinct existence in the body, and at all ages, when the body dies, maintains a distinct existence. Paul could not tell whether he was in or out of the body, when he was entranced. But the Rev. Wm. Tenat, of New Jersey, could; and many others, whose bodies lay cold and stiff, some for days—the wife of Lord Holland eight days. Look at the petition of Dr. McNab, presented to the Chamber of Deputies, in the days of Napoleon, to get a law passed to prevent early burials, and read the cases reported by him in that petition.

Many of our entranced cases lay cold and stiff, yet breathe; insensible to sound, or effort to make them feel, taste, or smell. The only real question is, can they send back an influence by which faint circulation and slight inspiration may be kept up? Why need we doubt it? O, I have witnessed so much of it, before the spirit rapping began, that it fixed the belief of immortality in my mind. Dont lightly take it from me.

Moses Hull and W. F. Parker.

DEAR BROTHER:—I see in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL that you are still on the war path. You do not stay whipped very well. Well, there are castigations in reserve for you that will last you through. I accept your proposition for the debate of "the old proposition," at ten different cities, and appoint the first debate to take place any time during February or March, in Louisville, Ky.; another in Baltimore, Md.; and still another in Vineland, N. J., during April.

Between this time and that, we will agree upon other points where the question shall be debated.

I wish you was even now in Memphis, Tenn., for there is not a minister that here dare meet the issues connected with Spiritualism.

I furthermore challenge you for a written discussion of the same proposition to be published simultaneously in the columns of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and a leading Christian paper, the same to be afterward jointly published in book form.

Answer through the R. P. JOURNAL, through the *Crucible*, or by private letter.

MOSES HULL.

Memphis, Dec. 27, 1871.

Letter from Henry Rosseau.

Mr. Francis, I desire to thank you with all my heart, and through you your spirit guide, who has been opening the heavens to us, that we may see the glory of MAN in the present, and the eternal future of life. Never previous to this has there been a subject of such vital importance to the race, as he has made known to us. I have many near and dear friends in the spirit world, and they have all responded to the truth as manifested through you, and that they know no more of Deity there than we do here. This being the case, there is but one way for us to proceed, viz.: To do the best we can without him, until we can find him.

Lansingburgh, N. Y.

The recent dispatch from Bismark to Baron Von Arnim excites the French to renewed bitterness against Germany. The tone of the journals generally is one of indignation.

It is a funny fact that when a Mormon wife is deprived by age of all her charms, she immediately becomes heart broken, and declares that polygamy is the devil's own institution.

UPWARD of forty thousand bottles of Nature's Hair Restorative were sold from Jan. 1st to June 1st, which fact tells its own story. It is so clean, and looks so nice that the ladies are all delighted with it. See advertisement.

Mediums' Directory.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, being an especial friend to all true mediums, will hereafter publish a complete Directory, giving the place of residence of all professional mediums, so far as advised upon the subject. This will afford better facilities for investigators to learn of the location of mediums, and at the same time increase their patronage. Mediums will do well to advise us from time to time, that we may keep their place of residence correctly registered.

It is a lamentable fact that some mediums so far forget their self-respect as to speak evil of other mediums, not unfrequently even of those who are far their superiors. The names of such persons will be dropped from this Register so soon as we have evidence conclusive of their indulging in such unkindness.

It should be borne in mind that individuals visiting mediums carry conditions with them—so to speak—which aid or destroy the power of spirits to control the medium visited; hence it is that one medium gives satisfaction to certain persons, another better to others—all having their friends, and justly so, too, and all equally honest and useful in their place.

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O Thou, most high—the Great Triune!
The God who made the sun an' moon,
The earth, an' a' the stars aboon,
Out o' sheer nothing,
A' for the glory o' Thy Son,
'T he might hae suthing.

We thank Thee for this sacred day,
On which we neither work nor play,
An' nathing do but preach an' pray,
An' sing the sacred psalms.
We hear how God the saints doth save
An' sinners damns.

Our thoughts this day we may not think,
Nor our own words may speak distinct,
Our very e'en we must not wink,
Much less may whistle,
Nor write in prose or crambo clink
Our own epistle.

We thank Thee for the holy Book,
In which, in faith, we a' may look;
An' learn each catch an' every crook
In Thy great scheme
To get round Satan's wily hook
An' dodge him clean.

It tells us o' man's direful fall,
An' o' Thy curse that rests on all,
Thy children since, both great an' small,
For Adam's sin,
An' how a few may shun the gall
O' Satan's sting.

May we be numbered in that brace,—
The few who'll share in Thy free grace,—
The terms accepted an' embraced
While many stray
An' think to climb an' see Thy face
Some other way.

Yet not for any good we 've done,
Or any merit of our own,
But that imputed us of one
Who can not sin—
Thyself—Thine own Almighty Son
Who died for men.

We thank Thee, God, that we 're not saved
By our good works,—we 're so depraved,—
It matters not how we 've behaved
'f we 've only believed
An interest in Christ's blood hae craved
We 'll be received.

O, what a glorious plan was Thine,
By which the bad may be divine,—
Their crowns will just as brightly shine
As will the good!
O what encouragement we find
Who've God withstood.

We bless an' praise Thy matchless ire,—
Thou God o' vengeance, plague, an' fire,
That in Thy wrath Thou hast entire
Burned out Chicago city
Wi' Thy great flaming purifier
Without one wink o' pity.

We praise Thee for the bovine brute,
Which in Thy wrath Thou didst depute
The humble instrument, tho mute,
O' Thy fierce ire,—
The cow that kicked the lamp about
An' set the fire.

We thank Thee for the ruthless roughs
Who threw the fire brands 'mong the stuffs,
An' for the wind which blew in puffs
An' urged the flames
Which baffled a' the strong rebuffs
O' men an' dames.

We pray Thee, Lord, for Jesus's sake
That none church members e 'er may take
As patterns, their own lives to shape,
But come to Him
Who all their crimes his own will make
An' save in sin.

O Lord, subdue such flagrant crimes
As keep men from the gospel lines
An' everything 't the saints maligns
Or skows their flaws,—
The various isms o' the times
Which harm our cause.

Intemperance cure 'mong great an' small,
Adultery 'mong both short an' tall,
An' Infidelity, worst o' all,
With kindred vices;
This last, it doth the most appal
O' hell's devices;

It takes so many wily forms,
It every Christian tenet scorns,
An' o' the faults o' saints informs
An' keeps men posted;
To us, its advocates are thorns,—
May they be toasted.

O' all the roughs o' beer saloons,—
O' all the devil's curst dragoons,
These Infidels are the worst coons
We hae to fight;
O God, please take 'em to the tombs
Or turn 'em right.

They claim religion as their own,—
That truth, to them, is as well known,
As us, in whom Thy grace has shone,
Who 've prayed an' fasted;
Thou knowest that they Thy word disown,—
May they be blasted.

They talk o' Thee as the Great Cause,—
They prate o' Nature an' its laws,
An' call them Thine, forsooth, because,
Thou made 'em
To see that they are not worth straws,
We can't persuade 'em.

They preach o' reason an' o' sense
O' science, history, an' events
As if Thy word does not condense
Them all in one,—
Thus they deny Thy truth dispensed
By holy men.

Ha, reason! 'tis an imp o' hell!
An' science but a bagatelle!
An' history lies, so we can't tell
What's true or false;
The Bible only, can repel
A' hell's assaults.

They own religion is divine:
But what it is, themselves define;
They say 'tis being just an' kind
Unto our neighbor,
An' for th' improvement o' mankind,
To think an' labor.

But this, O Lord, we know is wrong,—
We 've preached to them both loud an' long,
Still they their unbelief prolong
An' just avow it;
O Lord, bring down Thy right arm strong.
We can 't allow it.

We bless Thee, Lord, for this new feature,—
This wonderful, this gifted Teacher,—
The wise Burnell, the great Lay Preacher,
Who 'st taught us how
To deal wi' every skeptic creature
Who dares avow.

Just pray at him till it 's so hot
That he can 't stand the gospel shot;
Or if that fails to make him trot
Or be devout,
Then call policemen to the spot
An' take him out.

But if we can not turn them out
From classes where they cant an' rout,
An' our great Christian doctrines doubt
An' make us quake,
Then curse them, Lord, wi' bots or gout
For Jesus's sake.

O God, confound their stubborn mind!
Lock tight their jaws, their tongue confine!
An' blast their e 'en until they 're blind!
For thine own glory!
Don 't let them spoil by reasoning fine
The sacred story!

Lord, bless thy servant staunch an' true;
Make him a power that shall imbue
This wicked, scoffing, godless crew
Wi' gospel fear;
Wi' double portions him endue
O' grace an' gear.

Make him a sharp, two-edged sword
That shall cut through this impious horde,
That gospel light be through it poured
In burning streams;
Lord, make him strong; ne 'er to be floored
By skeptic means.

Wi' blessings temporal an' divine,
Grant, Lord, that he excel an' shine,
An' all the praises shall be thine
For now an' then.
Triune Jehovah,—three in one,—
Our God,—Amen.

Lake City, Minn., Nov. 6th, 1871.

Notice.

A subscriber who had received an imperfect copy of the JOURNAL, sent it back, asking for a perfect copy. If we knew where to send to, we would do so with pleasure. One tenth, at the least, of the letters received, contain some defect in the address of the writer. Sometimes they omit their signature, at other times fail to give their town, state, or postoffice address.

In such cases we try to supply the deficiency by reference to the P. O. stamp where the letter was mailed, but that is frequently so dim as not to be readable, and if readable, may not be the true address, as letters are frequently mailed at other than home postoffices. We frequently spend an hour's time in that way, and then fail to get the true address. More care on the part of some correspondents would save much time and trouble.

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It is useless for any one to send back a defective paper. Defective sheets occasionally get sent, as they are folded and mailed by machinery, which has no eyes to see defects.

Some people and postmasters, when they want a paper discontinued, send back a copy. It is a poor way; not one in fifty thus sent ever reach the office. P. O. clerks make kindling of them, perhaps.

The true way to do business, is to *do it right*, and especially the kind of business referred to. Write and tell plainly what you want done. If you want your paper discontinued, say so, *but be sure* and inclose the money to pay all *arrearages, if any be due.*

The Dispute between the Pulpit and the Press in Romeo.

Correspondence of the Detroit Post.

ROMEO, Mich., December 23.

The announcement which was made last Sunday in all the pulpits of this place, that the Rev. J. S. Smart would re-deliver his discourse entitled "Our Local Press," brought out a large audience last evening filling the hall to its utmost capacity. At the request of Mr. Smart, the Rev. Mr. Reed was called to preside, and the Rev. Mr. Weeks was made secretary. After a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Bitting, Mr. Smart delivered his discourse, which was listened to throughout with close attention. Previous to the delivery of the discourse, a committee on resolutions was appointed consisting of one member chosen from each church, to report at the close of the services, expressing the sentiments of the meeting. The following are the principal resolutions reported by them and adopted by the meeting:

Resolved, That we have listened with pleasure to the Rev. J. S. Smart's sermon, reviewing "our local press," and desire to express our hearty approval of it as a bold, fearless, and timely enunciation of important truth, for which we hereby tender him our sincere thanks.

Resolved, That a paper conducted in the interests of Spiritual infidelity, making frequent attacks upon the Bible, the clergy, and the Christian religion, ought not to be sustained by a Christian people.

Resolved, That we demand, as a condition of our future patronage, that the *Observer* change its course in this respect.

Precisely so. This is what old theology always has done, and what she always will do when she has power.

Let the *Observer* continue straight-forward in the discharge of its duty, as a true "observer" of passing events, and never fail to "observe" what these bigoted religionists are doing, and publish it to the world. We will guarantee that its subscription list will be *trebled* within the next six months.

The day has gone by for a successful muzzling of the press in this country by bigots. This course will create some divisions, which will expose the rottenness of the movers in the measure, and disgust all sensible men, who might otherwise help support the churches of Romeo, which have thus attempted to interfere with the independence of the press. We hope many will subscribe for the *Observer*, to aid it in weathering a storm so ignobly inaugurated against it.

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For the last four years we have had a specific fund entitled as above.

The object of this fund is to enable all who desire to do so, to aid a class of people to read the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL who are unable to subscribe and pay for the same.

The appeal of that class to the proprietor of this paper has *never* been made in vain. About one per cent. of the expense of *free subscriptions* has been paid out of *that fund*; the balance has been borne by the publisher.

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All sums donated to us will be passed over to the credit of the above-named fund, and those who make such donations are respectfully requested to name the persons to whom they would like to have the JOURNAL sent free, to the full amount of their respective donations, and it shall be done.

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S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. CHICAGO, JANUARY 27, 1872. VOL. XI.—NO. 19.

Original Poetry.

THE SONG OF TRUTH.

BY MRS. M. J. WILCOXSON.

I come from the throne of the great Unknown,
I travel the measureless seas,
I am borne on the breath of the infinite thought,
I float in each transient breeze;
On each burning ray that speeds from the sun
I fly with my fiery pen;
In the calm, sweet night with my starry light
I illumine the homes of men.
I thrill the brain with my maxims plain,
And point to a law divine,
Which holds in its clasp with a deathless grasp
The wealth of each hidden mine.

I creep to the despot's guilty bed,
I shatter his stolen crown;
I stir the heart of the priest with dread,
I laugh at the bigot's frown.
I break the chain of the toiling slave,
The iron fetters I spurn;
I kindle the wrath of the mitred knave,
As his deeds to the light I turn.

The altars of pride I dare profane,—
I rescue the bleeding lamb,
And I dare proclaim in words of shame
The cost of each canting sham.
I blazon the thoughts that are ripe with good
On the page of the passing years;
I dash the sword from the warrior's hand,
And drive back the victim's tears.

O mine is a royal power to wear
A robe unsullied and white,
And like a dewy mantle of love,
It falls on the shadowy night;
It falls in its love like the light from above,
Where each pining soul doth weep;
It arches the tomb mid earth's doubtings and gloom;
It flames from the midnight deep;
It studs all the darkness with countless stars;
It brings the gold from the fires;
And on through the chain of the numberless years
It thrills o'er eternity's lyres.
And this love can bind the every mind
To the bosom of heavenly bliss,
And speed on its way to the courts of day—
Aye, forever—a power to bless!

MIGHT AND RIGHT.

BY E. M.

Who when trials and privations
Sorely press on every hand,
As undaunted, firm supporters
Of the truth will nobly stand?
Not like cowards, stand repining
When a mighty foe appears,
And refuse defensive armor
For one formed of doubts and fears?
Who will stand forth in the conflict,
Seeking not their life to save;
For the honor and existence
Of the truth all dangers brave;—
Valiant soldiers, never shrinking,
Though the contest seemeth long,
And the trembling balance often
Settles on the side of wrong.
For when comes the final struggle
Truth will certainly prevail;
And with error's forces doubled
Will their cause as surely fail.
Then you 'll raise a shout of triumph
That will make the heavens ring,
As you bear aloft your banner,
While the conqueror's song you sing.
What though fame shall weave no chaplet
Here to twine about your brow,
And your noble sacrifices
Are passed by unnoticed now?
Will it not be all sufficient
To have stood the conflict through,
And to see that glorious banner
Proudly waving over you,
And to know you helped defend it,
When the foe would tear it down?
This will yet be greater honor
Than to wear a monarch's crown.
Who will lend their tongues and voices
To reveal long-hidden things,
And proclaim the "ark of rushes"
Holds the conqueror of kings?
You shall have the best assurance
That the cause of purity,
Which you peril all to rescue
From disgrace and obloquy,
Will become a mighty power
That shall set all nations free,
And lead forth from death and bondage
Souls to life and liberty.

THE INNER LIFE.

Wonderful Manifestations at Moravia.

In order that the reader may fully understand my narration, I will preface it with the following remarks:—I was first married in Jan., 1836, to Miss Jane, a young daughter of Rev. Nerton Young, then residing in the town of Windsor, Ashtabula Co., Ohio. She died of consumption on the second day of April, 1837, and was buried at Ornell, Ashtabula Co.

On June 10th, of the same year, I married Miss Louisa A. Hubbard, of Meadville, Pa. She died of small pox, also her son and daughter, John and Jane, at Claridon, Zeunga Co., Ohio, in the fore part of March, 1849, leaving me two children, Lodema A. and Mary Louisa.

In the month of November, 1849, I was married to Mary G., daughter of Ira Stevens, of Ashtabula Co., Ohio. She died of consumption, February 27th, 1860. My father and mother, one brother-in-law, and the mother of my first wife, Jane, are in the spirit world, also a friend of myself and third wife,—all of whom have shown themselves to me at Moravia, Cayuga Co., N. Y., in the order as follows, and most of them conversing with me and my friends, in an audible voice, and as natural as when on earth. I not only saw the faces and heard the voices of those of my own friends, but those of other parties who were present and recognized them.

Friday, December 29th, 1871, at Moravia, N. Y., in the dark circle, spirit voices joined in singing "Sweet Home" and "Old John Brown," and spirit hands were plainly felt, and water sprinkled upon all present. During the singing, my spirit-wife, Jane, placed her hand upon my head, and remarked, "How joyful." Soon a voice said, "Strike a light," which was done, when Mrs. Mary Andrews, the medium, took her seat in the cabinet, and in a few minutes, hands were shown from the aperture, and then a face which was recognized as the mother of Thos. R. Hazzard, who was present, and asked, "Mother, is that you?" She bowed her head, yes. Then my mother came, and I recognized her at once; then the sister of Dr. Versiteous who was present, and recognized her as his sister. Then came my wife, Jane, and her mother, and in a moment disappeared, and a spirit-finger pointed to the door of the cabinet, which was a token to have the medium let out. This been done, the forenoon's sitting was closed.

In the afternoon, Dec. 29th, no hands or faces were shown. The demonstrations in the dark circle were similar to those of the forenoon,—voices joined in singing, hands felt, words spoken, etc. Saturday forenoon, in the dark circle, spirit voices joined in singing, and hands were felt, and the spirit of a man by the name of Cooper, a Methodist class-leader when on earth, spoke to us and said that when he left the earth, he left all of the brimstone with it, that they had no hell over there. His daughter said, "Father, is that you?" He replied, "Yes, Susan, it is your father."

He recognized his widow, who was present, and called her by name. She spoke to us of the spirit world. For some minutes, the circle had been singing "Old John Brown and his pet lamb," when a voice said, "Please let Old John Brown and his pet lamb rest, and strike a light." A light was struck, and the medium was seated in the cabinet. Hands were immediately shown, and in a few moments, my brother-in-law and my wife Mary came, and showed their faces at the same time, distinctly. Hands and faces of the friends of other parties present were also shown and recognized.

After noon, Saturday, Dec. 30th, dark circle, spirit voices joined in singing. Mr. Cooper came again, and talked and joked with his brother, Dr. Cooper, who was present. Mr. Cooper's daughter, a widow, was present, and her husband came and was recognized by her. A voice said "Russell!" and Mr. Russell Sturges being present, remarked, "Father, is that you?" He replied, "Yes, my son, it is your father." A voice then said, "Please, strike a light," which was done, and the medium took a seat in the cabinet. Mr. Cooper then came and had a long talk with his friends, and again assured them that there was no hell other than that in the bosom of mankind upon earth. After expressing his joy at being able to come to earth and hold communion with his friends; he bowed his head and disappeared. Next came an Indian spirit by the name of Honto, beautifully attired with a red blanket, trimmed with beads and tassels of varied colors which were very brilliant. She had a long talk, answering many questions.

Sunday forenoon, dark circle, spirit voices joined in singing, and hands were placed upon all in the circle, and numerous spirit lights were floating in the room. The light was then lit, and the medium took her seat in the cabinet. Several hands of different sizes were then presented at the same instant. Wm. Holmes, my brother-in-law, again appeared; he said, "My brother, I have been benefitted by the doctrine taught by you on earth. You were right. Your idea of heaven and spirit-life is correct. Don't put your light under a bushel, but let it shine." He then remarked, "I will withdraw that Capt. Whitney can appear." Capt. Whitney then came, and pointed his finger toward his daughter, Mrs. Hill, and his granddaughter, Miss Hill, who were present at the table. He requested his friends to sing "Life on the Ocean Wave."

My father then appeared. I said, "Father, is that you?" He answered by an affirmative bow of the head.

Monday forenoon, January 1st, 1872, in dark circle, spirit voices joined in singing, water was sprinkled, hands felt, a flapping of wings was recognized over our heads and about the room, as if a large bird was flying; large lights floated in the darkness; cool breezes, like a strong current of air were felt by all present. The room shook, and the cabinet frequently shook as if a strong man had hold of it, doing his best to shake it down. A light was then struck and the medium took her seat in the cabinet. Mr. Holmes came and spoke a few words and disappeared, and Dr. Baker appeared and talked several minutes. He stated that "There is no hell beyond the grave." He promised us more in our next circle, and then using one of his earth phrases, said, "I will now drive on."

Monday afternoon, usual demonstrations in the dark circle. At the cabinet seance, Mr. Holmes came, and said, "This earth is heaven; there is no hell except in the bosom of man. Be truthful and just, and you will experience no hell. My brother, I am happy that I can meet my loved ones of earth, and commune with them." Mr. H. expressed a wonder that he could appear so life like, as if he were in the flesh. Mr. Holmes replied, "What did you anticipate? Did you expect to see me a skeleton of bones. I am flesh the same as you are. My brother, I will now withdraw and give place to one that is to you dearer than all others,—your spirit affinity, your wife, Mary, who is your constant guardian spirit." Mary then appeared as I last saw her in earth life, in her night-clothes, with a white handkerchief in her hand, close to her mouth. She then removed it, that I might see the whole of her face. I then undertook to explain why she held the handkerchief to her face, when she at once gave the explanation by putting the handkerchief to her mouth, and, with a slight hacking cough, expectorated upon it, and folded it over in her hand as she was in the habit of doing for months previous to her death. She then disappeared. Then came my wife Louisa, who died with the small-pox, and had to be buried in the bed-clothes in which she died, in which manner she appeared, together with my little son and daughter, who died at the same time with the same disease, and had to be buried in the same manner. Louisa was wrapped in a white sheet, over which was a white wool blanket, and little Johnny was buried in a red wool blanket, and little Jim in a white sheet. I was absent at the death of my wife and children, and did not know the particulars of their burial.

Then appeared a beautiful and bright little Indian girl, whose earth-name was Sukey; her spirit-name is Rosey. She is the controling spirit of Mrs. Kate Gibbs, of Utica, N. Y. She talked with us several minutes, and showed us her red blanksom, as she called it. She talked and joked with Mr. Gibbs and others, and finally said, "I is going, good by," and disappeared. Next, Owasso came, an Indian chief, and controlling spirit of Dr. Slade, of New York. I said, "Owasso, is that you" He replied, "Yes, it is Owasso; I came in fulfillment of my promise, made to you at Dr. Slade's office, that I would meet you here. I always keep my promise." My mother appeared, and was just as natural as life. She said this glorious work is begun, and it will cut its way through.

Tuesday, January 2nd. Cabinet seance. Wm. Holmes came, but as I was seated far back, I did not at first recognize him. I asked him to point toward me if it was him. He said, "If you meet a man on the street, must you point at him that he may recognize you?" He then said, "Good by, Mr. Hoyt,

A face then appeared and was not recognized, and said, "I have no friends here. My name is George Butler, I was murdered at Syracuse, and my body was thrown into the canal. The man that murdered me will soon confess the crime; his name is Wright."

Wednesday, January 3rd, 1872. My wife Mary appeared and said, "I am happy to be able to speak to my friends of earth. My friends you are engaged in a great and glorious cause. Go on and proclaim the truth that you now possess, my dear boy; tell brother C. H. that he don't know it all; that he had better investigate before he pronounces our cause a humbug; that, with all his supposed knowledge, he has got to learn the letter A in the theory of truth as it is in spirit life."

TLen George Butler came again and said as before stated, that he had been killed, and that his murderer would surely confess the crime.

Thursday, January 4th, 1872. A special sitting of four. Present: Mrs. Keeler, Mrs. Kate Libby, Mr. Hazzard and myself. Cabinet seance. Two hands, with two length arms,—hands clasped, in the attitude of prayer, were thrust from the aperture of the cabinet. Then as many as a half-dozen small hands, and a hand with a lily. Mr. Hazzard asked if the hand with the lily was for him, and it appeared again and beckoned in the affirmative, and tried to throw it out of the aperture, but had not strength enough to do so. Then an old lady appeared, and spoke to Mr. Harrard. He said, "Mother, is that you?" She replied, "Yes, Thomas, it is your mother, as true as the rising sun." Then came a spirit and said, "Dear Mr. Gibbs, I am happy thus to meet my friends of earth, and to speak an encouraging word to them. Your surroundings are good. Go on, there is a brighter future for you. NOAH TYLER."

Wm. Holmes then came and bowed to me and stepped back. I said, "William, I am going home to morrow." He replied, "Yes, and I am going with you."

I do not claim to set forth all that transpired during my week's stay at Moravia, as there were many others who saw and conversed with their friends and received tests as well as myself.

On Wednesday evening, January 3rd, 1872, were having a light circle,—Mr. R. Morris, a blind medium, of Oswego, being present, was controlled, and a spirit child, calling herself Lilly Warren, came, and through the medium, said she used to live in Chicago, that she was destroyed by the fire, and as I was from Chicago, she wished to speak with me. She said she lived near the public square on the north-side, and that her ma was in the spirit world with her. I asked her where her pa was. She said she did not have any pa. I then asked her if she would tell me the names of some of the little girls that she used to play with. She said she did not play with the little girls, for they were not kind to her; that they would say, "There is Lilly Warner, aint got no pa-pa." She then asked if we would like to have her sing. We replied that we would. She sang "Old Autumn," and "Ma, may I go out to Swim?"

The next evening she came again to bid me good-by, as I was intending to leave in the morning; asked me if I wished to know how she appeared. I told her I would. She then described herself as follows: "I am light complexion, large blue eyes, long, golden hair in ringlets. She then asked me if I would like her picture. I told her I would. She said she would have one taken and send it to me. Several other parties present asked her if she would send them one. She said she would not give one to any but the gentleman from Chicago. She promised to come to me at Chicago. She then said I will now kiss you, good night, which she did, and retired.

The next morning, Dr. Murrry and Mr. Eaton, of Rochester, and myself, left for Auburn, and having to wait there a couple of hours, we went to the house of a medium, Mrs. Crook, at No. 25 Genesee street. This medium, after describing several other friends by me, said there was a very beautiful, little, golden-haired child standing with one hand upon my knee, and looking up in my face, and that her name was Lilly. This same little Lilly has come to me several times since I arrived home, and last night, at a circle of Mrs. Maud Lord's, at the house of Wm. Hooker, No. 251½ Park Avenue, she came and patted her little hands upon my face, saying audibly, "Little Lilly."

G. E. HOYT.

250 Park Avenue, Chicago.

From the Spiritual Magazine, England.

The Report on Spiritualism of the Sub-committees of the Dialectical Society.*

Our readers are already familiar with the circumstances which led the Dialectical Society to enter upon the investigation which has issued in the publication of this elaborate Report, comprising the Report of the Committee; Reports of the Experimental Sub-Committees, with Minutes of Proceedings; Communications from Members of the Committee, and from Non-Members; Minutes of Evidence taken by the Committee; Notes of *Seances* communicated to the Committee; and Correspondence. In short, it is a complete record of the transactions of the Committee from its appointment to the publication of this Report—the whole making a handsome volume of 412 pages.

In our last number we presented the Report of the Committee, giving its general findings on the whole subject. In this we give the substance of the Reports of the Experimental Sub-Committees.

The Committee was appointed 26th January, 1869, "to investigate the phenomena alleged to be spiritual manifestations, and to report therein." The Committee originally consisted of twenty-eight members of the society; but two of these gentlemen declined to sit, and subsequently eight other gentlemen were invited and agreed to join. This body of thirty-four, being obviously too large to conduct inquiries by personal experiment, was split up into six Sub-committees, and these were requested to make such investigations as were possible, and send in their Report. This has accordingly been done, and we now give a *resume* of these Reports:

REPORT OF SUB-COMMITTEE, NO. 1.

"Since their appointment on the 16th of February, 1869, your Sub-committee have held forty meetings, for the purpose of experiment and test.

"All of these meetings were held at the private residences of members of the Committee, purposely to preclude the possibility of pre-arranged mechanism or contrivance."

"Every test that the combined intelligence of your Committee could devise has been tried with patience and perseverance. The experiments were conducted under a great variety of conditions, and ingenuity has been exerted in devising plans by which your Committee might verify their observations, and preclude the possibility of imposture or delusion.

"Your Committee have confined their report to facts witnessed by them in their collective capacity, which facts were palpable to the senses, and their reality capable of demonstrative proof.

"Of the members of your Sub-committee about four-fifths entered upon the investigation wholly skeptical as to the reality of the alleged phenomena, firmly believing them to be the result either of imposture, or of delusion, or of involuntary muscular action. It was only by irresistible evidence, under conditions that precluded the possibility of either of these solutions, and after trial and test many times repeated, that the most skeptical of your Sub-committee were slowly and reluctantly convinced that the phenomena exhibited in the course of their protracted inquiry were veritable facts.

"The result of their long-continued and carefully-conducted experiments, after trial by every detective test they could devise, has been to establish conclusively:

"First. That under certain bodily or mental conditions of one or more of the persons present, a force is exhibited sufficient to set in motion heavy substances, without the employment of any muscular force, without contact or material connection of any kind between such substances and the body of any person present.

"Second. That this force can cause sounds to proceed, distinctly audible to all present, from solid substances not in contact with, nor having any visible or material connection with, the body of any person present, and which sounds are proved to proceed from such substances by the vibrations which are distinctly felt when they are touched.

"Third. That this force is frequently directed by intelligence.

"At thirty-four out of the forty meetings of your Committee some of these phenomena occurred.

"A description of one experiment, and the manner of conducting it, will best show the care and caution with which your Committee have pursued their investigations.

"So long as there was contact, or even the possibility of contact, by the hands or feet, or even by the clothes of any person in the room, with the substance moved or sounded, there could be no perfect assurance that the motions and sounds were not produced by the person so in contact. The following experiment was tried:

"On an occasion when eleven members of your Sub-committee had been sitting round one of the dining-tables above described for forty minutes, and various motions and sounds had occurred, they, by way of test, turned the backs of their chairs to the table, at about nine inches from it. They all then knelt upon their chairs, placing their arms upon the backs thereof. In this position, their feet were of course turned away from the table, and by no possibility could be placed under it or touch the floor. The hands of each person were extended over the table at about four inches from the surface. Contact, therefore, with any part of the table could not take place without detection.

"In less than a minute, the table, untouched, moved four times; at first about five inches to one side, then about twelve inches to the opposite side, and then, in like manner, four inches and six inches respectively.

"The hands of all present were now placed on the backs of their chairs, and about a foot from the sable, which again moved, as before, five times, over spaces varying from four to six inches. Then all the chairs were removed twelve inches from the table, and each person knelt on his chair as before, this time however folding his hands behind his back, his body being thus about eighteen inches from the table, and having the back of the chair between himself and the table. The table again moved four times, in various directions. In the course of this conclusive experiment, and in less than half an hour, the table thus moved, without contact or possibility of contact with any person present, thirteen times, the movements being in different directions, and some of them according to the request of various members of your Sub-committee.

"The table was then carefully examined, turned upside down and taken to pieces, but nothing was discovered to account for the phenomena. The experiment was conducted throughout in the full light of gas above the table.

"Altogether, your Sub-committee have witnessed upwards of fifty similar motions without contact on eight different evenings in the houses of members of your Sub-committee, the most careful tests being applied on each occasion.

"In all similar experiments the possibility of mechanical or other contrivance was further negatived by the fact that the movements were in various directions, now to one side, then to the other; now up the room, now down the room—motions that would have required the co-operation of many hands or feet; and these, from the great size and weight of the tables, could not have been so used without the visible exercise of muscular force. Every hand and foot was plainly to be seen and could not have been moved without instant detection.

"Delusion was out of the question. The motions were in various directions, and were witnessed simultaneously by all present. They were matters of measurement, and not of opinion or of fancy.

"And they occurred so often, under so many and such various conditions, with such safeguards against error or deception, and with such invariable results, as to satisfy the members of your Sub-committee by whom the experiments were tried, wholly skeptical as most of them were when they entered upon the investigation, *that there is a force capable of moving heavy bodies without material contact, and which force is in some unknown manner dependent upon the presence of human beings.*

"Your Sub-committee have not, collectively, obtained any evidence as to the nature and source of this force, but simply as to *the fact of its existence.*

"There appears to your Committee to be no ground for the popular belief that the presence of skeptics interferes in any manner with the production or action of the force.

"In conclusion, your Committee express their unanimous opinion that the one important physical fact thus proved to exist, that *motion may be produced in solid bodies without material contact, by some hitherto unrecognized force operating within an undefined distance from the human organism, and beyond the range of muscular action,* should be subjected to further scientific examination, with a view to ascertain its true source, nature, and power."

REPORT OF SUB-COMMITTEE, NO. 2.

This Committee reports:—

"That the phenomena termed 'rapping,' 'table-rapping,' and 'table-moving' occurred at our first, and at many subsequent meetings.

"That the tabe moving referred to was in the nature of heaving, oscillation, or tipping, the table often moving in any direction suggested.

"That during such movements our hands were sometimes removed from the table altogether, without abating the phenomena, and that at all times we were careful not to induce any movements by either muscular action or pressure.

"That 'table-moving' ceased, or nearly ceased, after our first few meetings, appparently in favor of the rapping phenomena.

"That the rappings in question did not always proceed from the table, but sometimes from the floor, the walls, and the ceiling; frequently coming from parts of the room suggested by those present—but not always.

"That the raps had a sound distinctive and distinguishable, appearing to be in rather than on the substance from whence they proceeded; sometimes, however, they sounded like detonations in the air.

(Concluded on eighth page.)

* Report on Spiritualism of the Committee of the London Dialectical Society, together with the Evidence Oral and Written, and a Selection from the Correspondence. London: LONGMANS, 1871.

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and Subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

(NUMBER XV.)

The Outer Form and Inner Life of Matter and their Corresponding Reflexes of Conditon—Dual Reflexes of Matter and Mind—Diversified Phases of Mediumship and Manifestation.

We once more ask the earnest reader's considerate attention, while we recapitulate our "Polar Theory," hoping now that we have reached an intelligible standpoint amid our grand-balance relation, from which, we can all begin to see, comprehend, and contemplate with pleasure, the more beautiful hilltops of spirit realms, to which our *sure*-footed science of nature leads us.

We, as you are aware, have had frequent occasion to allude to the positive and negative, sun and earth, and to nitrogen as a grand-balance relation, compounded of their polar reflex extremes. We have also pointed out the polar necessity for the blending of the responding reflexes of the sun and nitrogen, as the formative source of hydrogen, as well also as to nitrogen and the earth whose polar reflexes constitute the formative source of oxygen. We have shown the grand-balance relation. Air is formed of nitrogen and oxygen, while the grand-balance relation—water, is formed of oxygen and hydrogen,—all together of which, constitute the formative source of inter-electro chemical action by which carbon is elaborated,—from the latter of which, flows the ever-varying, confluent stream of unceasing change.

Keeping these grand-balance relations of manifest form in view, we will now advance on, as we hold, the justifiable basis of parity, to the inner life of these wonderful out-door forms, to find still greater wonders within, and to trace to their fountain-source, sun, mind, earth, sensation, will, wisdom, love, aspiration, self-reason, hope, faith, charity, fear, doubt, suspense, etc.

Apply our polar conditions and requisitions to the inner life of the sun, as mind, and the inner earth, as responding sensation, and we shall have the grand-balance relation — will (nitrogen). Apply the same force to all the polar reflexes in the premises we applied, in accounting for hydrogen, oxygen, air, water, and inter-electro chemical action, and we shall have the formative sources of wisdom (hydrogen)—love (oxygen)—selfish desire (air)—exalted aspiration (water)—reason (inter-electro chemical action)—hope (potassium)—faith (sodium)—charity (calcium)—fear (fluorine)—doubt (chlorine), and so on *ad infinitum*. We, by close analysis and comparison, can find some mental phase of manifest life-measures to fit every grand-balance condition, every element, so-called, and every compound, whether animate or seemingly inanimate, organic or inorganic, mineral, vegetable or animal.

We would advance further in this direction. Yet, believing as we do, that all earnest readers, observers, and thinkers—noble enough by nature, and inclined to think and investigate for themselves, will be most profited in doing so in the present instance, we bid them to go on up to "Gamaliel" (while we leave the subject where it is), to prove or disprove itself to them according to the weakness or strength of their understanding.

Leaving these suggestions to be thus considered, we now turn to the subject of mediumship and manifestations in their general aspects.

To reach the balance between the physical and mental or mediumistic plane of condition through which we receive the ever-changing manifestations of both spirit-force and intelligence, is but to repeat in a more persistent form, our study of the laws of light, heat, and electricity, and transfer our observations to the lens and prismatic conditions of physico-mental combination by, and through which, spirit may come to us in the character of transmission, reflection, and radiation.

Be the sun a vicegerent of the Infinite—a lens spectrum of solar thought, or direct God-thought reflexing all solar condition—still "mind" is as much of the solar condition as "matter," and is as much formed and controlled by the central impress as matter, and must in all solar respects approach and be approached and ultimated as matter. Hence it is plain that the same menstra transmitting light must necessarily transmit thought from all positive centers to negative circumferences, since light is but the outer dual garment of thought.

It is generally admitted by all honest observers of ability, that we cannot absolutely separate matter and life, nor learn of matter save through its manifestations of life within—"materialism" or immaterialism to the contrary notwithstanding.

All the elaborative laws of psychology, physiology, and even chemistry, the mother of all departments of natural science, rest on the interio-intelligences of the polar or dual union of life and matter, and the mind, however illumined by intuition, has no power to go beyond the deductions of parity. There is nothing more ridiculous or senseless than the mad-moddle art of God-making, outside of nature; and what is more strange, the most eminent of these cunning God-builders and heaven-surveyors, could not make a hoe-handle, nor find the spectacles on their own noses under the delirium tremendous impress of one of their God-defining and heaven-soaring enthusiasts. Mind on the earth-plane, is as much of a magnetic condition, as the electro-magnet in telegraphing, and may be impressed by direct thought-currents from abroad, or if only rendered electro-magnetic and confined to the mere contact of its surroundings, it may collect from, and as the magnet, reflect out through its polar aura, that which it has collected from its surroundings.

As to the various phases of mediumship, they evidently depend on the transparent, translucent, or opaque magnetic blendings of physico-mental condition, or else the reflecting and radiating qualities of the same. We have some manifestations that come transparent, in the simplicity of their death scenes, in the rusticity of their manners, the rudeness of their dialect, the coarseness of their thoughts and boisterousness of their insubordinate temper. We have seen them come thus through the mediumship of the most refined, and lovable organisms, and could scarce refrain from feeling a disgust, although we, at the time understood why it was so. We have some that come through a phase of mediumship, of a translusecent nature, like frosted glass which gives diffuse light without any definite object; this is the half-and-half mediumistic grade so common and yet so indefinite and sometimes so contradictory. Then there are the opaque ranges of physico-mental condition, of all colors, qualities, and descriptions, that absorb, radiate, reflect, and refract according to their respective physico-mental natures. We have some physico-mental natures, that reflect forth what they receive as a mirror,—these phases doubtless observe the laws of light in their own respective modes of manifestation.

There are other, and to the young observer, still more remarkable mediumistic measures of condition and modes of manifesting, called the "Physical Manifestations." This is effected by inter-electro magnetic supervision — an electric current established between a physico-mental plate, and positive spirit plate or condition, can in the dark be made to suspend chemical affinity, cohesion, repulsion, and attraction of gravitation, as in ordinary battery action, we, by the same kind of electric-current suspension can pass an acid through an alkali, fire through water, sweet milk through indigo, make a bar of iron dance in the air, etc. I have no doubt but the time is coming when, under the supervision of the most powerful battery-action we can bring to bear in utter darkness, we shall discover something that will demonstrate the true nature and character of the physical manifestations—"Ring," "coat test," "transportation of persons" and all. Things of this sort have but to be tested in the dark. We have no doubt of the early approach of the time, when we shall have definite and practical navigation of the air and clairvoyant telegraphing between the remotest portions of the globe on which we live; nor have we any doubt of the early approach of the time, when common-place experiment shall demonstrate the actual laws governing the nature and character of all phases of mediumship and manifestations.

We have in the course of near twenty years' experimental observations, had occasion to more especially notice the median make-up between the extremes of light and darkness. Our laboratory lightning, thunder, and rain, experiment founded on the laws governing the ordinary phenomenons has always proved more effective in the dark than the light, more particularly the condensation of rain. Passing columns of fire from a three to five feet depth of water, is much the same. Snow set on fire, burns more freely at night than the day-time, and spirits, as you know, seem to come better in the dark than in the light; there seems to be less tendency to æreal affinities in the dark than in the light.

Inte-electro supervisive suspension of affinity, etc., of which we shall speak in our next, is the imperial autocrat, holding in subjection the whole empire of change. It dissolves and ultimates everything; and we have no doubt if we could send a blue streak of good G-o-d-electric force through the spinal cord of Orthodoxy, we should even in this extreme case have a dissolution of the man and monkey as an ultimating result.

ITEMS

FROM LOIS WAISBROOKER.

BRO. JONES:—I am not very brisk in gathering items, but perhaps what I do send may be just as valuable; and before going any further I wish to make a declaration, to wit, that *I am no Christian*. I say this, not because I would reject aught that is good and true, but because that which is worthy of our acceptance belongs no more to the Christian religion than any other, and their claims in this direction are false so far as the specialty is concerned. It is appropriation without credit; is theft. They do this not only in reference to the past, but they are gradually accepting the conclusions we are forcing upon them, claiming them as their own, and, at the same time, repudiating us and

SPIRITUALISTS.

Many of them are just toadys enough to love to have it so. "Why, the Rev. Mr. Soandso preached just as good a Spiritualist sermon as I wish to hear." Ah! and does he call himself a Spiritualist? Will he acknowledge himself indebted to Spiritualistic literature and Spiritualistic effort for those ideas? Nay, will he even acknowledge that they are in any measure like those taught by us?

"O, no; but then he has to look out for his bread and butter, you know, and if he went too far he would lose his place."

Indeed, and, if the truth was known, I will venture to say that you put a dollar into the hat, in order to make his bread and butter sure, while you put but ten cents, or twenty-five at most, into the contribution taken up for that poor traveling speaker, who tells the people the truth without the cover of an orthodox cloak. Well, there is a time coming when the treasure you thus store up in orthodox garners,—the time is coming when such gifts will change into swords to pierce you under the fifth rib. Last summer, while in Iowa, I called to see a gentleman who had long been known as a Spiritualist, and I learned that he was out canvassing for

BIBLES.

Why was this? you ask. Because people, even Spiritualists some of them, will buy Bibles, it being fashionable to have a big Bible lying open on the centre table; they will do this when they haven't a dollar with which to purchase our literature. I called upon an old Spiritualist not long since with my books, offering the three for four dollars. His daughter wanted them very much, but he had no money to spare. And why? Last Christmas, or New Years, I forget which, he had presented that same daughter, and the girl living with them, each an eight-dollar Bible. Sixteen dollars for Bibles in one year, and how much in other ways to support orthodoxy, I know not. There are four or five families in the vicinity, and half of that from each of them yearly, with what could be gathered from the liberal element outside, would pay for a course of lectures each year, whereas there has been nothing of the kind, so I learned, for four years; and only now and then a lecture for several years previous.

It would not cost them for hall rent, as in some places, for the Methodists give the use of their church; and the reason given by Spiritualists for their doing so is, "*They dare not refuse it*, they are so weak and depend so much on outside aid, upon what the young people among the liberal element give in mite societies and donations."

These few families are not poor, are farmers the most of them, and in good circumstances. One a shoemaker, and worth the least of any, told me that he had offered ten dollars himself, if they would get up something of the kind. Well, is it any

WONDER

that Spiritualism lags, goes out, so far as all practical influence is concerned. Indeed, it ought to be dead and—and—condemned, as to all the benefit such should receive from it. "Rather hard," do you say? Perhaps, but it takes hard things to wake the dead, and I do n't know but I might as well blow Gabriel's trump as any one.

"Is a good medium, speaks at circles, goes among the sick, and is not mercenary," so says the *Banner of Light*, some time since. I have forgotten the name of the writer, or where she lived, but I remember the fact, for the thought came to me while reading it, "I wonder if you are free from a mercenary spirit, or is it all right that you should receive for nothing, while if a medium asks justice, the cry is, 'All they are after is money.'"

So far as I am concerned, I would not thank one to advertise me thus, for it is practically saying, "Come, friends, here is one who will work for nothing." I believe in justice, and if it is such a terrible thing to want money, it must be bad for those who have it, and really I think we do them a service, if we succeed in getting some of this bad thing from them. I know that there is

A CAUSE

For all this, and that cause is the old idea of "free grace," something for nothing. It is the remnant of a false theology, which still curses those who fondly imagine that they are free from its soul stupifying influences, and this brings me back to my first assertion, "I am no Christian."

January 7th, '72.

Three weeks since I commenced these items, and have not had time to complete them till now. I have been reading over what I have written, and should n't wonder if it drew the remark from some wise one, "Vinegar never catches flies." Perhaps, but it is n't flies that I am after. Feed them upon sweets and they will only eat them up without giving aught in return, while bees will extract honey even from vinegar. Since the

MORMONS

Are attracting Christian venom just now, I will speak of a lecture given in Columbus, Pennsylvania, recently, by a lady who is neither a Mormon Christian nor a Methodist one. Judging from her remarks, I should say that she simply aimed to be just. Speaking of their condition, she said that there was no drunkenness, no places of prostitution, no child-murder, and, if I understood right, no tobacco chewers among the Mormons. It takes Gentile Christians to introduce these vices—vices so prevalent in Christian lands that a Heathen Chinee, or any other heathen, might very readily make the mistake of calling them Christian virtues.

CORRY.

In Corry, Pa., I stopped nearly a week with Mrs. Elan Manly. Mrs. Manly is a writing medium, the hand and wrist only being controlled, she reading the words as she writes them, and if she would she could be kept writing sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and then not supply the demand. Mr. Manly has good healing powers, which need only to be developed. O. P. Kellogg addressed the friends there on Sunday evening, and I felt much disappointed in not hearing him; but we went, a party of us, to Judge Lotts', of Lottsville, on Saturday, and the rain on Sunday prevented our return. I hope to write you again soon.

Angola, N. Y.

Report from J. L. Potter.

BROTHER JONES:—My report for December is as follows:

Places visited, St. Peter, Le Sueur, Mankato, New Ulm, Madelia and Vernon Centre. Number of lectures given, twenty. Amount received in yearly dues and collections, $39.35. Expenses, $7.70.

At New Ulm, a German settlement, as the name indicates, the Turners, or Infidels, as the church people call them, have a large hall, which they gave me free of charge for my lectures, and what was more creditable still, they came and heard the lectures, treating me and our cause gentlemanly throughout. Let Christians read and ponder.

The small pox is raging at Garden City. That interferes somewhat with my route; but that, even, can not stop the spirits in their efforts to enlighten poor benighted Christians. Our cause is prospering. Many are looking into the matter that have never taken any interest in it before.

At Madelia we had quite a revival. The people could not get into the house. The cause has got a good start there.

A man by the name of Tibbes resides there that was a class-mate of Henry Ward Beecher. He came forward and stated his conviction of the truth of Spiritualism.

Many of the best men and women in that section are real live Spiritualists, and are going to labor hereafter for the upbuilding of this blessed gospel the angels bring.

The old year has closed—gone forever, and with it, I hope, have fled many of the jealousies and bickerings of the past. This first day of January, 1872, I say to all, "A Happy New Year," and to E. V. Wilson I extend a hand of peace, doing what I can to uplift the olive branch, so generously extended to all. Let us work together, as becomes our common faith, each doing his or her work in their own way, believing, as I do, that all have a mission to fill in the conflict that is before us. I am, as ever, the medium's friend.

Vernon Centre, Minn., Jan. 1st, 1872.

A Mystery Solved.

The following, from the *Chicago Tribune*, speaks for itself:

We have hitherto adverted to the painful lack of explanations of the cause which brought about the Chicago fire. Thus far we have not had more than a thousand of these offered, aside from the trivial physical causes assigned by matter-of-fact people,—such as drouth, high wind, wooden buildings, demoralized Fire Department, etc. All these thousand attribute the affair to the Divine displeasure; but they do not, by any means, agree as to the grounds thereof. One of the maniacs who have written on this subject, and, who, unfortunately, have access to printers, types, publishes a sheet in York, Pa., for the purpose of showing that Chicago was burnt because he (John Henry Denig by name) was once arrested in Chicago as a lunatic, Another bedlamite, at Omaha, named Eleazar Hale, publisher of a paper, called *The New Creation*, furnishes, however, the most interesting—indeed we may say, exciting—interpretation of the calamity; for he associates it with a past Mystery which has beforetime agitated many a Chicago breast, without a solution being ever evolved. It was the flying figure on Honore's Block that did the business! The Delphic Hale says truly of this dread Figure, "There was a strange power in it to arrest attention. Citizens would stop in their course and look at it. None ventured an explanation." But this last statement is not strictly true. A few did attempt to explain the vision, which had, for all the world, the appearance of a colored gentleman, of phenomenal longitude, just awakened from sleep, and rushing out, without dressing, to hail a street-car supposed to be plying on the farther shore of Lake Michigan, regardless of the fact that he was about to plunge headlong in the gutter.

Such, however, was not the impression made upon the prophetic soul of Eleazar Hale, who writes concerning it.

As our attention was arrested by the sight, amazement seized us, and we exclaimed to our companion, involuntarily, "What is that?" and the interpretation came with the force of a voice of thunder, "Judgment! Judgment! spread the sound, ye winds, to the four quarters of the earth: Justice and Judgment are the habitation of God's Throne in the heavens and on the earth. The day, the hour hasteneth. Prepare, oh man!" etc. etc.

"With the interpretation thus flashing on our *interior*," says Eleazar Hale, "as the voice of the Infinite, we left the spot, and we stepped lightly from the view," etc. But "We had not seen all." The iniquity of Chicago was further made manifest when Eleazar Hale made an inspection of the rooms below, and found them filled with real-estate dealers. Whereupon Eleazar Hale remarks:

What a providence, to control the mind of the ignorant artist not knowing the depth of his own design, and the minds of land sharks to gather underneath a sign threatening speedy destruction! Oh, Chicago! Chicago! Thou Queen of the West! Thou whore of the American Babylon! Thou that sittest on many waters and knowest no evil! Oh, that thou would consider that Judgment is near—even at thy door!

And much more of the same sort; closing with an elaborate injunction to the other cities of the earth not to go on and incur a fate like Chicago.

This revelation comes to us like a voice in the night. Perhaps we might have got along without a new interpretation of the cause of the fire; but anything which would help to solve the mystery of the flying figure was what we all thirsted for. But we conjure Mr. Honore not to put any Mercury upon his buildings, and involve the town in another such scrape. The architecture of the rebuilt town must be "warranted free from Mercury," if such is to be the effect.

Spiritualism in Humbolt County, California.

Mrs. Belle A. Chamberlain, semi-trance medium, late of Iowa, having taken up her residence in this County (Humbolt, Cal.), her advent has given a new impetus to the cause of Spiritualism and free thought. Her lectures here have created a very general interest in the cause, and a desire to hear more, and are doing much to vindicate Spiritualism and the philosophy of progress from the odium they have had to bear, and to make known the leading doctrines and merits. Her lectures are conceded by all to be of a high order. They are profoundly philosophical and logical, eloquent and convincing.

After her lecture at Rohnerville, on the fifth of November, a number of Spiritualists met, and Mr. W. J. Sweasey was called to the chair, and Dr. O. B. Payne acted as Secretary, when it was resolved to call a County convention to form an organization. Pursuant to a published call, a convention was held in Eureka on the 18th of November. Samuel Strong, Esq., was called to the chair, and Dr. O. B. Payne performed the duties of Secretary.

Dr. Payne introduced a series of resolutions and preamble, setting forth at length, the philosophy of Spiritualism to be adopted as the basis of an organization. After some discussion, the resolutions were withdrawn by the mover and the convention adopted a brief and simple form of constitution for a County society, "for the purpose of disseminating the truths of Spiritualism and the philosophy of progress," to be known as "The Humbolt County Society of Spiritualists, and Friends of Progress and Free Thought."

After adopting the constitution, the offices provided by it, were filled by the election of W. J. Sweasey, Esq., Pres.; Mrs. A. A. Ricks, Vice Pres.; S. Cooper, Recorder and Cor. Sec.; and Lewis Tower, Treasurer; and Mrs. M. G. Strong, Mr. D. Pickard, and Dr. O. B. Payne, to form with the foregoing Officers, a Board of Directors. The Officers were duly installed, and assumed their respective offices; and after voting that a synopsis of the proceedings be presented to the papers of the county, and sent to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, *Banner of Light*, *Present Age*, and *American Spiritualist*, the convention adjourned.

At a meeting of the society, on the 19th of November, an arrangement was made to engage the services of Mrs. Belle A. Chamberlain for one year, as a lecturer in the cause of Spiritualism, progress, and free thought, in Humbolt County.

Eureka, Cal.

Mr. Godbe's Lecture.

The essential principles of the peculiar community which exists in Utah were much enhanced in the estimation of those who attended the Cavendish Rooms on Sunday evening, by the very excellent address delivered by Mr. Godbe. We have heard several intelligent people confess that, with all their reading and investigation, the leading objects of Mormonism had been entirely misunderstood by them. The public have been presented with the perversions and crudities rather than the true spirit and purpose of that peculiar movement. Mr. Godbe has helped wonderfully to set the matter in its true light, and we are sorry that we can find space only for such a condensed abstract of his excellent remarks. Our friend is or has been a Mormon, and is profoundly initiated into the merits of that faith. It would appear that its founder was a medium, and that, like all other faiths, the Latter Day Saints had a spiritual origin and were a spiritual community. Under the reign of Brigham Young, however, this spiritual doctrine has been deteriorated and a selfish temporality instituted in its place, against which dire tyranny Mr. Godbe and his friends energetically protest.

His deliverance on Sunday evening was characterized by a clear philosophy, intelligence, promptness, energy, and a hearty philanthropic enthusiasm, aided and enlightened by spiritual truth. Hence, Mr. Godbe's principles can by no means be called Mormonism or any other sect, but represent a broad eclecticism or spiritual philosophy.

We are more than ever persuaded that the Mormon community has been engaged in a most important work, experimenting upon the great question of social and political institutions in harmony with spiritual principles. That they have erred in their attempts to arrive at the result desired is no argument against the utility of the effort, and upon the ashes of their defeat may yet be erected a structure to which the eyes of the world will in admiration be directed. Mr. Godbe is about to return to his home in the Far West; but should he be spared to pay us another visit, he will be received with the same cordial friendship as recently bid him a reluctant adieu on Sunday evening. It is long since we saw a stranger at Cavendish Rooms so hemmed in by a crowd of admirers, and the progress from one end of the hall to the other occupied the speaker nearly half an hour.—*Medium and Daybreak, England.*

A CURIOUS experiment was tried in Russia with some murderers. They were placed without knowing it, in four beds where four persons had died of the cholera. They did not take the disease. They were then told that they were to sleep in beds where some persons had died of malignant cholera; but the beds were, in fact, new and had not been used at all. Nevertheless, three of them died of the disease within three hours.

— USE Natures' Hair Restorative. See Advertisement.

Mediums' Directory.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, being an especial friend to all true mediums, will hereafter publish a complete Directory, giving the place of residence of all professional mediums, so far as advised upon the subject. This will afford better facilities for investigators to learn of the location of mediums, and at the same time increase their patronage. Mediums will do well to advise us from time to time, that we may keep their place of residence correctly registered.

It is a lamentable fact that some mediums so far forget their self-respect as to speak evil of other mediums, not unfrequently even of those who are far their superiors. The names of such persons will be dropped from this Register so soon as we have evidence conclusive of their indulging in such unkindness.

It should be borne in mind that individuals visiting mediums carry conditions with them—so to speak—which aid or destroy the power of spirits to control the medium visited; hence it is that one medium gives satisfaction to certain persons, another better to others—all having their friends, and justly so, too, and all equally honest and useful in their place.

Chicago.

Bangs Children, 227 S. Morgan street.‡
Dr. W. Cleveland, 511 Wabash Ave.*
Mrs. A. Crooker, 179 W. Madison street.*
Mrs. S. E. Coles, rear of 521 State St., on Victoria Ave.‡
Dr. D. C. Dake, 64, 24th street.*
Mrs. DeWolf, 165 W. Madison street.‡
Dr. T. Hubbard. Monroe street.*‡
Mrs. M. Jenks, 176 W. Van Buren street.*†
Mrs. Louisa Lovering, 281 W. Randolph street.*‡
Drs. S.L. McFadden and wife, 186 W. Washington St.*‡
Mrs. C. Moody.†‡
Mrs. Phebe C. Norwood, 63 N. Halsted St.*‡
Mrs. A. H. Robinson, 148 Fourth Ave. *†‡
Mr. Rose, State street.¶
Mrs. S. T. Vibber, 693 Indiana Ave.*
T. J. Wilbur, 460 W. Randolph street.*
Mrs. Mary E. Weeks, 1253, State St.,‡

Philadelphia.

Mrs. S. A. Anthony, S. W. Cor. 7th and Catharine sts.
Miss A. M. Bulwer, 1233 S. 11th street.
Mrs. A. Reynolds Blankley, 1329 N. 8th street.
Peter Beitel, 229 N. 12th street.
H. P. Blaker, 513 S. 10th street.
Mrs. Sarah M. Buckwalter, 1027 Mt. Vernon street.
David S. Cadwallader, 1005 Race street.
Miss Emily Dick, 323 Race street.
Mrs. Glanding, 1712 Warnock street.
Miss Jessie N. Goodell, 1516 Chestnut street.
Mrs. Annie Goodfellow, 412 Enterprise street.
Mrs. Ginsinger, 1230 Catharine street.
DeWitt C. Hough, 813 Race street.
Mrs. Mary Lamb, rear of 1317 N. Front street.
Mrs. Miller, 1717 Erie street.
Mrs. M. Mc.Laughlin, 1009 Federal street.
Miss Mitchell, 234 Spruce street.
Mrs. C. A. Marshall, Brown above 11th.
Mrs. Mock, 612 N. 10th street.
Mrs. Jennie Martin, 1315 N. 16th street.
Mrs. Murr, 1532 Cherry street.
Miss Anna Murr, 1532 Cherry street.
Mrs. Mary Millard, S. W. Cor. 7th and Catharine Sts.
Mrs. Mary Palmer, 1450 N. 11th street.
Jacob L. Paxon, 1027 Mt. Vernon street.
Mrs. Powell, 429 Spruce street.
Samuel Paist, Hanover below Girard street.
Mrs. Katie B. Robinson, 1123 Brandywine street.
Mrs. R. Stoddard, 813 Race street.

Boston.

Mrs. Carlisle, 94 Camden street.*‡
Dr. H. B. Storer.
Mrs. Julia M. Friend, 116 Harrison Ave.
Mrs. S. J. Stickney, 333 Tremont street.
Dr. Main, 226 Harrison Ave.
Mrs. A. C. Latham, 292 Washington street.
Freeman Hatch, 8 Seaver Place.
Mrs. L. W. Letch, 97 Salisbury street.
Mrs. Marshall, 39 Edinboro street.
W. H. Mumler, 170 W. Springfield street.
Mrs. A. S. Eldridge, 1 Oak street.
Mrs. M. M. Hardy, 125 W. Concord street.
Samuel Grover, 23 Dix Place.
Mrs. F. C. Dexter, 231 Tremont street.

New York City.

Mrs. H. C. Aurand, 157 Sixth Ave.
Jennie Danforth. 54 Lexington Ave.
R. W. Flint, 34 Clinton Place,§
Miss Blanch Foley, 634 Third Ave.
Charles Foster, 16 12th street.‡
Miss H. N. Read, 157 Sixth Ave.
Mrs. H. Seymour, 140 Bleeker street.
Dr. Slade, 210 West 43d street.‡
Mrs. J. Cotton, 247 E. 31st street.
J. William Van Namee, 420 Fourth Ave.

Aurora, Ill.

Mrs. A. C. Smith.
Mrs. A. Swift.

Bloomington, Ill.

Miss Helen Grover.
Mrs. M. E. Getchell, 413 E. Main street.
Dr. Mary Lewis.

Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Cartwright, 410 E. Fort street.*†
Mrs. Moliere.‡
Mrs. Emma Martin.

Genesee, Wis.

Mrs. E. W. Balcom. *‡
Mrs. F. A. Logan.

Milwaukee, Wis.

A. B. Severance, and Mrs. J. S. Severance, M.D., 457 Milwaukee street.
W. W. Herring, 452 Market Square, Milwaukee, Wis.
Mrs. Carrie B. Wright, 440 East Water street.

Rockford, Ill.

Samuel Smith, box 1239.
Mrs. M. Colson.

Richmond, Ind.

Francis S. Haswell, 26 N. Marion street.
Dr. Samuel Maxwell, 72 S. Sixth street.

St. Charles, Ill.

Mrs. Leonard Howard.*‡
D. P. Kayner, M.D.*

Miscellaneous.

Mrs. Orrin Abbott, Minneapolis, Minn.*
Lodema Atwood, Lake Mills, Wis.
M. A. Amphlett, Dayton, Ohio.*
D. Atkinson, Marietta, Ohio.‡
Jennie Adams, box 1209, Kansas City, Mo.*
Mrs. Mary E. Beach, San Jose, Cal.
Mrs. E. A. Blair, 166 Ride street, Salem, Mass.¶
Dr. H. Butler, Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa.*
M. K. Cassien, 185 Bank St., Newark, N. J.*
Mary J. Colsom, Belvidere, Ill. §
Mrs. J. F. Carrier, Cincinnati, Ohio.†
Mrs. Calkins, Green Garden, Ill.†‡
Bell A. Chamberlain, Eureka, Cal.
Mrs. J. M. Drake, 24 Hoffman Block, Cleveland, O.
Doherty and Purcell, Indianapolis, Ind.¶
George M. Dunton, Algona, Iowa.‡
J. W. Ellis, Atlanta, Ga.†
Mrs. E. K. Eversol, Springfield, Mo.‡
Wm. B. Fahnestock, Lancaster, Pa. (Statuvolence).
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J. B. Fayette, Oswego, N. Y.¶
Dr. B. W. Freeman, 116 Height St., Columbus, O.*
Mrs. Wm. L. Gay, Canastota, New York.*
Dr. J. M. Holland, 206 Upper Broadway, Council Bluffs, Iowa.*
W. H. Hatch, 128 Kearney St., San Francisco.
Judge D. L. Hoy, Mobile, Ala.
U. S. Hamilton, Beloit, Wis.*
Dr. E. Heal, 82 Whitehall street, Atlanta, Ga.*
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N. B. Star, Port Huron, Mich.¶
Isaac Jackson Sloan, Covington, Ind.‡
Mrs. A. B. Severance, Whitewater, Wis.†‡
Mrs. P. W. Stephens, east side of 4th street, between I and J, Sacramento.
H. R. Sherman, Gahanna, Ohio.‡
M. M. Turner, L.L.B., St. Louis, Mo.
Annie C. Torrey, Houston, Texas.‡
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¶ Spirit Artists.
† Psychometrist.
‡ Business and Test.
‖ Writing and Drawing.
⊥ Physical Manifestations.
§ Answering Sealed Letters.
g Solemnizing Marriages and attending Funerals.

THE HIEROPHANT;
OR
GLEANINGS FROM THE PAST.

Being an exposition of BIBLICAL ASTRONOMY and the symbolism and mysteries on which were founded all Ancient Religions and Secret Societies. Also an explanation of the DARK SAYINGS AND ALLEGORIES which abound in the Pagan, Jewish, and Christian Bibles; also the Real Sense of the Doctrines and Observations of the Modern Christian Churches.

By G. C. Stewart, Newark, New Jersey.

Price $1.00; postage 12 cents.

*** For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 150 Fourth Ave., Chicago.

Items of Interest.

—Dr. S. Underhill is lecturing in Marshall county, Ill. He soon starts for Green Co., N. Y.

—Dr. E. B. Wheelock has been entertaining the citizens of Georgia City and Medoc, Mo.

—It is said that the indefatigable Horace Greeley donated a cradle to a recent woman's rights fair.

—Louis Schlesinger, a German resident of New York City, has lately been developed as a very fine healing medium.

Happiness is the sure ultimate; and they have the truest wealth who keep this faith intact within their souls.

—Dr. J. K. Bailey gave us a call a few days since. He had been delivering a course of lectures at Algonquin, Illinois.

—It seems from well educed facts that the two great events of life are being born and dying. After the turmoil -rest.

—Levi Dinkelspiel is lecturing at St. Joseph, Mo. He would like to make engagements in Kansas for week-day and Sunday lectures.

—A colored preacher said prayer was necessary to the Christian—prayer ennobles—prayer transports, the man into a talking presence with God—"tis prayer what gibs de devil de lock-jaw."

—*Every Saturday* says one of the witticisms of Baltimore is that the Episcopal General Convention declares that the word "regenerate" is used in the baptismal service of the church in a Pickwickian sense.

—Cephas B. Lynn gave us a call last week on his way to Darien, Wisconsin. He is the Western Localizer for the *Banner of Light*. His items are always brilliant and interesting. His permanent address is Sturgis, Mich.

—A brother (no name attached to letter) writes from Delano, Kan., stating that the Spiritualists there stand in need of a good medium. The town is only one year and eight months old, yet contains a population of 3,000.

—At a late Plymouth Church picnic, Mr. Beecher was asked why he did not dance. "There is but one reason," he replied. "I don't know how. The only dancing I ever did was when my father furnished the music and used me as a fiddle. I took all the steps then."

—"Behold how great a fire a little matter kindleth."—*St. James.*

"The conflagration of a city, with all its tumult of concomitant distress, is one of the most dreadful spectacles which this world can offer to human eyes."—*Dr. Johnson.*

—The much-talked-of union between the Baptists and Congregationalists of England seems likely to be consummated. Such a union would no doubt attract the attention of God for a time, and possibly prevent him burning more of our western towns.

—E. SPRAGUE, Sir: Your note of December 2d came to hand Dec. 19th, as published in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, notifying me of your choice of place to hold said discussion, namely, Hillsdale, Mich. I will designate the time as proposed, Saturday, January 20th, half-past 6 P. M., probalby at the Spiritual Hall in said city.
Yours, ELIJAH WOODWORTH.

—The Calhoun County Circle held their annual meeting at Marshall, Mich., January 13th and 14th. Much interest was manifested. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year; J. P. Averill of Battle Creek, President; Mrs. C. Fisher, of Marshall, Vice-President; Mrs. M. E. Cornell, of Battle Creek, Secretary; Mrs. Addie Bishop, Treasurer.

—We learn from an exchange that our old friend, Col. H. L. Slayton well-known in this city as a rising young lawyer and interesting writer, has been appointed Superintendent of schools for Navarro county, Texas. We congratulate our friends in that section on their good fortune in obtaining the services of Col. Slayton and they may rest assured that his work will be well done.

—Of Turner's Woman's Rights bill in the legislature, the Chicago *Evening Post* thus remarks:

Of Turner's bill now in our legislature,
H. Greeley says, "It 's violence to nature.
What right has woman, safe from war's alarms,
To cast a ballot when she do n't bear arms?"
"For shame!" shouts Mrs. Huff in lofty dudgeon,
"For shame! Go to! Get out, you old curmudgeon!
What right have you, with all your talk bewilderin',
To cast a ballot when you do n't bear children."

—Dr. N. A. Durnham writes to us from southern Illinois, stating that Charles H. Read has been astonishing the good people of Du Quoin, Carbondale, and Marion, with his wonderful tests. He speaks in high terms of his mediumship, enumerating the wonderful things done in his presence, such as placing steel rings and chairs on his arms, and taking off his coat when he is securely tied, precluding the possibility of the feats being performed by Mr. Read himself.

—After a protracted struggle of several months, the Jesuits have been expelled from Gautemala. The exiled Fathers, eighty in number, will probably go to Ecuador, as none of the other States in Central America will receive them. In retaliation, the clerical party has armed some Indian bands, who got up an insurrection in the district of Chiquemales and Santa Rosas; but they have been defeated with great loss by the troops under General Borrios, leaving several hundred dead upon the field.

There is no reason why a Christian man or minister should not take as deep or deeper interest in the welfare of his country than he who is given to vice and corruption. The country would be sadly deserted if Christian men should renounce all responsibility for its laws and their execution.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

If the country was in the charge of such divines as had control of the "Methodist Book Concern" in New York City, it would sink lower in the scale of morality than any government on earth; yet the *Advocate* would like to see just such men with the public reins in their hands.

—A course of lectures on Psychological Medicine, by Dr. Frederick R. Marvin, was commenced at the Thompson Free Medical College for women, No. 225 East Fifty-third street, New York City, Thursday, January 4th, at 2 o'clock, P. M. Subjects: January 4th, Mind and Matter; January 11th, The Human Brain; January 18th, Outlines of Disordered Mental Action; January 25th, Specific Forms of Disordered Mental Action; February 1st, Illusion and Hallucination; February 8th, Reverie and Abstraction; February 15th, Sleep; February 22d, Death.

—The *Western Catholic* is responsible for the statement that "Shoo Fly" has been parodied for Sunday schools after this fashion:

Sa-tan, don't bodder me—
Sa-tan, don't bodder me—
Sa-tan, don't bodder me,
For I belong to Company G.

I hear, I hear, I hear,
I hear de organ's tones;
I feel, I feel, I feel
Religion in my bones.
Sa-tan, don't bodder me, etc.

—The New York *Tribune* says Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson has begun her reading and lecture engagements in the East. She has delivered her lecture on the great Chicago fire, at Newburg and one or two other cities on the Hudson, before approving audiences. Her discourse is interesting, abounding in incidents which came under her personal observation, many of them entirely fresh, and illustrating not only the dire calamity, but the peculiarities and characteristics of human nature. The style of the lecture is easy and entertaining, often eloquent, and is excellently delivered.

—The revision of the Bible, undertaken within the English Church, is to be participated in by a number of our American scholars. We doubt not the original company of American revisers will be largely increased before the work is begun. To see representatives of so many branches of the church in America uniting fraternally in this great work, is most gratifying and cheering, for a Yankee spirit will be imparted to it which would not otherwise possess. Divest the Bible of its immoral passages, its contradictions, its lamentations and songs, and infuse it with a "wooden nutmeg," Yankee inspiration, and it will do something toward *evangelizing* Connecticut. Otherwise it can't influence the morals of that State at all.

—Grace Greenwood differs from Mrs. Woodhull. She says that if she had the framing of the laws only such women would be allowed to vote as had sewing-machines and knew how to use them; no woman would have a vote who could not read and write; who was not able to *cast up* her millinery accounts and *cut them down;* who could not make a pudding, a loaf of bread, sew on a button, wash dishes, and on a pinch keep a boarding-house and support a husband decently. If Grace Greenwood will announce herself as ready to lecture in support of her views, she can be kept busy at $200 per lecture.

—The intolerance of the Jesuits is hard to bear. They have a young ladies' seminary in Corfu, under the care of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. All the pupils belonging to the Greek Church were recently expelled from this institution, because the law required that a Greek priest should be allowed to have occasional access to them, to instruct them in the Greek Catechism. On hearing of this, the Queen immediately sent 8,000 drachmas ($1,333) from her private purse, to defray the expense of their education—such of them as belonged to poor families—at the Arsakeion, the principal female seminary in Athens.

—Romeo, Mich., is having a lively and healthy excitement about its local press. It is alleged that the *Observer* upholds Spiritualism and other forms of infidelity. In response to a criticism, the *Observer* has given Rev. J. S. Smart a round dozen columns of vituperative abuse. As a sur-rejoinder, Mr. Smart delivered by request a sermon on the subject, which the better part of the community indorses and intends to publish in pamphlet form. The discussion will probably result in giving Romeo a new and decent newspaper.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

The Romeo *Observer* has had a lively time with this "follower of the lamb." We hope it will live, notwithstanding the abuse and vituperation of the orthodox portion of the community, and that it will be enabled sometime to wash its hands clean after handling such dirty trash as the Rev. J. S. Smart.

—A very remarkable discovery made by Professor Huggins, the celebrated astronomer and spectroscopist of England, reveals the fact that the atmosphere of the distant planet, Herschel, is composed almost entirely of hydrogen (gas). This wonderful announcement, so contrary to all the theories held by scientific men, respecting the constitution and condition of those distant planetary orbs, will overturn many of the books and writers who have produced volumes on the constitution of the universe, etc. From the nature of the case, the inhabitants of that far-off world, if there are any, must live without fire, as any one spark of combustion would burn everything and explode the whole concern. Truly, science is bringing matters to light, which throw all ancient wonders into the shade, and we are fortunate in living in such a progressive age.

—It is not often in these days that ecclesiastical councils are over particular when a candidate for orders is before them. Wherefore, we make note that recently at North Adams, Mass., such a council, Mr. George A. Jackson having been examined, refused his license to preach. It appeared that upon most points he was orthodox: as to sin, conversion, trinity, atonement, he was "substantially in accord with the evangelical standards," but when it came to the matter of future punishment, it was revealed that Mr. George Jackson had a notion that after death there might be a second probation, and a supplementary notion that finally all would be saved. This would n't do by any means, and the council voted not to ordain the speculative gentleman. What makes it harder is that the second Congregational Church in Leavenworth, Kan., has given Mr. Jackson a call, and is now waiting for him to come out and commence preaching.

—Robert Walker, of Wauconda, Ill., makes the following inquiry: "I want to send a sealed letter to Mr. Flint, of New York City, for some of my spirit friends to answer, How shall I send it?" The following statement from Mr. Flint's circular will answer the question. "I am controlled by one spirit purporting to be my guide, who is the scribe for the spirits, delivering in his own handwriting what is dictated to him by the invisible. I am in a normal—not trance—state, but not conscious of the composition. My hand is moved to write from right to left, backwards, independent of my will. By holding the writing side up to the light, you can read the answers. The spirit letters should be securely sealed, addressed to the spirit, giving his name or her name in full, and signed by the writer's name in full. When left open they cannot be answered, my agency being efficient only when my mind is passive and blank to both questions and answers. Put your queries clearly, directly, briefly. The mixed and many kind defeat the object of the investigator. I return the money in all cases when the letters are not answered."

—The Chicago *Tribune* comments as follows in regard to the funeral sermon of Fisk: "The Fisk tragedy closes with a humorous afterpiece, in the shape of the funeral sermon preached at Brattleboro' by the Rev. Chaplain, E. O. Flagg, who, we presume, is the minister to whom the Boston authorities refused the use of the common on which to hold religious services for the benefit of the Ninth Regiment. After the sickening tide of maudlin sentimentality, which followed the appropriate end of a scoundrelly career, we might have hoped that a reaction would have set in, and that the ceremonies at the grave would be arranged with a decent regard to good taste. But no; '*Nil nisi*,' etc., was never more literally adhered to. Mr. Flagg began his address by stating that he did not intend to utter "vituperative malice or fulsome praise." The first promise was very strictly kept, as he afterward remarked that he would not speak at all of Colonel Fisk's faults. He then went on to say that the deceased was no common man; which, for the sake of human nature, it is to be hoped is true. And the Rev. Chaplain Flagg continued: 'A great thing, a noble thing, and a true thing is not often appreciated in its time. Shakspeare was not fully appreciated during his life, nor had Colonel Fisk been during his.' Death makes strange bed-fellows. The Prince of Dramatists and Prince of Erie have probably never been brought into such close quarters before. After this delicately-hinted compliment to Shakspeare, the orator proceeded to develop a new thought by declaring that assassination was the meanest thing in the world, and ought to be put down by legislation; and finally ended by urging each man to remember his duty to the dear old Ninth, to his country, and to his God. When we remember how punctiliously the deceased soldier fulfilled his duties to his country and to his God, the beauty and appropriateness of the peroration cannot but be acknowledged."

TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote.

One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote cured me from the use of tobacco, and I heartily recommend it to any and all who desire to be cured. Thank God I am now free after using the weed over thirty years.

LORENZO MEEKER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

I hereby certify that I have used tobacco over twenty years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has effectually destroyed my appetite or desire for tobacco.

DAVID O'HARRA.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 15th, 1871.

I have used tobacco between fourteen and fifteen years. About two months since, I procured a box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. It has cured me, and I feel perfectly free from its use. Have no desire for it.

F. H. SPARKS.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 25th, 1871.

I have used tobacco, both chewing and smoking, about twelve years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has cured me and left me free, with no desire or hankering for it.

GEORGE A. BARKER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

Mr. R. T. Wyman, of Waukau, informs me that he has used one box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. Inclosed find two dollars. Please send me a box,

D. H. FORBES.

Oshkosh, Wis., Sept. 19, 1871,

For sale at this office. $2.00 per box. Sent free of postage by mail. Address Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 150 Fourth Avenue, Chicago.

☞ *Agents wanted.*

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Sometimes called the "Quaker poet," because he was born and educated in the Society of Friends. He is also well known as the poet of freedom. His soul-stirring lines against tyranny and in favor of liberty for all mankind, have thrilled millions of souls, and will continue to be read and sung wherever written language is known.

All true poetry is inspirational, and the key to the inspiration has been given us by Spiritualism. Angel fingers from the poet's heaven touch the lyre of a poetic soul, and out roll the harmonious numbers to bless humanity. Whittier's broad and noble soul takes in all humanity, and hence all that he writes has the ring of true poetry.

A friend sent us a complete volume of Whittier's poems.

When we say Whittier is inspired, we mean just this, that spirits give utterance to their rhythmical notes of love and beauty through his organism. We have evidence of this, as well in the beautiful and thrilling poetry, chaste and classic as it is, as in the spiritual utterances which abound in these.

We have frequently quoted these as expressing our sentiments. We give below lines on the death of Lucy Hooper, which we think every reader will be glad to preserve.

In these times when gems of thought appear so frequently in our papers which we desire to preserve, every one should have scrap books. We have many of them for various subjects. Here is a very simple plan by which all may have these at very small expense. Get a well bound printed volume, not very thick, but large enough to take in two volumes of the paper, select one with thick and good paper, and you will have a better and more convenient scrap book than any that you can buy at the stores under that name.

LUCY HOOPER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

They tell me, Lucy, thou art dead—
That all of thee we loved and cherished
Has with thy summer roses perished;
And left, as its young beauty fled,
An ashen memory in its stead—
The twilight of a parted day
Whose fading light is cold and vain;
The heart's faint echo of a strain
Of low sweet music passed away.
That true and loving heart—that gift
Of a mind earnest, clear, profound,
Bestowing with a glad unthrift
Its sunny light on all around,
Affinities which only could
Cleave to the pure, the true, and good;
And sympathies which found no rest
Save with the loveliest and best.
Of them—of thee, remains there naught
But sorrow in the mourner's breast?
A shadow in the land of thought?
No! Even my weak and trembling faith
Can lift for thee the veil which doubt
And human fear have drawn about
The all-awaiting scene of death.
Even as thou wast, I see thee still,
And, save the absence of all ill
And pain and weariness which here
Summoned the sigh, or wrung the tear,
The same as when, two summers back,
Beside our childhood's Merrimack,
I saw thy dark eye wander o'er
Stream, sunny upland, rocky shore,
And heard thy low, soft voice alone
'Midst lapse of waters, and the tone
Of pine leaves, by the west wind blown.
There 's not a charm of soul or brow,
Of all we knew or loved in thee,
But lives in holier beauty now,
Baptized in immortality!
Not mine the sad and freezing dream
Of souls that with their earthly mould
Cast off the loves and joys of old—
Unbodied—like a pale moonbeam,
As pure, as passionless, and cold.
Nor mine the hope of Indra's son,
Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,
Life's myriads blending into one—
In blank annihilation blest;
Dust-atoms of the Infinite—
Sparks, scattered from the central light,
And winning back, through mortal pain
Their old unconsciousness again.
No!—I have friends in Spirit Land—
Not shadows in a shadowy band,
Not others, but themselves are they.
And still I think of them the same
As when the Master's summons came;
Their change—the holy moonlight breaking
Upon the dream-worn sleeper waking—
A change from twilight into day.

They 've laid thee 'midst the household graves,
Where father, brother, sister, lie;
Below thee sweep the dark blue waves
Above thee bends the summer sky.
Thy own loved church in sadness read
Her solemn ritual o 'er thy head,
And blessed and hallowed with her prayer
The turf laid lightly o'er thee there.
That church whose rites and liturgy
Sublime and old, were truth to thee,
Undoubted to thy bosom taken
As symbols of a faith unshaken.
Even I, of simpler views, could feel
The beauty of thy trust and zeal,
And, owning not thy creed, could see
How deep a truth it seemed to thee,
And how thy fervent heart had thrown
O'er all, a coloring of its own,
And kindled up, intense and warm,
A life in every rite and form,
As, when in Chebar's banks of old,
The Hebrew's gorgeous vision rolled,
A spirit filled the vast machine—
A life "within the wheels" was seen.

Farewell! A little while, and we
Who knew thee well and loved thee here,
One after one, shall follow thee,
As pilgrims through the gate of fear,
Which opens on eternity.
Yet shall we cherish not the less
All that is left our hearts meanwhile;
The memory of thy loveliness
Shall round our weary pathway smile,
Like moonlight when the sun has set—
A sweet and tender radiance yet.
Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,
Thy generous scorn of all things wrong—
The truth, the strength, the graceful beauty
Which blended in thy song.
All lovely things by thee beloved,
Shall whisper to our hearts of thee,
These green hills where thy childhood roved—
Yon river winding to the sea—
The sun-set light of autumn eves
Reflecting on the deep, still floods,
Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling leaves
Of rainbow-tinted woods,—
These, in our view, shall henceforth take
A tenderer meaning for thy sake;
And all thou lovedst of earth and sky,
Seem sacred to thy memory.

Manifestations at Moravia, N. Y.

John F. Chew, of Camden, has just returned from Moravia, and reports that on his arrival there on Saturday, January 6th, he found they were holding circles every day.

The plan was to form a circle of nine, in the room that has been described to the readers of the JOURNAL. They commenced by sitting in the dark, and singing. In a few minutes there was a sound as if water was thrown upon them. The spirits soon joined in the singing, and would call for certain pieces. They asked for "John Brown's March," and were especially pleased with one they called for:

"John Brown's whiskey jug is empty on the shelf."

After sitting half an hour, the light was turned on, and an Indian spirit presented himself, giving the name of Owassa, Dr. Slade's guide. He said he had come back to talk with Mr. Chew.

Two brothers, from Detroit, were present. Their mother came, and was recognized by them. She talked very plainly to them about their family matters.

Mr. Thomas Hazard, of Providence, was present, and received several tests. A gentleman from New York City recognized two sons and his wife. There were eight or ten persons seen and recognized on that day.

On Sunday there were two circles held. A lady from Buffalo saw her father and her husband, whom she fully recognized. The resemblance of the father to the lady was noticed by all present. There were twenty-eight persons in the room.

During the week in which Mr. Chew remained, there were several hundred persons present, nearly all of whom saw some of the manifestations. A few could not see anything.

An Indian spirit named Hontour appeared several times, and talked in broken English. At one time she was dressed in red, at another in white.

Numerous hands were seen; as many as six or eight at a time. They would reach out a long distance. A gentleman recognized the hand of his wife, with the representation of a ring which he had given to her while in the form.

Some of the faces were less distinct than others, and in some instances the voices were weak, while in others they were loud and distinct.

The spirits often sang by themselves.

A lady who had been there two days and had not received anything, started for home, but felt that she must return. Sitting in the dark circle, her little boy said:

"Here is Edward, mother."

After the light was turned up, he appeared very plainly, and spoke to her in reply to various questions; related many incidents of his life which were very comforting and satisfactory to her.

A gentleman waited three days without getting anything, when his father-in-law and three sisters came and gave him various tests.

Mr. Chew's mother appeared to him, and was positively recognized by him, and seen by all present. She spoke to him for about fifteen minutes, in regard to her family, and gave numerous tests.

A young gentleman connected with the Baptist Church, superintendent of a Sunday School, and leader of a choir, saw the form of his sister, who had recently died of consumption during his absence. She was very plainly recognized by all present. Stepping back a little, she coughed two or three times, and holding a white handkerchief to her mouth, showed the appearance of blood that she had raised. She repeated this several times, and the recognition was perfect. She said in a clear though feeble voice:

"I followed my body to the grave, and thought what a folly it was for my friends to weep for me for I was so much better off."

She also gave her brother some good advice.

Married.

Married, in Pleasant Grove near Lake Zurich, Lake County, by Samuel Rheagan, Esq., Mr. Wm. Brown formerly of Michigan and Miss Delia Kelly, of Rockton Illinois.

Michigan papers please copy.

Passed to Spirit Life.

Mount Nebo, Athens Co., Ohio, December 26th, 1871.

Passed to the world of immortality, Mr. Charles Curtis, age 80 years, fully ripe for the harvest. He left Birmingham about a year ago to erect a spiritual home here, known as the Morning Star Community.

Also from the same place, Mrs. Sarah L. Curtis, the wife of Eli Curtis, aged 54 years, formerly of Birmingham, Michigan. She crossed the River of Death December 14th, 1871. She had been a Spiritual teacher for many years as a writing and speaking medium.

Quarterly Meeting.

The Otisco Society of Spiritualists will hold their next Quarterly Meeeting at Cooks Corners, Mich., the second Saturday and Sunday of February, 10th and 11th, 1872.

Charles Andrews will address the meeting. Cordial invitation is extended to all, and arrangements will be made to entertain friends from a distance.

A. WRIGHT, Pres.
MRS. E. WETER, Sec.

New Advertisements.

THE MAGNETIC TREATMENT.

SEND TEN CENTS TO DR. ANDREW STONE, Troy, N. Y., and obtain a large, highly illustrated book on the system of vitalizing treatment.
v8 n23 tf

WANTED, *A GOOD PHOTOGRAPHER* to work in a first-class gallery, in a town of five thousand inhabitants, at good wages and board. For further particulars address:
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Having discovered valuable coal and mineral beds, and being desirous of using them for the PRACTICAL APPLICATION of the HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY to LIFE, we solicit the correspondence of those interested. Address Wm. W. Myers. State Centre, Marshall Co., Iowa.
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A GREAT CHANCE FOR AGENTS.
Do you want an agency, LOCAL OR TRAVELING, with an opportunity to make **$5 to $20** a day, selling our new 7 strand, White Wire Clothes Lines? They last forever. Sample free; so there is no risk. Address at once, *Hudson River Wire Works*, Cor. Water St. and Maiden Lane, N. Y., or 346 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

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NEEDLE CASES.
A Handsome Case and One Hundred of the Best Egg-Eyed Needles, by mail, for 25 cents.
Stores and Pedlers furnished at satisfactory prices. Eight different kinds;—samples of each sent at wholesale price, free by mail. Address F. S. COX, Milford, Mass.
v11 n16 3m

FRUIT TREES.
Cayuga Nurseries,
Auburn, New York.
LARGE and Well-assorted Varieties of PEAR AND CHERRY TREES. Light Trees for Western Market will be furnished at Low Rates.
All Stock Extra Fine and Healthy.
Pear Seed. Having imported Pear Seed for several years through a partner in France, I am prepared to furnish the Best Quality at Small Profits. *Send for Sample and Price List.*
For Catalogue, Price Lists, and further information, address P. B. BRISTOL, CAYUGA NURSERIES, Auburn, New York.
v11 n18

Medium's Column.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 34 Clinton Place, New York. Terms $2.00 and three stamps. Money refunded when not answered.

J. WM. VAN NAMEE, M.D., BOX 5120, NEW YORK CITY, will examine patients by lock of hair, until further notice, for $1.00 and two stamps. Give full name, age, and one leading symptom of disease
v11 n13 tf

MINNIE MYERS,
Test and Business Medium, will receive calls at all hours from 9 o'clock A.M. to 9 P.M., except Sundays, from 2 to 4 P.M. Terms $1.00 a sitting. Residence 169 Fourth Ave., up stairs, Chicago.
v11 n18 tf

MRS. S. A. R. WATERMAN, 67 Mulberry street, Newark, N. J., will answer letters, sealed or otherwise, give PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATIONS, or Reading of Character, from writing, hair, or photograph. Terms from two to five dollars and four three-cent stamps.
v11 n14 tf

DR. JOHN A. ELLIOTT, THE HEALER,
Is at 35 Bond street. Call from 9 A.M., to 5 P.M. Will examine patients at a distance by lock of hair, and prescriptions will be given where they will apply. Magnetic remedies prepared and sent by express on moderate terms.
Inclose $2.00 and two stamps, with lock of hair, full name and age, with one leading symptom of disease, and address care of box 5120. New York P. O.

Clairvoyance.
—:o:—
Dr. P. T. Johnson examines diseases by receiving a lock of hair, name, and age, stating sex—$1.00 accompanying the order. He also prepares a sure antidote for opium and morphine eaters; three months will cure the most inveterate case. Charges, six dollars per month. He also prepares a sure cure for ague, 50 cents per bottle. Will be sent by express. Address him at Ypsilanti, Mich.
n10 n17 tf

D. W. HULL,
Psychometric and Clairvoyant Physician
Will diagnose disease and give prescriptions from a lock of hair or photograph, the patient being required to give name, age, residence, etc. A better diagnosis will be given by giving him the leading symptoms, but sceptics are not required to do so. Watch the papers for his address, or direct to Hobart, Ind., and wait till the letters can be forwarded to him.
Terms $3.00. Money refunded when he fails to get in rapport with the patient.
v11 n12 tf

Dr. Samuel Maxwell,
MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,
TREATS the sick by **magnetic touch,** and the use of appropriate **magnetized remedies.** Also makes **clairvoyant examinations.** Patients to be treated by letter should send age, sex, and leading symptoms. Board in private families if desired. Come to or address, SAMUEL MAXWELL, M.D.
72 South Sixth St., Richmond, Ind.
v10 n17

The Well-known Psychometrist,
A. B. SEVERANCE,
WILL give to those who visit him in person, or from autograph, or from lock of hair, readings of character, marked changes, past and future, advice in regard to business, diagnosis of disease, with prescription, adaptation of those intending marriage, directions for the management of children, hints to the inharmoniously married, etc.
Terms, $2.00 for full delineation; brief delineation, $1.00
A. B. SEVERANCE.
457 Milwaukee St., Milwaukee, Wis.
v11 n18 tf

DR. ABBA LORD PALMER.
Box 201, New Boston, Ill.
Wonderful Psychometrist, and Clairvoyant Physician, Soul-Reader, and Business Medium.
Can diagnose disease by likeness, autograph, lock of hair, without a failure, and give prescription which, if followed, *will surely cure.*
Can trace stolen property, tell the past, present, and future, advise concerning business, and give written communications from spirit friends.
Diagnosis of disease with prescription, $2.00. Communications from spirit friends, $3.00. Delineation of character, with advice concerning marriage, $1.00.
n1 v10 tf

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PURELY VEGETABLE REMEDIES;
Prepared by the Celebrated Analytical Physician, Dumont C. Dake, M.D., which for years have been used with unparalleled success in the Doctor's private practice throughout the Union, are now introduced to the public.
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Cures all diseases of the blood, permanently eradicating all cancerous, scrofulous, syphilitic erysipelas and excrementitious matter from the system. Price $2.50 per bottle.
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Cures nervous depression, and loss of vital force, pain in the region of the kidneys across small of back, prostration and general weakness, headache, gloominess of mind, and costiveness. Price $2.50 per bottle.
CEPHALIC POWDERS.
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Full directions with each remedy expressed or mailed promptly to any address prepaid on receipt of price. Laboratory offices and residence, No. 64 Twenty-fourth street, Chicago, Ill. Chronic complaints exclusively and successfully treated. Send for *Analytical Health Journal*, free. Address all letters to Dumont C. Dake, M.D. Box 30, Chicago, Ill.
v11 n16 tf

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON.
Healing, Psychometric, and Business Medium.
148 Fourth Ave., Chicago.
MRS. ROBINSON while under spirit control, on receiving a lock of hair of a sick patient, will diagnose the nature of the disease most perfectly, and prescribe the proper remedy. Yet, as the most speedy cure is the essential object in view, rather than to gratify idle curiosity, the better practice is to send along with a lock of hair, a brief statement of the sex, age, leading symptoms, and duration of the disease of the sick person, when she will without delay return a most potent prescription and remedy for eradicating the disease, and permanently curing the patient in all curable cases.
Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art, but when her spirit guides are brought *en rapport* with a sick person through her mediumship, they never fail to give immediate and permanent relief, in curable cases, through the *positive* and *negative* forces latent in the system and in nature. This prescription is sent by mail, and be it an internal remedy or an external application, it should be given or applied precisely as directed in the accompanying letter of instructions, however simple it may seem to be; remember it is not the quantity of the compound, but the chemical effect that is produced, that science takes cognizance of.
One prescription is usually sufficient, but in case the patient is not permanently cured by one prescription, the application for a second, or more if required, should be made in about ten days after the last, each time stating any changes that may be apparent in the symptoms of the disease.
MRS. ROBINSON also, through her mediumship, diagnoses the disease of any one who calls upon her at her residence. The facility with which the spirits controlling her accomplish the same, is done as well when the application is by letter as when the patient is present. Her gifts are very remarkable, not only in the healing art, but as a psychometric, test, business, and trance medium.
TERMS:—Diagnosis and first prescription, $3.00; each subsequent one, $2.00. Psychometric Delineation of character, $3.00. Answering Business Letters, $3.00. The money should accompany the application to insure a reply.

Spence's Positive and Negative Powders for sale at this office.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

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S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 3, 1872. VOL. XI.—NO. 20.

Original Poetry.

THRILLS AND CHILLS.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

Why can it not always be glowing with good warmth here in the world,
And never be sleeting and storming from dark clouds jagged and curled?
One scarcely laughs out with a sunburst till up roll masses of cloud;
And off in the arching darkness the winds cry wild and loud.

Thrills and chills!
Whistle winds! Let the changes come?
Thrills and chills!
Never mind if we shiver some.

Last summer the lake waters, laughing, caught at the white clouds high,
And thrilled with a musical motion, facing the pictured sky.
To-day are they thrilling likewise? No, they are crested with ice;
And it covers them hard and chilling as sin on the heart of vice.

Thrills and chills!
Whistle winds! Let the changes come!
Thrills and chills!
Never mind if we shiver some.

In May there is new life thrilling the plant, roots, and budding stems;
And June is as rich with her blossoms, as an Arab's heaven with gems.
But, lo! when the earth rolls outward, away from the glowing sun,
Then silent old monks come sceptered in, freezing, white, and dun.

Thrills and chills!
Whistle winds! Let the changes come!
Thrills and chills!
Never mind if we shiver some.

Nature must work miracles truly if hearts could be kept the same,
And, having mobility, change not to merit high praise or blame.
Were imbecile cursing our sorrows, as long as we know and feel
Is the lot of us humans, like comets, to glow, wheel off, and congeal.

Thrills and chills!
Whistle winds! Let the changes come.
Thrills and chills!
Never mind if we shiver some.

Correspondence of the Chicago Times.

NEW YORK GOSSIP.

Revival of the Mystery of Spiritual Manifestations.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—There are tides in religious faith which are strong, and as uneven, as those of fortune. There are raging fires upon human altars which have such prolonged periods of smouldering that the world comes to believe that they have died utterly. Convictions which were based upon imagination only, have swept the world like a whirlwind of fire. Truths which are absolute and limited, and which are bounded by hard facts, do not encompass the human soul with such strong arms as do the vague and the intangible. Seen through the fog of the suspected, but yet unknowable, our own wishes take form, and come to stand for us instead of the undraped truth, and yet, perhaps,—yes, perhaps

I began with the intention of telling you about our last religious revival, and I will proceed. Years ago, the uppermost thought in orthodox religious circles was one of rebellion against the

MANIFESTATIONS OF THE INVISIBLE.

They did not like the rapping, tapping, hopping, and bad spelling of the disembodied, and yet they could not let the thing altogether alone. They tried their chances at individual mediumship, with the curtains drawn, and with the secret keeping abilities of the witnesses, and participants, carefully established. They sat shivering with fear about their electric tables, lest a rap or a pop should come, and yet longing for a supernatural sound, as one longs for a rift in the darkness of a prolonged and profound midnight.

Of course, positive philosophers scoffed, but they investigated when they imagined that no one can find it out. Many believed, or at least, declare!—confidentally, of course—that they did not know how the manifestation was to be accounted for, and—well—they had not yet reached definite conclusions. Now and then, one bold man or woman, who was ashamed to possess an unacknowlecged conviction, declared that there was not a spot upon which to rest a single doubt of an existence after death which possessed the power of expressing itself to the flesh under certain conditions. The man or woman was very brave, if silence upon such a topic did not succeed such an announcement right speedily,—particularly if he or she had any intellectual or social position to lose.

Whether it was cowardice or coolness, I cannot tell you, but except an occasional outburst which was but a tremor after all, the public of New York has not been shaken by unearthly manifestations for several years until now, when the restless waters are being deeply stirred.

DISCONTENTED THEOLOGIANS,

whose lives have been spent in teaching, and let us believe, in study, also, but they go down disguised to its brink, and step in only to come up perplexed and dissatisfied with what is, what has been, and what they fear may be, in the curtained future, and they say to the few who saw them enter, "Don't speak of my visit quite yet. I am not ready for its announcement."

Within the last few weeks, what with the predetermined apostacy of the Rev. Mr. Hepworth to the creed which he inherited, and the sympathy of many of his parishioners, and the general discussions about the Trinity, and the Holy Ghost especially, added to the strange manifestations in the house of Dr. Slade, there is a decided stir in theology, and a general effort on the part of speculative Christians to have the things past and future settled somehow. Having learned that both radical and conservative religionists of the various churches, both in "Brooklyn, the good," and "Gotham, the bad;" he had consulted this postal communication between the here and beyond, and that our medical professors were investigating the possible uses of cerebral nerves with a view to utilizing them as telegraphic communicators between the corporeal and the unseeable, I proposed to place my hands upon the instrument of communication, that I might tell you how the New York world stood before the usually invisible and unintelligible. Not belonging to that class of people who are so consumed with a burning desire to know the state of the hereafter, that they contemplate a hurried slipping off of the trappings of this too gross materiality, I entered the shade of the

HEAVENLY TELEGRAPHER

without previous thought, and because I saw his door-plate next that of the house of a friend to whom I was intent upon visiting. It seemed a convenient moment, and I rang the bell with a vague feeling that this day, so wholly devoted to paying visits, was not to be altogether stupid, and just like all such days of conventional twaddle and semi-insincerity. I confess to a sense of pleasant mirthfulness, pervading a mind which had been all flattened out by the weight of colossal columns of figures which had been heaped upon my memory by ladies who had received New Year's calls "to count," and also with wardrobes magnificent, and what had been said complimentary of their lavishness, and beauty, and grace, etc., etc. Satiety, you know, will come to the most generous of listeners when there is no variation.

This door-plate, and its possibilities, promised this desirable change. I admit the variation, and will tell you about it, with no views, beliefs, suspicions, or impressions of my own. I decline the latter, partly because deeply-stirred sentiments do not become suddenly clear, and partly because they are of little consequence to anyone besides myself. Maintaining that, even in the dearest and closest human relations, the soul stands absolutely and utterly alone in its existence, it seems foolish to parade its convictions before any other soul, however precious the existence of that other soul may be.

The day was one of those exceptional ones in winter time, when the air is rich with the yellow sunshine of the summer, and when neither warmth nor chill touches you sufficiently for you to remark its condition, and you feel the color, and forget to miss and mention the glow that usually comes with its peculiar sweetness. The hour was mid-afternoon, and the parlor into which I was ushered, possessed the sunset side of the English basement house. Crimson curtains were parted away from the large windows, but sufficient edges of their drapery served for the sunbeams to flitter a still warmer color through. Crimson damask chairs, a corresponding sofa, a writing-desk, such as is usually chosen for the *boudoir* of a lady; a stand and a centre table covered by a damask cloth, were all the furniture which stood upon the pretty, softly-toned carpet.

The gentleman, Dr. Slade, received me. I looked at him searchingly; for had not Beecher, Bellows, Draper, Doremas, Booth, Fisk, and all sorts of brilliant men, wicked men, stupid men, and ignorant men, and also women of similar grades, and in even greater variety, done the same thing? "No matter if I am curious, or simple, or credulous," I said to myself, "good company preceded me, and will follow after me, and that makes all these things level."

Dr. Slade is a medium-sized man, straight, well-formed, rather dark, but pleasant face, steady-eyed, agreeably-toned voice, and suggests neither the alertness of the money-maker, nor the secretiveness of the man who deals in the mysterious for his bread. He looks at you intently, as if he would discover whether you were a scoffer, a scientific examiner, or a "stick." In any conclusion, he treats you courteously, as I am told, and always closes the folding doors.

After lifting the damask spread from the centre-table, I discovered why it was so carefully draped. It was of black walnut, with four legs, two leaves, and as plain, simple, and as homely as a table could be made, and therefore it was scarcely an addition to the pretty furniture of the room. Dr. Slade's table furniture consisted of a small slate with a wood frame, and a slate pencil. He seated himself sideways at the table, with his feet visible, and laid his hands as near the centre of it as he could, considering the uncomfortable position which he assumed to prove that his slippered extremities took no part in the approaching demonstrations. I laid my ungloved hands upon the flat surface of the table, and Dr. Slade did the same, touching mine with the tips of his own. A general turbulence took place in the various parts of the room, the sounds of which were partly sharp and partly muffled, but sufficiently distinct to be heard in the next parlor. Then an unoccupied chair took a fancy to approach the table, as if to participate in the laying on of invisible hands. I confess that this desire to share in my investigations on the part of a non-paying and non-invited party, struck me as an impolite intrusion, and I intimated as much to Dr. Slade.

"Will you place the chair back in its usual position?" said the Doctor to Nothing, and Nothing immediately obeyed, removing it rapidly but noiselessly away.

A SPIRITUAL MESSAGE.

The slate became uneasy, and the Doctor, nipping a trifle from the pencil, with his teeth, placed the tiny bit of it upon the clean slate, which he passed under the top of the table, holding it by one hand, and I taking its edge with one of my own, and holding it up close to the flat under surface, there was only the space which was formed by the thin frame in which the bit of pencil could move. Immediately, it started with its rapid click, and after a few moments of busy scratching, you could hear the scrap of pencil wander back to make its dots, crosses; and punctuations, and behold, there was your dispatch from the Invisible! I looked at it incredulous, and yet beholding the evidence and a familiar name! "Impossible!" was my exclamation, when with a suddenness of a flash, a portion of the trimming was rent from my costume, with a force that tore the material, and the fabric was new and very strong.

I can't say that I was gratified, especially as I was as rudely shaken as if I had been a "feather-weight," which I am not; quite the contrary, as the undertaker thinks, when he looks at me every now and then, with an eye to business.

I took the slate, and held it, at least, five feet from the Doctor's hands, when the pencil began writing upon the purified surface, and indited another handsomely-written, direct, and familiarly-endorsed epistle, which was supplemented by picking up the whole pencil, and throwing it first at my head, and then laying it quietly upon the centre of the table. Although the room was as brilliant as the finest sunshine through two large windows could make it, I could see no hand touch this five-inch pencil, nor the tiny bit which did the writing. Holding

AN ACCORDEON

in my hand, some force snatched it from my grasp, and after this frolicsome bit of rudeness, it rewarded me by playing a number of exquisite Spanish airs, with an execution, feeling, and taste, which seemed impossible for an instrument like this, and there was an accompanyment of cymbals, which was enchanting. Forgetting the mysteriousness of the source of all this strange music in the delight of listening to the exquisite sounds, I was roughly stirred from my happiness by the top of the accordeon flying off and casting itself in my face, while the bellows tumbled about the floor in a very lawless sort of manner, which was exceedingly perplexing to practical reason-hunting me.

Hands stroked my own with a pleasant and healthy touch of coolness. They pattered mine with

LITTLE FINGERS AND LITTLE PALMS,

and I not only felt their touch so as to measure their size quite definitely, but I could hear the caressing. Afterward, I could see the inner side of a large hand, but whose was either one of them I can not tell you. They were not the Doctor's, for they were both upon the table. They were not mine, for one was upon the table, and the other was being coquetted with in my lap, and, although Lord Dundreary managed to count his fingers so as to make eleven of them, I could enumerate but four arms in the room, notwithstanding there were such other busy hands at work with the slate pencil, the music and my wardrobe. My bonnet-strings were untied twice, with a sudden jerk, which was more convincing to my senses than agreeable to my taste.

Afterward, the slate, which happened to be lying above a bit of pencil, concluded to receive a communication, independent of all apparent currents of any sort of force. Scratch, scratch, scratch, flew the pencil, and when, at last, it was all still, I reached forth my hand, and took up the solitary recipient of a mysterious confidence, and

THE WRITING

was as carefully executed, and the expression were as distinct to my individual and sole self, as if the dearest, and sweetest, and tenderest friend had pencilled them to me.

If you ask who? how? why? or to what conclusions I arrived, I will say, frankly, "I don't know."

The sunshine was not yet gone, and the opposite parlor had its wise men in waiting with the intention of exposing the fraud, or of explaining the mystery, written all over their faces. Doubtless, there had been just as eloquent faces there many times before, but nobody finds the fraud, or is taken into the confidence of this strangely-wierd manifestation. There is no advertising of

THESE INTERESTING INTERVIEWS

with the unknown, but the facts pass from lip to lip, and every visitor imagines that he is the fore-ordained key to all this strangeness.

He changes his mind, however, after the interview. Clerical superiorities insist that it is the D—— oh! I can't spell the name of him; and they ought to know, surely.

Question Dr. Slade, and he looks at you with steady, honest, eyes, and says he don't know an explanatory reply to your inquiery. He permits you to examine everything with all the scrutiny that you can command, and in the broadest light that the clearest mid-day can give, and you relinquish a pursuit of the mystery, and conclude that, after all, the pride of human intellect is but a vain jest, sometimes, and you wonder if the demanding spirit hand that tugs at your garments roughly, and then strokes your bewildered hands with a soft and pleasant touch that becomes a delight with accustomed touches, is not, after all, an invisible, but vitalized speculative philosophy, which can never, in this life, become anything but speculation.

Whatever it all means, I cannot tell you now, and very likely, I never may, for wiser heads are striving in vain for answers to their questions, and are even ashamed that they have asked them. CAMEO.

From the New York Standard.

A Sanctimonious Bigamist.

NEWBURGH, New York. — Middletown, a beautiful and enterprising interior village of Orange county, has been, of late, greatly agitated over a pretentious bigamist, a Puritanical Doctor of Medicines, who is known as A. Palmer, M.D.

Some months ago, Dr. Palmer went to that village, and introduced himself as a physician, a Christian, and a temperance man of the strictest Good Templar kind. He opened an office in Bull's New Opera House building, one of the most fashionable and central quarters of the village, and before a great many weeks rolled around, Dr. A. Palmer was upon the road with a handsome horse and carriage. The Doctor always represented himself as a lone and lorn widower, and the numerous lady acquaintances of Middletown which he rapidly made, soon began to manifest sympathy and pity for him in his condition.

The Doctor attended service at the Methodist Church, regularly, promised faithfully to get a certificate of membership in good and regular standing and communion from a sister church of Rome, in this State, where he said he hailed from; and became, at once, a punctual attendant of class meetings, at which he related his experience frequently with feeling and unction, and exhorted in the spirit of one who has for younger saints and weaker brothers, a most fatherly care. For the devout sisters, both of the Methodist Church and the Good Templar organization, the Doctor had the highest concern, and never did he leave prayer or class-meetings, love feast, Sabbath services, or the temperance gatherings, without having one of them upon his arm in his escort to her parental roof. Dr. Palmer was fifty years of age, and more, but his lady associates were invariably young, loving, and prepossessing; some in their teens, and none a great way beyond the voting age. To them all, he talked religion, to some love, and to some he was both

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTOR AND LOVER.

His associates with the fair but frail sex, became quite extensive, mainly through the families of his lady friends, and others who had faith in his professions of skill in physic and evangelical piety, giving him professional practice, and in the latter part of the Fall, arrears due him for medical and surgical performance were, accordance to his statement, about $1,000.

The gay and festive widower pill maker, one day, set about collecting this money due him, and thereon immediately arose a report that Dr. Palmer was preparing to skedaddle from the village. Good as were his arrangements to effect a speedy and clandestine departure, they availed him naught, and he was successfully foiled in the attempt by a young lady, who resolved that to leave in that secret and scrruptitious manner, he should never be allowed, and a few hours before the specified time said to have been fixed for the free-lovist to take his new departure, a sheriff, unknowingly, appeared to him, armed with a process that meant one of two alternatives—marriage forthwith, or imprisonment in the county jail at Goshen. The Doctor knew, it seems, enough of law to understand that seduction, in the eye of a court of justice, was no trifling offence, and with clear vision of the penalty for the ungentlemanly and detestable act in his mind, he proceeded to the altar, unflinchingly, as soon as a dominie could be found who would perform the indispensible rites.

THIS MARRIAGE CEREMONY

was apparently the stop-gait that opened wide and let in upon the people of Middletown, a perfect flood of truths and tales concerning the unabashed Dr. Palmer. No voice that knew anything against his name but was raized loudly, and the town became full of emphasized stories about the fearless Doctor that had hitherto been kept in secrecy. It turned out through the revelations subsequently made, that the Doctor was a New-Englander, and that he had left behind him, in Boston, Mass., a wife and several children, where he had also become the father of children by criminal intimacy with his servant girl. For proof of this, a letter from the "Hub of the Universe," giving the details and facts, and stating also that is statement that he came from Rome, N. Y., was a downright perversion of the truth.

WIFE NO. 2.,

whom he married in Middleton, as before stated, was a most est mable young lady, of a very respectable family. Three other young women of Middletown, had, previous to this marriage ceremony, been by him engaged in betrothal. There was also one young woman, living near Bullville, and still another, living near Otisville, both places but a few miles distant from Middletown, that had accepted his proposals to wed. One of the three Middletown betrothals is the sister of a prominent Methodist dominie of the county, and another of the same three is the sister of a brother physician and dispenser of powders, of the village, with whom Dr. Palmer was to enter into a co-partnership in the drug business on a grand scale after the nuptial ceremonies were solemnized, the brother-in-law aforesaid, and the father-in-law agreeing to raise the capital for that purpose.

Two, or more, of the young intendeds had wedding-dresses, and other wearing apparel incident to weddings, all prepared in the latest Paris fashion. But they all now see that it is best to become acquainted with character before encouraging nuptual thoughts; and that, although some have entertained angels unawares, strangers had better be tried before admitted very closely to confidence on the heart.

THE BIGAMIST

and his innocent young bride—wife No. 2—have left Middletown for parts unknown, and it is believed, that ere this reaches you, they are separated, as the wretch, unhesitatingly made it known, prior to their departure, that he would leave her the first good opportunity, and then forever discard her hereafter. The marriage of the young miss to Palmer has caused deep discontent, and a complete division of her family. One member took to intoxicating drinks to drown sorrow and obliterate disgrace. The entire family have removed from Middletown, and scattered hither and thither, likely to be never again united around the bright fireside of a once prosperous and happy home.

Whether or no, Doctor Palmer, like Prof. Contarini, the bigamist of our neighboring county, Dutchess, will be pursued, prosecuted, and punished, we know not. If it should be the determination of Boston wife, No. 1., to do so, a splendid opportunity for securing his arrest has been lost. His present whereabouts are unknown, and considerable time and expense, of course, would necessarily follow his arrest now. It is confidently believed, that should he be tried for these unlawful acts, one of the most interesting bigamist and free-love tales that was ever given to the public would ensue.

Doctor Palmer is a little, short man, with grey locks, somewhat decrepid by age, decorous in habits, and not, as one would naturally suppose, very loquacious, except, perhaps, in prayer, class, or temperance meetings.

A Seance.

Mr. Morse having been entranced, Tien-Sien-Tie, the controlling influence, replied to the following questions:

Q.—Can you tell if there is any degree of matter different to what we find on this earth?

A.—Matter varies on every earth so far as its development is concerned. In some it is more gross, and in others more sublimated. Mind is ever mind; spirit is ever spirit. Being infused into the forms of matter, it comes in contact with it, it manifests itself outwardly in different forms.

Q.—You say that matter and spirit are identical; that spirit is simply a sublimated condition of matter. On a former occasion you have said that matter has no power of thought. How do you account for the discrepancy?

A.—Methinks there has been a misconception of our thought. The material universe around us is an emanation of the divine mind. The spirit or mind, itself diffused, becomes condensed into matter. We use this word to express our idea of the outward visible form of the divine mind; the essential we designate as spirit. Matter is continually sublimating itself to spirit, and then again condensing into matter. There is also another point in connection with the subject we have referred to. We have ever taught, and still adhere to our former teaching, that mind is the distinctive operation of the universe; it is power operating through and by this visible element called matter, which is a condensation of the spirit of the divine mind.

Q.—We find that matter is self-conscious when it has assumed the form of the human organism. Is matter self-conscious at any previous state, or is the divine mind simply automatic?

A.—In the realm of matter it is simply automatic. Matter is the outward manifestation of the forces of being, and varies in form infinitely. Mind is the same throughout the universe.

Q.—Has the divine mind other and higher qualities than those which we attribute to it in connection with its automatic action on matter?

A.—We can not understand the higher principles of the divine mind while we are in this inferior condition; hence it is scarcely to be expected that we can unfold the higher attributes of the deific mind.

Q.—Since spirits have their own ideas the same as mortals, does not the introducing of their theories make it more difficult for us to arrive at absolute truth?

A.—Absolute truth is a thing scarcely attainable. The only truth that we possess is that we exist. That, to us, is an absolute undeniable truth. The next undeniable truth to us is that there are means for us to exist; all other truths therefore, are but relative. Hence the opinions and theories of spirits, instead of preventing us from arriving at absolute truth, act in a contrary direction. They give us a wider range of facts—give us a greater sphere for practical experience and observation, and thus enable us to approach nearer to the great source of absolute truth.—*Medium and Daybreak.*

MRS. COLT, of Hartford, who is noted for her munificent and constant charities, has determined to build a school for her work-people's children, to cost not less than $60,000.

AN ill-natured cotemporary says that Rhode Island goes for narrow gauge railroads because she wants both rails to be in her own territory.

KINGS, aristocrats, and tyrants are *slaves* who have revolted against the *sovereign* of the earth, *the human race*, and against the Legislator of the Universe—Nature.—*Robespierre.*

THE *Christian Register*, commenting on the frequent abuse of D.D. and LL.D., says it would direct Mr. Bergh's attention to the "cruelty of killing men by *degrees*."

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

(NUMBER XVI.)

Inter-electro Chemical Suspension and Supervision —Magnets, Magnetism, and Mediumship.

Having departed from the usual method of treating the imponderable forces with a view to practical importance, we with the same view pass the subject of heat for the present, in order that we may consider intact the electro-magnetic supervision and inductive forces operative in mediumship, called physical, to which we referred in our last article.

Let us examine into the constituent character of the somewhat remarkable hydro-carbons that in a great measure suspend sensation without detriment to the general health of the human organism, and we shall find some facts that will in themselves throw general light on the leading points we now propose considering. It is well known to chemists that the first chemical (the air being a mechanical mixture of oxygen with nitrogen) comp und of oxygen and nitrogen is the more curious com pound nitrous oxyd, generally called "laughing gas."

This compound comprising one proportion of nitrogen and one of oxygen, is only held together by the slightest affinitive degree, and on coming in contact with the lungs, is readily decomposed, giving off its positive electric excess from the nitrogen to the nervous apparatus, which is so suspensory and supervisive in its character as to produce the most marked and sometimes exhilarating effects upon both the human mind and system.

Ether consisting of four proportions of carbon, five of hydrogen, and one of oxygen, is for the same reasons similar in its effects; and chloroform consisting of carbon two, hydrogen and chlorine three, an anæsthetic which, together with ether, are so named from *anæsthesia* from producing temporary insensibility to pain, the peculiarities and importance of which are too well known to require further comment from us.

Our object in this allusion to nitrous oxyd, ether, and chloroform, which thus give off their suspensory electro positive force, is but to add deductive strength to what we propose saying of the electro-positive suspensory force of the relative nature of inter-electro chemical action, the released electricity of which, always establishing itself in the form of a circuit between the extremes producing, has the power to suspend the chemical affinity, which, in ordinary out-door nature, is equivalent to the suspension of feeling in in-door nature, as in the case with anæsthetics. This inter-electro chemical action or circuit, is what we see in the ordinary fire, which we call the supervisive magnetism resulting from electricity in motion. Since much of what we have to say depends upon a clear comprehension of the premises, we will recapitulate thus:

Lamp-oil or gas is composed of carbon and hydrogen, both of which are known to be largely electro positive, that is, to contain large excesses of electricity; yet, within the carbon, hydrogen, nor oxygen, as gases, are conductors of their inherent measures of electric force until heated to a temperature of a thousand degrees, when they become conductors and give up their respective electric measures. Oxygen of the atmosphere its one measure, hydrogen its forty, and car on its thirty-nine, all of which combine in the form of light and heat or flame, which we call the magnetism resulting from electricity in motion, which in being dissipated into its great parent form, the sensorium commune, comes in rapport with our senses, causing us to see, feel, and sometimes hear it.

Bearing in mind the facts we find the self-evident deduction, that even heat or this magnetism of electricity in motion, suspends all chemical affinities in this thermal (or heat) current, as does the dynamic or inter-electro chemic current, by which all things can be dissolved and held in chemical suspension by means of battery action, to which we have so often had occasion to refer, as we hope, with both present and future profit.

Occupying these premises we readily and confidently advance to the position brought to view, by all the combined force of unquestioned parity, that all surrounding law is a centralized unit, and all surroundings a centralized unity in diversity, and that the same forms of force we call life playing through the ponderable, plays through the imponderable realms, and the same current or magnetism of electricity in motion that manifests itself to us in its thermal form, or in its dynamic battery form, plays in the same manner between the electro-positive and electro-negative extremes of the physico-mental blending or mortal and immortal phases of being. To keep the entire premises in full view, let us now for a few moments turn to the interesting subject of magnets, magnetic suspension, and supervision.

There are three classes of magnets, the natural, artificial, and permanent. The natural are those ores of iron and nickle found in the earth, and especially in the neighborhood of volcanoes, that have an attraction for particles of iron. Artificial magnets are those bodies of iron that have been through battery-action, sending currents through insulated coils of wire round them, and thus rendering them magnetic by the supervisive magnetism of electricity in motion, which, however, cease to be magnets as soon as the battery current ceases to pass through the insulated coil—these are generally called electro magnets, and are of great service in the arts and sciences.

Permanent magnets are such pieces of highly carbonod iron, as owing to their peculiar allotropic chrystaline condition receive and retain in an allotropic form the original magnetic impress received forever, that is, as long as the body containing it remains uninfluenced by the depolarizing supervision of extreme thermal and dynamic currents.

Iron, nickle, and cobalt, are the only metals, except hammered brass, that are subject to magnetic influences, iron being the chief combining as it would seem, in its range of uses, the utilitarian measure of all metals, and in its permanent magnetic form a seemingly typical of immortality.

Speaking of inter-electro chemical suspension and supervision, we find that a mere electric current passing round a wooden ball without contact with a soft iron needle poised on a pivot inserted in the wood between the wire (insulated) causes the needle to settle at right angles with the current, which proves that it is the electric form of sunlight passing from East to West round the earth, that gives it its magnetic life within and its northern and southern polarity. Again, if we take a small rod of iron and let it drop through, or into the caliber of a helix round which a battery current is passing, the rod of iron though not in contact with the helix at any point is suspended in the air without touching anything; proving that attraction of gravitation itself, as a force, does not depend upon the matter, but the magnetism of matter. We revere the memory and important services of the truly earnest and observant Newton; but at the time he supposed and taught that attraction of gravitation depended upon the comparative amount of matter in bodies, the magnetic life of all condition and suspensory and supervisive power of magnetism in motion was not understood; and though he may have erred them, were he with us now armed with all our facts, he would doubtless be as far ahead of us now as then, because his large intuitions and love of truth, would not submit as modern science, so called, submits to the senseless tyranny of popular opinion.

Sir Isaac Newton doubtless thought from the fact of seven rays of light being given off by prismatic decomposition in the form of the solar spectrum, that they were all primitive rays, whereas, it has since been proved but the three—red, yellow, and blue, are primitive—all the rest being compounded of them—and so doubtless it is with us. As yet, the imponderable forces are but little understood, and will, when better comprehended, account as satisfactorily for spirit communion, as natural science now accounts for physiological action, the psychometric range of action, being but one step beyond more sublimated in the imponderable range of things.

It is a curious fact, that heat with all its depolarizing power adds no weight to bodies—light in its normal form adds no weight to things—electricity that travels in the lightning's flash, originates and suspends all chemical affinity, sustains thousands of pounds, and runs massive machinery, has no weight nor appreciable form,—even the magnet once charged with a given volume of magnetism, will give out its own full measure to millions of other magnets of its own size, and yet possess within itself all the magnetism it originally contained. We see these facts every day, and yet pretend that the workings of the infinitude of the spiritual beyond, which we have no means of conceiving, save through its manifestations of this kind in matter as we contend, is of more easy comprehension.

As the soul manifests through the bodily form, so does nature manifest through form, and for us to undertake to approach the spirit outside of form is like an effort to reach some great imaginary, unseen nothing in the dark—a phase of a mere shadow of self assume at most, that casts a deeper shade over mortality's own utter darkness within.

The God-endowed, soul-inspired materialist, asks the "Harmonial Philosopher," self-blinded by his own immaterial self-assume, What there is demonstratively solid and practical, in all his *divine afflatus* of ephemeral moth season and butterfly degree.

Let the earnest thinker in his search after truth, seek it in the deeper depths of nature's humbler guise, and he will be the better prepared to see the untold, and to him immeasurable grandeur, of her more harmonial or sublimated form. Could we but more familiarly comprehend the true nature and character of the inter-electro chemical currents, brought to bear as between certain phases of mediumship, we should very readily understand that an ignorance of nature's laws on our part, is not only a barrier to the chief enjoyment of communion with our spiritual friends, but must in the future, prove largely detrimental to ourselves. But to the inter-electro chemical supervision on which physical mediumship depends, in our next.

The Gift of Speaking in Unknown Tongues.

EDITOR OF RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL:

For about sixteen years I have possessed the gift called in apostolic days "speaking in divers kinds of tongues." This was the first manifestation of the power of spirits through my organism, and from the first has been a mechanical control of my vocal organs, my mind taking no cognizance of the sentiment contained in the, to me, "unknown tongue."

A few weeks ago I was at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Baker, at 162 44th street, New York, sitting in company with Colonel and Cora L. V. Tappan. Mrs. Baker, the wife of M. M. Pomeroy, editor of the *Democrat*, her sister, Mrs. Goodyear, and several others of the Caucassian race, together with an educated Indian squaw, to whom I was introduced as Miss Mary Powell. After engaging in a desultory conversation for a few minutes I was controlled by Henry C. Wright, and made a short address to the company. Then the influence changed, and my Indian guide caused me to go to Miss Powell and address her in his native tongue, which she understood perfectly and interpreted to the astonished listeners. The dialogue continued nearly an hour between the visible and invisible Indian, and when it ceased, I asked Miss Powell what language I had spoken. She said it was the Delaware language, a "tongue" to me entirely "*unknown*." I was perfectly conscious of what I was doing, but the utterances I gave were to me unmeaning. This was a very gratifying occasion to all who were present, and the fact stated is a positive proof of genuine spirit control.

I obtained a photograph of my Indian guide at Mumler's gallery, 170 W. Springfield street, Boston, which I carry with several others, to exhibit at my lectures.

Scores of times before, this Indian spirit has used my vocal organs to converse with the spirits controling other media, but this was the first occasion that I had had to *test* the genuineness of the language, and the knowledge of possessing such spiritual gifts gives me assurance to go forth proclaiming the identity of the gifts of to day with those exercised by the media of the first century of the Christian era. Though ordained by no priestly rites, I can present the credentials of apostleship required by the inspired founder of Christianity; and while I can "speak as the spirit giveth utterance," I have a higher authority to preach spiritual things than the man-ordained preachers of the theological schools; yet recognize the value of all the culture which the schools afford, as it polishes and ornaments the vehicle in which inspiration is conveyed to humanity.

DEAN CLARK.

Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 15th, 1873.

A CHICAGO clergyman having preached from the text "Where are the Nine?" the *Post* replies: "Most of them are with the Haymakers—and the rest have gone to grass."

Letter from J. M. Follett.

Not long since I read an article in the JOURNAL, entitled. "A Search for God's People." In the Chicago *Tribune* there is a book advertised, called "The Home of God's People." The writer of the book has, no doubt, been here, and if the writer of that Search will come, I will show him "God's People." This is a country place, but within five miles of me are no less than seven churches built by God's favorites. His people are a peculiar people. For instance, a deacon of one of the churches, who at the time he committed the act, was reading sermons in the church, committed forgery, and is now a "vagabond on the face of the earth." Two pious members who are hard on free thinkers are accused by members of their own churches of cheating them. Two church members who have eaten the body and drank the blood of the Lamb for several years, had a discussion on theological points, and one discussed the other down with a chair. Own brothers, but members of different churches. Two other church-members had a quarrel, and one after thinking it over, went back to settle the matter, and did so by getting into a fight.

No less than six church-members in this vicinity mix lager-beer and whisky with the "body and blood." They take one on week-days and the other on Sunday. There are three church-members here who if they had their just dues would be in the penitentiary. The church has "sacred theatrical performances," where men cut up monkey-shines that would disgrace a second-rate clown. They have their holy lotteries and pious tomfooleries. Their righteous ku-klux defame and slander every free thinker in the land. They refuse to recognize them by discussing with them, generally end by flying in a passion and calling hard names, such as "fool," "crazy," etc. They even start all kinds of vile stories, which they know are untrue about Spiritualists.

Oh, they ARE a peculiar people! The orthodox God ought to love them, for they are trying to imitate him. They are his children.

Now, Mr. Editor, I do not want you to think all our church members are bad men and women. There are many good ones, but they are good not because of, but in spite of, their creed. If they should imitate the God they worship, they would be bad indeed, but they do not and cannot without being born again five or six times. The Spiritualists and free thinkers have had five or six meetings here, and have been addressed by E. S. Roberts, Mr. Pervier, Wm. T. Allen, and C. H. Doty, and it has raised a muss. The clergy thundered and falsified, and we all turned out to hear the other side; but when they had shot their poisoned arrows into us from behind their sacred desk, they failed to come out from behind their cover to hear Mr. Doty's reply. I call that cowardly theological bushwhacking. They are now trying to get up a revival. There are a few who are born again every winter. They will be born again this winter, though one of the regular converts had to leave for appropriating other people's property to his own use. If you have any doubts about this being the place to find God's people, just come down here and I will convince you.

Atkinson, Ill.

Letter from C. H. Burrows.

BROTHER JONES:—Inclosed find a remittance for the JOURNAL. I take it six months at a time, and shall continue to do so as long as it is independent, out-spoken, and radical, but whenever it begins to truckle and kneel to popular superstition, and the cold forms and ceremonies of creeds, I have no further use for it.

That old wheel horse and sledge-hammer, E. V. Wilson, is a man of the right sort. He is worth a score of those little souls that are compelled to have two or three head-lights to go ahead and pilot them.

If Francis can't find God in all the debris of the burned district of Chicago, Wisconsin and Michigan, he had better relinquish his "Search," and hunt for something that is tangible, and consign the old gentleman to the world of imagination.

We had a display of his mercy here yesterday. The Baptists were holding a protracted meeting, and had not saved a soul, and on the last day of the old year of 1871, and on Sunday too, God took a fit, and burned their church up. Oh, what a God!

Atlanta, Ill., Jan. 2nd, 1873.

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List of Lecturers.

HEREAFTER we shall keep a standing register of such speakers as are furnished to us BY THE PARTIES INTERESTED, with a pledge on their part that they will keep us *posted* in regard to changes; and in addition to that, *expressly* indicate a willingness to aid in the circulation of the JOURNAL, both by *word and deed.*

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The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, being an especial friend to all true mediums, will hereafter publish a complete Directory, giving the place of residence of all professional mediums, so far as advised upon the subject. This will afford better facilities for investigators to learn of the location of mediums, and at the same time increase their patronage. Mediums will do well to advise us from time to time, that we may keep their place of residence correctly registered.

It is a lamentable fact that some mediums so far forget their self-respect as to speak evil of other mediums, not unfrequently even of those who are far their superiors. The names of such persons will be dropped from this Register so soon as we have evidence conclusive of their indulging in such unkindness.

It should be borne in mind that individuals visiting mediums carry conditions with them—so to speak—which aid or destroy the power of spirits to control the medium visited; hence it is that one medium gives satisfaction to certain persons, another better to others—all having their friends, and justly so, too, and all equally honest and useful in their place.

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Mrs. DeWolf, 165 W. Madison street.‡
Dr. T. Hubbard, Monroe street.*†
Mrs. M. Jenks, 176 W. Van Buren street.*†
Mrs. Louisa Lovering, 261 W. Randolph street.*‡
Drs. S.L. McFadden and wife, 186 W. Washington St.*‡
Minnie Myers, 169 Fourth Ave., up stairs.‡
Mrs. C. Moody.†‡
Mrs. Phebe C. Norwood, 63 N. Halsted St.* ‡
Mrs. A. H. Robinson, 148 Fourth Ave. *†‡
Mr. Rose, State street.¶
Mrs. S. T. Vilbur, 693 Indiana Ave.*
T. J. Wilbur, 460 W. Randolph street.*
Mrs. Mary E. Weeks, 1253, State St.,‡

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Miss A. M. Bulwer, 1233 S. 11th street.
Mrs. A. Reynolds Blankley, 1329 N. 8th street.
Peter Beltel, 229 N. 12th street.
H. P. Blaker, 513 S. 10th street.
Mrs. Sarah M. Buckwalter, 1027 Mt. Vernon street.
David S. Cadwallader, 1005 Race street.
Miss Emily Dick, 323 Race street.
Mrs. Glanding, 1712 Warnock street.
Miss Jessie N. Goodell, 1516 Chestnut street.
Mrs. Annie Goodfellow, 412 Enterprise street.
Mrs. Gheisinger, 1230 Catharine street.
DeWitt C. Hough, 813 Race street.
Mrs. Mary Lamb, rear of 1317 N. Front street.
Mrs. Miller, 1717 Erie street.
Mrs. M. McLaughlin, 1009 Federal street.
Miss Mitchell, 234 Spruce street.
Mrs. C. A. Marshall, Brown above 11th.
Mrs. Mock, 824 N. 10th street.
Mrs. Jennie Martin, 1315 N. 16th street.
Mrs. Murr, 1532 Cherry street.
Miss Anna Murr, 1532 Cherry street.
Mrs. Mary Millard, S. W. Cor. 7th and Catharine Sts.
Mrs. Mary Palmer, 1450 N. 11th street.
Jacob L. Paxon, 1027 Mt. Vernon street.
Mrs. Powell, 429 Spruce street.
Samuel Palst, Hanover below Girard street.
Mrs. Katie B. Robinson, 1123 Brandywine street.
Mrs. R. Stoddard, 813 Race street.

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Mrs. S. J. Stickney, 333 Tremont street.
Dr. Main, 226 Harrison Ave.
Mrs. A. C. Latham, 292 Washington street.
Freeman Hatch, 8 Seaver Place.
Mrs. L. W. Letch, 97 Salisbury street.
Mrs. Marshall, 39 Edinboro street.
W. H. Mumler, 170 W. Springfield street.
Mrs. A. S. Eldridge, 1 Oak street.
Mrs. M. M. Hardy, 145 W. Concord street.
Samuel Grover, 23 Dix Place.
Mrs. F. C. Dexter, 231 Tremont street.

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Jennie Danforth. 54 Lexington Ave.
R. W. Flint, 34 Clinton Place.§
Miss Blanch Foley, 634 Third Ave.
Charles Foster, 16 12th street.‡
Miss H. N. Read, 157 Sixth Ave.
Mrs. H. Seymour, 140 Bleeker street.
Dr. Slade, 210 West 42d street.†
Mrs. J. Cotton, 247 E. 31st street.
J. William Van Namee, 420 Fourth Ave.

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Mrs. A. Swift.

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W. W. Herring, 452 Market Square, Milwaukee, Wis.
Mrs. Carrie B. Wright, 440 East Water street.

Rockford, Ill.

Samuel Smith, box 1239.
Mrs. M. Colson

Richmond, Ind.

Francis S. Haswell, 26 N. Marion street
Dr. Samuel Maxwell. 72 S. Sixth street.

St. Charles, Ill.

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M. A. Amphlett, Dayton, Ohio.*
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Mrs. Mary E. Beach, San Jose Cal
Mrs. E. A. Blair, 24 Atlantic Block, Lawrence, Mass.¶
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THE HIEROPHANT;

OR

GLEANINGS FROM THE PAST.

Being an exposition of BIBLICAL ASTRONOMY and the symbolism and mysteries on which were founded all Ancient Religions and Secret Societies. Also an explanation of the DARK SAYINGS AND ALLEGORIES which abound in the Pagan, Jewish, and Christian Bibles; also the Real Sense of the Doctrines and Observations of the Modern Christian Churches.

By G. C. Stewart, Newark, New Jersey.

Price $1.00; postage 12 cents.

*** For sale wholesale and retail, by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 150 Fourth Ave., Chicago.

at ten cents each, to a hungry crowd? Will you, dear Dr. Ryder, tell us how it is to be accomplished? He alludes to the resurrection of Christ as follows:

Was he literally raised from the dead, and is he now alive and in glory everlasting? Those who answer these questions in the affirmative are theoretically Christians; those who answer them in the negative are manifestly not Christians, however sound may be their opinions on many other subjects and excellent the quality of their lives.

Such I believe to be a correct historical outline of the real issue before the Christian world in regard to the office and work of Christ. Need I ask you in view of these facts where you ought to stand—need I ask myself where I ought to stand? Professing to be Christians, there is no opportunity for choice—the choice is made in the very profession we make.

I know no Christianity of which Christ is not the central fact; and I would not remain in the fellowship of the Universalist denomination if I thought such fellowship compromised my position in this regard. I believe fully and entirely in Jesus of Nazareth as the Son of God.

Dr. Ryder fairly and squarely states his position. He is rapidly degenerating in a milk-and-water Orthodox sophist, and if St. Paul's Church retains him, it will finally become sufficiently Orthodox to submit to the ministrations of Father Moody.

Finally, the apostacy of Mr. Hepworth has been rewarded by the Congregational Association of New York, receiving him in full Fellowship, on the 18th ult. The Unitarian Society, to whom he ministered, have no doubt come to the conclusion ere this that all is not gold that glitters.

Notice.

Any one getting more copies of the JOURNAL than he or she has ordered may be sure that it is through a mistake, and any such person is respectfully requested to advise us of the fact, that the necessary correction may be speedily made.

Such mistakes usually happen by reason of the *carelessness of the subscriber*, in not mentioning, when remitting money, that it is for a renewal. *Nothing of that kind being mentioned*, it is presumed to be a new subscription, and entered accordingly as such. We sometimes get unkind letters in such cases, as much as to say, you are trying to get pay for two papers, when we ordered but one.

If such people would stop and reflect a moment, they would know we are not such consummate *niddies* as to expect any one to pay for duplicate copies of the JOURNAL, when but one copy was ordered.

We wish to be distinctly understood that we do naught but a *straightforward, honorable* business with our subscribers—such a business as we are willing the whole world should understand. Hence we do not like to have the faults of complainers charged upon us.

These remarks are intended *only for such* as seem to presume that we can keep in our mind the name of every subscriber, as well as the place of residence, and hence there is no necessity of their being particular to tell us the same when they write us, nor whether the money they remit, is for a renewal or a new subscription, and accuse us of mean intentions if a mistake is made. *Be it further known, that we cheerfully correct all mistakes to the entire satisfaction of subscribers, as soon as we are advised that they exist.* Again we say to all who have remitted money to this office and fail to get the paper, inform us of the same, and it shall be promptly attended to. If any one misses a number, advise us of that fact *immediately*, and duplicate copies shall be sent.

We always have enough to supply such deficiencies for a week or ten days—after that there is no certainty of our being able to do so. Hence we say, advise us of it in all such cases, promptly. Our new mail list will be completed soon. Then, if any one has not got proper credits, they shall have as soon as they advise us of that fact. However, we shall announce the fact, when we get the new mail list perfected, so as to be ready to receive notices of mistakes we may have made.

Many thanks to those who are moving so efficiently to circulate the JOURNAL, under the $1.50 a year proposition.

A Special Request.

Brother Joseph Baker, of Janesville, Wis., and Austin Kent, of Stockholm, New York, are veterans in the cause of Spiritualism. Both are now entirely helpless, and very poor. Neither has any relatives able to assist him.

Our special request is this, that each reader of this item, immediately and without one hour's delay, inclose in an envelope directed to each of the above-named worthy brothers, *ten cents*, and send the same off to them in the first mail. Each of them will report in this JOURNAL the amount they thus receive.

If in four weeks therefrom any one who shall make such a donation shall feel to regret having done so, by notifying us of the fact, he or she shall receive one full year's subscription of this paper free, as a compensation for the loss of the ten cents. This little *mite* will not be missed by the donors. In the *aggregate* it will make these suffering brothers comfortable for a whole year—aye, more, angels will smile upon and bless you for the deed.

Who *refuses* to comply with this our special request? "Echo only answers, who," we trust.

Dentistry.

Our friends in Chicago and adjacent country will do well to read Bro. Farnham's advertisement in another column. He has the reputation of being one of the very best, as well as the most reasonable in his charges, of any dentist in the city.

Now is the time for old subscribers to send *this paper* to friends, for $1.50 per year. Less than the cost of the paper on which it is printed

Items of Interest.

—Lora S. Craig is lecturing at Oneida, Knox Co., Ill.

—Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson is now lecturing at Carthage, Mo. She is doing a good work.

—In our next we shall publish an address from that indefatigable laborer in the cause of reform, D. W. Hull.

—Some one, feeling that actions are better than words, has said: "We read of the acts of the apostles, but never of their resolutions."

—Dr. C. A. Barnes, after a brief absence from the city has returned and opened an office. See his advertisement in the medium's column.

—A writer, describing the exodus from Eden, says: the Devil drove woman out of Paradise, but he could not drive Paradise out of woman."

—The Spiritualists of Carthage, Mo., hold regular meetings on Saturday nights. Judge J. E. Koontz, President. Miss Jennie Harrington, Secretary.

—R. S. Smith writes as follows from Wilmington, Delaware: "Our meetings at the hall have been closed for a month; but we open next Sunday with Fannie Allyn to lecture for us."

—Josh Billings says: "Man's moral and physical life iz made up ov bye-laws and constitushun, and if he will take good care of the bye-laws, the constitution will take care ov itself."

—ALLEGORIES OF LIFE. In our notice of this beautiful work several weeks since, we should have given the author as Mrs. S. S. Adams, whose name is already familiar to our readers as the author of "Branches of Palm," etc.

—Mark Twain recently said a good thing in regard to the Pilgrim Fathers. "The reverend old chaps," he said, "left their country and home for the sake of having freedom on a foreign shore, to enjoy their own religion, and at the same time to prevent other folks from enjoying theirs."

—The "Heathen Chinee" prides himself on paying all his debts at the beginning of each year, and places over his door an emblem that he is square with the world. This custom prevails throughout the empire, and must be complied with to secure a good financial standing.

—An Italian journal declares that the Pope is anxious to treat with Victor Immanuel's government, but that the Jesuits bitterly oppose any such movement. The same journal states that but for the vigilance of Cardinal Antonelli, one faction of the Jesuits would have poisoned the Holy Father a long time ago. They want a young, vigorous Pope who will declare a religious crusade and recapture Rome.

—K. Graves will spend the month of January in Iowa, then pass through Illinois by the way of Springfield, Decatur, and Urbana, and will reach Indiana sometime in February, where he will resume his labors as State missionary. And he earnestly requests that a Spiritualist in every locality in the State, where there is one, will write to him, and let him know the condition of things in that place, so far as our cause is concerned. Address him at Richmond, Ind,

—A cable despatch, a day or two since, was careful to make the startling announcement that His Holiness, the Pope, had a severe cold. We sympathize with him, and would recommend him to take a Turkish bath, rub him self down with a coarse towel, drink a pint of sage tea—if he holds that much—and then take several doses of Ayers' Cherry Pectoral. If he is n't dead when he takes the whole course designated, we will prescribe again.

—Horace Greeley, in his religious address at Akron, Ohio, spoke of the Almighty as the "Author of all things." The *Louisville Ledger* trusts that he did not design to involve his Maker in any responsibility for that book about farming.—*Investigator.*

We think it would be an excellent idea for Mr. Greeley to connect the "Author of all things" with his book about farming, for he is the almightiest farmer that ever lived, for he could make his stock to order, and was not compelled to send to England for thorough-bred durham bulls and Devonshire rams.

—A preacher who engages in frequent wild land speculations, has the following good story told of him: Preaching, not long since, on the line of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, along the Fountain, he opened services with a rather abstracted air, as follows: "My text, brethren, will be found in the first epistle to Timothy, section 15, township 9 south, range 65 west; price ten dollars per acre, payable in ten annual installments, with interest at five per cent. per month."

—*Zion's Herald* complains of the oversight in neglecting to include any Methodists in the American Committee for the Revision of the Scriptures, and mentions Dr. Daniel Steele, as eminently suitable and capable. And *we* complain because some prominent Spiritualist has not a seat with the Revising Committee. He would revise it by omitting all of that part commencing with Genesis and ending with Revelations and put in the place thereof Robert Dale Owen's "Debatable Land," and "Nature's Divine Revelation," by Andrew Jackson Davis.

—Col. R. spent the winter in Louisville, Ky. A friend of his went out to visit him. "Some Sunday," says the Colonel, "I want you to hearken to our church bells here. There's four o 'em. Each of 'em sounds out its own denominational call. There 's the Episcopal; that 's a heavy, deep-toned, sonorous bell. Now, you see, if that do n't ring out "Postolic Succession!—'Postolic Succession!—'Postolic Succession!' Then the old Presbyterian, that 's most as deep sounding, and that says: 'Eternal dam-na-tion!—Eternal dam-na-tion!—Eternal dam-na-tion!' The Baptist is quicker—a short, snappy bell—and that says rapidly, 'Come-up-and-be-dipped!—Come-up-and-be-dipped!—Come-up-and-be-dipped!' But the Methodist—that 's a crowner; it talks right out: 'Room-for-all!—Room-for-all!—Room-for-all!'"

—It is amusing, decidedly so, to see that extra distilled superfinely educated, and meek and lowly minister of the Gospel, Rev. Hugh Miller Thompson, desert his flock in this city because his salary was increased in New York City $5,000, making it now $10,000 per annum. His flock here are now without a shepherd, and the little praying lambs are about to go to destruction. Here is what a layman says as he lays it on to this distinguished divine: "Hugh Miller Thompson is entitled to the distinction of being the only man among the clergy of Chicago, who has, since the great fire left his charge." The Rev. Thompson is after the "root of all evil," and the society in New York that placed the temptation before him are particularly to blame. Why do n't the society here take matters calmly, and say, "What is our loss is your gain."

—The Mikado of Japan has ordered the closing of the Buddhist temples, and the priests, like the monks of England in the days of the Reformation, will have either to starve or earn an honest livelihood. In a land where superstition and feudalism have hitherto held sway over a semi-civilized race, this is a delicate and dangerous exercise of imperial power. The decree, it appears, has caused little excitement in the cities, but was regarded as intolerable in the rural districts. The disendowed priests will, no doubt, help to fan the flame of discontent, and may yet succeed in seriously endangering the throne of the Mikado. Institutions venerable from age cannot be overturned without a convulsion. This has been shown in the history of all great reforms, both civil and religious.

—An instance of the close connection between natural phenomena and superstitious observances is found in the ideas prevalent in Quebec just after the late slight shock of earthquake there. While the lower classes were still overwhelmed with terror, a certain woman made a public prophecy that there would be during the month, three days of darkness, during which holy candles alone would burn, and during which any one who went out of doors would die forthwith. The sales of holy candles to give light during the three days, and the sales of provisions to have stored ready for use, was immense; and now the faithful are anxiously awaiting the coming of this new phenomenon. Curiously enough, the prophetess says that this "darkness" is a sign of the triumph of the Church over the World, which event is to occur in Rome next May. The symbol is far from being complimentary to the Church.

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

The Social and Religious Conditions of the Lower Races of Man---An Address to the Workingmen of Liverpool---By Sir John Lubbock.

From this paper, reprinted in the report of the Smithsonian Institute for 1869, we extract some interesting facts. He says:

Even those who consider that man was civilized from the beginning, and look upon savages as the degengrate descendents of much superior parents, must still admit that our ancestors were once mere savages; but it no doubt appears far more important to those who think as I do, that the primitive condition of man was one of barbarism, and that the history of the human race has, on the whole, been one of progress. * * * * * *

The idea that a person imbibes the characteristics of an animal which he eats, is very widely distributed. The Malays, of Singapore, give a large price for the flesh of the tiger, not because they like it, but because they believe that the man who eats tiger will become as wise and powerful as that animal.

The men of certain islands refuse to eat the meat of the deer, but give it to women and children, saying they would become timid as deer.

The inhabitants of hot climates generally ornament themselves; those of colder countries, their clothes.

The custom of wearing fantastic and even disgusting ornaments, prevails to a great extent.

All savage races have laws. "To believe," says Sir George Grey, "that man in a savage state, is endowed with freedom, either of thought or action, is in the highest degree erroneous." They have laws peculiar to themselves, and often very absurd.

The position of women is very unfortunate. They are treated like slaves, or almost like domestic animals. Even in marriage there is, among the lowest races of men, little feeling of love. Many of the lower languages are sadly deficient in terms of affection. Many instances are recorded where marriage may be said to be unknown. Even however, under the system of communal marriage, a man who had captured a beautiful girl in some marauding expedition, would wish to keep her to himself. This explains the extraordinary subjection of woman in marriage.

Among the rudest races capture is far more than a form, and it is customary for men to steal women by force from other tribes. In Australia, the ardent lover steals on the dark object of his affections, knocks her down with his club, and drags her off in triumph, and if her relations are not able to rescue her, she is recognized as the legal wife of her captor.

In Bali, one of the islands between Java and New Guinea, it is stated to be the practice to steal young girls away by their lovers, who carry them off by force to the woods; when brought back from thence the poor female becomes the slave of her rough lover, by a certain compensation being paid to her relatives.

Speaking of the Khounds, a tribe in India, Major General Campbell mentions that on one occasion, hearing loud cries, he went to see what was the matter, and found a man carrying off a girl, while twenty or thirty friends protected him from the attacks of a number of women, who were endeavoring to rescue the bride. The struggle continued until the bridegroom reached his own house, and General Campbell was assured that among the Khounds marriages were always solemnized in this manner.

Among the Kalmucks, of Central Asia, the marriage ceremony is even more romantic. The girl is put on a horse, and rides off at full speed. When she has got start enough, the lover starts in pursuit; if he catches her she becomes his wife; but if he can not overtake her the match is broken off; and we are assured, which I can well believe, that not a Kalmuck girl was ever caught against her will.

Among the Anitas of the Philippine Islands, when a man wishes to marry a girl, her parents send her before sunrise into the woods. She has an hour's start, after which her lover goes to seek her. If he finds her, and brings her back before sunset, the marriage is acknowledged, if not, he must abandon all claim to her.

"The aborigines of the Amazon valley," says Wallace, "have no particular ceremony at their marriages, except that of always carrying away the girl by force, or making a show of doing so, even when she and her parents are quite willing."

M. Bardel mentions that among the Indians around Conception, in Chili, on the other side of the Andes, after a man has agreed on the price of a girl with her parents, the recognized mode of proceeding is that he surprises her, or is supposed to do so, and carries her off to the woods for a few days, after which the happy couple return home.

As regards Europe, we find just the same thing; the Romans had a similar custom, and traces of it occur in Greek history.

So deeply rooted is the feeling of a connection between force and marriage, that we find the former used as a form long after all necessity for it as a reality had ceased to exist, and it is very interesting to trace, as Mr. McLennan has done, the gradual stages through which a stern reality softens down into a mere symbol.

For, as communities become larger and more civilized, the actual captive becomes inconvenient, and, indeed impossible,—gradually, therefore, it sank more and more into a mere form.

Savage races consider the child related to the mother, and in slavery, the barbarism of this age and country, the child followed the condition of the mother.

Mr. Lubbock continues:

As man, like a pendulum, always passes from one extreme to another, when they recognized the relation on the parental side, they went into the other extreme, and neglected that of the mother.

It is a disgraceful fact that the laws of so-called civilized countries permit the father to dispose, by will, of his unborn child, whom he may never see, regardless of the feelings and rights of the mother, and while there is some truth in the following remark of this learned writer, we must blush for our sex that there still remains such unjust disparity between man and woman, even under the highest form of civilization.

He says:

The ideas of relationship, founded on marriage, have only gradually been acquired, and thus civilization has raised the position of woman, and making her a help-meet instead of a slave, has purified and softened the conditions of social life.

The religious condition of the lower races of mankind is one of the most difficult, although, at the same time, most interesting portions of my subject. It is most difficult, partly because it is far from easy to communicate with one of a different race on such an abstruse subject; partly because many are reluctant to discuss it; but mainly because even among those nominally professing the same religion there are always in reality great differences; individuals,—as I shall endeavor to show you is also the case with nations,—acquiring continually grander, and therefore more correct ideas, as they rise in the scale of civilization.

The ideas of religion among the lower races of men are intimately connected with, if, indeed, they have not originated from, the condition of man during sleep, and especially from dreams.

Sleep and death have always been regarded as nearly related to one another. Thus, in classical mythology, Somnus, the god of sleep, and Mors, the god of death, were both fabled to have been the children of Nox, the goddess of night.

So, also, the savage would naturally look on death as a kind of sleep, and would expect and hope to see his friend awake from the one as from the other.

But what happens to the spirit during sleep? The body lies lifeless, and the savage not unnaturally concludes that the spirit has left it. In this he is confirmed by the phenomena of dreams, which, consequently, to the savage, have a reality and importance which we can scarcely appreciate. During sleep the spirit appears to desert the body, and in our dreams we seem to visit other countries and distant regions, while the body remains, as it were, lifeless, the two phenomena were naturally placed side by side, and regarded as the complement one of the other. Hence the savage considers the events in his dreams as real as those which happen when he is awake, and hence, he naturally feels that he has a spirit which can quit the body—if not when it likes, at least under certain circumstances.

The Greenlanders believe in the reality of dreams and think that at night their spirit actually goes hunting, visiting, courting, and so on. It is, of course, obvious that the body takes no part in these nocturnal adventures, and hence it is natural to conclude that they have a spirit which can quit the body. When they dream of their departed friends and relatives, savages firmly believe they are visited by the spirits of the dead; hence, believe not indeed, in the immortality of the soul, but in the existence of a spirit which survives, or may survive, the body.

Among the Fejeeans, some, says Mr. Williams, speak of man as having two spirits. His shadow is called the dark spirit, which goes to Hades. The other is his likeness, reflected in water, or a looking glass, and is supposed to stay near the place where the man dies. Probably this doctrine of shadows has to do with the notion of inanimate objects having spirits.

I once placed a good looking native suddenly before a mirror. He stood delighted. "Now," said he softly, "I can see into the world of spirits."

But though spirits are naturally to be dreaded on various accounts, it by no means follows that they should be conceived as necessarily wiser or more powerful than man. Of this our spirit-rappers and table-turners afford us a familiar illustration.

Gradually, however, an increased acquaintance with the laws of nature enlarged the mind of man. He first supposed that the Deity fashioned the earth, raising it out of the water, and preparing it as a dwelling place for man, and subsequently realized the idea that land and water were alike erected by Divine power. After regarding spirits as altogether evil, he rose to a belief in good as well as in evil deities. From believing only in ghosts, he came gradually to the recognition of the soul; at length, uniting this belief with that in a beneficent and just being, he connected morality with religion, a step, the importance of which it is impossible to over-estimate.

Thus we see that as men rise in civilization, their religion rises with them; that far from being antagonistic to religion, without science, true religion is impossible.

The time, then, has surely come, when scientific men need no longer stand on the defensive, but may call on the state, and on the clergy, who exercise so great an influence—no longer to ignore, in our elementary and other schools the great discoveries of the last thousand years, but to assist us in making them more generally known to the people of this country, confident that a better acquaintance with the laws which regulate the beautiful world in which we live, would not only diminish the evils from which we suffer, and add greatly to the general happiness, but also tend to develop our moral nature—to elevate and purify the whole character of mankind.

Passed to Spirit Life.

From Ravenna, Ohio, January 2d, 1872, of consumption, Caroline, wife of Lansing Kellogg, aged 62 years.

Mrs. Kellogg was born in Hudson, Summit county, O., October 9th, 1809, and was the daughter of David and Sarah Bishop, who were among the first settlers of that township.

From Cincinnati, Ohio, January 5th, 1872, Henrietta Green, wife of J. B. Green.

The funeral discourse was delivered by Hudson Tuttle.

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S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 10, 1872. VOL. XI.—NO. 21.

The Rostrum.

WHO, WHERE, AND WHAT IS CHRIST?

A Discourse by D. W. Hull, under the control of John C. DeWolf, delivered at Leominster, Mass., Dec. 31st, 1871.

This is that bread which came down from heaven: not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead: he that eateth of this bread shall live for ever.—John vi, 58.

Important questions these, but the answer found in the words we have selected are still more important. Now, I am not one of those who rely with an implicit faith on every thing I read, or hear read in the book. On the contrary, I take nothing for granted because it is there told; but subject it to the same scrutiny I would any other book. I don't know as I would make the same application of the words of my text that are made by their author; but I find them, and as they answer our question, they answer my purpose as well. Well, then, in the first place, we want to inquire, What is Christ?

And here, in our answer to this question, the audience will excuse us if we take issue with the world's theology. My opinion is worth no more than theirs is, if it is not backed up by evidence.

If we were to ask this question under yonder steeple, to-day, we should receive for an answer, that Jesus was the Christ; and if we were to push our inquiries further, as to who Jesus was, we should be told that he was the "Saviour of the world," as if there was only one Saviour. Now, I hold that there are many Saviours, and that they are all Christs, in so far as they are actuated by that spirit, but no further. Hence, if Jesus was a Saviour, he was a Christ, but not exclusively so, and if, again, Abraham Lincoln and John Brown were Saviours of any part of the human race, they were also Christs. Now, don't be startled, dear friends, for I have not told you half you will yet be compelled to hear. You have only just entered *the threshold of life*, and before you have crossed it you will yet learn many things which you would have thought never could have been contained within the small dimensions of your craniums. When here, I vainly thought I had got it all when I had got my Bible, and that I had no more to do after I had mastered its precepts, but now, I find I was not yet in the A B C of life. I was relying, with implicit faith, on I knew not what. To-day, viewing the vast field before me, I see I have all to learn, and my weakness makes me dumb.

Christ is a developing principle. The very word means more than we have. Tracing it back to its roots, we find that Christ and chrysalis means about the same thing; you all know what a chrysalis is—it is the old larva shell that has been left after the butterfly has left it. If Jesus was a Christ, it was because he contained within himself the elements of a higher life after he had left this mortal form. The old chrysalis had been left, but the Christ had expanded his golden wings and ascended.

He was the Christ because he taught that this was not all there was of life. There is a glorious future coming to every soul, when, leaving their old chrysalis form, with buoyant wing, shall mount to the higher fields of glory to renew their action again in a higher part of life's grand drama. And then shall they strike their harps to the chorus of the grand anthem of the universe:—

> Now is Christ risen indeed
> And become the first fruits
> Of them that slept.
> Hear, oh ye nations
> And ye dead rejoice.

O, glorious will be that change when earth's coarse apparel is changed for the never-fading garments of immortality—made beautiful by the sunlight of eternal truth.

He was also the Christ, because he taught a higher law than any that was found in books. He taught that the saint's aspiration was its only true guide through the Egyptian darkness of dull mortality. Books were good as far as they went, but they did not meet the demands of the thirsty pilgrims of earth, and therefore should be laid by as incompetent for the great mark of the soul's regeneration.

"Ye must be born again." Never was a greater truth uttered. Even in this life we must be born many times over. My chrysalis faith must be left here and there on life's road, as I reach the absolute knowledge that supercedes faith. They are my crosses, which stand up as guide-boards, many marking my struggles. When poor Christian came to the cross, his burden fell from his back, but there stood the cross. He had left the chrysalis form with its burdens, and as he looked back on it, he only saw the cross which had been the means of breaking the shell of his old traditions, the burthen had disappeared. How many of us, like Bunyan's Christian, see the crosses on the hill before us, and the very effort of reaching it is the means of breaking the shell that incases us.

The shell of tradition is a chrysalis that holds the Christ in subjection, and I had like to have said, shuts him out of the soul, for that which refuses expansion is unchristlike, and is an obstacle in the way of the future development of the soul.

Christianity consists in "renewing the inner man", as Paul has it—in leaving the old chrysalis forms so fast as we shall have outgrown them. He who lives upon the flesh-pots of the of old tradition is not a Christian in the sublimest sense of the word. Neither does such an one worship God successfully. What! worship God when all that is godlike in thy nature, all that will make thee noble, true, and great, is proscribed? Is it godlike to become dwarfs? Then it is a mistake that we were not created brutes instead, or that we were cursed (shall I call it?) with the power of reason. Must we, like the Hindoo Buddhist, retrograde back into *nirvano*, (nothing) before we have approached God? If this specious reasoning is true, then all the conclusions I have drawn are true.

To be a Christian is to be like Christ, and we find in him the elements of his own elevation to higher life, not however till he has wrestled in the garden of Gethsemane, and carried on his own shoulders the cross of his own soul up the rugged mountain slope of Calvary. To-day, there are Christs such as these, everywhere,—in India, and Arabia, amongst the Fejees, and the Indians of North America, in the Church and out of it, and more out of it than in it. They have their own Gethsemanes and their beatitudes, their bitters and their sweets, their crosses and their crowns, their joys and their woes, their troubles and their pleasures, their heavens and their hells, within their own bosoms.

Go with me to yonder gutter, and there, wallowing in his own filth, uttering the base obscenities of his own heart, is a true Christ—but like a diamond amongst the rubbish, it needs to have the accumulations of filth washed off before any desire to recognize it. And while Christ there, his church are sitting upon cushioned seats, calling upon him for his visitations. Will he answer them. Ah, no! Already, I hear him now say, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me!" Done what? Friends, read the answer:

"I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; I was sick, and ye visited me not; I was in prison, and ye came not unto me."

O, ye who would see your Chirst, why do you not look where he may be found? He is not in your churches. Only look for him and ye shall find him. He is not very far off. He passes your doors every day, bearing his cross up the declivity of some rugged Calvary, and you are not aware of it; or, being aware of it, ye will neither help bear his cross or look for some Syrenian near by to help. Go out of your churches to your jails, your State prisons, your alms houses, your houses of ill fame, or where you will, only don't look there and you shall find him. You say you love Christ. Prove it by your words. Hunt him up, and bring him to your hearts and make him happy, and then we shall know you mean just what you say: otherwise we cannot believe you. "Inasmuch," says the record "as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Do you open the doors of your churches and "bid in the lame, the halt, the blind," the unclean, the sinner, the forsaken, as well as the righteous? Remember that "they that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick;" and if you are only doctoring those who are sound or who are righteous, you are missing the very work which ought to be done, and insulting all who are in need of your help.

Come with me to the garden of Gethsemane, and hear the pleading, plaintive voice of one who is there. Hard has been his lot, toiling up the hill of progress alone,—no kind hand sustains him in this sad hour; was ever such agony? Yes, a thousand times over. But as I near, I hear the plaintive murmuring of one agonizing in prayer. His bosom heaves, and no one appears to share his sorrows. Alone, alone, he hears his sadness; angels appear, but what comfort have they to offer. To-morrow, he must undergo a mock trial, and suffer the penalty of what they call law; while, had strict justice been dealt out to his judges, not one of them should have been left to pronounce sentence upon him. Fate has fixed it; he must die a sad and cruel death. Little did he know what severer cup awaited him, till a mob, calling themselves a police—men, whose business it is to see that others walk upright, whether they, themselves, do or not, came and took him away from the garden of his sorrow, to suffer still more, but oh! in that suffering he became an angel. Once more the chrysalis falls, and lo! standing before us, with plumed wings, is a beautiful angel, who rises above the air, and leaves us with earth and earthy things.

There are other Gethsemanes,—gardens of God, where the soul wrestles in prayer, struggling to free itself from the conditions imposed on it by the circumstances of its being, or the conditions of society. And there are other Pilates and Herods about, sitting on judgment seats, and passing sentence on them; and, in the judgment hall, are men who are ready to precipitate judgement by the constant cry of "Crucify him, crucify him! His blood be upon our head."

O, you know not the sufferings of the lone one; you see not the toils of the sad one; you have fixed certain dead lines in society, which must not be crossed on pain of banishment, and yet it is banishment to stay inside of them. For how can the poor soul live and be happy where it is? But if it goes out then becomes it a Mary Magdalene in the eyes of the public. O, society! O, ye churchmen! never did the ancient Hebrew crucify his christs on rougher wood than ye do to-day. Ye have turned the hell ye so much dread, loose upon society, and O, behold your work! The long skeletons of the dead appear in vast array before you as in judgment, and each tell you "I died prematurely, in answer to your dictates." "You said I must wear their shoes," says one, "and I obeyed and died;" "ye said I must be respectable in society, and I crucified the Christ within me because ye told me to," said another, and a third and fourth claims that each are victims, and that when they nailed their souls upon the cross, that they "crucified the Lord of Glory." All this is your work, and yet it is done as if in mockery in the very name of him you have injured.

Is Jesus the only Christ? So your divines would teach, but so we do not look at it. Says the Christ, "This is that bread that came down from heaven." Is Jesus the bread? No, no; how we torture and mangle the words. Not worse did the Samaritan fare who fell among thieves, than does the words of the Christ. Christ is the bread that came down from heaven. It comes to you to-day as it did then; O, why will ye eat of the old manna, which stinks and breeds worms, when you can have the fresh every day. I wish you to take notice to the wording of the text. There is more implied in it than we had thought for.

The Christ is compared to the manna of the wilderness, which the fathers had eaten. One pre-figures the other inasmuch one is for the support of material life, and the other for the spiritual. The manna fell every day, and the people were under obligations to gather it every day, as it would not keep till the next day. There were some who gathered up and preserved it for the next day, thinking, perhaps, that the next day would not be as provident as the last was, but we learn that the manna stunk, and was unfit for use. Here is a lesson we would do well to study. Many people in the Christian dispensation, objected to any new communications from the unseen world, to any new ideas, or, in short, to any other Christ than what had come, they still insisted on eating the old stinking manna of a past dispensation. Now, this manna was good at the time it fell, but even then, we learn that there were some who wanted to return to the flesh-pots of Egypt, and eat the leeks and onions, which, to their taste, was far better. No doubt they were very orthodox in their opinions, and thought Moses the most radical blasphemer they ever listened to. They were your conservative men, who were always cautious of doing a wrong, and refrained from doing even a good act that had never been cannonized as such by some sage or semi-deity in the past.

So now, we have men who cry lustily—not for the leeks and onions of Egypt, nor for the manna of the Hebrews, but for the Christ of the Jews, forgetting the promise, "For, I am always with you, even to the ends of the earth." These men want to save the old manna of the past, and they have saved it, and forced it on the people of this generation till it becomes a stink in their nostrils. We say again, we want no more of your Christs of the past, your fathers did eat of them and are dead, and so, too, shall we die if we are denied that living principle found in the Christs of the nineteenth century. "He that eateth of the bread shall live forever:" not the old manna, not the old Christ, for that has become a dry chrysalis, but of the living bread of the present. Christ is the bread of life, and not only that, but the water of life as well. "Whosoever shall drink of this water shall never thirst, but it shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Here is salvation's well, but how different from the way it has hitherto been represented to us. Not the old well, oh no, it is at present a well of life, it bubbles forth for you and me and all who will. It bids you back to no old musty records of how men once ought to do, but talks boldly of the duties of the present hour—tells you of the needs of the world and your own soul, and indexes a duty which you see reflected in your own heart. No musty books, no authority; but the strong angel comes while your John's are weeping, because none are able to open the book, and loosens the seals of the great book of the within, and there is revealed to your inner vision the Christs of to-day, doing their mighty work.

We learn from these reflections that the past has no Christs. It may have *had*, but it has not *now*. All the Christs of the past have left their chrysalis form and ascended higher. The church vainly holds up these old shells from which the spirit has escaped and asks us to venerate them. And so we may: we may venerate them for the life they once encased, and for the work done in holding a light to the world. They were the lanterns of the age, but they cast no light abroad and we cannot worship them now, for they can do us no good.

Man worships that which he is attracted to, and cannot worship that to which he is not attracted, from the plain reason that it has not a supply to his wants. A religion of the past is a chrysalis religion, and is unattractive to us, therefore, we cannot worship it. A religion of the present will supply present demands. As no empty shell will do this, we therefore, believe that the Christ of the past dispensation is not in any way calculated to meet our demands. No, no; we must have our Christ of the present dispensation or none at all, for it would be a gross insult to offer as a supply to the demands of our natures, that which was only the shell that once incased the object of our desires.

It is clear, then, that the Christ of the present dispensation will be adapted to the wants of the individual. Now here, we expect some caustic materialist more determined on finding faults, than getting at the truth, will commence his work of criticism. Go on, Mr. Critic, we will hear you.

> "Of all the causes which conspire to blind
> Man's erring judgment and misguide the mind,
> What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
> Is pride; the never failing vice of fools.
> Whatever nature has in worth denied,
> She gives in large recruits of needful pride!
> For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find,
> What wants in blood and spirits swelled with mind;
> Pride where wit fails, steps in to our defence
> And fills up all the mighty void of sense."

I not only believe that your Christs are in the gutter, but I also believe that they are longing for Christ. Now we are prepared to talk on the wants of the age. This exposure to criticism was suggested to me by my medium, who has been watched so closely himself, or I should not have thought of it, nor cared for it. I only ask that the good—the Christ, if you please, shall be taken out of my discourse. If my audience get that, I shall be satisfied. If the critic finds anything in the old husks to satisfy his swinish appetite, I would not for the world rob him of his luxury. Scavengers are necessary to carry off offal, and we will not rob them of that which is dearer than life to them.

In all the world there are certain wants manifest—certain aspirations—not material wants so much as spiritual wants. The process of development goes on, but now and then it is arrested. What is the matter? Ah! the chrysalis has not broken—the spirit is imprisoned. "The strong man armed keeps his house," and holds his captives until a stronger than he comes and breaks open the prison doors, and lets loose the fluttering captives. The Christ is the stronger man. He came "to preach deliverance to the captives, and let the oppressed go free," "to break every yoke." The very fact that we are struggling with fate for something in the unseen evidences that nature has in store for us greater liberties than any we have enjoyed.

The vast throes of old mother earth has given rise successively to higher types, till humanity has been reached. This principle thus eliminating man is "the Christ." Hence it is found not only in the Jesus of Nazareth, but in old mother earth, herself, and in all her children. It may not be visible to you to-day, but the germ is there, and will ripen, and spring up into life until each individual shall round out harmoniously developed organisms.

But now I come more directly to the wants of the age, and the adaptations to those wants.

1. All mankind want a Savior.
2. All mankind will be saved.
3. All mankind are tending toward the realization of those wants with the same precision that the loadstone is attracted to its magnet.

We are not of those who believe that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." On the contrary, we believe that every thing which was created was good and will perfect and fit itself for some important end.

Were you to destroy one link of the great chain by which humanity has been reached, you would unbridge a great chasm which never could be crossed, and you will have severed the connection between us and the integral parts of nature. We cannot be perfect without them, from the cause, that in us are their elements. Once destroy that link and you have not only destroyed the regular steps by which man is reached, but you have taken that very element out of his nature and left him like a musical instrument with one of the keys taken out. Nothing is so harmonious taken in its parts, as taken together. No note can be taken from a piece of music without creating discord. Deprive the atmosphere we breathe of one of its elements, and it will dissolve and fall to the earth, whilst all animal and vegetable life will perish back to earth also.

> "All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
> That changed through all, and yet in all the same,
> Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame;
> Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
> Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
> Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part
> As full, as perfect in a hair as heart,
> As full as perfect in vile man that mourns
> As the wrapt seraph that adores and burns,
> To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
> He fills, he bounds, connects and equals all."

All evil is partial good; that is to say, that there is some good purpose behind all our evil actions, and perhaps it is with reference to this that David says, "Shame shall cause the wrath of man to praise thee." It may not result in a good to the community at large. In our selfishness we think that he who robs the community of something for his own gratification is evil, whilst he will equally view us as evil for wanting to deprive him of his gratification to accommodate the wants of the public with which we have an interest.

But if all mankind are not sincere, we trust we have already shown that they have certain wants. A man is sick and wants health. He will regard the man who restores him to health as his saviour; and yet the physician is not a Christ inasmuch as he does not relieve his spiritual wants. But he who will come to him and relieve him of mental diseases is a savior in a double sense, for he not only saves the body, but he also reaches down into the soul—brings it up from that bondage which held it incased, tears away the walls of the prison that environed it and lets it go free." "The truth shall make you free," says the Galilean; and in so much as it does this work, it again is the Christ. But oh, how many to-day as of old, are afraid of their Christ. Truth to them is beautiful if it does not conflict with some ancient dogma. But oh, if it does, they fain would think it an error, no matter how god-like it may appear.

Mankind have come up from the various stages of the past ages to the present state of development, through severe trials. The present condition of mankind was not attained without a struggle. The poison flames for Socrates,—the prison-bars shut away from Galileo the light of heaven,—the inquisitorial fires burn their thousands,—the Pilgrims suffer a banishment in the wilds of America rather than face the opposition and oppression of their own country,—and Quakers hang, and witches drown, that the world may be saved from the ignorance that had preceded them.

All these efforts of our natures tell us too, there is something beyond if we would reach toward it. There is a work to do now, and there ever will be—a work in which we all may take a part. It opens its doors to you, my friend, and bids you take hold and help. Here is the Christ—the new-born babe in a manger.

Kings of the earth, bring forth your oblations, and pay him divine homage.

Seek him who is born king of the world. He shall rule the nations for all nations shall yet bow before him. He shall reign until all enemies are put under his feet. "Then shall be brought to pass the saying that death is swallowed up in victory." Then shall all know him; for every knee shall bend and every tongue shall confess his name to the glory of God the Father. Amen.

A Reverend Expectorator.

A racy piece of scandal, which attracted considerable attention last summer, has been renewed again in new form. It will be remembered that the Rev. Mr. Whittaker, Secretary to the Board of Trustees of the Lincoln Institute for the Education of Colored Children, in an altercation with Colonel Foster, another member of the board, and formerly Principal of the institution, spat in his face, as the two were seated during a meeting of the board at opposite sides of the table. Foster cautiously resented the insult, not like Luther, by hurling back an inkstand, but by merely wiping the spittle from his face. The action was considered as an insult, not only to its direct object, but to the entire board, and several gentlemen waited on the ecclesiastical spitter, to request an explanation, and to receive, if possible, an apology.

Mr. Whittaker replied that he had desired to insult Foster, and had made the matter a subject of prayer, in order to obtain some counsel as to how he might most completely execute his purpose. He arose from his knees determined to spit, and so he spat. Of course for spitting by divine counsel he could not apologize, and he therefore persistently refused to do so. The board at its next meeting very properly expelled him.

As his heavenly revelation did not contemplate expulsion, Whittaker refuses to be expelled. Yesterday he caused a *quo warranto* to be served on Mr. Seymour, Assistant Superintendent of Public Instruction, who has been appointed to his place in the board, to compel him to show by what authority he serves in the board. He has also caused a *mandamus* to be served on Governor Brown, who is the *ex-officio* President of the board, to require him to show cause why he shall not be permitted to resume the seat from which he was expelled. Until these shall have been answered in due form of law, Mr. Whittaker proposes to hold the official papers of the board which have come into his possession as Secretary. The case was entrusted by the board to legal counsel yesterday, and the reply will be made in due time.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

Lyman C. Howe in Chicago.

On Sunday, Jan. 28th, Bro. Howe closed his present engagement with the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago. Although the day was one of the most inclement of the season, the West Side Opera House was filled with interested listeners to this eloquent teacher. At the close of the morning lecture, Judge Holbrook offered the following resolution:

RESOLVED,—That we, the members of the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, and who have attended the lectures of our brother, Lyman C. Howe, during the present month, and many times heretofore, take pleasure in giving expression to the high esteem in which we hold him as a man—and as a speaker, strong and truthful in sentiment, clear and logical in expression, at once natural and phenomenal, and the peer of any in the field, and we commend him to the kind regards of all who seek for the truth as delivered by the saints who speak through him with understanding and power to edification.

This Society has a legal organization under the statutes of the State, and is now in a more prosperous condition than it has been for several years past. Miss Susie M. Johnson follows Mr. Howe, commencing the first Sunday in February.

Bro. Howe has been engaged to lecture for us during the Sundays of April, May, and June next.

Parties wishing to make engagements with him for week evenings in the vicinity of Chicago, will please address him in care of S. J. AVERY, M.D., Pres't. First S. S., 95, West Randolph-st., Chicago.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, the exponent of Spiritualism in the West, should be circulated in every family.

WOMAN'S rights have so far progressed in Spain that women are now permitted to take part in bull fights. Three bulls were lately slain by two valiant young women, or at least, were so advertised in the Spanish papers.

A CHINESE thus describes a trial in the English law courts:—"One man is quite silent, another talks all the time, and twelve wise men condemn the man who has not said a word.

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(NUMBER XVII.)

Light, Heat, and Electricity—Concluding Remarks on Mediumship under this Heading.

Let it be remembered that though material rings never become magnets, nor in anywise manifests magnetic phenomenon, yet electric currents are the phenomenal manifestation of the magnetism of motion, and have the power when directed in sufficient force, to that end, to decompose and hold all compounds in suspension.

Iron rods in vertical positions are frequently magnetized by terrestrial influences and sometimes by even the stroke of a hammer, in fact, many of the tools in the lock smith's shop, thus become magnets. If the reader will take the pains to study the nature and character of magnets and magnetism, as well as the laws governing them, it will be found there are many striking resemblances between them and some phases of mediumship, while there is also much of a resemblance of the inter-electro chemical suspension in the grosser measures of matter and finer measures of spirit.

It is certainly as feasible that we should, through such suspensory influences as we know to exist in a psychological way between individuals, pass the thoughts, impulses, and sensations of one through the other, as that we should under the supervision of an electric current, pass all through an alkali. If we use large plate surface in a battery action, we can pass currents through wires of various sizes, heating them to redness, to white heat and even fusibility or combustion, if we desire; and this same current in passing through any compound sufficiently large to conduct the electric volume of the current, may not be heated, yet decomposed and held in suspension free from all the chemical forces. And so in mediumship; we who have seen the manifestations and analyzed the mediumship, through which they come in extenso, have seen the spirit lights in all their unmistakable beauty and identity. The observations we desire to make in point, is that the dark atmosphere forms the solution through which the currents pass from the negative human to positive spirit plate, and there is something of an acid or decomposing tendency in mediumship, by which these inter-electro magnetic currents are originated and sustained. In the ordinary battery-action the zinc plate which undergoes rapid decomposition, while the copper remains unaffected, sends off the electricity given off in its decomposition to the copper plate, passes out thence through the plate and round the wire back to the zinc plate, and thence down in the solution but to repeat its continuous circuit again. Let not the reader mistake that, because the zinc is decomposed, that it is negative on the reverse possessing as it does an excess of electric measures over the copper plate it gives it off in the process of oxydization to meet the demands of its surroundings, that are less bountifully supplied; and so of the spirit, which is the oxydizable plate that sends its electro-magnetic currents of thought through the mediums in their trance state, and very often in an irregular, unreliable semi-trance state. Darkness, we mean utter darkness, that is absolutely passive or negative, may be considered as a solution containing the elaments of spiritual condition, which are transferred through the current going on between the medium and spirit, from the solution to the spirit center or essence, thus giving form to their bodies, and organs of sense, or if you please, materializing the spirit, precisely as we would through a galvanic current, collect particles of copper from a solution of sulphate of copper, and deposit it in a matrix, thus electrotyping or adding matter by this means to any given form, or as in the galvanizing process, collecting and depositing particles of gold, silver, copper, or any other metal on the surface of any conducting media.

It occurrs to the writer, after many years' critical observation and analysis of the facts in the premises, that the one is as natural and simple as the other, depending as they both do upon the same law precisely.

As to the ordinary trance condition it is but the spiritual form of electro-magnetic induction, very simple and easy of comprehension to one who will apply a correct knowledge of electro-magnets to the premises.

As to the ring test, there is no difficulty in suspending the cohesive attractions that holds particles together, nor is there any difficulty in suspending the cohesive attraction or affinity of anything the managers of these forces want to dissolve. Yet the writer is at a loss for any parity as yet, to account for the reason why, when once dissolved, they should re-form again, precisely as they were.

This peculiar fact connected with mediumship and manifestations, and some of the to us unaccountable points in the gyroscope and laws of chrystalization (presenting no parity as yet observed, by which we have had any impressions, or deductions, upon which to base any profitable suggestions), are left for the present, for a clearer and more pioneering mood of thought, to penetrate and consider. (The writer would remark parenthetically, he has understood some one of the many mediums in the field, has at some past period, lectured on the gyroscope; should this paragraph meet the eye of any one, who can forward the lecture, it will be most thankfully acknowledged and reviewed). Though not deficient in the popular suppositions on these points, yet our information avails us nothing, since this series of articles may in the main, be considered a new departure from the older, and more abstract incrustations of scientific assume.

We have no pride of opinion nor self-committal, no paying nor self-gratifying ambition, nor self-inflated reputation to maintain, nor indeed do we ask a partial hearing for any suggestion that does not commend itself to the good common-sense reasoning of honest liberality.

So far as the semblance, indeed, we may say identity of the laws of the ponderable ruling through the infinite range of imponderable condition or imponderable ruling through ponderable finite condition, there can be no reasonable question of direct relation. Hence it becomes necessary to observe in anticipation there is unfortunately a sort of second nature self-inflation now standing in the way of common sense. Now and then we have a *Roger Bacon*, a *Davy* and a *Hare* to relieve the *Big Bull Dog* "*I*" in chemistry on watch at the golden gates of Orthodoxy, who in aspiration are but almost insensate worms, vibrating in their "undulating" "wave" theory among the worms of fortunate position in nature's Augean stable of chemical estate. We of course mean no personal offense further than the necessary expression of professional opinion may give. We feel prepared to meet them on any point they may desire, and if our positions prove indefensible, publicly pocket the mortification of defeat. Yet the day is long past when their professional "put on" may attempt to frown us down, they had as well henceforth expect to frown down so many knots off of logs as to now try to frown us down. We are not as vulnerable now as in times of yore. The better class of investigators though silent are deep and fixed in their purpose, and as a general thing it is their natural admiration blow-hards, such as Tyndall, Huxley, Thompson, and others, who, like big ill-jointed wagons, make the more noise the less load they carry.

So they can make a few illy-analyzed experiments, and senseless displays of arranged points, to sustain their still more than senseless theories, by which to build for themselves great names among the ignorant mutual admiration masses—masses who fall in with their speculative theories, as natural as the following proportions of a jackass, fall in behind the leadership of his nose.

We suppose it is all right, or will be in time. Though we may feel a professional contempt for all the irresolute time-serving cowards high in the scientific ranks, as too base and little by nature to honor the display robes of their profession. It must be confessed with regret, the main fault lies with the people. Should a young doctor be called in to treat a child, in some great family, his honest compunctions of prudence that would leave nature in the main alone to overcome the disease, are counteracted by the over-anxiety of ignorant parentage, which he well knows would send him adrift with a loss of reputation, were he not to produce some effect with medicine, and thus impels him to immediate action, which to say the least, is but a compulsory lick in the dark, which oftener strikes and kills the patient than the disease. Modern popularity has not enough truth in it to sustain professional or official honesty. When we consider humanity's remarkable facilities for acquiring information on all subjects, and more particularly on the true nature and character of natural science, with the overtures of the all gone-before, who are ever ready to teach us; and yet when we pause to contemplate the general ignorance of those facts, and the ultimate truths that would tend to raise and ennoble humanity's modern aspirations, we can but feel a sense of shame for our species.

Preachers, whose bread depends more directly upon their profession, are not the only, nor indeed the worst stumbling-blocks in the pathway of progress. The self-wise, self-sufficient *elite* of near all professions, whose souls do not come forth further than goose pimples from the skin of the money-mongering form of the individual avarice and venality compounding the great body politic,—these are the main source of obstruction to be resolutely met and overcome. The money maker with more bum than brains, is the public or popular corner exponent of the infeasible mysteries of the mare's nest, and finds no trouble in attracting a coterie of mutual admiration fools as stupid and self-sufficient as himself, who thus imbibe and disburse, in turn as the nature of time and occasion offers. Notwithstanding all these obstructions, the gray streaks of morning have already appeared, that are soon to usher in spiritual day. We well remember when steam as a practical motive force was superciliously ignored—when telegraphing was hooted at as the wildest of fancies on the wing—and when the idea of making a portrait painter of the sun was poh-poohed out of countenance. Yet all this ignoring, poh-poohing, and hooting made no difference; the laws, the truth, and their *rationale* were the same, and these achievements live to-day, while all opposition has long since been buried out of sight, in silent shame and disgrace; and the day will soon be at hand, when we shall so understand, demonstrate, and practically use, the intelligence of other spheres, as to dispel, root out, and bury in equal shame and disgrace, all opposition. The new spheres of dawning truth are now ready to illumine a higher, more self ennobled and receptive realm of mankind.

The tree is truly known by its fruits, none compare in richness, beauty, and perfection, with ours. We have but to learn and practice meekness and humility with perseverence and the greatest of prizes is ours—all to the contrary notwithstanding.

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It is a lamentable fact that some mediums so far forget their self-respect as to speak evil of other mediums, not unfrequently even of those who are far their superiors. The names of such persons will be dropped from this Register so soon as we have evidence conclusive of their indulging in such unkindness.

It should be borne in mind that individuals visiting mediums carry conditions with them—so to speak—which aid or destroy the power of spirits to control the medium visited; hence it is that one medium gives satisfaction to certain persons, another better to others—all having their friends, and justly so, too, and all equally honest and useful in their place.

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David S. Cadwallader, 1005 Race street.
Miss Emily Dick, 323 Race street.
Mrs. Glanding, 1712 Warnock street.
Miss Jessie N. Goodell, 1516 Chestnut street.
Mrs. Annie Goodfellow, 412 Enterprise street.
Mrs. Ginsinger, 1230 Catharine street.
DeWitt C. Hough, 813 Race street.
Mrs. Mary Lamb, rear of 1317 N. Front street.
Mrs. Miller, 1717 Erie street.
Mrs. M. McLaughlin, 1009 Federal street.
Miss Mitchell, 234 Spruce street.
Mrs. C. A. Marshall, Brown above 11th.
Mrs. Mock, 612 N. 10th street.
Mrs. Jennie Martin, 1315 N. 16th street.
Mrs. Murr, 1532 Cherry street.
Miss Anna Murr, 1532 Cherry street.
Mrs. Mary Millard. S. W. Cor. 7th and Catharine Sts.
Mrs. Mary Palmer, 1456 N. 11th street.
Jacob L. Paxon, 1027 Mt. Vernon street.
Mrs. Powell, 429 Spruce street.
Samuel Paist, Hanover below Girard street.
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Mrs. M. M. Hardy, 125 W. Concord street.
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Mrs. F. C. Dexter, 231 Tremont street.

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Jennie Danforth, 54 Lexington Ave.
R. W. Flint, 34 Clinton Place, §
Miss Blanch Foley, 634 Third Ave.
Charles Foster, 16 12th street. ‡
Miss H. N. Read, 157 Sixth Ave.
Mrs. H. Seymour, 140 Blecker street.
Dr. Slade, 210 West 43d street. ‡
Mrs. J. Cotton, 247 E. 31st street.
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Items of Interest.

—"Safena; or, the Mental Constitution." Read it!

—Miss Susie Johnson is lecturing in this city to large and enthusiastic audiences.

—Dr. R. Roberts, is meeting with good success in treating the sick in Arkansas.

—"The Bible in the Balance" is again on our shelves, and all standing orders filled.

—D. C. Mills will answer calls to lecture in the South. Address, Eastman, Dodge Co., Ga.

—Thanks to Brother Snively and others for sending us interesting items from various papers.

—"Ghostographs" is the name given in California to the mysterious portraits found on window-panes.

—"The Great Fires in Chicago and the West," illustrated with map and scenes. See advertisement.

—We shall publish in our next an able article on Spirit Communion and Laws of Mind, by Dr. J. K. Bailey.

—A. B. Severance, M.D., of Milwaukee, continues to improve in his mediumistic powers. See his advertisement.

—Dr. Underhill has been lecturing on Temperance and Spiritualism at Banard's Bay. He soon expects to go to Athens, N. Y.

—Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith will lecture in Springfield, Mass., in March. Lizzie Doten in April. Emma Hardinge in May.

—Mrs. J. M. Carpenter, formerly Julia M. Friend, medical clairvoyant, may be found at 1367 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

—A clergyman named Fiddle refused to accept the title of D.D., because, as he said, he did n't want to be called the Rev. Fiddle, D.D.

—Five houses that were not burned in this city belonged to an infidel. Seventy churches were burned. Which buildings did God like the best.

—Thank you, Brother Wm. A. Fox, for furnishing the account of the haunted house in Sioux City, Iowa. Will publish in our next. Keep us posted.

—We shall publish an able article in our next from the pen of Hudson Tuttle, entitled, The American Association of Spiritualists—the New Disgrace.

—Miss R. Augusta Whiting (sister of A. B. Whiting), we are pleased to learn, has consented to enter the lecturing field. Address her at Albion, Mich.

—"The Debatable Land between This World and the Next" and "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World" are both meeting with large sales.

—Trees are religious once a year; then they profess *Buddhism*. Will not some of our Orthodox friends send missionaries among them, and prevent such idolatry.

—Brother Jas. C. Marshall, of LaCygne, Kansas, claims that where he resides holding seances as a medium does not disqualify a man for being a Methodist class leader.

—A Quarterly Convention of the Merrimac and Sullivan Co. Association of Progressive Spiritualists was held at the Town Hall in Bradford, N. H., Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Feb. 2d, 3d, and 4th.

—Mrs. Tappan, on account of severe indisposition, has been compelled to give up lecturing for this winter, and by the advice of her medical attendant she will, as soon as able to travel, take steamer for Florida.

—Rev. John Selby Watson, a clergyman of the Church of England, has been convicted of the murder of his wife. He undoubtedly was actuated to do the deed by the cloven-footed Orthodox Devil. We pity him.

—A Hindoo lady, whose name is briefly summed up in the words Sowphagiavathy See Rumgamba Caru, has been lecturing in Madras, India, on "Omnipotence, Omnipresence, Omniscience, and Female Education."

—A writer who avows himself a Presbyterian, characterizes the Baptists as hydraulic Presbyterians. He says the two denominations are so alike in doctrine, as to be identical, up to the banks of Jordan. They draw a line at the water's age.

—The convicts of the Massachusetts penitentiary sent $600 to the general relief fund for Chicago sufferers, a remarkable instance of charity. They, no doubt, considered that in so doing they made a deposit in the Bank of heaven, for holy writ says that he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.

—It is now ascertained that *fifty-six* insurance companies have been used up by the Chicago fire. No doubt many of these were swindling concerns, even before the great conflagration here, but were unable to conceal their operations longer. They claimed that they did n't insure against the visitation of an angry God.

—A case was being tried before a Presbytery not long ago, when the counsel for the defendent urged the plea of "moral insanity." A venerable Presbyter said: "Mr. Moderator, this disease of moral insanity seems to me to be identical with what the older theologians, in their unscientific way, call *total depravity*."

—Rev. A. Dugan, a Methodist preacher of Reeder's Hill, Harrison Co., Iowa, absconded the other day, in a beastly state of drunkenness, having succeeded in breaking up several families during his stay in that place.—*Investigator.*

This minister had "converted" several. We wonder if he converted them to be like himself. Watch the papers.

—A parsimonious sea captain answering the complaints of his men that bread was bad, exclaimed, "What! complain of your bread that is made from flour? What do you think of the apostles? They ate *shew bread*, made from old boots and shoes." The captain was as sensible in his interpretation as Dr. Adam Clarke; besides equally as sincere.

—The Greek Church has rules for architecture as well as ritual. Its church edifices must always be built in the form of a cross or a ship, and extend from east to west, with the altar situated in the eastern extremity. The God of this church will not venture into the magnificent "meeting houses" of this city. The altars are not in the right place.

—Rev. Hiram Gates, a graduate of the Hartford, Conn., theological seminary, has accepted the position of missionary at large of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The appointment is not made by the directors of the company however. We presume he intends to convert the Comanche Indians to Christianity. They make splendid Christians.

—S. H. Chamberlain, writing from Brookfield, Mo., says: The dry bones of old theology have been severely shaken in our town during the last week. Mr. Dinkelspiel, of Louisville, Ky. (a trance speaker), delivered us two lectures which have aroused a spirit of inquiry that will cause the orthodox much trouble to put down. The Universalist church in which the lectures were delivered was crowded to overflowing.

—"God made him, therefore let him pass for a man," is the way the Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitutionalist* heads an article in regard to a fellow who passed a counterfeit bill on a child in that city. Certainly he "made" him, if he made all things. The man is not to blame; but the great big God who fashioned him thusly should be punished, if any one.

—The New York *Independent* publishes a tabular report of its receipts for the last ten years, which shows that a little religion in a pays, if a good deal does n't. In 1862 its cash receipts were $109,431, and in 1871, the sum total was $339,506. On the first day of 1872 the receipts, up to 3 P.M., were $8,345. To get "just enough" religion in a religious paper to make it pay best requires very shrewd calculation; but the *Independent* pretty nearly hits the mark.—*Dubuque Times.*

—The scripture says, "The glory of a woman is in her hair," but it nowhere says that the glory of any woman is in any other woman's hair. But if a woman have no hair she is minus "glory," for the Bible fails to locate it anywhere else. We hope when the Bible is revised again, that the glory of woman will be located in something that will not pull out. We are in favor of having it located in her foot.

—A letter from Constantinople says the girdle of the Holy Virgin was, by order of the Patriarch, pitched from Mount Athos, as a charm to allay the ravages of the cholera. The ceremonies of the occasion attracted an immense throng of people. This religious exercise is as reasonable as the application of the blood of Christ to the sin-deformities of the world, making them "moral beauties," an ornament to the possessor.

—D. W. Hull has a discussion with Elder W. R. Jewel, at Crawfordsville, Ind., commencing March 11th; speaks at St. Joseph, Mo., the latter part of same month, and at Kansas City, Mo., during April. He will lecture anywhere in the west or south during the summer months.

—In two counties in Pennsylvania there are no churches of any kind. So says the *National Baptist*. A good home mission field, we should say.—*Ex.*

Send a missionary there, and the Devil would at once be resurrected. Let those counties alone; they are becoming Spiritual.

—To say that politics is a foul pool, in which the appearance of holy men and ministers is not seemly, is to concede that it is time that Christians arose in their might and ousted so vile a crew, that the land might be blessed with better rulers.—*Chicago Christian Advocate.*

Judging from the difficulty the Methodists have with their own foul crew, we think they can find enough to do at home. Is their new York Book Concern fully purified yet?

—"Leaves have their time to fall, and so have I;
The cause is the same—'t is of getting dry;
But there 's a diff'rence 'twixt the leaves and me,
I fall more harder and more frequentlee."—*Soaker's Soliloquy.*

"Oh, I am lost! Gone up the spout!
My morals have badly got the gout;
But for me Jesus he did die,
And I have got seven wives—how is that for high?"—*Repentant Minister's Soliloquy.*

—A western farmer, after reading Horace Creeley's lecture at Akron, Ohio, on God, sent him the following verse of poetry, desiring to know of him, as an expert in agriculture, whether the hammer alluded to therein could be applied to breaking rock in his quarry;

"Come, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of Thy word,
And break these hearts of stone."

—Let the blessed light of Jesus's countenance shine in. It will turn tears into rainbows.—*Independent.*

If his countenance would be a little more practical, and less ornamental, and turn chips into bread, stones into corn-dodgers, and some of the Chicago mud into slap-jacks—all for the poor, he would become useful as well as ornamental. Give us less rainbows and more of the comforts of life, O Jesus, for the poor unfortunate ones of earth, and you will be looked upon as really divine.

—How peacefully and gently God deals with those who put their trust in him.—*Pious Exchange.*

Yes: we knew some thirty thousand unfortunate men, women, and children who put their *trust* in him previous to the fire, supposing that he, being all-powerful, would not allow them to be burned out of house and home. The God that the Orthodox are worshiping will not do to be trusted. Open a cash account with him by all means.

—Dr. J. K. Bailey gave us a fraternal call last week. He was to start on Monday, 5th inst., on an itinerating lecture tour through Michigan, taking the Peninsula Railroad from South Bend, Ind., as far as Charlotte, Mich.; thence the Grand River Valley R.R. to Grand Rapids, and perhaps north to Big Rapids, Mich., and further varying route as circumstances shall indicate as wise or necessary. Give him plenty of work and living compensation, friends. Address box 394, La Porte, Ind.

—One of our contemporaries tells of a "praying band" which is in training preparatory to its work of getting up revivals. If blasphemy and sacrilege are not words without meaning, these men are in a fair way to incur their guilt.—*Investigator.*

We desire to engage this "praying band" to visit Chicago. The small-pox is now badly afflicting our people, and if this band will venture where the disease is, relying on the God they worship to protect them, and through the instrumentality of prayer prevent its spread, their efforts will be turned to practical account.

—Brother D. P. Kayner met with a severe accident on his last lecturing tour. The train ran off the track between Watseka and Gilman, injuring the Doctor very badly in various parts of the body. The train from Gilman to Chicago was also thrown off the track, by a defective rail, and the doctor was again badly jarred. We hope he may soon recover from his injuries, and be able to take the field again to do battle for the truths of the Harmonial Philosophy. He was greeted with large and enthusiastic audiences at the various places he visited.

—A few days since, Wang Hang, a leading young Chinaman, of San Francisco, was buried with all the ceremonies of the Buddhist faith. One hundred carriages were in line, twenty professional mourners present, and five wagon-loads of provisions and flowers were left at the grave. The professional mourners were intensely grief-stricken. When they had finished *mourning*, their eyes looked like peeled onions, their voice sounded like a bass drum, while the acidity of their tears had made two red ridges on each face. We presume that Wang Hang's ashes now rest in peace.

—Elder Weaver, a man who has preached the gospel for forty-five years, who is now settled over the Baptist Church in Voluntown, Connecticut, stated in an address to the Sunday school in the Congregational Church in Jewett City, that he had heard a man say that he had read the Bible through in sixty hours. Determined to ascertain whether the individual told the truth or a lie, he set about it himself, and read the whole of it aloud to his wife in fifty-nine hours and something over thirty minutes. Weston is the champion walkist, and Elder Weaver the champion readist.

—A good story is told of an Elmira, N. Y., merchant, which is mentioned for the benefit of the clergy in other sections. One of the ministers of that place was having a donation party the other evening, when Mr. ——, ambitious to appear liberal, marked a $4.00 castor up to $12 and took it in as his donation, getting much credit for his liberality. The next day the minister called at his store with the $12 castor, stating that he could not afford so expensive an article, and would be pleased to exchange it for its marked value in other needed goods; and the minister was soon wending his way homeward, loaded down with a dozen dollars worth of select groceries.

—Mrs. Emma Hardinge, speaking against the policy of Mrs. Woodhull, makes the following suggestion in the *Banner of Light*, in reference to a convention of Spiritualists: "Let there be a call issued for a *real* and *universal* convention of those who believe in Spiritualism. Let us have no close communion, no knots of persons gathered together in one city; or one clique, or one society; but let a general and free invitation be extended to *all;* the workers, if you please, as well as the theorists, the mediums, I beg to suggest, not being always left out in the cold, and none who are inimical to other some being rejected because that other some cannot hold fellowship with them."

—Liberal movements are being inaugurated all over the world. Encouraged by the success of the Old Catholic movement in Germany, and emboldened by the political state of Spain, a reformed Catholic party has been organized in Madrid, with a central Committee, consisting of a president, a secretary, and five priests. They claim: purity of doctrine, according to the New Testament, to the exclusion of all decrees of councils, papal bulls, decrees, with encyclicals,; the separation and independence of church and state; election to all ecclesiastical offices by universal suffrage; abolition of the use of the Latin tongue in all the services of the church, abolition of the forced celibacy of the clergy, the abolition of all payments for the sacraments and services of the church; the self-government of the church by periodical assemblies.

—Wm. Stackhouse writes: "Miss Helen Grover, of Bloomington, Illinois, and formerly of Boston, Mass., inspirational speaker, commenced a course of lectures, Jan. 6th, 1872, on the Spiritual Philosophy, in G. Hitchcock's Hall, at Princeville, Peoria Co., Ill., as was previously announced in the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Mr. Hitchcock is not a Spiritualist himself, but is investigating. He is an open-hearted, out-spoken, liberal-minded man, and a gentleman in every sense of the word. His hall is open and free to all speakers. He is sexton and undertaker in that town and vicinity, and his services are eagerly sought by all classes of the people. I only had the pleasure of hearing her lecture twice. Her remarks were highly interesting and appreciated by the people. Miss Grover is an able and eloquent exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy. She is also a developing medium, and the people wherever she may go will do well to secure her services. She is accompanied by Miss T. T. Crosby, of Boston, a clairvoyant and test medium. She sees spirits and describes them to their friends. She is controlled by a little Indian spirit, and keeps up a lively prattle of wit and humor, highly interesting and commendable. She keeps her audience in high glee all the time. She says she remembers all she hears, both in the mundane and spiritual spheres, and she delights to tell it to her people."

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

Labor and Capital.

LECTURE BY MRS. VICTORIA C. WOODHULL AT SPRING GARDEN HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

A large audience assembled at the hall, Broad and Spring Garden streets, for the purpose of hearing Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull deliver her lecture on the great social problem of "Labor and Capital." At 8 o'clock Dr Henry T. Child introduced Mrs. Woodhull, as follows:

It is a fact established by history, sacred and profane, that the presensation of any truth, especially if it be of a radical character, startles mankind and awakens opposition, more or less bitter and unrelenting, according to the plane on which they live.

The martyrdom of the different ages is an index of the conditions of the people. It is to be hoped that the world has passed the period when physical torture shall be meted out to those who are the pioneers and mouthpiece for the presentation of truth and light to it; and may we not hope that the enlightenment of the age will ere long soften, if not banish, the harsh and cruel slanders which are now so freely heaped upon those who are the instruments for the utterance of radical truths.

Another significant fact, presented alike by history and our present experiences, is that whenever a new truth, however radical it may be, is given to the world, the very shock which it produces gives a place for some grand truth which has been rejected. Thus the world accepts all except the last grand utterance. The lesson which this brings can not be lost upon thoughtful minds.

It is my pleasant duty this evening to introduce to this audience one who, having given to the world some of the most ultra and radical, and, consequently, agitating sentiments, that it has ever received, has had a double portion of fierce denunciation and slander from many; while, on the other hand, she has the warmest, most hearty sympathy and appreciation of some of the purest minds and best thinkers of the age. I now have the pleasure of presenting to you Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, the lecturer of the evening.

Mrs. Woodhull spoke, substantially, as follows:

Three great questions, each based in human equality, the immediate future must solve, namely, political rights, social order and moral responsibility. The first unattained, the second is impossible, and the third preposterous. The first attained, the second will be organized, and the third naturally follow. Every human being is entitled to certain inalienable rights, of which no constitution or law can dispossess him; but every human being is also subject to certain duties flowing from the possession of such rights, which he should no more evade than he should be deprived of their possession.

Therefore it is that we find humanity a body of independent persons, every individual of whom sustains dependent relations to the aggregate, and is entitled to certain protection from the aggregate, against infringement by others. The interest and rights of each individual are, therefore, merged in a community of interests and rights, and the legitimate functions of government are to maintain and protect, so that by no possibility may the community of interest be made subservient to individual interest, or to special interest of any number of individuals less than the whole.

From this position, which principle and reason sustain, it follows that my first postulate is true; that social order can not exist unless political right is equally possessed by all among whom it is sought to be maintained; for if a government is organized to maintain it in which but a portion of the community participate—or worse still, in which a portion are denied participation—there is a departure from the principle of equality of right among the members of the community, which must ever prove fatal to humanity.

So long as inequalities exist among the members of a community, first made possible and afterward maintained by law, so long will there be inharmonies in the community. This is a self-evident proposition. And so long as there are inharmonies in the community, there can be no equality of moral responsibility, because the inharmony arising from unequal distribution and exercise of rights to which all are equally entitled, places those who are below equality at the mercy of those who have usurped this quantity, and who are thus above equality. In such a condition, equal responsibility is not justice, and hence our second postulate is maintained.

As there are three great questions pending for settlement, so, too, do these questions find their legitimate basis in three great principles, which should guide every action of individuals and communities, and by which all results should be tried; and these are, freedom, equality, and justice. With the first, the second should be maintained by the ruling of the third, which would be perfect government, since the purposes for which government is organized would be secured to every individual.

Having thus laid down her ground-plan, Mrs. Woodhull proceeded to show that, regarded from her stand-point, the existing state of government in this country was anything but that which she had described.

She spoke at considerable length upon the inequalities of condition found in our land, the rich and poor, saying that such a state of things was opposed to the true principles of democratic government. She assailed "corporate monopolies" as being likewise opposed to these principles, as was, too, the unequal division of land, in which she maintained, all should have a common right. She denounced also the governmental system of protection, and the means employed for collecting the revenue of the country. Having thus passed in review the land protection, and revenue systems of the country, she proceeded to the discussion of the remedies of what she considered to be the present evils under which the country labored.

On this head she said:

I tell you that the first principles of life have been utterly lost sight of, and that we are floundering about in the great ocean of material infidelity. If we would attain to better things, we must stop short in our present course, and come back to the point of departure, to wit, to the fact that we are a company of brothers and sisters, owning one Father, the supreme ruler of all, and build from that greatest of all human facts.

A party which would become successful and remain in power, must plant itself in this fact, and never lose sight of it in its legislation. It must at all times be firm in the advocacy of all growth and reform which come from the action of fundamental principles. All sectarianism, all favoritism, all specialism must be swallowed in the greater interest of the whole. Whatever would detract from the good of the whole, no matter how much individual or local benefit it promises, must be discountenanced.

Such a party, she prophesied, if not organized, conditions would develop, which would make it a necessity without organization.

In conclusion she said:

Let every person who would be counted among the consistent, plant himself upon the principle of human equality, and, while demanding for himself all human rights, conceding to all others equal human rights. If but a nucleus of such persons is formed at first, their influence will be contagious and will rapidly spread, until the time comes when this people will have become repossessed of the rights of which they have permitted themselves to be unwarrantably robbed. Then may the ultimate of a republican form of government be attained, and its happy citizens labor together in harmony for the common advancement of humanity.

Passed to Spirit Life.

Passed to the realms of the higher life, Jan. 11th, 1872, Mary A. Armstrong, daughter of J. H. and Letitia Armstrong, of Milford, Ill., at the age of 19 years and 4 months.

Sister Mary was a firm Spiritualist, and departed this life in full knowledge of Immortal life in the angel world.

It was our privilige to address the friends on the occasion, at Milford, Sunday morning, Jan. 28th, and to show them that the "sting of death" had been extracted by beautiful gospel of Spiritualism, and the "victory of the grave" was but the chemistry of nature in the order of eternal progress. D. P. KAYNER.

Quarterly Meeting.

The Spiritualists and Liberalists, of Henry County and vicinity will hold their next "Quarterly" at Cambridge, on Saturday and Sunday, February 24th and 25th, 1872. Provision will be made for any living at a distance, and all, of whatever faith, are invited to attend, and counsel and enjoy with us.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, has been engaged to speak on the occasion, and a rich treat may be expected.

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S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 17, 1872. VOL. XI.—NO. 22.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS —THE NEW DISGRACE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

At the writing of the "Protest," published in a late number of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, I was not able to avail myself of all the facts in relation to the Troy Convention. The report of that gathering was, by no means, as complete as usual; the spiritual press not appearing to consider it necessary to give a verbatim record of its transactions. I have since learned, from the Troy papers, and from a member who made accurate observations, some very curious and pertinent facts. At the final vote for president, eighty-four ballots were cast. This gives the strength of the Association, for it is not probable any considerable number refused to vote on this important issue. This number included those who were substituted *at* the Convention, and I am informed by a member of the Board, that, probably, the number of *actual* delegates was less than fifty. Such was the strength of the Society which asserts itself to be the head and front of Spiritualism, and its exponent, not only for the United States, but the American Continent!

Mrs. Woodhull was *not even a delegate*, and as she acknowledged, never attended any of the Conventions before. There is not the slightest doubt that she attended this one for the purpose of the election she gained. Some of her friends asked her if her political prospects would not be injured by her accepting the office of president of the Association. Mrs. W. replied, in a crying tone of well-affected martyrdom for principle, "she didn't care. She knew no policy. For all she was, she was indebted to her spirit-friends and God Almighty, and she never would ignore Spiritualism." This remark created a great sensation by its manner of delivery.

From the beginning, when "Tilton's Biography," the '*Weekly*,' with speeches, etc., were thrust into the hands of the delegates, every effort was made to bring about the finale. Mrs. Woodhull entered the Convention at precisely the right moment, and seated herself in as prominent a position as possible. (Very strange as she was not even a delegate, if she came as a simple spectator!) The "Management" then gave her the time to deliver one of her "Orations of Demosthenes," and the sympathy of the Convention was gained by the report that she had been a martyr to her unflinching advocacy of Spiritualism.

The first vote was, Dr. Gardner, 25; Dr. Hallock, 25; Mrs. Woodhull, 23; Blank, 2. The second vote:—Levi Wheeler, 1; Dr. Hallock, 2; Dr. Gardner, 39; Mrs. Woodhull, 42, which made a tie. Some one moved to make Mrs. W.'s vote unanimous, which could not be done. Yet, she, though not elected, was declared president!

If the election was decided by the vote of the President, nothing was said to that effect. According to the Report, the fact that there *was a tie* was not even noticed. In the language of a delegate, "There was but one side, and all went one way." How was it known that only delegates voted, or that they did not cast more than one ballot? Was there the least care taken to prevent, but by the looseness with which the whole business was conducted, was not every facility afforded for ballot stuffing?

Perhaps, never before did an assembly, making the least pretence to organization, enact such a farce, or so utterly betray their cause. The majority of the members, as shown by their steady adhesion to the opposition candidates, did not understand the "ring" by which their Convention was manipulated; a Tammany Ring on a small scale, quite as unprincipled in intention, but different in adroitness; for, with all its wire-pulling and disgraceful underhanded scheming, Mrs. Woodhull was not legally elected according to the Report.

My criticism on the "President's Message," wherein rebellion is threatened, and the nucleus of the "new order" of government found in the Association, has been in turn sharply met, and it has been attempted to show that I misrepresented her. As evidence of the correctness of my inferences, Woodhull and Claflin's *Weekly*, of Jan. 13, 1872, reports that:

"The Board of the American Association of Spiritualists held a regular meeting on the 28th of December, 1871. The Board consisted of Mrs. Woodhull, Mrs. Middlebrook, Dr. Child, and A. A. Wheelock. '*A Constitution for the United States of the World*,' prepared by Mrs. Woodhull, was read and considered."

The "Grand Pantarchy" has at length come to position through the tinkering of this grand Association of eighty-four voting members, who elect their president by a tie vote, and are not only "Continental" in their aspirations, but have, "in consideration," a "constitution for the United States of the World." Not only are the English-speaking nations to be brought under its banner, but the French, the Russian, the Chinese, the unknown peoples of the Pacific Islands, and of Africa, and the Australians, to be subjugated, tamed, domesticated, and educated. We presume all this to be done by and through "spontaneity," so much landed in said "message," which, in the new government, is to abolish arbitrary taxes, all being *willing* to support the government. This method has not proved successful at the start. The funds of the Association are replenished by "spontaneity," and so little has been received, that the "Board" have been compelled to discharge their missionary, who was a zealous worker, with his whole soul in the cause.

Consonant with this assumption, in her speech before the recent woman's *suffrage* Convention, in Washington, she said with an arrogance bordering on sublimity:—"Surrounded by staunch, strong, and firm friends, the President of the American Association of Spiritualists, stands as the present bearer of the standard of the equal right party." Her whole speech was a studied attempt to identify Spiritualism with herself and her schemes, and make the world believe that she was the chosen "standard bearer" of Spiritualists. And with conceit never before exhibited, she produced and read this same "Constitution for the United States of the World!" This is the culmination of the skillful wire-pulling, and "ring performance," by which the handful of delegates at Troy were wheedled into her election to the presidency. If, by a perusal of her "Principles of Government," we become conscious that fortune-telling is not conclusive to clear political thought, we here can learn that it is in an astonishing degree to the chicanery of cliques, and the furtherance of the designs of brazen selfishness.

She is the "standard bearer" for the *forty-two quasi* delegates who voted for her, whose names should have been published in the proceedings of that Convention! As such she arrogates the leadership of Spiritualism, and presses it into the support of a dozen different schemes which have little or no relation to it.

The threat of rebellion was thrown out previously to its incorporation in the "Message" in a set speech, and hence, was not a hasty utterance. Almost a year has elapsed since it was said that, unless congress reformed the laws, rebellion would be inaugurated. Was the threat that of a braggart, or are we now to see the red flag run up at 44 Broad street, and Spiritualists called upon to support the issue they have raised?

The Troy Convention was used as the means whereby to prostitute Spiritualism to the support of unparalled selfishness, and when Mrs. Woodhull said in her speech of acceptance, the spirits had foretold her election, she revealed the key to the black abyss of fraud and deception by which that event had been accomplished.

I would not narrow the sphere of Spiritualism, rather would I broaden it. It is a slave to no party or issue, but accepts the truths of all. The grand flood of angel manifestations has not for its sole aim to give the ballot to woman, or to make Mrs. Woodhull President of the United States of the World, nor to make men temperate, or to free the slave, or to break down the churches. But there are those who magnify their own views until they conceal the heavens, and believe their petty scheme the sole object for which Spiritualism has dawned on the world.

To such, the great cause in its completeness, says: "Not for one, but for all. I love the church, whose pillars are hoary with age, as well as the newest 'ism.' Mine is not impartial devotion to one, but to mold the truths of all into perfect order and completeness, and eliminate their errors."

Because a huckster consults his guardian-spirit about gardening, does not prove Spiritualism ordained especially to teach the best methods of dealing with manures and the offal-heap. The restriction and "manuring of its sphere," exists with the individual who wishes such unwarrantable claims,—not with the cause.

Blind superstition, or blind fanaticism, are equally reprehensible. Both are nourished by the same mother, whose name is ignorance. If we escape the former, to be bound hand and foot by the latter, we have lost rather than gained.

Berlin Hights, Ohio.

WONDERFUL MANIFESTATIONS.

Echoes from Morrow County, Ohio.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Thinking, perhaps, your readers would like to know how the good begun work of Spiritualism is prospering here, I thought it proper to lay the facts before you in all their true worth.

First of all, then, through the ever kind and profitable instructions of our angel voices, there as been established a spirit-room in this our beautiful village of Cardington, situated some thirty-eight miles North of Columbus, on the C. C. and Indianapolis Railroad. The favored spot is one given by the late Editor of the Cardington *Republican*, whose whole soul is launched out for the advancement of love, truth, and harmony throughout the land. His neat cottage residence is situated about a quarter-of-a-mile from the depot, and is easily found, and the visitor is thrice welcomed under their hospitable roof. In a small front-room stands, towering up to the ceiling, a nice, neat cabinet, the visiting-place of those who have once been active on earth, and now are endeavoring to show that, although absent in form, they are present in spirit to give such advice and counsel as none but an inhabitant of another world can give. There are assembled together every afternoon, at precisely one o'clock, those who expect to talk with angels, and listen to their love-stirring strains uttered from the large, tin trumpet, accompanied with violin, guitar, and trombone. Occasionally faces appear through the opening, with hands, from the size of an infant to those of a man. The most astonishing feature is the inclosing of the medium in a large sack, after hands and feet are firmly tied. While he is thus securely tied in the sack, the demonstrations proceed, which proves, or ought to prove to the world that there is a life, a knowledge beyond the narrow house to which they have once been consigned. Friends that have long, long years ago departed, take possession of the trumpet, and identify themselves in a wonderfully striking manner, and as the sentiment escapes from the mouth of the trumpet, the heart gives utterance to the thought expressed, the small tiny tear drops, and steals its way down the cheek of the young as well as the aged, who weep for joy at the knowledge they have gained.

Beautiful thought! Ties in Heaven! Friends gone before, just waiting to welcome you on the other shore! Accompany me, dear reader, as we enter this room. Every one seems anxious to see and to hear. The Medium who is the instrument employed for these truths is seated, and tied fast to his chair, ready for the work to proceed. As we take a look at him we see nothing of deception or trickery; but an honest, open countenance sheds forth an influence that whispers in the ears of all present, —pure, genuine feats are performed here. It may be well to state, perhaps, that this medium, R. M. Sherman, who is one of the Sherman Mediums, has, from the age of sixteen, been subject to the will of spirits. Goodness and mercy have followed him all his days. Peace has spread her wings; love has shed her influences; hope whispers, "Be still; better, and far more glorious things await thee yet." A little later in life, at the age of twenty, spirits appear to him in full form in the solitary forest, and in the old, dusty flouring mill, while the heavy sound of the wheels shake the entire building to its very foundation, seem to readily affirm that Spiritualism can as readily be shown here as any where else. It was found necessary, as in the days of Adam, to have a helpmate; so in the course of time, matters having been brought to a decisive stand point, the finer consumation is effected—a companion is given him to assist in climbing up the rugged steps of life. Heart and hands blended together, and they commence the journey. After a time a pledge of affection is presented—a daughter makes her appearence, which after a few days, a promise is laid upon the little innocent head, one that was formed in the Summer Land, carried out in the earth sphere. Little faces appear to her; and now, at the age of seven, the sweet presence of her darling brother adds much to grace the childish plays of both. The little darling was only lent for a season. Mother Nature had destined it for an other and more congenial home. A place seemed reserved for his aching head to rest. An angel grandmother, with a large number of other bright, and happy spirits, gave a call upon it one cold November morning, and bade it come, although a rent was made in the hearts of these parents. Now the little one approaches them, giving evidence that it has only laid away its precious body to receive a Heaven born one. Happy thought; absent in the flesh, but ever with you in spirit.

MARY.

Cardington, Ohio.

Items from La Porte, Ind.

WHAT WAS IT?

BROTHER JONES:—On the 15 ult., in company with my husband and some friends, I visited Chicago. We proceeded at once to Dr. Hooker's, 251½ Park Avenue. There were assembled in the pleasant parlors a goodly number of persons, mostly strangers to the family, and with one exception, unknown to us. These people had come together to witness the wonderful phenomena produced in the presence of Mrs. Maud Lord, daughter-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Hooker; but, presuming that you are familiar with the character of her, I will not detail the mysterious things that were said and done, by *invisible somebodies* or *somethings*, purporting to be spirits. Suffice it to say that the voices heard, names given, music played, articles exchanged, hands felt, and tests given, were unexpected and startling as they were convincing; but to my subject. On the night of the 16th, my husband and I retired early, and slept soundly, until about half past two A. M., when I was awakened by a noise in the room. I had scarcely time to collect my thoughts, when a sort of tattoo was beaten on the wall at the head of the bed. This was repeated several times in different parts of the room. Presently the guitar began to play, and perhaps two minutes had elapsed, when a voice so soft, so sweet, so plaintive, that it seemed not of earth, accompanied the instrument. Both sounded, first in the hall, then down stairs, constantly coming nearer, then receding, until it was almost lost in the distance. Not being very credulous, I thought that Mrs. Lord must be singing to her baby, and tried to account for the exquisite sweetness of the voice, and the delicate fingering of the instrument, by the fact that the doors were closed; but as if to contradict that, the voice suddenly changed to a heavy contralto and seemed to come quite against the door. In the mean time the tattoo was played as an interlude, with the singing and instrument, but in the room occupied by us. Somewhat frightened, I resolved to wake my husband, but found that he, too, was listening. I requested him to open the door, and learn, if possible, if Mrs. Lord was up. He did so—stepped out into the hall and called "Mrs. Lord." No answer came from her, but a voice close by him said in a loud whisper, heard by a Mr. West, myself and husband, "Go back; keep still and you will have good demonstrations." He lay down again. The music had ceased, when the door was opened and again the same soft voice was heard, but for a moment, however, for Mrs. Lord opened her door and demanded "Who is rapping on my door?" My husband said, "The spirits." "Oh dear," said she, "they have frightened me badly; I wish they would stop." Then again the voice said in a loud whisper, "Keep still," but whether from the disturbance or from some other cause, we heard nothing more during the night. In the morning, the family and guests, with the exception of Mrs. Lord, were all in the back parlor, discussing the matter, when we were startled by hearing the guitar playing again. We started to follow the sound, but as we approached the door of Mrs. Lord's sitting-room, it ceased. We went into her sleeping room, and found her in bed. While talking with her, the playing began again; but to be brief, after considerable search, we found the guitar hid away in a dark closet—opening out of the sitting room above mentioned. Now I am confident that no human agency produced any of the phenomena witnessed. The question then is, what is it? Will some of the wise ones who are constantly crying out against these things being produced by spirits, tell us what it is.

MRS. M. A. FORBES.

La Porte, Ind.

Christian Idolatary.

Christmas! What a significant word! For the eighteen hundred and seventy-one years, this day has been celebrated as the great day of all others—a day to be commemorated,—to be held sacred above any other division of time, and the day when the Saviour of the world made his advent upon this "sin-stricken" planet. Theologians extol Christmas quite highly, and often revert to the birth of Jesus, and the humble condition of him and his mother as laying in the manger, etc., yet, notwithstanding their humble condition, they have been idolized and worshipped by a large portion of the human race.

As for our part, we have had our idolatrous locks shorn, and consequently, have been stripped of our strength of faith in the "immaculate son of God," and only view these days of festivity as the product of ignorance and superstition palmed off upon the people by cunning, designing priests. Look at it for one moment!

Who, in this enlightened age, would believe that a virgin could conceive without cohabitation with the other sex; yet, for nearly nineteen centuries, theology has taught that Jesus was the result of the overshadowing of the virgin by the Holy Ghost. Should a like circumstance occur to-day, there would be a search made for a father by the grand jury of the court.

Would it not be more possible to suppose that some "high priest" had been practicing "free love" (lust) upon the virgin, and to evade the disgrace, charged it upon the Holy Ghost? But, as the Holy Ghost must face the music, we have a right to enquire if he was "legitimately married" to the *Virgin;* if not, then, he is guilty of fornication, and Christianity has been idolizing and celebrating the birth of an unholy child, thereby giving sanction to the practice of "free love" in the third person of their mysterious "Triune God," who according to orthodoxy, violated the command, "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

Again, according to theology, each person of the God-head is equal, in all respects, to the Father. Now, if the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost combined, constitute the father of Jesus the son, we are at a loss to trace the lineage of the son.

Would not the begotten (who is called God equal with the Father from all eternity) be his own father,—self-begotten, and consequently, is both father and grandfather of himself, in three personages,—namely, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

But a word in regard to the mother of this mysterious personage.

She is said to be a "virgin." Can this be true? As we understand the term virgin, it means, according to Webster, a woman who has had no carnal knowledge of man. How, then, could Jesus be born of a virgin? The fact of being pregnant precludes virgisity, and renders the account fallacious.

Yet, after all the light of past ages are thrown upon the subject of a false religion, there are still those who adhere to the old bigoted ideas of "total depravity," and the "necessity of a Saviour," who shall serve as a scapegoat to carry their sins,—not having courage sufficient to work out their own salvation, and to perpetuate their false theories, suffer themselves to be led by the cruel priesthood to the observance of days of festivity and gluttony, thereby stultifying the development of the intellect, and subjugating their soul, body, and purse, to the dictum of their carnal leaders, who, when after shearing, cares not what becomes of the flock.

Would that all men and women would exercise the God-given talent committed to them, acting freely, judging righteously, and above all, laboring dilligently to persuade mankind to throw off the yoke of bondage and be free, —free from superstition, bigotry, and priestly bondage.

D. M. GRAHAM.

J. L. Potter's Report.

BROTHER JONES:—My report for January is as follows: Places visited,—Vernon Center, Sterling Center, Itasca, Albert Lea, Bancroft, Lyle, Rose Creek, and Le Roy. Number of lectures given, twenty; number joining association, *twenty-two;* amount received in collections and yearly dues, $44.70; expenses, $3.47. The cause is progressing finely. Oppositions of all kinds have nearly ceased. Theology has crawled into its hole, leaving us entirely alone, while it manipulates our *Government* with its feverish slimy hands. We do not get opposition enough to make it interesting. The people generally are turning their attention to the philosophical aspect of Spiritualism, virtually admitting through their silence, its truthfulness. We must keep pushing the cause forward, both by word and deed. Ours will be the victory in the end.

J. L. POTTER.

Le Roy, Minnesota, February 1st, 1872.

OUR THANKS to the friends who are so nobly exerting themselves to circulate the JOURNAL.

Notes from Cleveland.

BROTHER JONES:—While writing, I would say that reports of the manifestations at Moravia, N. Y., and with Dr. Slade, New York city, are read with intense interest, and go farther to excite interest and to awaken inquiry, than any other matter that can be published. I am exceedingly pleased to find that you gave such matter a conspicuous place in the JOURNAL, as well as that which is new and fresh from the *fountain*. Not that I would wish in the least to dictate, but simply to suggest and give my opinion on Mrs. Woodhull,—which is this: She is a *fanatic* of the most dangerous and damaging kind to the cause of Spiritualism! Thousands of investigators, and those who were disposed to look favorably upon us, now turn in disgust at the sentiments and theories advanced by this woman. Her notions of love and the marriage relation, are the most objectionable, as they place in the hands of our enemies a powerful weapon to wield against us, inasmuch, I regret to say, as she is endorsed, as far as I have noticed, by the spiritual press, and also stands elected President of the association of Spiritualists. I hope you will "go slow" on this woman. I regard her as a dangerous fire brand in "Messiah's Holy Camp." Had she not been so widely endorsed by our people, could say she was acting on her own responsibility, but when we attempt to do this, we are met with the facts as above stated, which we cannot deny, but which our people will find (in my opinion) is *sadly* out of place.

We had reached a point when the outside and opposing world was compelled to acknowledge we had *facts* for the basis of our philosophy, and gradually showed some little signs of respect, but this adopting and endorsing of Woodhull has swept away the work of years. Not that there is any less of true Spiritualism, but the *disgrace* that is brought upon it by this unlucky movement, is truly lamentable. If it does not lead to a general division of Spiritualists, it will at least be the cause of irreparable mischief, and retard our onward march beyond anything that has happened since the days of John M. Spear, or that can be imagined or contemplated.

D. A. EDDY.

REMARKS,—We have not the least fear for results.—We look upon the election of Mrs. Woodhull as President of the *American Association of Spiritualists* as appropriate—as capping the climax of absurdities. The Institution has, from its inauguration, been a *burlesque* upon Spiritualism.

The electing her president, and putting her forth as a candidate for the presidency of the United States, and the endorsement of her designs to *create a rebellion* against the government unless it endorsed her vagaries in regard to the recent amendments to the constitution, will open the eyes of all to a sense of abhorrence, not only of the American Association of Spiritualists, but also to the religious and political vagaries it has so often attempted to impose upon the people, and against which this JOURNAL has ever raised the voice of opposition.

Items from Tennessee.

DEAR BROTHER:—Having been in Memphis, Tenn., on business, for some time past, I have had the pleasure of hearing Moses Hull lecture several times on our beautiful harmonial philosophy. He is truly a man of rare ability and is drawing very fair and intelligent audiences, that appear to be well satisfied, and I think he is creating quite an interest in the subject, which I trust will have a lasting influence for good. The Spiritualists appear to be quite numerous and out-spoken in Memphis, and had enjoyed a course of lectures from Rev. J. M. Peebles, a short time before the advent of Mr. Hull. Mrs. Hollis has been there also for some three weeks past, giving very satisfactory tests in independent writing, and spirits speaking in audible voice to their friends in her dark seances; so, taking all in all they are having a rich treat; but there was one occasion on Sunday, 7 inst., that to me produced rather unpleasant sensations, and which I was sorry for, as I could not see the necessity of Mr. Hull pursuing the course he did in regard to another, and for aught I know, a justly celebrated medium, Chas. H. Read, who had just arrived in the city. A short time before Mr. Hull's lecture commenced, I saw the two gentlemen meet, apparently on amiable terms. When Mr. Hull arose to commence his exercises, he had some written notices or announcements to read, amongst them one announcing that Mr. Chas. H. Read, the physical medium, had arrived in the city and proposed to remain a few days and give public exhibitions; after reading which, Mr. Hull went on to advise the audience to go and see him; but observed that individually he took no stock in Mr. Reed. Then again in the evening he had a similar notice to read, and advised the audience to go and see him, but to go with their eyes open, as some mediums would cheat, and he believed Mr. Read would cheat if he could. Now, it struck me very forcibly that it was very unnecessary to announce a brother Spiritualist in a strange place in that manner, whatever might have been his individual opinion of Mr. Read, and I fear he has done himself and the cause no good by such a course. Mr. Hull ought to remember that not long since he was compelled to reverse a hasty decision he made in regard to a lady medium, whom he thought proper to accuse of dishonesty, and if he really has the good of the cause at heart, which I believe he has, he should go a little slower and be more careful about condemning others.

THOMAS P. WILSON.

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

(NUMBER XVIII.)

Outlines of Physiology briefly Considered.

Since we can only learn of the true relative nature and character of matter and the life of matter by their mutual manifestations through each other, our special consideration of man involves a critical study of both the organism and its manifestations of mind,—the latter of which, (mind) coming through the former as a relation, and thence going, obedient to the laws of all being, can only be approached through the source of its manifestations; hence, the necessity of the brief consideration of the leading laws of action generally classified and considered, under the head of physiology.

Our chief object, the ultimate good of all live industrious thinkers, involves a heavy task both to the writer and reader, yet will, it is hoped and believed, open a way for future custom, that is, the shedding of scientific light through the weekly and daily press, that would otherwise never reach the masses whose every interest is so much involved in a comprehension of the premises.

Physiology is that phase of natural science treating of the phenomenon attending the organization of all organized bodies. The whole realm of nature may be considered as composed of, and marked with, two general divisions:

1. The tangible or material bodies, whose organization commences within and extends outward.

2. Ponderable or imponderable bodies whose formation depends on a process of concretion, aggregation, or chemical affinity, generally commencing without and extending inward.

The first is called organic, the second, inorganic, both respectively containing characteristic properties peculiar to their grades of being, generally called material and dynamic, which terms really imply the idea of the outer body and inner life, which are found inseperably blended as a necessity for the existences of given matter and life-measure in all special types of form.

The imponderable phases of life are as essential to all form, as form is essential to all life. Though this paragraph may lie seemingly dead and inanimate on the wasted matter on which it is written for untold ages, yet when resurrected and brought in contact with the plane of thought from whence it emanated, it speaks as fresh as when first written. Thus life in matter may lie dormant, yet, irrespective of all change, there is still a grade of life in all existent forms of matter, characteristic of the source by which it was originally measured.

The inference is, that the imponderable is the essential interior interstitial life of all ponderable form.

Governed by the same essential duality, the manifestations of organic forms have been called life, which, it seems, for the sake of distinction, should be called organic life.

The mechanical and chemical forces, through the agency of which the various motions, transformations, and assimilations, are effected throughout the organic and inorganic kingdoms, precede the organic force, live through it, return to their respective life-sources, when its eliminated measure of life ceases to supervise and control it as an organic condition. Organized matter has a peculiar type and species, to which it, as a reflex measure, responds. Inorganic matter is irregular and possessing a more dormant measure of life, is less subject to change.

Organized bodies have rounded forms, and are ruled by a characteristic range of inter-electro chemical laws. Inorganic matter is the reverse,and is less subject to be affected by such laws.

Organized matter contains and is built up of globular constituents of matter, and in the animal economy, is arranged in lines, forming the fibrous tissues of the nerves, muscles, and tendons, or extending in the form of a sheet, they compose the various membranes; the serous, synovial, mucous, and the coats of the vessels, and thence uniting, they form the various glands—the liver, pancreas, kidneys, salivary glands, etc., etc. These are considered the elementary constituents, and proximate forms of organic matter. There is uniform order, quality, quantity, and concentration of assimilated force in organism which we do not find in inorganic matter, all doubtless due to the inter-electro chemical action, self-ruling, and self-sustaining, as long as the inherent life-measure supervises the equilibrium of the premises.

Organized matter never consists of less than three component parts,—generally oxygen, carbon, and hydrogen, and generally of the fourth nitrogen, which are found combined in the animal organism in the form of albumen, gelatin, and fibern, and generally elaborated and controlled by what we shall term chemico-vital supervision, and which, when left uncontrolled by this force, breaks up all their combinations, and in a process of disorganization, pass to the respective sources of their coming. Inorganic matter being less expansive and complicated in its electrical reach, is less subject to change, and in changing, undergoes decomposition far less rapidly.

To recapitulate in brief, the structure of organized bodies, possess a determinate form and proportions, are composed of spheral matter,—consist of given measures of chemical constituents—such as oxygen, carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen and their proximates, elaborated under electrical supervision in the form of albumen, gelatin, fibern on which the system feeds. Organic bodies generally form from within outward and reproduce their like, while inorganic bodies do not.

Organic bodies maintain through their chemico-vital supervision given temperatures, inorganic bodies do not.

Organic bodies possess the power of comparative reconstruction, while inorganic bodies do not. The continuance of organic bodies depend for existence on the chemico-vital equilibrium of a germinal supervisive force within, while, if such is the case with inorganic bodies, it is evidently a much humbler grade of inter-electro supervisive thought form.

Animals and Vegetables.—Animals possess the power of locomotion, the sense of seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, and feeling,—Vegetables do not. Animals assimilate their food from a wider range of chemical conditions than vegetables. Man, in all respects stands at the head of the animal kingdom, and is rendered distinct from the lower orders by the following peculiarities:

1. His muscular construction provides for his erect position and carriage.

2. He has the free use of both hands preeminently over other animals.

3. His chin is more prominent, and his incisor teeth differ from those of other animals.

4. He is by nature defenseless, yet, provided with self-protecting reason not found in other animals.

5. He has greater facial angle and expression of countenance than any other animal.

6. He, as a general thing, has a larger mass of brain and far more active as a mass, than any other animal.

7. Man is the only animal that sleeps on his back.

8. He is the only one possessing an articulate language.

9. He is the only animal, as far as we know, who is endowed with the power of reasoning in extenso upon cause and effect, and who is governed by a moral sense of obligation toward the source of his being (rather faulty in this particular of late).

10. He is the only animal that can accommodate himself to all climates.

Though thus elevated, we might mention many particulars in which he in his perverted state, may, and often does, descend far below the less endowed animals, but this is neither the time nor place for such a summary.

The Anatomical Structure of the Human Body, is to us, with our limited understanding, a most wonderful compound of infinitely wise proprieties; composed as it is, of six proportions of fluids to one of solids. It is generally supposed that globules one eighth-hundred. part of an inch in diameter constitutes the ultimate particles of the human organism. These small globules being dispersed in rows form filaments, while several filaments together, form fibers, which, traversing the same region in the same direction and assuming a collateral character, form what is termed a tissue by a transverse intersection with each other, thereby forming a meshwork for the reception and lodgment of the fluids of the system. Hence comes the cellular, mucous, and serous tissues, which form organs, which organs perform functions, and several of which organs are frequently rendered collateral auxiliaries in the performance of physical and other duties.

This assemblage is called an apparatus, or system. Hence we have globules, filaments, fibers, tissues, organs, and apparatus or systems.

Globules the ultimate constituents of the system form filaments, filaments bound together form fibers, fibers are the chief constituent of the tissues, tissues compose the organs, and organs perform the elaborative or chemico-vital functions of the animal economy.

Mass Spiritual Convention at Darien.

(Concluded from second page.)

Spiritualism, does not change individual life, nor interfere with politics, or the marriage question. We may admire A. J. Davis at his topmost height of inspiration, and still not believe all he says. Why do we so oppose every effort made for combining? Cause is disease. One is sick of authority; lived under it. The Christian Spiritualist would organize, with his pet theories—not without. Just like our forefathers, people may think as they please,—only it must be just as I please. We are like Beecher's chickens, with some shell yet on our backs.

The series of meetings closed with lectures in the evening; Mr. Lynn, on "The Moral Aspects of Radicalism and Spiritualism," and E. W. Stephens, on the "People's Advent." These lectures were replete with words of wisdom, in their own peculiar styles, but as I fear I have already trespassed on your overcrowded columns, with the imperfect sketches I have given, I will forbear transcribing more from my voluminous notes, and only add, that taken altogether, the meeting was a success.

All praise is due to the friends of the cause in Darien, for their generous hospitality to the people assembled from all the region round, and their untiring efforts to make Spiritualism what it should be. The liberal element seems to be the most popular there, and numbers among its adherents, the most prominent and best citizens. The young people, too, seem interested, and this is promising for the future.

All the exercises during the two day and three evening sessions, were interspersed with soul-stirring music, from a well trained choir, and reading of beautiful poems, and if now and then a bubble of applause appeared on the surface, it only indicated the effervescence of the new wine being purified for our use.

American Spiritualist please copy.

A. C. SPAULDING, *Sec.*

Letter from New York.

Please find inclosed eleven dollars and twenty-five cents, to apply on the JOURNAL.

Permit me to say a few words in reference to our cause, and the quarterly meeting which closed last evening at West Winfield, N. Y.,—not as a report, for that you may get through the proper channel,—but as notes by the way.

The fore part of the past summer a few of us, feeling the need of more centralized effort, to satisfy our more timid friends, and especially our opposers of all grades, that Spiritualism, like yourself, is uncrushed and uncrushable, appointed or called a meeting at Deansville, N. Y., early in October last, to form some sort of a compact by which our actual and numerical strength could be more fully comprehended, and by which we might make our influence more sensibly felt.

The result was the unanimous concurrence in and final adoption of a species of financial and business organization, called the New York Central Association of Spiritualists.

Although believing before that such a move would give us a standing in public estimation which we could not gain otherwise, yet I was not prepared to expect so sudden and so great a change of attitude in the local journals around us in reference to us. In many of them our meetings are noticed unsolicited, and alluded to with civility and respect. This could not truthfully be said of many of them in the past; but I for one am willing to try to forget that, but to remember gratefully that the public ear is being opened to us so rapidly. I confess myself much surprised to find at the large new hall, at Winfield, on Saturday evening, and especially on Sunday, under the very eves of all the churches in full blast, the seats all taken, and nothing but standing room remaining. True, the expectation of an array of mediumistic and speaking talent, collected from different points, no doubt tended to attract some through curiosity, yet it was apparent that nothing but a wish to hear could have given them the patience to sit quietly and listen to seven or eight addresses of greater or less length. But while this surprise was agreeable, I was not prepared for one in the evening at another place, still greater,—where I had some years before delivered a lengthy series of scientific lectures, not having supposed that any desire existed to know of our philosophy. Yet this new hall lately completed could furnish no more seats, and many remained standing. Whether old gray-headed men and women had come miles out of curiosity may be known to yourself as well as me. But when long-established church-members crowd up to the speaker's stand and seat themselves as near as possible, that they may hear correctly, it looks ominous, at least.

A. E. DOTY.

Ilion, Jan. 30, 1872.

$25,000 pledged to send this paper one year to *new subscribers* on receipt of $1.50 each. *Improve the offer now.*

Items from Watseka, Ill.

Dr. D. P. Kayner, of St. Charles, Ill., has been here preaching the gospel of the new dispensation. He is a genial gentleman and scholar. His efforts here have been a grand success. He gave three lectures to large and enthusiastic audiences, and left a lasting impression on the minds of all who heard him. He gave old Orthodoxy a good shaking up, yet in such a manner that even they could not but realize that his arguments were unanswerable.

On Sunday, at 11 o'clock, the Doctor's lecture was on the subject of spirits that have left the body communing with their friends still in the flesh. He held his audience spell-bound for nearly two hours, giving them many incidents in his own life history.

Here I must tell a joke on him. After holding his audience in rapt attention almost two hours, he took out his watch, looked at it and remarked, "I have now been talking *nearly an hour;* it is time I brought my remarks to a close." About this time a pleasant smile rested on the countenances of those of his hearers who had observed the time, as it lacked only a few minutes of two hours he had been speaking to them; yet most of the people had not noticed how time had passed, so deeply were they interested in his discourse.

On Sunday evening he lectured on Clairvoyance to a crowded house (in Peter's Hall, 80 feet long). This was one of the best scientific lectures we ever had.

Dr. Kayner ought to be kept in the field lecturing. He can not only keep up with the scientific world, but he leaves the Orthodox so far behind they never will overtake him unless they forsake their sins, repent, and believe in the Spiritual Philosophy.

A. B. WOLF.

He Shivers.

There are two ways to elect Victoria [Victoria C. Woodhull.] President of the United States: by opposition and co-operation; and when elected, it is not quite so pleasant to be left out in the cold all for the sake of the Constitution.

Mr. Editor, the above are the closing remarks of J. O. Barrett, in a recent number of the *Banner of Light*, in referring to the reviews of Dr. J. K. Bailey and Hudson Tuttle on the position occupied by Mrs. Woodhull.

"Not quite so pleasant to be left out in the cold!" Does Mr. Barrett mean by this that he is being trailed into this *unequaled farce* of putting Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull at the head as a leader of the Spiritualists of America, and the equally absurd position of making her a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, backed by the Spiritualists of America, for fear that if not thus trailed in, he will "be left out in the cold?"

Dear brother, go in and keep warm! It is your privilege. Please let me stay "out in the cold." I *am not afraid.*

NOR' WESTER.

Up North, Feb. 7, 1872.

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It is a lamentable fact that some mediums so far forget their self-respect as to speak evil of other mediums, not unfrequently even of those who are far their superiors. The names of such persons will be dropped from this Register so soon as we have evidence conclusive of their indulging in such unkindness.

It should be borne in mind that individuals visiting mediums carry conditions with them—so to speak—which aid or destroy the power of spirits to control the medium visited; hence it is that one medium gives satisfaction to certain persons, another better to others—all having their friends, and justly so, too, and all equally honest and useful in their place.

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Items of Interest.

—Mrs. Bell A. Chamberlain is doing a good work at Eureka, Cal.

—Was it not nice that James Fisk, Jr. "died confiding in our Savior?"

—Dr. S. Underhill is at Bernhard's Bay, N. Y., lecturing on Spiritualism, etc.

—J. L. Braffet, of New Paris, Ill., announces himself ready to lecture in behalf of Spiritualism.

—Mrs. E. A. Blair will be in Bangor, Me., through the month of February, at 108 Court street.

—Mrs. Libbie Watson is "settled over" the Titusville Society, Penn. She is an eloquent speaker.

—Mrs. D. B. Briggs and Mrs. Hattie J. French, both mediums, have opened rooms in Washington. We hope they will do a good work.

—The analytical physician and medium, Dr. Dake, is meeting with great success here in the West, but not greater than he deserves.

—J. W. Taylor, of Morpeth, Canada W., Ont., writes that they need test mediums in that section. Many would investigate, etc., etc.

—Brother George Shumway desires to know if the following is contained in the Bible: "It is a fearful thing to "fall in to the hands of the living God." We pass. Next.

—The Roman Catholic clergy of London have announced to their flocks that they will not attend the funeral of any person over whose body a wake has been previously held.

—Dean Clark is at Columbia, S. C. Our Southern friends should keep this able speaker constantly at work. He is a good medium as well as lecturer. His address is care of Mr. D. White.

—*Zion's Herald* affirms that it is more agreeable to receive an *obituary than a letter saying "Stop my paper."* Perhaps the "root of all evil" accompanies the obituary, which makes it more palatable.

—A. E. Carpenter has just finished a very successful tour in the State of Maine, and would like to make further engagements for the remainder of the season. Address, 1567 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

—Forty thousand citizens of New York have asked for the opening of the library and reading-room of Cooper's Institute on Sunday. But God will frown on 'em when he is once caged in the Constitution, and will say, "No reading on Sunday."

—Henry Morgan, a young Baptist minister, who has been for about five months preaching to a congregation in Cheviot, a suburb of Cincinnati, was on Friday arrested by detectives for stealing books from the theological and religious department of the Cincinnati public library.—*New York Tribune.*

—Ben Todd will return with his family to Chicago on the last of March. He and his wife would like to make engagements to lecture for the months of April, May, and June. He can be addressed at Golden, Colorado, until the middle of March.

—It is stated that in the city of Berlin, out of a population of nearly a million, only about twelve thousand people attend church. It is represented as being one of the most moral places in the world,—owing, no doubt, to the absence of ministers to set a bad example.

—A flight of imagination: Cissy.—So you are going away, Effie, and we shall have go more races around the garden for bon-bons. Effie.—Yes, Cissy, dear; and if we don't meet in this world again, when you are an angel and I am an angel, I'll fly you for a box of chocolate creams.—*Judy.*

—A. H. Rogers, of Hartford, Connecticut, writes as follows: "We are having refreshing showers of grace divine. The angels' minister, Nelly Brigham, is with us. "She preaches in power, and is convincing hundreds who "have heretofore looked upon Spiritualism with suspicion."

—On our second page will be found a report of the Darien Convention, held about a month ago. We are always willing to publish accounts of the proceedings of conventions, unless the date is of an *ancient* character. Hereafter reports that are not promptly forwarded to us will not be published.

—Mrs. F. A. Logan writes to us that she has traveled over one thousand miles in northern Wisconsin, by railroad, stage, and steamer, and given one hundred and thirty lectures, and as a general thing been well paid. She preached the funeral sermon of Bro. Kent at Almond, Wis., to a large concourse of friends.

—*It is a singular fact* that the ablest and most influential journals now published in Italy, are either edited or controlled by Jews. In Rome the liberal journal most read is edited by a Jew. They demand liberty of conscience, and discuss the religious questions now uppermost in Italy with great intelligence and perfect freedom.

—Dr. E. B. Wheelock and wife have just returned home to Pleasanton, Kansas, from a very successful trip South, as far as the Indian Nation. They intend moving North soon, as far as Lawrence, and perhaps Council Bluffs. All Spiritual friends in the West who may desire their services, can address them at Pleasanton, Linn Co., Kan.

—The convalescence of the Prince of Wales was, doubtless, fun for him, but death to the peripatetic prophet. At Frankfort, Train said: "I foretold the destruction of Chicago; that very night it fell! I told you last night the Prince of Wales would be dead in twenty-four hours. He is dying this very moment. I never made a mistake in my life."

—M. J. Swift writes: "Let me say through the JOURNAL, to its numerous readers, that we have had a spiritual feast at Iconium, Iowa, through the agency of Bro. P. R Lawrence, of Ottumwa, Iowa, inspirational speaker and healer. He created a spirit of investigation among the Orthodox of this place. In healing he had "glorious success."

—John Heenan, the reformed prize fighter, has been crippled by an accident; his knee joint has been broken. As a prize-fighter he prospered and enjoyed excellent health. The moment he reformed he was crippled for life. Is not this an evidence that the great big God whom humanity are worshiping frowned upon him for "change of base?"

—Dr. E. E. Perkins and wife will start for Kansas City, Mo., soon on a lecturing tour East. They will take the route of the Hannibal and St. Joseph, and Chicago Burlington, and Quincy railroads, and will lecture wherever desired. They are able exponents of our cause, and we hope will find plenty to do. Those who desire their services should address them at once.

—O. B. Frothingham does not agree with Theodore Parker in thinking that God is our Mother as well as our Father. He thinks we push our sentimentalism too far when we make them the reverse side of realities in the Divine Mind.—*Golden Age.*

If he is our Mother as well as our Father, we might even declare that he is our Brother as well as Sister, our Son as well as Daughter, so great is the "mystery of godliness."

—An advertisement of "Communion Wine" in one of the religious papers in the manufacture of which "fermentation is prevented by a chemical process," strikes us real funny. Is it necessary to provide against evil consequences in such cases by a chemical dodge?—*Investigator.*

In this view of the case "chemicals" are more powerful than the Orthodox God; so are lightning-rods for the protection of his own churches.

—A little boy in Morgan county, Ill., was lisping his evening prayers with his little twin brother at his kind mother's knee. When he came to "Give us this day our daily bread," he was astonished to hear a fraternal whisper, "Ask for cake, Johnny, ask for cake." The cake would have been forthcoming as soon as the bread had he asked for it. Those who *love* God with prayers, should always ask for the best he has on hand.

—At the late Convention in St. Louis of the order of *Bnai-Breth*, J. Wolf, Esq., of Cincinnati, introduced a series of resolutions, deprecating in the strongest terms the introduction of theological matters into the Constitution of the United States, or the interference of doctrinal questions with the unlimited prerogative of religious liberty in America. The resolutions were enthusiastically endorsed and signed by every member of the Convention.

—The angels come, the angels go,
Through open doors of purer air;
Their moving presence oftentimes we know—
It thrills us everywhere.
Sometimes we see them: lo! at night,
Our eyes are shut, but open'd seem:
The darkness breathes a breath of wondrous light,
And then it was a dream.

—Mrs. J. H. Conant, in the *Banner of Light*, speaks of James Fisk, Jr., as follows: "As an exhibition of the "action of this organ (benevolence), *we have a record in "our life, that he extended his hand in benevolence thirty-"seven times within the last five days of his earthly career*, "all unheralded and unthought of, after the action, with "him, simply the action of the organ of benevolence, over "which he had no control, to which he must, of necessity "be an obedient servant."

—A little girl down East, who was impatiently waiting the tardy movements of her mother, a few Sabbath mornings since, cried out, "Come, mamma, the bell's a-tollin' and Dod 's a-waitin'!" Her idea of God is about as correct as those who assert that he never "waits"—that he is constantly working—that he numbers the hair of all heads, not even excepting the idiotic negro over the way.

—A Berlin statistician says that France, with a population of 36,500,000, has 35,500,000 Catholics; Austro-Hungary, population, 36,000,000, Roman Catholics, 28,000,000; Italy, 26,500,000, Roman Catholics, 26,000,000; Germany, 40,186,006, Roman Catholics, 14,500,000; and that in the whole of Europe, with a population of 300,000,000, there are 148,000,000 Roman Catholics, 70,000,000 Greek Catholics, 71,000,000 Protestants, and 4,800,000 Jews.

—It is comforting to know that Botts, the murderer of Pet Halsted, was fully prepared to try the realities of another world by his faithful ministerial attendants, before the rope which ushered him into it, was about his neck. Seeing how wonderfully successful are the efforts to save the souls of men who shed blood, and who are supposed to be the wickedest of the wicked, it is astonishing that so many should go down to perdition. A murder, with leisure to repent of it, and prepare to exlpate it, seems to be in these sad times, one of the surest ways to salvation.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

—Father Hyacinthe wrote from Munich, under recent date, to an American Friend in Paris: "Toward the end of the month I shall leave this city, where I have enjoyed the only consolation to which I am accessible in the unexampled trials of the Catholic Church. I have found here what does not exist in France, a powerful centre of Orthodox opposition and of Catholic reform—men of sufficient numbers, men of learning and earnest convictions, resolved to accept no longer the yoke growing even more and more arbitrary and heavy which is imposed on their consciences in the name of the Church. As full of anxiety as you saw me in New York two years ago, so full of hope and courage will you find me to-day."

—Perhaps the most singular fact in connection with the recent Convention to secure the recognition of Christianity in the Constitution, is the failure of the members of that Convention to observe that the Constitution does recognize Christianity as the prevailing faith of the American people. No Jewish, or Mohammedan, or Atheistic, or Pagan Convention would have written in the Attestation clause thereof the words: "Done in convention the seventeenth day of September, *in the year of our Lord* one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven, and of the Independence of America the twelfth."

—Brother Warren Chase says: "We have leased and "paid rent for Avenue Hall, where our Sunday lectures "are held, for three months, till April 15th, for Thursday "evenings of each week, exclusively for free social and "literary entertainments, and we request all who can to "come and participate, with a view to personal improvement or general instruction in music, reading, or speaking. Literary, scientific, religious, moral, and social "questions will be discussed without wrangling or angry "personal bitterness—the object of the meetings being "to find the truth and defend it, and to improve ourselves "in our intercourse with mortals and spirits."

—"Warrington," the Boston Correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, describes the apostate, Mr. Hepworth, as "a scenic man, always bringing out some new piece, with new and amazing machinery, blue fire, big elephants, shoo-fly music, Broadway in a snow-storm, Paddy bandits, India rubber gymnasts, or something of that sort. I suppose such a man gets to have a sort of sincerity after a while. He believes in effects, at any rate, if not in causes. It looks as if he meant to purloin the church, as Fisk purloined the Erie Railroad, but this would probably be a hard judgment upon him. He is simply a humbug, 'and will go nigh to be thought so shortly.'"

—The proceedings of the United States House of Representatives were lately opened with a prayer by Rev. Dr. Abraham De Sola, an eminent Rabbi of Montreal, Canada. It is not the first time that a Rabbi of this ancient faith has officiated on a like occasion, but Dr. De Sola is the first clergyman from a foreign country who has stood chaplain to the House. We are glad to note it, not only as showing how utterels the separation of church and state under this government, and how freely men of every faith meet an equal reception—for Dr. De Sola could not be heard in Parliament—but for the reason that the prayer itself is an improvement on the ordinary invocation.

—Sister S. W. S., of Wagstaff, Me., asks us the following question: "Why do all the good mediums for answering sealed letters, or taking spirit pictures, ask such "large prices that people of moderate means, much less "poor people, cannot possibly afford to employ them." Our good sister must bear in mind that mediums are compelled to have the necessaries of life. They are many times obliged to pay high rents, and all their expenses must be made through the instrumentality of their mediumship. Their mediumship incapacitates them to a great extent from making money outside of their special gifts. The charges may seem high, yet nearly all of our mediums are in poor circumstances.

—The latest spiritual manifestation is a spiritual post-office, established by Mr Flint in New York. Letters from those in the flesh, directed to spirits in heaven, are forwarded to Mr. Flint's postoffice in New York, for an answer. The postage is rather binding, being two dollars per letter; but it must be remembered that the department is new, and the expenses heavy. By and by a movement will probably be made in the direction of cheap postage, as the facilities for letter communication between the celestial and terrestrial kingdoms are increased.—*Exchange.*

We are glad to know that this excellent medium for answering sealed letters has excited the attention of the secular press, for it will do a great deal of gratuitous advertising for him. The outside world on reading the above will be anxious to know wherein it is true, and, of course, a spirit of inquiry will at once be aroused, and innumerable letters be sent to Mr. Flint, directed to deceased friends for an answer.

—The New York *Commercial Advertiser* has heard Rev. Robert Collyer is to be elected to congress from this city next fall, and it thereupon gushes in the following style: "There can be do doubt that the election of this truly wonderful man would produce a revolution in the house of representatives. In the language of A. Ward, the country is fully prepared to 'let it revolute.' Collyer would be as a great moral magnet, attracting to him all the good and casting out all the evil. Chicago could in no other way so magnificently requite the late charitable offerings of the nation, as by electing Collyer to congress."—*Chicago Times.*

The *Advertiser* ought to know that this distinguished divine is not eligible to that office. He might visit Washington in the capacity of Minister from the Kingdom of Heaven, representing His Highness, God Almighty, and even then he would not be recognized, for no intercourse is recognized with that kingdom since the ruler thereof sent his incendiaries to burn Chicago.

—While the ministers of the gospel are abusing Fisk it is refreshing to read the following from the New York *Commercial Advertiser:* "What a miserable reprobate the preachers all make Fisk out to be! And they are right. Why, the scoundrel actually stopped his coupe one cold, dreary night on Seventh avenue, got out and inquired of a poor old beggar woman where she lived, and gave her a dollar. He seemed to have no shame about him, for the next day the debauched wretch sent her around a barrel of flour and a load of coal. One day the black-hearted scoundrel sent $10 and a bag of flour to a idow woman with three starving children, and, not content with this, the remorseless wretch told the Police Captain to look after all the poor widows and orphans in his ward and send them to him when they deserved charity. What a shameful performance it was to give that poor negro preacher $20, and send him on to Howard University! And how the black-hearted villain practiced his meanness on the poor, penniless old woman who wanted to go to Boston, by paying her passage and actually escorting her to a free state-room, while the old woman's tears of gratitude were streaming down her cheeks. Oh! insatiate monster! thus to give money to penniless negro preachers and starving women and children."

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

Statuvolence.

NUMBER NINE.

Brother H. C. Pierce, in the JOURNAL of Dec. 30th, asks some very proper questions of us, and we are glad to reply to all such.

In the first place we would say to all, patience and perseverence will bring their reward in this as in all things.

In your case, you need the aid of some one for a little while, and we refer to the following article taken from *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*, which contains suggestions of practical value:

The subject of equilibration, which has been extensively treated by that brilliant and erratic genius, P. B. Randolph, is but little understood. It is not only the source of the highest health, and the means by which the most perfect enjoyment may be realized, but an essential point in the true development of all parts of the system. By the term equilibration I mean the just and proper distribution of all the forces of the physical, mental and spiritual systems of man.

Physical equilibration is the result of a healthy organism, kept so by personal purity. If individual purity be attained, there need be no fears for the community, as this is made up of the former, and is an exact reflection of it. Mankind cannot escape the results of inherited imperfections, but personal purity will do much toward removing these disabilities. This requires cleanliness of the physical body, externally and internally, pure air, frequent ablutions, and especially the abstinence from all impure and improper articles of food and drink.

The gateway to heaven is purity, and he or she who would enter this condition must realize this and practice accordingly.

The penalties for disobedience to the higher physical laws are absolute. We cannot violate any law. We may place ourselves in such conditions as to come under the influence of lower laws than those which belong to and are conducive of the highest health. Coming in contact with the chemical law of fire, which is a rapid motion of the elements composing any body, will destroy our physical bodies, and we are kindly warned by pain not to come under the dominion of this law. There can be no equivocation, no atonement, no possible escape from the penalty of any law, whether we place ourselves within its reach ignorantly or otherwise. The equilibration of the forces of the human system is very much influenced by those whom we associate with. There are individuals whose presence always disturbs the equilibrium of sensitive persons when they approach them. Their presence or even the thought of them will produce greater or less disturbance in the system of the sensitive and refined. Those persons should be avoided and as little thought of possible. The law is absolute, and can no more be reasoned away than the law of gravitation or any other natural law.

On the other hand, there are those whose presence is always a benediction, the very thought of whom brings peace and quiet to the soul. These are the true physicians, the healers of physical, mental, and spiritual maladies, who go about doing good, often silently and unknown, save in the blessed influences which flow out continually from them. Such should be, and will be, the mission of all humanity when the spiritual nature is more fully developed and perfected, and we become as Brother Francis in a recent editorial, in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, describes his guide and guardian spirit:

"Oh, what a grand lesson! The heart of our guide seemed to be a temple of charity, and as we gazed upon its emotions, we saw him extend his arms lovingly around all humanity. Noble spirit, each thought a gem of purity going out to elevate the world! And while he goes forth to assist all, to scatter flowers around them, he utters no words of condemnation, hates no one, but with his face on the celestial shores of the Summer Land, he points each one to the grandeur thereof, and leads them forth as erring children, not blaming, not chiding them, for he knows the cause that made them what they are. And thus he labors; throwing over the erring the veil of charity, he leads them forth in the exalted paths of virtue, and he only frowns when he sees others condemn them. His life is one of continual devotion to humanity. An unostentatious name, simple in manners, and a world-loving spirit ever distinguishes him, and he comes to our side, and teaches us the grandest lessons of life."

You should seek for a person who will produce the best equilibration of your system. Every sensitive person knows that such persons exist, and you should endeavor to get such an one to sit with you a few times. Let him or her ask you questions in a passive and pleasant manner; direct you to turn your attention to some particular place and endeavor to see the persons and objects there. If the dawn of clairvoyance comes it may easily be cultivated by judicious questions and suggestions which will not disturb you; and so you may be able to realize this.

It is better, at first, that there shall be only two present, although you may succeed in a company, but their influences may disturb the conditions; and in such delicate experiments upon mental phenomena we should be very careful to have the very best conditions. Read over the articles we have published, and also Dr. Fahnestock's book, and as your experience extends, you will realize the ideas presented more clearly.

We always take in a measure of truth from what we hear or read, according to our own stand-point, and not that of the speaker or writer. So in regard to these profound spiritual truths, as we progress in experience and knowledge the revelations become clearer and more profound to us.

Truth, as Bro. Hazard says in his able article on mediumship, recently published in the BANNER OF LIGHT, is like a beautiful coin lying at the bottom of a well. When the waters are clear and undisturbed, we shall be able to read the inscription, and perceive all the lines, but if the waters are disturbed or made turbid we shall see disturbed images, or perchance nothing at all. We repeat then, practice and perseverence, hold fast all you get and be not discouraged if it comes slowly remember that it will be sure, and success will crown your efforts. Do n't seek to be like any one else, or to do just what another has done, but to do the best you can, be natural, be true to yourself and you will rejoice in the result.

In connection with this we present the following:

PRAYER

H. T. CHILD, M.D.—*Dear Doctor:*—I am impressed to write you upon the subject of prayer, especially, as you are one of those who understand and appreciate the great truths that are daily developed by practising the statuvolic art.

Among the many exciting causes which favor or induce statuvolence or the susceptible condition which enables spirits to approach and impress mortals, is *prayer*. This produces a relaxation or a giving up of all the fibers of the body, or a non-resistance to external influences, inducing a dependent or a reliant disposition, consequently a condition of the mind and body, which is favorable to spirit impressions as well as physical manifestations. Hundreds of cases might be cited to prove this fact, and among the number lately given in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, I select the case of Mr. Phineas Eames, who was so severely burned in the late prairie fires, to prove the efficacy of prayer in producing the necessary condition to relieve pain, although the effect is generally ascribed to a different cause. I give below his own words:

"Now in this hour of sorrow, let us all, with one accord and united voices, pray earnestly to Almighty God, our Father, as we never did pray before, that we may have grace and strength to endure this terrible affliction that has come upon us, that in this fearful pain I was suffering I might be sustained and strengthened. And as our voices mingled, ascending in prayer, all at once, I felt surrounded with a host of angelic beings. They were on my right and on my left, before me, and behind me, I felt their presence so closely that I thought if I moved either way I should touch them. And we prayed on without ceasing until in a moment I felt my pain had left me entirely, and from that moment, I have never felt the least pain from my burns, and all who were with me and nursed me for the last thirty days can testify to my condition when with them."

In the above case, it is very evident, that the sincerity of the praying, by abstracting the mind from the body brought on a condition of statuvolence sufficient to relieve him of all pain, and to enable his senses and faculties to feel the presence of angelic beings, who *then*, and *only when* he was in that condition could realize their presence, and be receptive of impressions, which, to use his own words, "lifted from me the great weight of sorrow that weighed down my soul."

It is a fact acknowledged by all surgeons, that if more than one-third of the body is burned, that the case will terminate fatally.

This results either from the shock received by the nervous system in the first instance, or the subsequent irritation and drain on the system from suppuration. The ill effects, however, from all these sources, I am constrained to say, could be entirely avoided by entering the statuvolic condition, and I ascribe the recovery of Mr. Eames to the fact that his system was in a state of statuvolic insensibility after the prayers referred to, was made.

There can also be no doubt that the physical manifestations detailed in the same paper, as having taken place in Plymouth Church upon various occasions, were caused by the religious exercises, among which, the pre-sermon prayer of Mr. Beecher seems to have had a most decided effect; and as the spectator's account given to the reporter of the *Herald*, is interesting and to the point, I give it in his own words:

"You know there are three reporters' tables standing against Mr. Beecher's platform. The middle table directly in a line with Mr. Beecher, is an innocent-looking affair of pine, stained to imitate black walnut. Some four or five weeks previous to Mr. Beecher's summer vacation, I noticed an unusual commotion in a little circle of reporters; and as I had been seated by the usher in a chair very near this table, I could not avoid seeing all that was going on.

"Mr. Beecher was in the middle of his long pre-sermon prayer. As he uttered the words 'Let the whole earth learn the power of love,—such as brought Christ to earth to die for men,' the table moved slowly and deliberately toward one of the ladies, and pushed so violently against her arm that she was obliged to move back. Then it moved as deliberately to the lady opposite. You should have seen the faces of the reporters. They had evidently seen table-tipping before, but were not prepared for a *seance* in front of the immense congregation of Plymouth Church. Their eyes said plainly, 'What shall we do if the table keeps moving?' But keep moving it did, back and forth, with a slow monotonous slide till the prayer was finished, and then it gave three emphatic tips by way of 'Amen!' Much more was given in regard to the fact, that the table did move thus, 'even when it was not touched by any of the reporter's raiment.'"

Here, also, prayer and other religious exercises produced a condition in the reporters, or in the congregation, that enabled spirits to approach and move physical bodies. Powerful exhortations often produce a like condition in susceptible persons; and who has not witnessed a perfect state of statuvolence, even to its cataleptic condition, induced by religious excitement in girls who attend Methodist meetings, where such a condition is erroneously considered necessary to salvation.

Music, harmony, fear, or any emotion of the mind that soothes or relaxes the nervous system is favorable to the production of this state; and if we desire health, or to establish an intercourse with spirits, the true nature of this condition, and the powers of the subject therein, must be studied. Then the investigator will find that the phenomena that heretofore have been ascribed to animal magnetism, are powers possessed by the faculties of the subject, and that his will is paramount, and can create as well as cure diseases.

The facts, therefore, prove that the statuvolic condition, from whatever cause it may be induced, enables spirits to approach and impress those who are susceptible, and that it is not necessary for persons to be unconscious of their surroundings to be impressible, as even a partial state enables spirits to do so with facility; and as cures can thus be effected by them as well as by the direction of their mind by men, the fact that both are able to cure, is accounted for without ascribing them to a magnetic power in either spirits or men.

WM. B. FAHNESTOCK, M.D.

Lancaster, Pa.

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CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 24, 1872.

VOL. XI.—NO. 23.

The Rostrum.

LECTURE BY E. V. WILSON

Delivered before the First Association of Spiritualists, of Philadelphia, on Sunday Evening, January 28th, 1872.

Phonographically reported for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, by Henry T. Child, M.D.

Song by the audience: "There's a beautiful home for thee."

Why not ask the angels to come down to our homes? and if in every household there was a room especially dedicated to their holy mission, where we might bow our heads in prayer, bound by no creed, free in soul, without license to do wrong, asking the minister of health, the minister of joy, the minister of prosperity, the minister of love to aid us to do our duty, so that cheerfulness and truth should be guests in our chamber of love; holding it sacred to every association of truth and right; never violating its sacred precincts with those elements that bring bitterness, and angularity and passion, but always, morning and evening, seeking to have it freighted with that divine inspiration which breathes the love of God into our souls, and brings the home of the angels to us, we would find this home here.

We have no need to go far away, but we must rise into the broad divinity of the philanthropist, that is ready and willing to spend and be spent in the cause of humanity Let these holy chapels be in every house, as sanctuaries, open and free to all purity, guarded by the people's love, sheltered by angel's influences, and we shall have a heaven on earth without going far off to get it. Jesus taught this when he declared that "the kingdom of heaven is within," and "thou art ever nigh unto God." I have sometimes been there, though crude in speech, and sometimes severe, yet there are times when, in my soul of souls, I bow down in some sacred retreat and am blessed.

Men think, and sometimes women, that we lack in religious love, in religious duty. It is not that, but it is the terrible antenatal school from out of which we have come; the baptism of fire through which we have passed; the dark, deep and murky waters of superstition whose darkness are commingling around us.

We are seeking the real foundation of truth and love. We are reaching up after this yet a little longer,—a few more days or months or years, and this voice shall cease in its physical phenomena, and that which keeps the body together, shall go with all the angularities of the past.

I shall know this, that life's a fact and death a lie; then shall the grave be swallowed up, and the doors of life be thrown ajar, and all the hosts of earth invited to enter upon the truth, with their own souls, bringing with them the darkness and the light which they have gathered in this life, and the light shall be as a silver chain of love, binding them to the fountain of infinite truth and justice; then shall the fathers exclaim, and the sons echo it down the aisles of time, along the rolling waves of eternity, the father's love abideth for ever; the son's memory forgeteth never; brothers and sisters shall be one; the daughters of truth and mothers of affection, waiting, grouped together in one bright star in mortality's diadem. Let us win it!

LECTURE.

I hold in my hand the second edition of God's word, bound by Gentiles, spoken by Jews, every letter of which has been baptized in a hundred thousand fangs of blood. Given as a white-winged messenger of peace, but pluming itself in the night-scream of the bird of blood. Made sacred and doubly sacred by the crimson blood that trickled from wings of the God that spoke it,—it has become trebly sacred for the phenomena that it describes. While as a speaker and seer, we reverence the mind of man, used by the inflatus of the heavens we should not worship the dust that crumbles and decays, but grasp the right hand of the soul, and in grasping it, bid it backward turn from the darker ages, and illuminate our day and time, for skepticism rankles on the very altar of every church, and in the soul and heart of every minister; in the kneeling worshiper, in the trembling hand of each one who holds the sacred wine cup, there stands the guest of skepticism. It curls itself in the human brain, and exclaims like a Barnes—dark! dark! dark! There is no light before me, but out springs an angel messenger—a mother, a father, a brother or a sister, who draws the infinite curtain aside and bids the darkened soul look forward to the star that is never dimmed, or never fades away.

Within the last decade, we, as a people, have laid low four hundred thousand men, impoverished and beggared eleven millions of people, shouldered a debt of two thousand millions of dollars, that the command of one God who held the chains of the slave might be changed for that of another, and the chains be broken. They who believe the spoken word, filled these armies with scorn and hate, and hurled the foul slander at the Nazarene, but when the physician, inspired by Heaven, touches the palsied limb, and sets the currents aglow afresh, they cry "it is the devil" and say, "a little longer you may walk the earth before you are consigned to the fire of eternal hell" How is it with the worshiper of the cross, suffering with the pangs of disease, when death stands at his bedside as it did to Minister Ferguson, closing up his life lines, and in his awakened nature, he calls his brother to his side and says, "Charlie, father, mother brother, and sister are here." They bid him be cheerful, for a little while and earth's pains shall cease and heaven's delight begin. They think him delirious, but he says, "Charlie, my mother, and that precious little one whose beautiful form they laid away in the grave long, long ago, is here. Nearer, and still nearer she comes, blessed child, my first born, thy cheek is soft, and tender; thy gentle hand soothes my fevered brow." With extended hand he exclaims to all these, "I come! I come!"

Demon is echoed from every pulpit in the land when the old man triumphing under the weight of eighty years, leaning upon his staff for help, looks up with dimmed eyes into the ether blue and beholds the hosts coming, and those whom he had loved in early youth, gathering around him to welcome him from the shores of time. The cry is these are demons from the damned, but they are not! They may be like the lad that stands here now, a child of charity, taken up, as he says, in the streets and sent to the poor house because he had no father or mother to care for him, and under the rude and unsympathetic treatment there he dies, and is thoughtlessly laid away in what they considered his last resting place—but no! he did not die; his mother came and found him and took him home, and he says I was not buried, but over the casket I had left, the chaplain said, "Demon—gone to the infernal regions."

Now there stands here by our sides the man whose pen inspires the army in the camp at Valley Forge, and who next to Washington did more for American liberty and the right of free speech, than any other man; he, who in June 1808, went out from the shores of time, and whose picture is refused a place in yonder State House in old Indepencence Hall—a home which his labor had entitled him to; he who has stood with Franklin and others at the head of this great spiritual movement for the extension of human liberty, by speaking freedom to every soul; he who hated slavery, opposed the King and wrote "Junius letters"—he says, with sudden shock, "I ceased to live,—expecting nothing and found much." He returns declaring, "That life is an eternal fact; and I in the fullness of the infinite elements, stand erect, doing my duty as heretofore."—THOMAS PAINE.

Stephen Girard, once the money king, that walked with folded arms along this platform this afternoon, now in the fullness of his nature, exclaims, "Thank God, thank the angels, and thank the minds of mortals that I can thus come." Another, grand in form and feature, with his broad rimmed hat, comes to the city that he founded, and in all the elements of his glory there is strength and peace. He thanks God, that here on the corner of these two streets, are sitting six hundred intelligent persons listening to words from the spheres above. Another man,—statesman,—scholar, love of liberty, grand old Morris, is here and prides himself as he looks back and beholds the prosperity that has followed this country, where every man is at liberty to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience without molestation.

Here, too, are Indian spirits in their grand freedom, and all these say never let superstition and bigotry gain a foothold on the soil of America; keep it in its virgin simplicity, even untainted, that there may not be a single theological blot or curse on the political polity of the country we inhabited. Oh! citizens, do you feel the grand inheritance which has come to you in this land of liberty, and will you hold this in fidelity and hand it down to your children without a stain or blot. Let the United States of America ever remain the home of the free. Let no one take away your religious or political liberty. Beware of those who would put God in the constitution.

We would not, in our desire to do right, rob the Catholic or the Protestant of any of their rights, or a single privilege, but we demand at their hands the same, and will have it. We made our medium pledge himself in 1854 to throw himself into any breach where men's or women's rights of citizenship and worship were in danger, and to defend them. We implore you by the divinity of our spiritual gospel, by the love you bear the sainted dead,—at that misnomer,—the love you bear the sainted living, those that have passed on, whose caskets we have laid a side, the resting places of whom are marked by the white marble, the grey granite and the towering shaft,—we implore you by the starlight and air, the one glinting so beautifully over your heads, the other you breathe in freedom's right,—heirs and joint heirs to it to-night; we implore you by the green grass that has not yet been stained by the theological curse; we implore you by the young blossoms just budding on the tree to put forth in April and May, to see that it blossoms without a curse,—so shall you be blessed.

Above and beyond all, I implore you to attend these meetings, and have a spiritual interest in them; the vantage ground is yours; do not lose it; do not slacken in your endeavors to do well, but come together; meet in these afternoon circles; meet in the morning worship; meet in the evening's declamation and ask the angels to be with you, and here they will be,—come and fill this hall and make the world feel that you are a power; that you have rights and privileges, and dare maintain them.

Now there stands right here by your chairman a colored man, scarred and worn; one who has lately passed on. He has come to thank Dr. Child for the help he has afforded his wife and little ones, whom he left behind. (We recognized him as a man who died of small pox about two months since.)

Here, too, is the old Quakeress, Eliza Newport whose life went out of the body yesterday. She wishes to thank Dr. Paxson for his kindness to her. She stands with her hands extended over him to offer her blessing.

I see now over you all a band of angels, one above the other, like Jacob's ladder, extending out into space. They will ever be with you. Let there be no more worship; let there be no more idols; let there be one great soul centrestance of love; gather under its banner,—support each other. If one errs, do not cast him away; if one sins, do not turn him out; if one curses you, come to him with blessings; bid him look upon the darkened record he is writing upon his own soul, and ask him to cease this; meet him ever with kindness and love, the beautiful affection that comes from the heavenly fold toward which we are all hastening—that home how few of us have measured.

We stood upon a mountain cone once. At our right a river flowed. There came one we loved in early life, with her babes around her. In her hand she held an open volume. The children were clustering round her feet and listening to the lessons of love. She was teaching them from this book of nature, the value and properties of fruit; the lives of insects and worms; of trees and rocks; of life in men and women and children. We started to meet her, in the old element of love, but she said, "Not yet; wait till this duty is done, and thou shall be blessed." Soon the lessons were over; the children dismissed, and she arose and came towards us with outstretched hands, and we met, the mortal and the immortal, face to face, hand in hand. Blessed memories of the past flowed swiftly through our souls. Little did either speak. Our thoughts were backward rolling to childhood's days. Then tracing on the beautiful pathway, up they came until both stood in heaven's light, face to face. Each then spoke the other's name. Each then asked of each their home—I said, I have come up from the shores of time. She forward pointed and said, "There in that beautiful vale is my home. Behold it." I saw a cottage,—vine clad, flowers clustered everywhere, fruit pendant hung from many a limb, birds sang and beautiful animals sported around the cottage. An old man sat by the door. A little girl was playing on the floor. Another approaching greeted the old man. She led the child before her in beautiful illustration of maternal love.

"My home," said I, "love, let us go there."

"Not yet," was the reply, "there is work for you to do."

Then some of whom we have spoken to-night, were delegated to direct our thoughts and labors. To begin, they must first strip the man of every thing that bound him to time. Then the soul must be prepared for its grand inflatus. The body must be disrobed of every encumbrance that bound it in the mortal chain. The mind must be as free as the air. What though scorn cross our track? What though hate stares us in the face? What though bigots send us to hell? What though the dagger be held at our throat? What though the revolver be held at our brain? The command was, Speak what thou seest; speak what thou hearest; speak what thou knowest to be true. We will stand by you. We will protect and guard you in the discharge of duty. Thus was an humble laborer taken from his daily toil. He has spoken to you four Sundays. You know him.

Then bound earthward, we saw the nations in their struggles. We saw the river rolling at the foot of the mountain, with barges, vessels, archways and bridges reaching out from the ocean of time into the murky, misty waters. By and by, we took our place amid the toilers, shouldering the hod first; then taking up the trowel to lay the brick and morter,—afterwards the compass and square and level were given to us, and later, sitting upon the royal arch, we came to stand here. Now it is finished. On the right and on the left, there clairvoyance, there intuition, there impression in matter,—"even things without life giving sound," as the Bible declares, and testifying to the truth of the law. Face to face, hand in hand,—the mortal and the immortal are to-day familiar.

We know that as the God of Abraham dined with him on the plains of Mamre, so our fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, and children, all have gathered around us in love, bidding us do our duty,—do it fully, nobly. We greet you then in the fullness of love, and are happy to present these beautiful truths of heaven's kingdom toward which we are all rapidly moving.

All of us have our duties to perform. It devolves upon us to speak of these things on the street, in public places, by day and by night. I declare I am a Spiritualist. Belief has ceased—knowledge exists. I know that I am immortal. I know that if I neglect my duty, back I must come and pay the penalty. I know that when I have done my duty, it is cancelled, and I have my reward. Therefore I give to the world my example, by my truth, by my logic, and feel that I am one day nearer that home. Let us all be sure that we worship God in the fullness of our souls. We have another duty, and that is to cultivate the minds of young children; to feed the young men and women that are in our midst,—that they may become strong men and noble women,—faithful in their places where danger exists, that they may be prepared to do better than we have.

Another duty is holy prayer, prayer in the closet, true family spiritual worship in its sanctity. The spirits will meet you there, and as they go out from your midst, will bear your prayers up to the spheres, and on the morrow it will come back brightened with love and truth from on high.

Now Spiritualists, our time with you as a lecturer ceases to-night. We go hence. We ask you not to offer up prayers to any idol, but to send out your magnetism of love for our help in the discharge of our duties. Help us to wrestle with error and when danger approaches to avoid it. We have given you six hundred statements of witnesses, described one hundred and ten spirits, most of whom have been clearly identified. One hundred cases of disease have been described. Of the six hundred there have been ninety clear failures at the time, but forty-five of these were recognized afterward. Do not give me credit for these things. Give it to the band of spirits that go with me—those angels, that have been here day after day—they are here around us to-night.

Then describing several spirits who were recognized, he said, men and women are these truths? If so, most potent are they. They are of inestimable value. Shall we then continue the inquiry, into the field of spiritual truth, which is as swift as lightning, as strong as iron or steel, as attracting as magnetism, or shall we continue in the cold field of doubt,—living in the elements of faith, and faith alone? It is for you to declare; it is for you to decide. Will you decide in favor or otherwise? Will you work? Will you gather round your worthy chairman, who will not long be with you, or will you stand aloof?

The angels will meet you here, and as you bring your love to bear upon those who stand upon your rostrum, you will get a return of a hundred fold, but if you come in coldness and indifference, you will get what you bring with you,—it will come to you freighted four-fold to your injury. Make the hall then a sanctuary to be respected; a room to be loved, and you will realize that every Sabbath you are walking nearer home.

Now we ask in the fullness of the father's, the son's and the daughter's love, that you become a brotherhood, earnest in your desires for the truth and the whole truth. We ask you to accept that which is good, and throw aside that which is evil. Come, asking the angels to be with you,—demanding and giving respect, and it shall be granted. Come determined to make every seat and every inch of room in this house sacred, on the day on which you meet to spiritual truth and to spirituality. Come, demanding of the Father, and as you ask so shall you receive. Come, knocking at the door, and it shall be opened unto you. Bring you children with you; gather together and teach them the royal road to these beauties which are revealed to you.

In the fullness of the hour and time, we ask you to give out to him who speaks to you, your soul's aspirations, that we may be strong. There are hours when he leans on his staff; hours when his soul, striving with the weary form, earnestly needs and desires your love,—your help. We trust you will accord it to him in the journey of life.

BENEDICTION.

Let us love the truth, humanity and all that is good, and we shall not be far from the kingdom of God. Let us go out, determined to speak well of all, cheerfully to all, and help the erring to do right. Oh! a word of cheer, how blessed! A word of scorn, how bitter! A tear of friendship caught by angel hands, crystallizes and becomes a jewel in the crown of our future reward. Let us see, then, that there are many sparkling gems ever making beautiful that crown, and filling with bright ornaments the home we are preparing for eternity.

Meet me up there. I desire it. I pledge you that I will meet you in the other world. I know it. I know we are immortal. I have seen them, like Thomas, and can exclaim, my Lord, my God, so grandly appearing, so gracefully retiring, so lovingly approaching and lifting the curtain around us. My Father, I know that thou livest, and I am an immortal being, and these shall be my witnesses hereafter. Oh! God of truth, God of liberty, God of love, God of light and life and hope and charity.

Spiritualism in England.

A SEANCE.

The medium was at first controlled by Tien-Sien-Tie.

No questions being prepared, the spirit made a few remarks upon the value and utility of spirit-manifestations. It was said that they demonstrated to the senses human immortality, but they did more. They revealed the interior constitution of the human mind, and the divine possibilities connected with man, showing how man may progress infinitely. The reflection followed that the cause which sustains all this action must be infinitely beyond human comprehension, and such considerations foreshadowed the nobility of the human intellect in the great problems it had to grapple with in the future.

The spirit was then asked to make some remarks on the beauty of the spirit-world. He remarked that our conceptions of beauty depended upon our intellectual development and moral state. We could only elevate ourselves to the enjoyment of beauty by leading spiritual and consistent lives, which could only be effected by our knowing the uses of things, and adhering closely to what they inculcated. Thus, as beauty comes from adherence to use—as man advances in this spiritual life, beauty increases.

Q. Is there sense-knowledge in spirit-life?—A. Yes; the whole man is transported at death to an objective world, in which every faculty is exercised by proper surroundings. But there is developed in spirit life a higher range of senses, which do not merely take cognizance of objects, but penetrate into the interior essences and merits of things. These are known by the term intuitions.

Q. Does a stout heavy person after death appear in the spirit-world as a stout spirit?—A. No; the spirit assumes normal proportions, uninfluenced by any diseased condition which may have produced the stoutness in earth-life. When spirits appear to seeing-mediums it is necessary that they should assume their earth-form in order to be identified. Those not long departed retain a full memory of their earthly conditions, and thus appear externally in the earth-form.

THE STROLLING PLAYER

controlled, and gave a very interesting discourse, illustrating the worthless education on religious and spiritual subjects supplied by the ecclesiastical institutions of the land. "Suppose," he said, "we stand at the gate of the spirit-world for twenty minutes and interrogate all who come from the earth with the question, 'Where are you going?' The first, a Pharisee, would say 'To heaven;' the second, a victim of Phariseeism, would answer, 'To hell;' the third, a natural theologian, would reply, 'I do not care; it was all right on earth, and it will be all right here;' the fourth, a Materialist, would deny he was dead, not believing in a future life; the fifth, a Spiritualist, would make answer, 'I am going neither to heaven nor hell, but to the spirit-land.'" He censured our modern priestcraft for much of the ignorance, deception, moral deflection, and misery which exist in society, because they taught the people superstitious lies instead of spiritual truths.

A SEANCE AT MRS. BERRY'S.

I should like to send you a long account of a most interesting seance which took place at my house last evening, but having many engagements, can only give you the heads—clearly showing how important it is that harmonious feeling should exist where circles are formed. At 7.30 p.m., a gentleman and two ladies arrived. I am sorry I am not allowed to mention their names; but they came expressly from the provinces to be present at my private seance. The two mediums, Messrs. Williams and Herne, and myself formed the party. While sitting in the drawing room a great development took place, one of the ladies being under strong magnectic influence. At 8.30 we entered the seance room, taking our seats at a round table—Mr. Herne on my right hand, one of the ladies on my left; Mr. Williams next, then a lady, and next the gentleman. We had not sat long before John King came and held a long conversation with us, addressing each individually, giving an excellent test; but being of a personal kind, I cannot repeat it.

A proposition was then made that the *boys* should go into the cabinet; but as they dislike this cage, as they call it, strong opposition was made. At last, however, they acceded, and several spirits came. One—the spirit who came on a former occasion and who promised me never to come again unless he became more holy—answered, in reply to my question whether he was so: "Holy! I should think I am; I have been on my knees all day, and should like you to see the *holy* state of my garments." He then commenced punning and asking enigmas, but nothing boisterous or disagreeable. At intervals he became serious again, telling circumstances that came home to each one. On being asked how he knew these things, he replied, "John King tells me; I don't know of myself, but I shall know." The *boys* then asked to be let out of their cage, and we again formed the circle, when the harmonium began playing. Spirit-hands were touching us and John King talking to us, until we were desired to leave the room for refreshments. Afterwards, while at supper, one of the *boys* reminded me that I had forgotten to ask the spirits to take wine with me; but I felt no impression to do this, but soon after I was impressed to have a glass of wine poured out, and a piece of bread put on a plate. We then adjourned to the seance room, and breaking the bread into *several* pieces by impression, I gave the plate to the lady, who put her clasped hands over it, and I took the wine, requesting the lights to be put out.

Immediately a piece of bread was put into each person's mouth, except one piece, which they placed in my hands; they also took the wine from me, putting it to the lips of all, and then returning it to me. Here we should have stopped; but, not satisfied, the *boys* again went into the cupboard, when a violent spirit took possession of it, and bent the iron bar I had fixed to it nearly double. We now released them, and engaged in the Lords Prayer, the spirits joining, and telling us they were not gods, but men and women like ourselves, and ever to remember this. I am now more than convinced that all does not depend on the mediums, but principally on the *surroundings;* for last evening we had none of that noise and violence which has frequently attended previous seances.—Yours very truly,

S. B. CATHERINE BERRY.

Medium and Daybreak.

ANSWERING LETTERS.—A great many people in this country are shamefully negligent about answering letters. Nothing is more annoying. In European countries it is regarded as the height of ill-breading to allow a letter which needs a reply to go unanswered, and so it ought to be considered here. This is a point on which parents should lay great stress to their children. They should be taught to consider it as rude not to reply to a letter which needs attention as to hand a fork with the prong end. The busiest people are generally those who are most exact in this respect. The late Duke of Wellington, who, it will be admitted, had a good deal on his hands at different times of his life, replied to every letter, no matter from how humble a source. Once a clergyman who lived in a distant part of the kingdom wrote to his grace, on whom neither he nor his parish had a shadow of claim, to beg for a subscription to rebuild a church. By return of mail came back a letter from the Duke to the effect that he really could not see why in the world he should have been applied to for such an object; but the parson sold the letter as an authograph for £5, and put the Duke down for that amount among the subscribers.

The JOURNAL $1.50 a year to new subscribers

Moses Hull and the Crucible.

BRO. JONES:—Will you please inform the readers of your Journal that, for good and sufficient reasons, I am no longer connected with the *Crucible*. You have undoubtedly heard of persons "stealing the livery of heaven to serve the devil in." The managers of the *Crucible*, after taking my "little all" so far as this world is concerned, refuse to publish a valedictory for me or even drop my name from its list of editors, so I am driven to other columns, and warn the readers of that journal that they can no longer look to me for the fulfillment of any of its contracts.

My future course with regard to publishing books and papers will in due time be made known to the spiritual public, then it will be time for me to state reasons for what may seem to many a strange move.

My post office address, also that of my Bro., D. W. Hull, on and after April first, will be Vineland, N. J. Respectfully.

MOSES HULL.

REMARKS:—The above-named concern has ended as we predicted it would to D. W. Hull, one of the corresponding editors, immediately after it was started.

It contained within itself the seeds of speedy dissolution. It festered with corruption from the day of its inception.

The festering sore has finally come to a head. Of Mr. Davis, the proprietor, we know nothing. His course in ridding himself of the incubuses that were so heavily weighing him down, speaks volumes in his favor, at least. The same parties were active sympathizers with the faction that once, by fraud, got control of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and changed it into the *Spiritual Republic*, and were finally kicked out, after they had squandered the funds of the institution.

Like it was in our case, Davis locks his stable door after his horse is stolen. Perhaps more appropriately we might say, he allowed his stable to be occupied by donkies, that in trying to kick other people, kicked themselves to death—overturned their feed-box, and trampled its contents under foot.

It is rather amusing to refer back a few weeks, and read a spirit communication, which was published in the *Crucible*, in regard to its *merger* into the *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*. Moses asked the spirit of Henry C. Wright, as he says, the following question:

Shall I continue the publication of the *Crucible* or shall I merge it into *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly* and assist in making of that a great national organ?

MOSES HULL.

The spirit replied:

Well as I always told you, the hat for the head and not the head for the hat, so I say now. You ought to be the best judge of that question, however, as you have thought my advice of some value I will give it. The *Crucible* has outgrown itself and it needs a new *hat*, and if a change is made you can do no better than to merge the *Crucible* into that valuable progressive sheet. *They need you* and I can but think it your duty to comply with their request.

Your Brother,

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

How is it about the new "hat!" One would think from Moses's article, that the *Crucible* has a *new head* instead of a "new hat." Wonder if that new head is the "great national organ" Moses and the spirit were thinking of? Alas, that the only craft that so valliantly sailed to its masthead the banner of Victoria C. Woodhull as a candidate for the presidency of the United States, should be manned by persons who "*steal* the livery of heaven to serve the devil in," so early in the heat of their revolutionary and presidential campaign!

Improvement in Protecting Buildings from Fire.

W. D. Baker, Esq., of East Abbingdon, Mass., has invented a plan whereby the party wall, or partition between two buildings, is provided with a thin or narrow chamber or chambers, to extend from the bottom to the top of the wall. These chambers he proposes to flood with water, through an induct at the bottom, and to protect the roof, by forcing the water through educts in the chambers, on to the roof. We should presume that in cities and towns supplied with water works, the invention would be entirely practicable. Those interested should correspond with Mr. Baker.

TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote.

One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote cured me from the use of tobacco, and I heartily recommend it to any and all who desire to be cured. Thank God I am now free after using the weed over thirty years.

LORENZO MEEKER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

I hereby certify that I have used tobacco over twenty years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has effectually destroyed my appetite or desire for tobacco.

DAVID O'HARRA.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 15th, 1871.

I have used tobacco between fourteen and fifteen years. About two months since, I procured a box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. It has cured me, and I feel perfectly free from its use. Have no desire for it.

F. H. SPARKS.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 25th, 1871.

I have used tobacco, both chewing and smoking, about twelve years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has cured me and left me free, with no desire or hankering for it.

GEORGE A. BARKER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

Mr. R. T. Wyman, of Waukau, informs me that he has used one box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. Inclosed find two dollars. Please send me a box,

D. H. FORBES.

Oshkosh, Wis., Sept. 19, 1871,

For sale at this office. $2.00 per box. Sent free of postage by mail. Address Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 150 Fourth Avenue, Chicago.

☞ *Agents wanted.*

A Liverpool banker burned up among some waste paper seven thousand pounds in Bank of England notes.

Items of Interest.

—M. Branin would like a lecurer to visit Vinton, Iowa.

—Mrs. Helen Grover has been lecturing successfully at Peoria, Ill.

—C. A. Green would like to have a first class speaker visit Eau Claire, Wis.

—H. S. Johnson, of Wautoma, Wisconsin, has been developed as a healer.

—Dr. J. K. Bailey is lecturing at Benton Harbor, Mich., on subjects connected with the Harmonial Philosophy.

—The article on the 6th page, entitled: "Ghosts in Wetzel County," is taken from the Moundsville (Va.) *Reporter*.

—Some one sends us a communication in reference to the Bangs Children. No name accompanies it, therefore we cannot publish it.

—Levi Dinkelspiel has left the lecturing field, and commenced the practice of law at Seneca, Kansas. We hope success will accompany him.

—A friend sends us a note, speaking in high terms of the labors of Helen Grover and Miss S. S. Crosby, a test medium who accompanies her.

—A Hindoo, on one occasion said to a missionary: "Reviling our gods, criticising our Shastras, and ridiculing our ritual will accomplish nothing."

—One who is, perhaps, a little too critical, says that the majority of the country preachers could burn quite as well as the old religious martyrs—they are so dry.

—E. M. Davis, normal and inspirational speaker, will accept calls to lecture on the line of any of the railroads from DesMoines, Iowa. Address postoffice box 685.

—Robert Poe, of Vineland, N. J., sends us a note, speaking in high terms of Dr. R. P. Fellows, as a healer, enumerating several severe cases of disease that he has cured.

—Miss Susie Johnson is lecturing to large audiences in this city, at the Hall, corner of Randolph and Jefferson streets, morning and evening. Progressive Lyceum meets at 12 o'clock.

—Mrs. Wilcoxson is doing a good work in the west. She has just closed another course of lectures at Springfield, Mo. Went from there to Lebanon. Speaks in Kansas City, next month.

—Joseph S. Burr desires any Spiritual medium passing over the Cincinnati and St. Louis Railroad to give him a call at Coshocton, Ohio, and make his residence their home as long as they wish.

—The *London Times* thinks that Stokes' pistol-shot in killing Fisk, did not kill the spirit of which he was the incarnate representative. Still, we think it will be difficult for Fisk to financier as extensively in his "new home" as in New York City.

—The *Presbyterian* affirms that the corruption that exists in New York is in reality in the interest und under the direction of the Church of Rome. It ought to dave excepted the corrupt'on in the Methodist Book Concern, then it would have been nearly correct.

—A prominent journalist, who is perfectly bald, has offered a reward of $1,000 for a tale that will make his hair stand on end. We would respectfully refer him to the tale of Elder Knapp, of this city, in reference to Hell. If that don't make his hair stand on end, there is no "stand" to it.

—W. A. Curtis writes as follows from Parkersburgh, Iowa: "L. F. Cummings has very agreeably entertained us with two lectures. He was listened to with very marked attention and undisguised appreciation. I predict for him a broad field of future usefulness, and hope his physical weakness will be improved."

—A Roman Catholic letter-writer says a parody on the litany of the Virgin Mary was sung, or rather *yelled*, for many hours, under the very windows of the palace of the Cardinal Vicar; and that a lithograph caricature likeness of the holy father is just now to be seen in the shop of one of the principal tobacconists of Rome.

—James Fields, a well-known conductor on the railroad between Philadelphia and Jersey City, took a heavy dose of laudanum the other night, passed in his checks, and alighted at the final earthly terminus. The ministers believe he has accepted a temporary situation on a certain broad-gauge line vaguely alluded to in scripture.

—The Rev. George A. Jackson, who was denied ordination at North Adams, Mass., because he did not endorse the endless punishment of the impenitent, has been engaged as pastor for a year in Mission Church, in Leavenworth, Kansas. The church has authorized him to administer all the ordinances without ordination, and propose, after a few months, to call an ordaining council.

—Governor Jewell has requested his name to be stricken from the list of Vice-Presidents of the society, which is laboring to add a theological amendment to the National Constitution. He writes to the secretary of the society: "I am entirely opposed to the movement, and the objects sought to be attained by it, believing that it is worse than useless to attempt a nationa acknowledgement.

—Dr. D. P. Kayner sends us the following note, under date of Feb. 12th: "In some respects I am better, but find my spine and nervous system are recovering very slowly indeed from the shock. The injury is worse than it at first appeared. If able, this spring and summer I shall travel and lecture, as I now think it will be better for myself in aiding a restoration of health than confinement to office labors; and perhaps I can do others as much good in that way as in any other."

—Isaac Paden, of Woodhull, Ill., writes: "The Methodists have held a protracted meeting of thirty-one days here, and made a raise of five 'convicts' before a Justice of the Peace. Each one was fined $3 and costs; but 'nary convert!' In the thirty-one days there has been about three hundred solemn prayers, long and loud, expressly for the conversion of sinners, and no answer yet. Last night there went up a doleful lamentation in these words: 'O Lord, is it possible so many prayers shall go unanswered?'"

—Elder Evans, the Shaker, who has been traveling in Europe, makes the following statement: "At a public dinner, given by the Emperor of Russia, he confessed with the simplicity of a child what was confirmed by the Empress and other members of their suite, that he was influenced by spirits, through the American medium, Home, to emancipate the twenty millions of serfs; and that the spirits helped and sustained him in the accomplishment of his arduous undertaking. Prince Albert and queen Victoria were Spiritualists; and skeptics are calling her crazy and seeking to dethrone her upon that ground. Lincoln and Stanton were Spiritualists to our certain knowledge; and to the spirits were due the emancipation of slavery, and the final success of the North."

—A brilliant light has just emanated from Japan. He Mikado has lately issued the following remarkable manifesto: "My country is now undergoing a complete "change from old to new ideas, which I sincerely desire. "Therefore I call upon all strong-minded men to ap"pear good guides to the government. During youth"time, it is positively necessary to view foreign coun"tries, so as to become enlightened as to the ideas of the "world; and boys as well as girls, who will themselves "become men and women, should be allowed to go "abroad, and my country will be benefitted by the knowi"edge so acquired. Females heretofore had no position "socially, because it was considered that they were with"out understanding, but if educated and intelligent, they "should have due respect."

—A Syrian convert to Christianity was urged by his employer to go to work on Sunday, but declined. "But, does not your Bible say," inquired the master, "that if a man have an ox or an ass which fall into a pit on the Sabbath day, he may pull him out?" "Yes," answered the Syrian; "but if the ass has a habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath day, then the man should fill up the pit or sell the ass." Such an ass is past redemption in a Biblical sense. The Christian should sell the worthless animal, and in so doing serve the Lord.

—Hosea Ballou Davis, of Moline, Ill., sends the following theological puzzle to the Rev. Dr. Burgess: "God was neither able nor willing to save all our soldiers from starving at Andersonville; or he was able and unwilling; or he was willing and unable; or he was both able and willing. Now, if He was neither able nor willing, then he is not powerful or benevolent; if able and unwilling, then he is not merciful; if willing but not able, then he is not omnipotent; and if both able and willing, *why did he not save all our soldiers from starving at Andersonville?*"

—D. W. Hull is speaking at Lowell, Mass. He will return to the West the first of March. Holds a discussion with Elder W. R. Jewell, in Crawfordsville, Ind., March 11th to 20th; at Joliet, Ill., March 30th; at Kansas City, Mo., during the month of April; and at Mechanicsville, Iowa, May 1st to 15th. Would be glad to make engagements near by for the balance of May. Discussions are wanted during his stay in Kansas City, and Mechanicsville. Who will meet him?

—The Rev. J. S. Smart is still trying to suppress the Romeo *Observer*, a paper published in Michigan. This Smart's religion has turned into poison, his piety into hellish stings, his virtue into venomous fangs, and thus armed and equipped, he is doing some dirty work. In Chicago he would be regarded as *religious debris*, and would be *carted* away at so much a load. The *Observer* uses the following in its defense:

"True religion
Is always mild, propitious, and humble,
Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood.
Nor bears destruction on her chariot wheels:
But stoops to polish, succour, or redress,
And builds her grandeur on the public good."

—One of the most singular facts demonstrated recently in social matters has come to light within a few days in enforcing the rule of the public schools of Kalamazoo requiring the vaccination of all pupils. Among the Holland people there the idea is prevalent that it is wicked to vaccinate any one. If the Almighty (they argue), intends or desires to visit their children with small pox it is wrong to place, or attempt to place, any obstacle in the way. And when the School Board insists upon vaccination in the case of school children, they are met with the remark, "We are conscientiously opposed to vaccination." The same people are also opposed to insurance risks, especially life insurance, on the same ground.—*Ex.*

They are truly Christian. Why, it is the most consummate foolishness—much worse than that—to worship an infinitely merciful God, who is omnipotent; and attribute all things to him, and then try to avert what it is said he causes.

—There is evidently a very decided progress toward Liberalism in the administration of the English Universities. The last Parliament did away with religious tests as conditions of membership, with the exception that the coveted gifts of Fellowships were reserved for those in holy orders. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has now stepped in and approved of the action of Merton College, Oxford, in repealing the statute in the College ordinance whereby one moiety of the twenty-four Fellowships was subject to the restriction of holy orders, and has advised Her Majesty to confirm this action. Eighteen of the twenty-two colleges at Oxford will at once follow the action of Merton. This action removes from Oxford the teaching of the Thirty-nine Articles, abolishes religious tests, and opens the great privileges of Fellowship free to all, without regard to creed.

—Poor Hepworth, the apostate, now calmly resting in the arms of the Congregational Church, is receiving a great deal of notice. His secession has not made him popular. The *Liberal Christian* speaks of him as follows: "We are not among those who regret Mr. Hepworth's desertion. With his popular gifts and external attractions he had been steadily demoralizing the standard of the Unitarian ministry and preaching, by a sensational, unscholarly style of self exhibition, an appeal to to a wishy-washy sentimentality and to vulgar prejudices, abusing a culture he did not possess, speaking lightly of theological science, any knowledge of which he honestly disclaimed, and using popular orthodox phrases in a delusive and and confusing way. There was a great boy acting in the pulpit which the modest and classic Lunt, the dignified and thoughtful Dewey, the decorous and scholarly Osgood, had filled. Sober and religious Unitarians foreboded no good of this comet which has now gone into disastrous eclipse. But happily for our cause, which he employed the last hours of his brief ministry in disparaging, he has left us."

—Rev. James M. Wharf, writing of the recent revival in Olney, says: "The Lord has done great things for our church. Over fifty have been converted and united with us. The mighty power of God seems to rest upon us in a wonderful manner." He proposes to endeavor to start the converts on the right path in their new life by getting them to subscribe for the *Standard* as an efficient help. He adds: "I hope God will again raise up the *Standard*, which has been one of the best religious journals in America. God is with our beloved pastor, Rev. T. J. McKusick, and his labors have been abundantly successful. Oh, how good it is to serve God! and his name is excellent in all the earth."—*Chicago Standard.*

We rejoice that the Lord is with you. Fifty devils have been cast out of the sinners of Olney. Where are those poor devils now? Did n't Christ cast out devils, and did n't they enter the swine? and if he had been in New York, would n't he have been arrested under the statute made and provided to prevent cruelty to animals? Poor "piggies!" to run down the embankment and kill themselves.

—A Scottish clergyman, renowned for his piety and and charity, has been arrested for theft. His manse was filled with stolen Bibles. He took nothing else; but wherever he went, the Scriptures disappeared. Finally, suspicion was aroused, and the facts of of the case were discovered. It was found that he had a large missionary district, in every house and cottage of which he had left a stolen Bible. He was arrested by the bedside of a dying old man, to whom he was reading from a "borrowed" copy. "What made you steal the Bibles, Mr. B.?" asked the Sheriff, with pious horror in his face. "God made me steal them, good man," was the reply. "He was weary of seeing his poor people perish of gospel hunger, because the rich Bible Society could not afford to feed them without the bawbees, well tknowing hat they had no bawbees; and so God sent me to steal them and save them." Whether he will save himself by the plea remains to be seen.

—Some years ago, an old sign-painter, who was very cross, very gruff, and a little deaf, was engaged to paint the Ten Commandments on some tablets in a church not five miles from Buffalo. He worked two days at it, and at the end of the second day, the pastor of the church came to see how the work was getting along. The old man stood by, smoking a short pipe, as the reverend gentleman ran his eyes over the tablets. "Eh!" exclaimed the pastor, as his familiar eye detected something wrong in the wording of the precepts; "Why, you careless old person! you have left a part of one of the Commandments entirely out; don't you see?" "No such thing," said the old man, putting on his spectacles; "No, nothing left out—where?" "Why, there," persisted the pastor, "look at them in the Bible; you have left some of the Commandments out." "Well, what if I have?" asked old obstinacy, as he ran his eye complacently over his work, "there 's more there now than you 'll keep."

—The *Tablet* in its New Year's survey of the condition and prospects of the Holy See is not cheerful: "Deserted "by all the great powers of the earth, robbed of the patri"mony of St. Peter, her Pontiff a prisoner in his own pal"ace, her capital with its incalculable wealth of art treas"ures, its churches, its glorious monuments, in the hands "of ruthless despoilers, who know no other law than that "of their own passions—her most cherished religious or"ders persecuted, robbed of their own just and lawful "possessions ever used for beneficent and Christian pur"poses—the calm and hallowed retreats of learning in"vaded by a lawless and godless soldiery, some of them "converted into stables for the horses of the royal free"booter of Savoy! Everywhere the powers of evil ar"rayed against the Church, everywhere secret societies "burrowing like moles in the dark depths below the sur"face of Society, undermining the very foundations of "virtue and morality, exciting the unwise and the unwary "against religion, which they nickname superstition and "tyranny—everywhere the spirit of revolt raising its hy"dra head, hissing forth blasphemy against God and His "Christ, His Mother, and His saints—everywhere, the "Church fighting single-handed and alone the powers of "earth and hell in divers forms, holding aloft the banner "of the Cross, and wielding the spiritual weapons her "God has given her, in defense of the faith once deliv"ered to the saints, assailed on every side by an irreli"gious age." But all is not dark in this "rapidly disorga"nizing world." The saddest Catholic heart can find cheer in the thought that though "the Church of God be "assailed, persecuted, robbed, and outraged from with"out, and even by some who ought to be, and are sup"posed to be, her children, never was there a time, in all "the nineteen centuries of her existence, when such ad"mirable union prevailed within her vast bosom, wide as "the planet on which we dwell. Never, since the days of "the first Christians, were Catholics everywhere more "truly Catholic, more fervent in their faith, more stead"fast in their devotion to the Holy See, more submissive "to the Vicar of Christ, more strongly influenced by re"ligious motives."

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

Heaven.

Our ideas of heaven have been given us mostly by the teachers of a materialistic theology, which, going to one of the ancient records, finds a description of a city whose walls were jasper and precious stones, and whose streets were paved with gold.

Equally absurd has been the popular idea that heaven was a locality. Science and philosophy, aided by the revelations of Modern Spiritualism, has shown to all thinking minds, that heaven is a state of mind, a condition, and not a location. It is true that our minds are influenced by our surroundings, but not so much so that two individuals may not be in very different mental, spiritual conditions, while they are in the same locality and surroundings. More than this, we know absolutely that as a man thinketh so he is; and that our surroundings will take their hue from our conditions. Even the most material things of earth, when seen through the vision of a refined and progressed spiritual nature, have an added glory and beauty; and so the spirits from advanced conditions in spirit-life, tell us that when they visit this earth, the old and familiar scenes have a halo of glory and beauty around them, that they did not discover when mingling with these in their earthly pilgrimage.

We do not need, however, to go to spirit-life to realize this fact, our progression here continually reveals it to us; and, as the soul walks forth in its conscious integrity, and with its love-nature unfolded, it realizes a heaven even amid the surroundings of earth, that to other minds seem the very reverse.

We present our readers with a beautiful poem, entitled—

HEAVEN.

BY KATE E. P. HILL.

I would sing you a song of Heaven,
If my soul could chant the hymn;
I would sing of its skies, whose georgeous dyes
Would make our own grow dim.

I would sing of its mountains, bathed in light
That never will fade away;
Of the murmuring breeze, through whispering trees
That never will know decay;

Of glorious birds, that trill strange words—
With a mystery in their flow—
'Till the scented airs grow holy with prayers
That only they can know.

I would sing of its lakes, for the lilies' sakes—
The purest that God has given—
Of all the flowers which we call ours—
How *White they must be in Heaven!*

I would sing to you of its violet blue,
That watches the loving sky;
But droops its head when it hears the tread
Of an angel footstep nigh.

I would sing of Love, in that land above,
'Till I could not hush the strain—
Of its perfect bliss, 'till the joys of this
Would shrink to immortal pain.

But my soul is mute, like a tuneless lute
That has been forsaken long,
Its pulses thrill, but its voice is still,
And I *cannot* sing the song.

Sweet land! I have *dreamed* of thee,
When the summer moonlight fell
In silver showers on the nestling flowers,
Asleep in the greenwood dell.

And I have woke—when the vision broke—
With a sob on heart and brain,
That I should stray from that shining way
Back to the world again.

But I know I shall see thee more, sweet land,
When these fitful hours are fled;
When the flowers lie low where they used to blow,
And the sky in the West grows red.

I shall steer my bark where the waves roll dark;
I shall cross a stranger sea;
But I know I shall land on thy bright strand,
Where my loved ones wait for me.

There are faces there, divinely fair,
That the earth lost long ago;
And foreheads white, where curls lay bright,
Like sunbeams over snow.

And there are eyes like thine own blue skies—
Eyes I have seen before,
Will grow as bright as the stars of night,
When I near the welcome shore.

There are little feet I loved to meet,
When the world was sweet to me,
I know will bound when the rippling sound
Of my boat comes o'er the sea.

I shall see them stand on the gleaming sand,
With their white arms o'er the tide,
Waiting to twine their hands in mine,
When I reach the further side.

Sweet land! I have dreamed of thee,
When the summer moonlight fell,
In silver showers, on the nestling flowers,
Asleep in the greenwood dell.

And I know I shall see thee once again,
When life's fitful hours have fled;
When the flowers lie low where they used to blow,
And the sky in the West grows red.

The rights of man may not find adequate expression in the statute law; they do not vary to suit the caprice of our rulers; they are never modified by the election returns; they are not subverted by imperial decrees, nor can they be overthrown by revolution. They existed before the State, and they will outlive the State. Thus, while the measure of political power possessed and exercised by the people, varies under different forms of government, and, indeed under the same government at different periods, the rights of human nature are everywhere and always the same. Firm as the pillars of the universe, they will remain when all existing political institutions shall have perished—

When the sweeping storm of time
Has sung its death-dirge o'er our ruined fanes
And broken altars.

—*S. B. Britten.*

The stars shall fade away and be lost, but love, pure and divine shall endure forever.

"All is God that is, and is to be;
And God is good."

Where the share is deepest driven,
The best fruits grow.—WHITTIER.

Oh, restless spirit! wherefore strain
Beyond thy sphere?
Heaven and hell, with their joy and pain
Are now and here.—IBID.

Life is real—life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art—to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.—LONGFELLOW.

The act of writing condenses ideas and feelings out of their vague diffusiveness, and precipitates them, as a rod the electric fluid.

—*Alger.*

Medium's Column.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 34 Clinton Place, New York. Terms $2.00 and three stamps. Money refunded when not answered.

Thomas Woodliff,

INSPIRED PHYSICIAN AND LECTURER, COLFAX, CAL. n22v11tf

J. WM. VAN NAMEE, M.D., BOX 5120, NEW YORK CITY, will examine patients by lock of hair, until further notice, for $1.00 and two stamps. Give full name, age, and one leading symptom of disease v11 n13 tf

MINNIE MYERS,

Test and Business Medium, will receive calls at all hours from 9 o'clock A.M. to 9 P.M., except Sundays, from 2 to 4 P.M. Terms $1.00 a sitting. Residence 169 Fourth Ave., up stairs, Chicago. v11 n13 tf

MRS. S. A. R. WATERMAN, 67 Mulberry street, Newark, N. J., will answer letters, sealed or otherwise, give PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATIONS, or Reading of Character, from writing, hair, or photograph. Terms from two to five dollars and four three-cent stamps. v11 n14 tf

DR. JOHN A. ELLIOTT, THE HEALER,

Is at 35 Bond street. Call from 9 A.M., to 5 P.M. Will examine patients at a distance by lock of hair, and prescriptions will be given where they will apply. Magnetic remedies prepared and sent by express on moderate terms.

Inclose $2.00 and two stamps, with lock of hair, full name and age, with one leading symptom of disease, and address care of box 5120. New York P. O.

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Developed to cure diseases by drawing the disease upon himself, at any distance; can examine persons; tell how they feel, where and what their disease is, at the same time. One examination $1. Thirty exercises to draw disease at any distance, $10. Manipulations, $2.00 each. Treats patients at a distance by letter, by inclosing the sum, giving your name and address. v11n22 tf

SPIRITUAL CLAIRVOYANT.

MRS. J. M. CARPENTER (formerly Julia M. Friend), well known for her remarkable success during many years practice in examination and treatment of the sick, may be consulted at her office, 1547 Washington street, corner of Northampton, Boston, Mass. Hours from 10 to 4.

Examinations spoken or written through the medium's hand, $2.00. People at a distance inclose lock of hair and $2.00 for complete diagnosis of case and prescription of remedies. Sealed letters to spirit friends answered. Terms, $2.00.

Clairvoyance.

Dr. P. T. Johnson examines diseases by receiving a lock of hair, name, and age, stating sex—$1.00 accompanying the order. He also prepares a sure antidote for opium and morphine eaters; three months will cure the most inveterate case. Charges, six dollars per month. He also prepares a sure cure for ague, 50 cents per bottle. Will be sent by express. Address him at Ypsilanti, Mich. u10 n17 tf

D. W. HULL,

Psychometric and Clairvoyant Physician

Will diagnose disease and give prescriptions from a lock of hair or photograph, the patient being required to give name, age, residence, etc A better diagnosis will be given by giving him the leading symptoms, but sceptics are not required to do so. Watch the papers for his address, or direct to Hobart, Ind., and wait till the letters can be forwarded to him.

Terms $5.00. Money refunded when he fails to get in rapport with the patient. v11 n12 tf

Dr. Samuel Maxwell,

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,

TREATS the sick by **magnetic touch,** and the use of appropriate **magnetized remedies.** Also makes **clairvoyant examinations.** Patients to be treated by letter should send age, sex, and leading symptoms. Board in private families if desired. Come to or address, SAMUEL MAXWELL, M.D.

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The Well-known Psychometrist,

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WILL give to those who visit him in person, or from autograph, or from lock of hair, readings of character, marked changes, past and future, advice in regard to business, diagnosis of disease, with prescription, adaptation of those intending marriage, directions for the management of children, hints to the inharmoniously married, etc.

Terms, $2.00 for full delineation; brief delineation, $1.00

A. B. SEVERANCE.

[illegible] Wis.

v7 n13 tf

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Can trace stolen property, tell the past, present, and future, advise concerning business, and give written communications from spirit friends.

Diagnosis of disease with prescription, $2.00. Communications from spirit friends, $3.00. Delineation of character, with advice concerning marriage, $1.00. n1 v10 tf

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Dr. C. A. Barnes is successful in curing Catarrh, Asthma, Softening of the Brain, Jaundice, Neuralgia, Heart Disease, Nervous Debility, Diabetes, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Weak Eyes, Falling of the Womb, and all kinds of Sexual Weakness, Weak Spines, Ulcers, Loss of Voice, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Dropsy, Hemorrhoids, Felons, all kinds of Lameness and Weakness of Limbs, Scrofula, Ague, and Paralysis; in fact, every form of disease that is curable has been and is treated successfully by this Healing Process, and it is doing a work in the way of Healing the Sick that the regular practitioners of the day have utterly failed, using the remedies they do in the treatment of disease.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON.

Healing, Psychometric, and Business Medium.

148 Fourth Ave., Chicago.

MRS. ROBINSON while under spirit control, on receiving a lock of hair of a sick patient, will diagnose the nature of the disease most perfectly, and prescribe the proper remedy. Yet, as the most speedy cure is the essential object in view, rather than to gratify idle curiosity, the better practice is to send along with a lock of hair, a brief statement of the sex, age, leading symptoms, and duration of the disease of the sick person, when she will without delay return a most potent prescription and remedy for eradicating the disease, and permanently curing the patient in all curable cases.

Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art, but when her spirit guides are brought *en rapport* with a sick person through her mediumship, they never fail to give immediate and permanent relief, in curable cases, through the *positive* and *negative* forces latent in the system and in nature. This prescription is sent by mail, and be it an internal remedy or an external application, it should be given or applied precisely as directed in the accompanying letter of instructions, however simple it may seem to be; remember it is not the quantity of the compound, but the chemical effect that is produced, that science takes cognizance of.

One prescription is usually sufficient, but in case the patient is not permanently cured by one prescription, the application for a second, or more if required, should be made in about ten days after the last, each time stating any changes that may be apparent in the symptoms of the disease.

MRS. ROBINSON also, through her mediumship, diagnoses the disease of any one who calls upon her at her residence. The facility with which the spirits controlling her accomplish the same, is done as well when the application is by letter as when the patient is present. Her gifts are very remarkable, not only in the healing art, but as a psychometric, test, business, and trance medium.

TERMS:—Diagnosis and first prescription, $3.00; each subsequent one, $2.00. Psychometric Delineation of character, $3.00. Answering Business Letters, $3.00. The money should accompany the application to insure a reply.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

HOLY BIBLE KORAN ZEND-AVESTA SHASTER

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S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. CHICAGO, MARCH 2, 1872. VOL. XI.—NO. 24.

Poetry.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A HOPE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

I have a Hope, 't is only half expressed
That I may dwell on earth to see the day
When every wrong and sin shall be redressed,
And truth and right o'er all shall cast their ray,
And darkness flee,
Like storm at sea,
Or a cloud-shadow o'er the grassy lea.

For all my transient life I 've felt the wrong
Press heavily upon my burdened thoughts.
Oft have I watched with sorrow earth's mad throng,
Too oft to see the truth by error bought
In marts of trade,
In prices paid,
And wept to see so soon the bargains made.

All things are wrong to what they might be made;
I'd see them righted by angelic sway,
Then with a tear the wrong in earth be laid,
And for a knell alone the rattling clay.
All have their day,
And fade away,
Like evanescent rainbow's lurid play.

The right triumphant over dying might,
Its victory already loudly cries;
And through the fog I see the dawning light
In golden morning gild the spirit's skies.
T' is coming soon,
And ere its noon
We 'll live to love each other, not alone.

BRIEF OUTLOOK.

BY LUTHER COLBY.

The star of empire westward wends its way,
From Europe's shores the human flood flows in,
And teeming life, at no far distant day,
The fruits of labor shall most nobly win.

No pious bigot's wand shall power possess,
To warp the minds of honest-hearted men;
Freedom of conscience all the races bless,
When the great *Now* shall take the place of *Then*

Cities shall rise on hillside and on plain,
Where now the Indian's wigwam dots the land,
The white man's skill the barren earth regain,
And peace and plenty reign on every hand.

—*Banner of Light.*

Do Animals have Immortal Spirits?—If Man has an Immortal Spirit, when does it begin to exist?

I presume that I shall be pardoned by the author of the following private letter, for publishing it entire. It gives an able expression to two of the greatest difficulties which beset the spiritual philosophy in the minds of thinkers. With the exception of the doctrines of conservation of force, and creation by evolution, these difficulties have *seemingly* become more insurmountable, and have been occupied as high vantage ground by skepticism.

To escape the pressure of materialism, the old doctrine of re-incarnation has been revived, which, by making creation a succession of miracles, at once places itself outside the province of reason and the spirit realm, instead of being controlled by law, becomes the law to the physical elements with which it clothes and expresses itself. Of this theory I cannot speak at present. Commanding as it does the belief of a majority of European Spiritualists, and many in this country, it deserves respectful attention, although in the form in which it is presented, it has little or no support from science. Its strongest position is the time old statement: If spirits are immortal in the future, they must have an infinite past, as whatever has a beginning must have an end. It is impossible for an immortal spirit to spring from a mortal form. Exceptions may be taken to this position, and even should they not be successfully maintained, the opposing difficulties of physical science are not met by the scheme of re-incarnation.

HUDSON TUTTLE, Dear Sir:—Assuming your willingness to answer the questions and remove the doubt in the minds of skeptics concerning the theory of "spirituation," I make no apology—though personally a stranger to you—for addressing you on a subject which is "a matter of life or death" to us all. I remember reading, many years ago, an essay by Robert Chambers "concerning the class of persons who are easily convinced," and the rapid and wide spread of Spiritualism is proof to me that that class of happily constituted persons is very large. I was among the first to investigate this subject twenty years ago. I did so with high hopes and soon became familiar with most of the phenomena—but I finally retired from the field disappointed—not having the good fortune to be one of the easily convinced. There are many things that I have witnessed that I can account for on *no other theory* but the spiritual. By the *Spiritual theory* I mean the theory of a spiritual man, existing in the natural body, but distinct from it, and capable of existing without it—and that it is these disembodied spirits that produce what are called the "spiritual phenomena." Now there are some considerations which make this spiritual existence appear to me simply *impossible*. Two of them I will set forth as well as I can. 1st. Man came to be here on the earth *somehow*. I presume Spiritualists generally have given up the theory of his *miraculous creation*, if they ever believed it. How then came we but by some process of developement from lower species. I can not *imagine* any other way. I have an extract from a lecture of Agassiz (who still holds out against Darwin, but *he* will have to surrender by and by) showing that the intelligence of animals is the same *in kind* as that of man—differing only in degree. Such being the case, why may not the internal monkey and the internal pig live on after the dissolution of the body as well as the internal man? When I have put this question to Spiritualists they have generally tried to jump over the difficulty by assuming that the internal beast *does* so live on—very well—but *how far down in the scale* must we go to find the beginning of eternal life. So much for difficulty No. 1. Now for No. 2. I was going home from a very "eloquent" spiritualistic lecture one night when I overtook a little, old man who began to talk about the lecture.

Said he—"This notion of a spiritual body looks plausible at first, but *when does it begin?* That is what puzzles me." Exactly so. This has puzzled me ever since I first began to read Swedenborg, but I had never mentioned it nor heard it mentioned before. I looked in vain in the literature of the "New Church" and of Spiritualism for light on this point. There must be some *point* of development at which, if the bodily organism of the mother and embryo child were destroyed, the spirit form of the child would live on. Who can *imagine* where it would be. The only allusion I have ever seen on this point was in a lecture by J. M. Peebles—he says it lives on from the "sacred moment of conception." When is that? You may plant a pea in the ground and if there is enough warmth and moisture it will gradually sprout and grow. But who can tell us about the "sacred moment" when it first *began to swell?* Is birth the time when the spirit begins its independent existence? Birth is an unimportant circumstance and may be hastened or hindered by accident. Or is at the "first dawning of intelligence" of the birth,—and *when is that?*

Such are two of the fundamental difficulties I find with the *foundation* of your philosophy. *I want them removed.* The idea of "falling into naught" is no more agreeable to me than to other men. Spiritualists and Swedenborgians, what can you do for me? Maybe the *fact* that we do not die can be established and *leave these difficulties where they are.* If so, I shall be glad—but I want no more *rhetoric* on that subject, and it is because I believe you are not much of a dealer in that article that I address you. I know you have written a book entitled "Arcana of Spiritualism." Perhaps my questions are answered in that. I intend to procure it as soon as I can. I am not a seer, nor a genius, nor a man of science, but an humble philosopher of the school of Gradgrind. I want "facts, sir, facts," and that is all any body wants—if we only know what ails us. The trouble with Brother Gradgrind was that there are certain classes of facts that he could not appreciate.

My attention has lately been recalled to this subject. I want the question settled "If a man die shall he live again?" *You know* I am not alone in my position. It is *not true* by a long ways, as I have seen asserted in Spiritual papers that all who investigate become convinced. If you think it worth your while, I would like to hear from you.

CURRAN SWAIM.

Nunda, Ill.

ANSWERS.

In the brief space allowed for reply, I cannot even attempt to prove all the propositions I shall advance, but refer the question to "The Arcana of Spiritualism" for a more elaborate statement.

We will take for granted that man is a dual structure, a spirit and a body, and attempt to solve the problems presented on that ground.

If the body is mortal, and the spirit immortal, we may first inquire what constituues immortality? The ballance and perfect equilibrium of the forces of decay and renovation. Could this obtain with the gross elements of the physical world, an immortal oak or lion would be as possible as an immortal man. But such balance cannot be be gained or preserved. Animal forms mature and perish; death is an essential result of life.

If man is immortal, it is not through miracle, but his spirit must be animated and sustained by fixed laws. The grand doctrine of Creation by Evolution, unfolds the perfect physical man from the original chaos, and, extended still further, unfolds the immortal spirit. For as man is the crowning glory of creation, the crowning glory of man is immortality, without which the creative scheme of nature is objectless. As the physical bodies of animals are only steps of progress to the development of man, as their component atoms are dissolved at death, so is whatever spiritual power they may possess. They have not reached the stage where the harmony is capable of preservation without the intervention of the body. The animal as well as man has a spirit, but its individuality is not preserved after death for this reason. But as the animal merges through intermediate forms into man, and the infant knows less than the perfect animal, the line of demarcation is drawn with seeming difficulty. A certain degree of advancement is absolutely essential, below which is nonentity and above which is immortality.

From what has been previously said of animals possessing spirits, it will be seen that a spirit is not necessarily immortal, but can be gradually extinguished as a lamp, burning for an indefinite time and slowly going out.

The spirit "begins to exist" as soon as the physical body which clothes it begins to exist, matures with it. If the parents have immortal spirits as well as mortal bodies, and if the corporal frames support the corporal being of the foetus, then their spiritual natures must in equal measure support the spirit of the foetus, and the growth of its spirit and body be similar.

But all spirits that thus "begin to exist" are not immortal. Up to the indefinite borders of the realm of man, the process is incomplete, and the spirit does not retain its identity after death, but is, as the Hindoo would say, absorbed into the infinite bosom of Brahm. From thence it again enters the physical structure of animal life, at length to become immortal in the spirit of man This is the re-incarnation of life. As the physical form breaks down into its elements to be again resurrected in living beings, so the spiritual portion is disolved to be re-incarnated. There is, however, no transposition of individuality, which is as completely lost, as is the bodily structure, which is wafted by the winds to remotest parts, and enters into the formation of countless forms.

All living beings possess spirits, but only in man is the evolution sufficiently complete for the preservation of spiritual individuality after the death of the body. The existence of a spirit, even after that event, is not conclusive of its immortality. As the animal and human kingdoms inextricably blend; as in every infant, the progress of man from the brute is repeated, the line between the mortal and immortal cannot be sharply defined. All that can be said of the embryo is that it possesses the *possibilities* of immortality.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Berlin Hights, Ohio.

Items of Interest—By J. O. Barrett.

A GOOD OLD AGE.

What is more beautiful? The autumn of life ripens all our earth disciplines. "We have fought the good fight!" Beautiful indeed the aged father or mother, with a veil over the vision of memory, with a "door open in heaven," with attending angels to take our beloved to the rejuvenating life beyond.

Says Zschokee: "On my seventieth birthday I felt as if I were standing on a mountain hight, at whose feet the ocean of eternity was audibly rushing; while behind me, life, with its deserts and flower-gardens, its sunny days and its stormy days, spread out green, wild, and beautiful. Formerly, when I read and heard of the joylessness of age, I was filled with sadness; but I now wonder that it presents so much that is agreeable. The more the world diminishes and grows dark, the less I feel the loss of it; for the dawn of the new world grows ever clearer and clearer."

Beautiful is this life-like picture of "grandmother," translated from a Spanish Ballad: "Grandmother is very old; she is wrinkled and white-haired, but her eyes are soft and bright; she tells the prettiest stories, and she has a new silk gown worked with great flowers which make a loud rustling against the walls. Grandmother knows many things, for she has lived a long, long time—a great while before father and mother; this is certain. Grandfather has a psalm book, with a silver clasp, and she reads very often in this book. In the middle of the volume is a rose pressed out and dried, which is not as pretty as the roses in the conservatory; yet grandmother regards it with a smile of happiness; and tears come into her eyes. Why does grandmother gaze upon that dried flower in her psalm book? Dost thou desire to know? Whenever grandmother's tears fall upon that flower, it lifts up its stem, its leaves resume their colors, and then the walls fall as if they were but clouds, and on all sides around grandmother spreads the green, beautiful, forest, where the sun scarcely pierces the foilage. And then grandmother is young again; she is a charming young girl with blonde locks and fresh cheeks; she is fair and brilliant, no flower is brighter. By her side is seated a handsome, graceful young man, who presents her a rose, as he smiles. Grandmother never smiles in that way? Ah, yes, even now, she smiles again as then. He has gone; a thousand visions and a thousand thoughts have taken his place. The handsome young man is gone; the rose is spread out on the psalm book; grandmother falls back in her large arm chair; she gazes on the faded rose spread upon the open book; grandmother is dead! She was put in the black coffin, wrapped in white linen; she was so handsome! Her eyes were closed, but every wrinkle had disappeared, she lay there with a smile on her lips; her face surrounded with her venerable, silvery locks; none are afraid to look at her; it was still grandmother, so good and so beloved. The psalm book was placed in her coffin, under her head; she had also desired it, and the rose was in the book; and then they buried grandmother. On her grave, close to the church walls, was planted a rose bush, whose roses waved in the wind, and said: "It is pleasant to breathe in the dew and the moonbeams. If we are the freshest, some loved hand will come and gather us for the fairest maiden. Let us summon all our brilliancy and perfume." And the nightingale heard what the roses murmured, and it carolled in honor of the rose which the young girl had planted in her psalm book, of the rose that was faithfully kept until the cheeks, once so fresh, became wrinkled. It is so pleasant to live in a loved one's memory. And as the nightingale sang, the church organ pealed out those grand and beautiful psalms which in the book beneath grandmother's head, and then the moon shone down with all its brilliancy.

In Miss Muloch's "Thoughts about women" occurs this fine passage:—"A life in which to learn has been made of all the materials granted to it, and through which the hand of the great designer can be plainly traced, whether its web be dark or bright, whether its pattern be clear or clouded, is not a life to be pitied; for it is a completed life."

Oh, yes, the thread found floating is attached again. "I will begin again," says Mountford in his "Euthanasy," "but it will be in a new earth, and under a new heaven. Nobler than a ship safely ending a long voyage, and sublimer than the setting sun, is the old age of a just, a kind, and useful life."

SPIRITS IN ORTHODOX FAMILIES.

Not long since my eye fell upon this incident which I copied from a book—originating in an orthodox family. "Our departing friends make no distinction as to faith, when visioned in the glories of the immortal world. The angels always come when there is a necessity, and conditions will warrant a revealment from the other side."

"I was greatly pleased," says Dr. Thomson, "with a little incident a mother gave me the other day. A child lay dying. Feeling unusual sensations, she said, 'Mamma, what is the matter with me?'

Mother.—'My child, you are dying.'

Child.—'Well, mamma, what is dying?'

Mother.—'To you, dear child, it is going to heaven.'

Child.—'Where is heaven?'

Mother.—'It is where God is, and the angels, and the good men made perfect.'

Child.—'But, mamma, I am not acquainted with any of those, and do not like to go alone; won't you go with me?'

Mother —'O, Mary, I cannot. God has called you only; not me, now.'

Turning to the father, she asked the same question. Then piteously to each of her brothers and sisters, she repeated the same interrogatory, and received the same response. She then fell into a gentle slumber, from which she awoke in a transport of joy, saying: 'You need not go with me; I can go alone. I have been there, and grandmamma is there, and grandpapa is there, and Aunt Martha.'"

LOVE CALLING THE DEPARTING BACK.

It was love, too, that called back in recognition, a child to its mother, as thus described by a sympathetic friend: "Dimly burned one solitary lamp, keeping midnight vigil in the humble abode of poverty and death. On a small pallet of straw lay a suffering child, tossing restlessly to and fro, while by his side sat his almost heart-broken mother. The child slept—all unconsciously—his last sleep, save the long sleep of Death, so soon to follow. Suddenly those dull eyes opened, the first time for many hours, and he whispered, in gentle accents, the name of Mother. 'Am I with you yet, dear mother? Oh, I have had a delightful dream! Bright forms flitted around me, and beckoned me away from the cruel world of ours. Mounted on their snowy pinions, I soared far, far away. Sweet music greeted my ears, and myriads of shining ones pressed around me. Among them, mother, was our dear father, too, who warmly greeted me, and asked for you, the only member of our bright circle who was not with us. I called you—did I not mother?—and the bright vision vanished from my sight. But was it all a dream? No, no: he beckoned me. I am—I am——' and as the sound died away, the spirit returned to the God who gave it. 'Oh, blessed thought!' murmured the bereaved mother, 'that when my earthly course is finished, those loved and gone before will bear my spirit away to its bright home in the sky.'

"Lay her in the earth: And from her fair unpolluted flesh shall violets spring. I tell you churlish priest, a minstering angel shall my sister be when thou liest howling."

Notes from Michigan.

BRO. JONES:—I write you to give you an account of a discussion that has just closed in this place; but allow me to preface my report with a little "brief" history.

For several years past, the Rev. N. S. Seymour, Adventist, endorsed by Miles Grant, has kept bills posted about the country, challenging the Orthodox world, and offering a liberal reward to meet him in public discussion, and disprove the mortality of the soul, and several other resolutions embraced in the dogma of Adventism—no one daring to "pick up the glove," and enter the list; but from their coward's castle (the pulpit), would switch out their anathemas spiced with such epithets as anti-Christ, no-soulite, semi-infidel, and slurs at his personal character (which by the by is above reproach) and with other kindred drives, and when Mr. S., protested against such treatment and pressed them to meet him before the public, he was answered by P. E. J. N. Martin, one of his most flatulent defamers, with the insulting response: "Mr. Seymour, you mind your business and I will mind mine."

Thus matters have stood until Dr. E. Sprague, late of Nebraska, came here and accepted the challenge.

The proposition presented by Mr. Seymour, was,

Resolved, That the scriptures teach, that man dies, soul and body, and is wholly dependent on Christ for a resurrection and reward. He led in the affirmation in the usual amount of bluff, which is too much a leading feature of modern pulpit declamation, also casting his hook and line into the shallow pool of sectarian prejudice, baited with advent prayers and hymns.

He contended man was made of the dust of the ground, and that and breath was *all* there was of him—soul and body died together, and were buried in the grave, and there remained until the coming of Christ, at the end of the world; then the whole would be raised, and the saints caught up to meet their own savior in the air.

Dr. Sprague, Spiritualist, replied in the negative; met him manfully at every point. He proved that spirits are children of God, made in his image, and that God is a spirit, and that if spirits could die or cease to be,—God could die and cease to be. Also there is an inner man, and an outer man, and that the resurrection is now—that the family, both in heaven and earth, named as Christ's is one, that in all ages spirits have been seen, Samuel, Moses, Elijah, the Apocalyptic angls, and spirits of just men made perfect were proof.

The Dr. proved himself fully competent to grasp and handle any subject presented. Nearly the entire verdict of the community, is that both in suavity and logic, he completely vanquished his opponent.

The discussions and lectures have awakened free thought, and created such a sensation in the ranks of fossilized theology, that the trustees of the United Brethren Church, double locked the house they claim to occupy, but the stockholders opened it with a key attached to an axe handle, and the Doctor lectured there. We can recommend him as an able lecturer, or debater, and hope societies wishing a speaker, will give him a call. His address for a few weeks, is Quincy, Mich.

WM. BRYAN.
Pres. of Hillsdale Co., Circle.

Woodbridge, Mich.

J. O. Barrett's Moral Philosophy.

In a recently published article, J. O. Barrett says that criticisms such as Hudson Tuttle and others have published on the principles of Victoria C. Woodhull, "only help her." There are two ways to elect Victoria President of these States: by opposition, and co-operation; and *when* elected, it is not quite so pleasant to be left out in the cold, all for the sake of 'the constitution.'"

When we decide on a course of action, we had supposed some higher motive than "being left out in the cold" should actuate us. We had supposed the Rev. J. O. Barrett would stand up for principle, and not for the party who was *likely to win!* Mrs. Woodhull *may be elected* President, and then, having co-operated, will prove a good thing; so, throw up your hat for her! It is not to be asked, are her principles right? will not her social doctrines lead to anarchy and ruin? but will she win? Aye. Then run to her out of "the cold!"

This doctrine was never imbibed from Spiritualism. It is the outgrowth of a cool, calculating parvenu selfishness, as unmanly as it is ignoble. It is the doctrine Judas might be supposed to preach to Jesus. "See good Lord, if the Pharisees win, it will not be pleasant to be left out in the cold, for the sake of our ideas; let us throw up our hats, and co-operate with the Pharisees!"

How much suffering Mr. Barrett might have saved, had he been allowed to counsel the martyrs who have borne the keen torture of rack and rod, or the terrible pangs of the fagot's flame. He would have said to them in a voice tender as a woman's, "Don't you see that it is best to co-operate with the side that wins? Don't you know your standing out in the cold only helps that party to win."

We fain would believe Mr. B. wrote in haste and unthinkingly. We cannot believe he would be influenced by the motives he suggests, where such vital principles are involved. He asks with irony if the "Brothers (Tuttle, Bailey, Mrs. Hardinge, etc.) feel they have put on strong brakes to the radical car." It strikes us that strong brakes are just now needed. *They* cannot be accused of making their bold opposition to get in "out of the cold." They stand nobly up for principle, and it comes with poor grace from one who confessedly is fleeing to the shelter of that opposition because he thinks it will rise, to cast on them reproach, or taunt them because the principles they advocate are not able to stay the tide of fanaticism. The prospect of office is bewitching, and has been the price for many a poor soul sold to the devil.

When "Victoria" is elected "president of these States," we hope she will reward the virtuous principles of her early friend, who, with statesmanlike instinct, saw she would "rise." with the Glen Beulah Postoffice, or, at least, appoint him to write her biography, under the taking title of "The Free-Love Pilgrim."

GEO. R. FITCH.

Pittsburgh, Penn.

Note from Emma Hardinge-Britten.

DEAR SIR:—I have but just seen a recent issue of your paper, in which you make some severe remarks on my article in the London "Medium," commenting upon the lack of cordiality evinced by the Spiritual press of America towards me, on the occasion of my return to this country. As my remarks were called forth by those of a large number of friends on both sides of the water, who were, perhaps foolish enough to draw a rather unfavorable contrast between my reception, and the abundant hospitality and kindness extended to every American medium who has ever visited England, I see no occasion to retract the opinions I have expressed. I may have been in error, however, in including the Western Spiritual papers in those opinions, and therefore I beg to express my regrets, that you and your contemporaries in the West, should have had reason to imagine yourselves wronged by what I have said. I have noticed that it has been a custom among those who desire to do honor to my fellow laborers in the field of Spiritualism, to treat them to what is popularly termed "a surprise party." The *Banner of Light* has conferred this favor on me, in the shape of a recent editorial on my London letter. If the editors of that journal grant me the usual courtesy of a reply, those whom it may concern, will find in what I have written a far more extended answer to yours, as well as their remarks, than so utterly unworthy a subject seems to merit. Gladly consigning the whole affair to oblivion on this earth, and whatever judgment we may all deserve hereafter, I am, dear sir, in sincere kindness and good will to all,

Faithfully yours,

EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN,
251 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and Subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A Carr. Address Lock Box 320, Mobile, Alabama.

(NUMBER XX.)

Outlines of Physiology Briefly Considered.

The Fluids of the Human System constitute by far the larger proportion, and may be considered in three respects: the chyle and lymph of which the blood is elaborated, the blood and the fluids elaborated out of the blood, (such as the serous albuminous mucus only), and the mixed fluids generally associated with the secretions.

The Chyle resembles blood in its properties; is a thick, cream like substance prepared by the digestive powers, collected by the lacteals (small absorbent vessels), and conveyed through the thoracic duct into the circulation, where after undergoing aeration in the lungs, it becomes blood.

The Lymph also bears a close analogy to the blood, and is collected by the absorbents from all parts of the system, as the residue—perhaps—of changing organs, and is conveyed through the thoracic duct into the venal torrent near the heart, when it—the chyle—and venous blood are thrown into the lungs, become arterialized, and sent forth to replenish all organic delinquencies, as well as nourish the system.

The Blood is of a scarlet or purple color, apparently homogenous, yet a compound of saline taste and faint odor, something heavier than water. On being drawn and exposed, the blood coagulates and separates into a deep brown-red opaque part called the cressamentum, leaving the other part, which is yellow and transparent, and called the serum.

The Cressamentum contains about 53 per cent. of carbon, 20 per cent of oxygen, 7 per cent. of hydrogen, and 20 of nitrogen.

The Serum is composed mostly of water, with slight traces of albumen, potassa, soda, and the phosphates.

The main body of the blood, in the form of globules when examined through a microscope presents the appearance of a fluid holding in suspension minute particles of spheroidal figure. According to some observers these consist of a solid nucleus or central part, surrounded by a vesicle which contains a fluid.

Globules are found in the blood of all animals differing in shape, size, and amount, according to species, temperature, and health. Some consider the globules as neutrally precipitated albumen, some think they possess the power of spontaneous motion; some, that they are held as isolated particles by repulsion. We, however, are strongly inclined to beleive that all the affinities are suspended in the arterial circulations as suggested in articles 8 and 9.

The Hematosin, or coloring matter, supposed to be contained in red globules, forms precipitates with nitrate of silver and deuto-chloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate), and evidently depends on the iron contained in the blood, of which it contains 35 per cent.

The coloring principle of the blood is evidently derived from respiration, since the globules of chyle and lymph do not contain it previous to entering the lungs.

We are now passing briefly over the premises, on which human genius and research have thrown their most curious gems of speculation without having reached any demonstrable conclusion.

The blood furnishes nutriment to all the tissues and organism of the body, and is found to constitute about twenty-eight pounds of the fluid of the adult system, which passes around its entire circuit once in every three minutes, and in some systems sooner, and which involves a force of from three to four horse power.

The Chemical Constituents of the human system are divided into the non-metalic and metalic; the former comprising oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, phosphorus, sulphur, chlorine, fluorine, etc., while the latter, or metalic, are potassium, sodium, calcium, magnesium, silicium, aluminum, iron, manganese, etc.

The non-metalics constitute the chief proportions of animal matter. Of these, we have heretofore spoken. Of the latter, we may say:

Phosphorus obtains in both the animal and vegetable and animal kingdom,—particularly in the animal, where it is found in the blood, brain, and nearly every part of the brain, and nearly every part of the body.

Sulphur combines with other elements, as soda and potash, and exists in the hair, nails, flesh, muscles, etc.

Chlorine combining with hydrogen forms the hydro-chloric acid of the gastric juice. It is also found in the blood and bile, in combination with soda and potash. It likewise exists in the milk, saliva, synovial fluids, etc.

Potassium united with oxygen is found combined with muriatic acid in the blood and several of the secretions, as the bile, sweat, milk, etc. It exists but sparingly in the animal kingdom.

Sodium combined with oxygen (constituting soda) exists in the blood, mucus, saliva, bones, and milk. It is likewise found in animal matter, with carbonic, phosphoric, sulphuric, muriatic, and lactic acids.

Calcium (lime) exists largely in the bones, and sparingly in the muscles and the brain. Combining with phosphorus, and sometimes carbonic acid, it forms the phosphate and carbonate of lime, which is the solid matter, filling the meshwork of the bones.

Silicium is found in the hair.

Magnesium exists in the bones and some of the animal fluids, as the blood, brain, milk, etc.

Iron is generally diffused through animal bodies (red blooded), gives coloring to the blood, and is found in the *pigmentum nigrum*, or dark substance of the eye.

The Proximate Compounds of the human system consist of those acids formed of oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon; such as the lactic, uric, oxalic, benzoic, etc., as well as the oxids, such as sugar, resin, fixed and volatile oils found in the bile, fat, and marrow of the bones.

The Albumin, Fibrin, and Gelatin formed of oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen claim our more immediate consideration, however.

Albumen in a liquid state, is clear, insipid, and inodorous, and resembles the white of an egg,—from which it is named. It forms the serum of the blood, the watery solutions of the cavities, cellular tissue, water of dropsies, blisters, burns, tumors, fluid for oiling the joints, etc. It is also found in the chyme and chyle. It coagulates on exposure in an insoluble mass.

Albumen forms the chief component of the brain, nerves, glands, vessels, hair, nails, etc. It contains 52 per cent. of carbon, 23 of oxygen, 7 of hydrogen, and nearly 18 of nitrogen.

Fibrin in a coagulated state is an insipid, inodorous, whitish, fibrous substance, which enters chiefly into the blood, chyle, and lymph, thus forming the chief compound of muscular flesh. It coagulates on exposure, and being rendered white by washing in cold water, shows a marked difference from albumen, which it seems to resemble chemically.

Fibrin contains nearly 53 per cent. of carbon, 20 of oxygen, 7 of hydrogen, and 20 of nitrogen.

Gelatin forms the basis of the cellular tissue. It exists in the skin, cartilages, ligaments, tendons, and bones, and nearly all the solids of the system. It, however, is not found in the blood nor scarce any of the fluids. It dissolves readily in warm water, and when dried forms a firm, glossy, brittle substance known as glue.

Gelatin contains nearly 48 per cent. of carbon, 27 of oxygen, 8 of hydrogen, and 17 of nitrogen.

Albumen, Fibrin, and Gelatin, each are characterized with the physiological peculiarities of *sensibility, irritability*, and *elasticity*.

Osmazome is a well-flavored, aromatic, brown substance, found in all fluids, and some of the solids, and imparts all those more relishable qualities peculiar to soup, broiled meat, etc. Though possessing no nutriment, it is both a tonic and a stimulant.

Mucus in solution is a transparent, inodorous, ropy, insipid fluid, that lubricates (oils), the membranes. It is found in the nails, hair, horns, feathers, scales, wool, etc. It is soluble in acids, and as yet doubtful in its constituent proportions.

Casein is a white, nutritious, highly nitrogenized substance found in milk, forming the chief component of cheese, and yielding a large amount of ammonia on undergoing decomposition. It resembles albumen, and chemically consists of nearly the same proportions.

Urea is an inodorous, colorless, substance found in urine; is soluble in water, highly nitrogenized, and unites with uric and oxalic acids.

Urea consists of 19 per cent. of carbon, 29 of oxygen, 10 of hydrogen, and 41 of nitrogen. Here we find the amount of nitrogen decomposed in the lungs, re-combined and discharged. There are many other chemical proximates found in the human system, but the above-mentioned are the chief and leading, and all our time, space, and ultimate plan will now allow noticing.

Having thus briefly disposed of the subjects of organic and inorganic matter, vegetable and animal condition, of man and other animals, of the tissues, secretions, fluids, elementary and proximate constituents of the human system, and in a general way familiarized the observant reader with the general nature and character of the premises, we can henceforth, as it is hoped, make our observations more intelligible, useful, and interesting.

Jay County, Idiana.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Go where you will in Indiana, and you will find that Jay County is often spoken of, 25 people have fought their way through the woods, and now broad fields bear most excellent crops for the toil of its pioneers of the last quarter century. Orthodoxy has a great hold upon the minds of many, and holds on with a more terrible grasp, but a great degree of liberality is springing up in some localities, and Spiritualism is removing the scales from their eyes and gradually but sure, loosening the power of orthodox ignorance.

For several days, we have been speaking for the friends of our cause at West Grove. Here we find a large community of Spiritualists, whose prosperity is evident in their excellent hall, and in their regular meetings and most prosperous Lyceum. It is good to be among these people for they are not dead, but they are alive with *work* in behalf of all our interests.

The Lyceum numbers about seventy members, with as many more spectators. Its exercises attract much attention from places, even many miles distant. Our new publications are in great demand here, and the JOURNAL and BANNER, are found at many firesides.

On Feb. 9th., we were called on as a minister to be present at the home of Daniel Tucker, who is one of the most influential Spiritualists of the county, the occasion was one of particular pleasure and interest; being the

MARRIAGE

of Wiliam R. Wheat, to Miss Neoma V. Tucker, both young friends of our cause, who had too much regard for principle to submit the most beautiful act of their lives, to the intrusion of priesthood. Miss Tucker, while even a girl, has been gifted with most excellent mediumship, especially in healing the sick. We sincerely wish these young friends, the greatest of happiness and usefulness in life.

The priestly guardians of God's sanctuaries throughout this, and adjoining counties, keep their church doors barred against all progress.

In the little village of West Liberty, in which we were to lecture upon Astronomy, and afterwards upon Temperance, the church doors were all closed against us. We obtained the school, house however, and the large audience that attended, comprehended most fully the contemptible injury to the community, done by the church power, in shutting its portals against the advancement of scientific intelligence, and better social morals. Orthodoxy in walling itself around in this manner is but building its own sepulcher. We find much to do throughout this part of the state.

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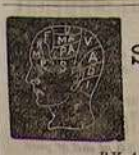
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Items of Interest.

—Mrs. Harriet E. Pope is now actively at work in the lecture field.

—The *Presbyterian* has a column and a half to prove the salvation of infants.

—Dr. Bailey is doing a good work in Michigan. Dr. Cleveland, the healer, accompanies him.

—There are 16,000 Catholic negroes in Maryland. They are required to give *color* to this religion.

—Many thanks to D. B. Tiffany, of Xenia, Ohio, and to others, who have sent us a large list of new subscribers.

—Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson has been lecturing with great success at Lebanon, Mo. Goes from there to Pierce City, Mo.

—HYGIENIC.—An exchange says that the Church of England begs the Wesleyans to come in and warm it; but the latter are afraid of "taking cold."

—A Milwaukee paper says: "Our of our ministers of the gospel last Sunday evening capped the climax of an argument with 'You know how it is yourself.'"

—Brother Harris, of St. Louis, has our thanks for the present of a complete file of his excellent *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*. Our file was burned October 9th.

—A man out West has just returned from an Indiana camp meeting. He says that the right spirit prevailed. He tasted it out of a black jug, and 't would kill at forty rods.

—The Rev. Dr. Newman, of Washington, gets two dollars a minute for praying at the Senate; and we presume any sensible God would require at least double that sum to listen to him.

—Mrs. D. E. Thompson, writing from Deposit, sends money for the paper. We fail to find any such postoffice as Deposit on our postoffice directory. Please write again, giving postoffice address and State.

—Bishop Simpson's name, with $50 after it, appeared in the list of subscribers for the Alexis ball at Philadelphia. Bishop Simpson is a Methodist, and we wonder if he proposes to dance. Oh, what a progressive world!

—The Boston *Watchman and Reflector* (Baptist) says that the Methodist Church is more economically "run" than any other. How is it with their Book Concern in New York City? Don't the Devil stick his horns in there?

—The *Catholic Standard* says that forty-five times the Popes of Rome have been driven from their seats, and twenty-seven times has the purple crown of martyrdom encircled the brows of those who filled St. Peter's chair.

—The *Christian Union* finds in an exchange the following extract from Clement of Alexandria about false hair: "Upon whom does the priest, then, lay hands? Whom does he bless? Not the woman who is adorned, forsooth! *not the hair of some one else.*

—Brother J. M. Stackhouse, of Rensalaer, Ind., writes: "Since I was last in your city, we have had four lectures by Mrs. Addle. We were well pleased with her, and she gave general satisfaction. Mrs. Maud Lord has promised us a visit in two weeks."

—Rev. T. P. Abell, formerly from Middletown, Conn., pastor of the Methodist Church, at Milltown, Maine, has been deposed from the ministry for taking unwarrantable liberties with several young girls, who accepted an invitation to visit his room for religious instruction.

—The devil knows the power of money. The saloonkeepers of Leavenworth have raised $1,500 to defeat any further legislation in the Kansas Legislature unfriendly to the sale of liquor.—*Exchange.*

Why not let the devotees of the devil serve him with the same material the churches use—"the root of all evil."

—The *Methodist* does not believe in the policy of filling the church by illegitimate methods. Said an eccentric old preacher once to a young minister: "Fill your church, brother, if you are obliged to stand on your head to do it." Doubtless such a clerical performance would fill any church—at least once.

—The Cincinnati *Gazette's* New York correspondent says: "If we may judge by a speculation of the *World*, one of the two most distinguished Unitarian clergymen of New York is about to join the Episcopal Church. Who he is the *World* does not say, and it is not known whether he will be any nearer heaven in his new dress."

—A New York Dispatch says that the Presbytery of Brooklyn will soon meet in called session in the First Presbyterian Church. The called session is to take action upon the report that the pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Rev. Theodore Cuyler, D.D., has recently invited and permitted a lady preacher, Mrs. Smiley, to occupy and preach in his pulpit.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

—An Infidel Tract Society has been formed in New York, with Dr. Leiss, editor of the *Free Thinker*, at the head of it, the object of which is to open a popular campaign against all religion. They can bring their society into notoriety by nominating Dr. Leiss for President of the United States, on the issue of "No God in the Constitution."

—Rev. J. S. Bacon is reverential. He says: "If any of our number was really guilty of saying 'God,' without a distinctly enunciated capital initial of the most pious and reverential description, by all means let him be expelled from the Association, and sent to the gallows for blasphemy. Such a profane contempt of capitals is deserving of capital punishment."

—A lady in Augusta, after replenishing her fire with coal and forgetting to replace the cover, went to a prayer-meeting. When she returned, she found the house full of gas and her children nearly suffocated. Is that a providential warning not to attend prayer-meetings? Or is it not rather an evidence that God is neglecting his business by not administering to the helpless.

—The "Apostles" have purchased 200 acres of land near Augusta, whereon they will establish a colony to be called "The Land of Canaan." Mr. J. T. Curry is the head "Apostle." The Lord. he assures his followers, will provide for all their wants. In order to render their scheme successful, they should engage the services of "Gideon's Band," to give expression to sacred music.

—Dr. Perkins and his estimable lady have been lecturing at Morrisville, Mo., to crowded houses. The doctor writes: "At the close of our lecture last evening, we saw the spirit of a man in the audience, whom we described so accurately that he was recognized by all present, and the circumstances connected therewith—all of which we knew nothing of. The description caused considerable excitement."

—At Cairo, last week, a negro felled a large gum tree near the Episcopal Church, that, in falling, it struck the edifice, doing much damage. The roof was broken through in several places; a large hole was knocked through the side of the church, and a seat smashed into—*Interior.*

God should have superintended this job, and not have allowed such a terrible catastrophe to happen to one of his own buildings.

—*Zion's Herald*, of Boston, has a long editorial favoring the election of an African Bishop by the next General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. A member of the members of the Conference will be colored, representing a quarter of a million of church members. This arrangement will give a *shade* of respectability to the Episcopal Church that it never before possessed. We favor the arrangement.

—The Methodist Church at Rockaway, Long Island, is in great commotion about the proposed introduction of a new organ. The instrument has been ordered by the committee, and the trustees give notice that if it is put into the church they will remove it. There will be a religious fight over that organ. Wonder if Jesus will shower down some of his blood upon them to atone for the black eyes and battered noses that may arise.

—Rev. C. Rushby writes: "We have just moved into the basement of our church, which is among the most elegant church edifices in the State. The Lord is graduously reviving his work, and many have already been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth; and the end is not yet."—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

—Warn the people of Monroe get through with his nigh-ness, they should send him down here to assist Brother Hockey, whose work is not prospering. He officiated in the Spiritual Hall in this city each Sunday evening for awhile, but God refused to come to time, and the people, too; and he was compelled to relinquish his labors in disgust.

—"Junius" was unmasked long ago by E. V. Wilson. He lectured in Cincinnati for one month during the winter of 1865-66. Under control he stated that he would make some statements he wished to have remembered, and requested those who had pencil and paper to note any remarkable statements that might be made. The controlling influence, Thomas Paine, said that he was the author of the "Junius Papers." Give E. V. Wilson the credit he deserves, as being one of the most remarkable mediums of the present age.

—An aged brother said: "I have been giving of my means to the Lord's cause for many years, and have never lost anything by it. If I have not received it back in dollars and cents, I have in good feelings, and that is better than gold."—*Exchange.*

We would refer this brother to John C. Heenan, who, no sooner had he reformed, than he was crippled for life. We can not construe his misfortune to divine interference.

—Somebody, having nothing better to do, addressed to each member of the Maine Legislature an interrogatory as to his "religious belief," to which one of the representatives replied:—"My hope is for a better life somewhere, with less friction than here." This was rather more definite than the responses of two prominent members that they had "no religion to speak of," a suggestion of humility to confessors, and of good manners to the inquisitive interrogator.

—S. Young, of Mechanicsville, Iowa, writes: "The Rev. D. W. Hull will come here about the first of May to give us a course of lectures on Spiritualism. Or he would meet any good debater whom the clergy may select for discussing the following proposition: '*Resolved*, That the teachings of Modern Spiritualism are better calculated to morally and spiritually elevate humanity than those of the Jewish or Christian scriptures.' We most respectfully invite the opponents of the new dispensation to come forward and show it up in all its naked deformity."

—It looks bad, allowing us to judge, to see a paper like the New York *Independent*, professing to preach the doctrines of Christ, gloating over the probability that Col. James Fisk, Jr., may to-day be writhing in hell on account of deeds committed in the flesh. To our thinking, it is unchristian to the last degree.—*Exchange.*

Yes, very unchristian-like, to see this religious blanket act so badly with reference to Fisk, and to say not a word against the Rev. Watson, an English divine, for murdering his wife. But, you know, there is no accounting for taste.

—Bishop Littlejohn, of Long Island, stated in an Episcopal Convention, the other day, that one church of his diocese paid more money for music last year than all the churches combined paid for missions. No doubt the music was expensive enough to attract the attention of an arristocratic God. While money was shoveled out to procure sweet strains of music to flatter God with, hundreds are suffering daily for want of the necessaries of life. But God will sooner listen to *strains* of music than he would to the cry of poverty. Away with such a God!

—Martin Knapp, writing to an Eastern paper, says: "Dr. R. W. Flint, before referred to, and now living at 34 Clinton Place, one block west of Broadway, New York City, is a person of middle age, and one who, in consequence of impaired health, wears a chastened and subdued expression in his countenance; however, in social conversation, he exhibits a cheerful, genial, and kind-hearted nature. From a personal acquaintance with Dr. Flint and his wife, the writer regards them as two estimable persons, whose friendship and society possess those elements of goodness which are most sought after by the virtuous and wise among mankind. One of the most heart-cheering answers that I ever received to a sealed letter, came through the mediumship of Dr. Flint.

The *Interior* will not say that "elect infants" means all infants. It will not claim that those who framed the Confession believed that all infants dying in infancy are saved. The phrase "elect infants" would not be used by those who did not believe that some are not elected. The fact that the question is being discussed in a leading Presbyterian paper is a favorable indication. It is time the Church should free its standards from a barbarous doctrine of a former age. If the phrase "elect infants" does not mean all infants, there must be infants not elected. The must die just as the elect, and as Christ, according to the Confession, made no atonement for the non-elect, infants as well as adults must be among those foreordained to everlasting death. We would like to see the logic that will free the standards from this conclusion.—*Exchange.*

—A Roman Catholic Priest at Moosburg, Bavaria, in a sermon delivered during last March, stated that the Pope was deprived of his property because of the faithlessness of Catholic sovereigns who were in duty bound to protect him, and who, though claiming to govern "by the grace of God," seemed to do it by the grace of the devil. He was arrested, and when the trial took place, five witnesses appeared against the accused, who testified to having heard the words above mentioned, which the State Attorney construed as treasonable, while a much greater number of witnesses could not recollect having heard such expressions. The priest was senteneed to one year's imprisonment in a fortress.

—I suppose from the beginning of things this world was open to the influence of spirits. It is not possible to believe that there is a spiritual influence which we can neither understand or appreciate. This is certainly the doctrine of the New Testament. It was taught by the Savior and the apostles that both divine and demoniac influences did roll in upon the human soul. It is natural to thinkers to repel everything they cannot prove by the senses, and therefore the doctrine of Spiritualism has not been generally accepted. Now, I aver that there is nothing men so much need, or so much desire to believe, as that there is wafted into this sphere influences from the very heart of God. The demoniac powers are certainly not desirable, and should be carefully repelled. This transcendent doctrine of the New Testament is given to all. It fits and harmonizes with our ideas of the divine life.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

—England has an association briefly and modestly known as the United Christian Band of the Royal Artillery of Heaven. Among the members are "many extraordinary men, who have been rescued from the devil, having been wrestlers, publicans, and pugilists, but are now servants of God." "Hallelujah!" concludes the advertisement, and the word is probably expressive of the fact that the royal artillery feel their power and are disposed to exercise it. Sinners, in fact, had better make up their minds to get out of the way or come down. "Repent and be converted, or get your head punched," is the motto of the royal artillery, and they are marching on. If the United Christian Band of the Royal Artillery of Heaven will unite, with the Praying Bands of Boston, they can surely succeed in taking hell.

—In the Cresskill murder mystery, a strong case of circumstantial evidence is made against the man Avery, and one of the points against him is the mute testimony of a dog. It is now remembered that from the moment that this dog first saw Avery, he exhibited a dislike to him, which continued to be manifested during the whole time of the latter's employment on the farm, notwithstanding all his friendly advances. It is reasoned, with a tincture of superstition, that this intelligent brute, with some canine instinct or intuition, smelt out the murderer in advance of his crime, and treated him accordingly; and there are not wanting authentic instances where the prejudice of a dog against a human being has been justified by subsequent events. Perhaps this instinct may yet be turned to account in the administration of justice. It would be no trouble to find twelve dogs in any community having more intelligence than human jurors are permitted to have.

—Her sister, she said, was very incredulous, and would not believe in Spiritualism in the least. Nevertheless, she herself became what is called a writing medium. The spirit would use her hand to write what communication had to be made. The spirits wrote what was good and bad. One wanted to sign himself Satan and Beelzebub. "But," continued Miss Blackwell, "my sister did not believe in the least in the existence of such a spirit, and she said, 'No; if you are permitted to come to me, it is not to tell such outrageous lies. If you persist in trying to impose on me, you shan't write.' I have been present at many of these little fights. She would resist the spirit; and when she saw the capital S of the 'Satan' being written, she would resist, and twist her hand about, to prevent the name being written. The spirit has then written, 'I hate you because I cannot deceive you.' I have on some occasions heard beautiful raps in my drawing-room, in the air, on the wall, under the ground—no one being near the furniture. We never begin without prayer. We say to the spirits that wish to deceive us, 'Dear spirits, we are all imperfect; we will endeavor to benefit you by our lights in so far as they are superior to yours.' Sometimes they would overturn and break the table. Yet they were rendered better by our kindness. We would never dream of addressing one as an 'accursed spirit.' From one who was very violent, and by whom I have been myself struck, we have received progressive messages, showing how he has become better. They have often sent us messages, saying, 'We are going up higher now: we have, through your help, broken the chains of earth; and we leave you!' When my sister found the S being written, or the great B for Beelzebub, she would say, with kindness but firmness, 'Dear spirit, you must not deceive; it is not for such tricks, but for a good end that you are permitted to come.'"—*Spiritual Magazine.*

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

The Republic of the Future.

We present an abstract of a lecture by Brother Rehn, on this subject. The text was, "Let there be first justice, then cometh peace."

All truths are eternal, but they find utterances in one century different from another.

Government is reducible to science just as accurately as the laws of matter, but this must be in accordance with the constitution of things, and not merely based upon expediency,—a society which shall recognize the fundamental laws of human nature in its organization.

We do not believe the world has ever yet seen an arrangement of social life that was based upon friendship, love, and a general disposition for the good of all; but until this is the case it is not worthy of the name of society.

The fundamental principles of government, which shall provide for every want of the people, and thus secure peace and happiness everywhere, are very simple.

Our present republican form of Government, with all the good qualities which it possesses, is, nevertheless, founded on the principles of monarchy. The doctrine that a majority have the right to govern, is no more true than the claim that the king has the same right. It is just as possible for a majority to do wrong as for a king.

We lay down three propositions:

First: The object for which a government should be instituted is for the benefit of the individuals of which it is constituted.

Second: Man is endowed by nature with certain inalienable rights.

Third: All governmental institutions should be based on the laws of nature.

Where shall we look for those fundamental laws of nature by which society is to be governed?

By an analysis of the nature of man, we must look into the nature of man and ascertain what are his wants,—the necessities of his existence.

We find man is an assemblage of faculties, and each member of the human family has the same, differing only in the degree of development. All the faculties of the body, mind and spirit, are those which the government has to deal with; and when we shall ascertain what are the special requirements of human nature, we can answer the question as to what governments should be.

Inasmuch as all government should be instituted for the benefit and protection of its citizens, all that we ask of government is, to secure whatever rights that may remain in the individual, that are not vested in the government. As all rights inhere in individuals, all that a government has to do is, to protect each citizen in the exercise of these. These rights are few and simple:

First: The right of the individual to life. This right is divine, and all the institutions of government aim to recognize this, even where they take the life of the murderer it is done with a view of protecting the lives of others, though the idea is a false one.

The second right is also inalienable, is the right to maintain life, to pursue those means which shall improve and develop life and enlarge the sphere of our actions. We find this earth on which we live, filled with streams of water which are necessary for the support of life, and surrounded by an atmosphere. No law can exist and be just which deprives anyone of the use of air or water, so far as these may be necessary for the support of life.

The same is true of the land. There is no man living can tell where the first right or title to land was obtained. One traces it back to Father Adam and says God gave it to him; another says that man, by mixing his labor with the earth, becomes the possessor of it. That is the same as to say, if you put a dollar into a man's pocket where there is other money you obtain a right to all the money. All we can do is, to say that A bought it from B, and B from C, and C from somebody that stole it. We maintain that a fee simple cannot exist.

The third and last right, we shall refer to, is security of life and property. The question may arise here—what is property?

We are endowed with powers of mind and body which enable us to grapple with nature,—we take the clay and burn it into bricks, and build houses,—these become our property,—anything we have created by our skill and industry becomes our property, but the ground on which our house stands is only ours so long as we can use it. Whatever is created by our hands, is property.

We maintain that where life is rendered secure, and where avenues are opened to all the members of society alike to obtain that which is needed, we shall have a perfect society. On the contrary, wherever laws are enacted which presume to enforce any belief, whether it be political or religious, transcends the powers of the government and are false.

Among the influences which are tending toward an improvement in governments, is a new and simple organization, known as the International Society. The question of Capital and Labor is to be solved in the next fifty years,—and this society is working towards this end. It seeks to make a brotherhood of all nations, to unite the interests of all irrespective of nationality. Do you not see that if this prevails, wars will be impossible? If the men of France and Prussia had been a solidarity, there could not have been such a war as we have witnessed there. When men come to be thus united all over the world, and the interests of labor are respected, we shall have better governments. Just so far as governments take away the sovereignty of the individual they become an evil. Men who are restrained alone by law are not moral.

In proportion as the sovereignty of the individual is recognized will the government recede, man will become a law unto himself,—and being subject to the higher law, will need no outward laws to govern and restrain him.

The Republic of the Future will be so organized as to call out man's powers and appeal to his higher nature; and man standing by his brother man in the higher relations of life, will be bound by ties of justice and fraternity stronger than any human laws; and in the peaceable development of all the sources within and around him, man will live in the enjoyment of higher happiness than he has any conception of at present.

The function of the pen is to register human experience as a means of preserving it, comparing it, rectifying it, enriching it, and diffusing it. It is the essential condition and impulse of a progressive civilization.—*Alger.*

The Teachings of Spiritualism.

We are often asked what good has Spiritualism done? What have the spirits taught you? The good that spirits have done and are doing, can only be measured by individuals. The absolute knowledge of continued existence which has been established by Modern Spiritualism is next in importance to the question itself, and the millions who have received this knowledge, can answer this question satisfactorily.

One of the important lessons which Spiritualism teaches is individual responsibility, and the necessity of naturalness in every department of our being.

The fact that all spirits report that they are in conditions which have resulted from their lives here,—that the consequences of their acts are upon them, and that there is no possible escape from these, is of the highest practical value. In no department of life is the value of spiritual teaching greater than in showing that most of the evils which afflict humanity, are the result of imperfect conditions, diseased states inherited or acquired, and that instead of looking upon our fellow-beings as totally depraved and evil, we should realize them as subject to treatment, to reform by kindness and sympathy, rather than harshness and censure.

Spiritualism teaches us to realize practically what Jesus meant when he said, "Father forgive them they know not what they do." It shows us that this memorable language is expressive of the highest attainments of humanity,—the fullest and most beautiful development of the divine in man. It was only after Jesus had passed through deep trials and proving baptisms, which more fully refined and purified his nature, that he attained to a state in which he was enabled to express these beautiful words. His vision was clear and unclouded, and he saw the conditions of those around him, and in this high and holy appreciation of human nature, his strong sense of justice was manifested even toward those who were persecuting him unto death.

We are called upon to attain to the same high estate in which when all the bitterness of persecution shall be heaped upon us; when death itself shall be meted out unto us we can unresistingly, not only repeat these words, but experience the feelings which prompted them. This high spiritual attainment gives us a perception of the fact that mankind are generally acting in ignorance, that they do not know what they do. When we hear a harsh, stern individual speaking in such tones to gentle and loving children, we realize that they know not what they do. How few there are who can realize the conditions of those around them; and hence the world is full of discord and inharmony. Words like barbed arrows are sent forth, and those gleams of sunshine that should gladden our pathway are clouded over with darkness and sorrow. Well did an ancient writer say, "Words fitly spoken are as apples of gold in pictures of silver." The more the human soul is unfolded the more sensitive it becomes, and thereby acquires the power both of enjoying and suffering more keenly. Let us, therefore, take the lesson home and seek to bless each one, and thus shall our own lives be made joyous and happy.

Married.

February 11th, by Dr. I. S. King, Mr. Michael C. Kief to Miss Emma C. Farmer, both of Indianapolis, Ind.

In Morristown, Rice Co., Minn., January 10th, by Mrs. Harriet E. Pope, Mr. Melmoth P. Ide, and Miss Maria Lincoln, both of Wilton, Minn.

Passed to Spirit Life.

From Sparta, on Friday morning, Feb. 2d, 1872, at half past eight o'clock, Mr. Andrew Thayer, aged 66 years.

The subject of this notice was born in Chesterfield, Hampshire Co., Mass., October 9th, 1805. He moved to Conneaut, Ashtabula Co., Ohio, in 1829. From Ohio he moved to Wisconsin in 1856, and to Sparta in 1857, where he has since resided.

Though formerly a Christian, and for many years a member of the church, over twenty years ago his views upon religion underwent a radical change, since which time he has disclaimed all faith in Christianity, as a system of belief; and consequently discarded all claim or wish to be called by its name.

He was a staunch and undoubting Spiritualist, to the last; and the cause, in him, has lost one of its warmest visible friends.

The funeral oration was omitted until the services of one could be obtained whose views harmonized with his own.

Gone to the angel home, Horace B. Pollard, Jr., son of H. B. and A. J. Pollard, aged two years, nine months, and nine days, from the residence of his parents, in Deansville, Oneida county, New York, January 27th 1872. The funeral services were conducted by the writer at the Presbyterian Church, who spoke to a large and attentive audience of relatives and friends.

"He is happy; life is sweeter
To him now than e'er before.
Time speeds on; you soon shall meet him
On the fadeless spirit shore:
Hope and wait; you soon shall greet him
Where good-bye is heard no more."

O. L. SUTLIFF.

January 29th, passed from the rudimental to the higher planes of life, Mary A., wife of J. A. Beam, of Wilson county, Kansas., aged 61 years, and for twenty years a firm believer in spirit communion. At the funeral, there being no speaker present, J. Barnes made a few appropriate remarks.

February 8th, 1872, Emma, infant daughter of Henry C. and Jane Seymour, of Springfield, Ill., at the age of 1 year, 11 months, and 1 day.

Exercises were had at the house of the family by a collection of the friends of the same and of the "beautiful philosophy," where Professor Worthen, State geologist, read an appropriate selection from one of A. J. Davis' works; also a poem most consoling in the reassurance that

"There's no such thing as death."

The bereaved parents have long enjoyed the sweet consolation which a firm belief in the Harmonial Philosophy inspires.

[Notices for this Department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty. Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously.]

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Medium's Column.

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Thomas Woodliff,

INSPIRED PHYSICIAN AND LECTURER, COLFAX, CAL.
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MRS. S. A. R. WATERMAN, 67 Mulberry street, Newark, N. J., will answer letters, sealed or otherwise, give PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATIONS, or Reading of Character, from writing, hair, or photograph. Terms from two to five dollars and four three-cent stamps.
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v11n22 tf

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—:o:—

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S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

CHICAGO, MARCH 9, 1872.

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Poetry.

JOSH REYNOLDS HAS HIS SAY.

You may talk like your long-faced deacons, the creeds of your pious divines;
And cast your reproach at the sin of making hay while the bright sun shines;
But take you and your clique together, 'spite your freedom from worldly leaven,
I'd rather risk poor Jim Fisk on the chances of getting to heaven.

Yes, sir! I'm an old Vermonter; but we were schoolmates together when boys;
He was true as a steel, sir, that Jim was, though full of his fun and his noise,
And he never went back on a friend, sir, his heart was so tender and kind,
He'd give his last dime to a beggar; his was, sir, an uncommon mind.

He was sharp as a Jew at a bargain; his wits were as keen as this blade;
You could n't beat Jim swapping jack-knives,—he 'd sure get the best of the trade.
But then—if you wanted a quarter, or even a dollar or two
You 'd find it in Jim's old wallet—no freer to him than to you.

You called him the Prince of Eric. Aye! prince of good fellows and true;
The money you say that he stole there, was freely expended for you.
And you—did you ever refuse it, for churches, amusements, or alms?
No; you put all you got in your pocket: had your conscience just then any qualms?

"The partaker is bad as the thief," is an adage of old-time descent,—
It stands between you and Jim Fisk—do you ask for still further comment?
While you 're tearing to shreds and tatters the remnants of his fair fame,
Do you ever pause to consider what 's due *your* illustrious name?

Your vices you foster in secret; you walk with a hypocrite's mien;
No crime in the calendar daunts you, if only it will not be seen.
You—you—with your clean, pious hands, the vengeance of heaven would bid,
On that frank, that sincere, open heart, whose virtues, not vices, were hid.

There 's a very old saying in scripture, the sense of which seems to be,
"If ye feed my poor, hungry children, in them, behold! ye feed me."
Then look at the suffering thousands, his hand was outstretched to relieve,
Did he stint in his gifts to the needy, or ever the trusting deceive?

The rule of his life's action, to tell it in black and white,
Was to go—no matter how mangy—for the under dog in the fight.
No odds if the cur got beaten, he still found a friend in Jim—
A friend and a good position; that, sir, was the nature of him.

I knowed him, I say, and I loved him; I 'm his friend to the end of the book.
They say mighty hard things of Jim, sir, and things with an unpleasant look.
I don't mean to say he was perfect,—we, all of us, slip in the race,—
But take him right through on the "square," his heart was in just the right place.

I speak not for fear or for favor, I've done but a friendly task;
I'd say out my say for Jim Fisk, if I stood in my very last gasp.
And you and your clique together, 'spite your freedom from worldly leaven,
I'd rather be poor Jim Fisk, on the chances of getting to heaven.

—*Iowa State Press.*

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

PHANTOMS AND APPARITIONS—A REVIEW OF HUDSON TUTTLE'S "REPLY" TO "INQUIRER."

BY T. B. TAYLOR, A.M., M.D.

BRO. JONES:—When I read brother Tuttle's "reply" to the questions raised by "inquirer," I felt a shadow come over my spirit, and it still rests there, prompting me to write a brief review of the answers given. And I suppose that I ought to apologize for lifting a pen to write on a subject like this and taking views, or expressing sentiments adverse to one so well versed in matters pertaining to the mundane and ultramundane in our philosophy, as is our good Brother Tuttle. But I hope our brother will take no offense at my presumption, though I am but a novice, and he a sage; though I am a mere licentiate, and he a professor or pioneer in this "new religion."

In old theological times, it was dangerous for a youthful clergyman to differ from the "older heads," but thanks to human progress and the harmonial philosophy, we no longer bow and cringe in the presence of hoary-headed dogmas or dogmatists; not that brother Tuttle is a dogmatist by any means, but *free thought* and free speech are not only tolerated but courted by our philosophers of to day; hence I dare to write for your paper in opposition to the views of any one, being well assured that I will be granted an audience.

Brother Tuttle, if I understand him, takes the ground that "the phantasms of Nicolai" were merely "subjective," "although some of them may have been objective," and the reason he assigns for this view, is "because they appear to have depended *entirely* on his physical and mental condition." Is this a good argument—is it *any* argument to prove that what Nicolai saw and heard were mere freaks of the imagination? Does not all clairvoyance and clairaudience depend *wholly* upon the physical and mental condition of the seer,—of the clairaudient? It seems to me that this is true in all cases, otherwise all men and women would be clairvoyant and clairaudient, which I think the whole world of mankind will ultimately become, so that we will see and hear and talk with the angel world every day, just as we now see, hear and talk with one another, on the streets and in our houses. Swedenborg, the grand old seer of a hundred years ago, was not a seer at all till he was fifty-five years old. Why was he not before then. Simply because he had not *prepared* himself for that grand work, by bringing about the right *physical* and *mental* conditions. Such is true, I think, with a large majority of seers. They are not *natural* clairvoyants; that is, are not seers from their infancy, yet to this rule there are exceptions, I know. Miss Lizzie Kevser tells me that she saw spirits when a very little child, and the old people said, "It was a mere phantom."

Probably there are many, many children that are clairvoyants and don't know what it means, and afterwards *lose* all clairvoyant powers, *because* of their *physical* and *mental* conditions, becoming *gross* and *engrossed* by their surroundings.

Now, brother Tuttle's view of the case is inclined to take out of the dire experiences of a great many good people all the spiritual sweets of heavenly visions. It is a *fact*, I believe, admitted by all, both heterodox (?) and orthodox (?) that a great many people, become clairvoyant in the hour of their physical dissolution,

"And see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there."

and hear the voice of song and the shouts of praise, because of the bliss they have. Well, now, for one, I am not willing to say that those bright and beautiful visions were mere freaks of fancy, mere phantoms or apparitions! I believe they were blessed, blissful realities. My darling spirit wife, for example, just before she passed to the higher life, lifted her hands and exclaimed, "O, here is father and brother Will,"—both of whom had been in spirit life several years. These dying visions, these clairvoyant seances are at the same time wholly dependent on the physical and mental condition of the patient. The physical fails in these cases, and the spiritual triumphs.

There are many people who are clairvoyant and clairaudient when they are *sick*, who are as blind as a bat, and as deaf as an adder when they are well. Some of the finest clairvoyant tests that have ever been given, have been given by just such parties; but after recovering their usual health, could neither see nor hear, except with the outer organs of sight and hearing. Let me give one example as an illustration of the untold cases of this kind.

The young lady of St. Louis notoriety is a case in hand. This case was reported in full in one of the St. Louis dailies, and copied largely into other papers so that I need not give it in detail, but only in synopsis. As to the facts in the case, there is not the shadow of a doubt. All the facts being fully set out, the names, offices, residences, etc., of the parties were all given, among them a number of the most distinguished physicians and clergymen of the city. The facts were these: The young woman in question had an internal abcess, ulcer, or tumor, for which she had long been treated by the aforesaid physicians, but grew continuously worse till they all gave her up to die and pronounced her just at death's door. The clergy were called to administer the "consolations of religion," and she was taken to the "Sisters Hospital," a Catholic institution, there to be cared for, till the work of dissolution was completed and her soul released. Soon after she was taken there she fell into a great agony of prayer and supplication to God, to Jesus, to the angels, to any one that could help her, for she had heard that these parties had even raised the dead, and she claimed that she might by this supernatural (?) power be raised from her bed of sickness and death. By and by as she lay upon her couch of suffering and pain, she says a most beautiful lady presented herself, all arrayed in white and spotlessly pure, with a golden crown upon her head. She spoke to her and they soon entered into conversation. The attending nurse supposed she was demented and saw a "phantom," was "wandering," and when the patient tried to show her nurse this beautiful angel, and wondered that she could not see and hear her, the nurse, ignorant and gross, could not see nor hear. But the sufferer turned upon her side, pushed the covering down, and the angel went to work to manipulate and magnetize the patient. And it must now suffice to say that in a *few days* the patient was perfectly restored. Then the Catholics seized hold of the *facts* and published them to the world, claiming that the heavenly visitant was "Mary, the mother of God," and that she had given this renewed evidence of her love for the Catholic church, and that the patient now healed was to devote herself to the cause of religion under the auspices of the "Holy Catholic Church." This was doubtless a case of the wonderful healing power of the angel world. It was no phantasm, no optical or oral illusion, but a *grand fact*. The girl was both clairaudient, and clairvoyant, and at the same time receptive to the heavenly power of spirit magnetism. *And all this wholly dependent on her physical and mental condition*, and the whole phenomena, in all its phases *passed away on her recovery*.

This one case must suffice as an illustration of multitudes like it, and I pass now to raise another question. Is there such a thing, really, in existence, as a "phantom"—an "apparition?" I do not hesitate to say that I *doubt it*,—well, that word "*doubt*" does'nt suit me, for it presupposes that I am in a fair way to be convinced of the truth of that which I doubt, for while an apostle of Jesus said, "He that doubts is damned," some one else has said, that "To doubt is the first step in the way to find out the truth," and another, Socrates, if my memory is not at fault, has said, "The way to gain admission into the temple of science, is through the portal of doubt," so I prefer not to say doubt, but deny; yet when I see my error I shall be most happy to "confess" and take it all back.

I am not prepared to believe there is any thing but what has form, fragrance, and color, even Love, Truth, Justice, Goodness, etc, and this being true, then I am prepared to accept that which many intelligent spirits teach as true, viz: that "*the world beyond is an exact transcript of this.*" If so, then one in the clairvoyant state seeing horses, dogs, birds, etc., is to my mind no evidence of its being a freak of the fancy, or of there being mere phantasms and apparitions. I have received the impression from what I have read of our philosophy, that it teaches the doctrine of spirit life for all things. Bro. Davis may not, but Bro. Peebles I know does,—as in his "Seers of the Ages," on heaven, as to place, he takes the ground that continents, islands, seas, lakes, rivers, trees, plants, shrubs and flowers, are all giving off infinitesimal particles, etheralized essences—as the rose gives off its fragrance—and that of these higher forms of matter, more attenuated, sublimated, are formed the everlasting homes of the good.

If this be true, and I see no grounds for doubt or question, why, then, a very natural influence is, that all animal life, which is regarded as a higher form of life than that of vegetable life, has its spiritual life-form in the future world.

Now a few facts: Mrs. B., the mother of Dr. B, of Indianapolis, who has been in spirit life some twenty-four years, says distinctly and positively that, "*The life beyond is an exact transcript of the life present.*" When this statement was made to me by him who received the communication, I said, "It can't be possible! Are we to be annoyed with gnats and mosquitoes, and bitten by snakes and stung by adders there as here?" His answer was pertinent and to the point: "Then you must get up out of the swamps and bogs." That is, as I understood him, to live so as to go at once into the higher spheres—shores above that occupied by these insects and reptiles. The Rev. Wm. Young, an old and honored Methodist preacher, has in the last part of his eventful life, become clairvoyant and clairaudient, and is, indeed, at times, an excellent test medium. He is now over seventy years old. On many, many occasions, mixed with the appearance of his spirit friends, giving indubitable tests of their real objective presence, he sees a large mastiff dog, and often sees his son (now in spirit life) who was an officer in the army, mounted on horse back accompanied by his staff officers.

The old gentleman tells me that this great mastiff dog comes to him and impresses him with the idea of "protection—defense."

To my mind these are reasonable allegations of facts, and will close this, already too lengthy article, with a few remarks on *delirium tremens*. Bro. Tuttle says that the fact that the German aforesaid saw dogs and other animals in his phantasmic state, is *prima facie* evidence that these were mere phantasms, delusions, apparitions, and cites the disease called delirium tremens as an illustration.

I shall have all the world down on me, if I say that that which is seen by the patient in delirium tremens, is not *subjective* but *objective*. The popular understanding of the word *phantom is a mere nothing*—hence in such case we say such an one "*thought* he saw something, but he didn't." Now, that which torments the poor inebriate in case of *delirium tremens* is *something* or it is *nothing*. Can it be supposed that *nothing* exists? Nothing is perfect vacuity, yet where in God's great universe do you find perfect vacuity? That which frightens him, assumes form, color, density, character; hence *cannot be nothing*.

I would be glad to hear the opinions of others on this subject, to me so full of interest.

Topeka, Kan.

A Thrilling Incident at Moravia—The Dead appear to Accuse the Living.

One of the most remarkable of the many things which have transpired at the above town, is the following, well known at Moravia and Auburn. At a sitting one day there appeared at the window of the cabinet a young and rather pretty woman. She looked pale, and for a time stood speechless at the window, when, looking slowly and sadly around the room, she fixed her eyes upon a well known gentleman, and pausing before him, she drew forth a packet of what seemed to be neatly filed letters. All eyes were riveted on the arm—the package, the lone face, *so* sad, yet so sweet,—even in her mellancholy. When these were partially comprehended, she drew forth *a tumbler*,—and in it appeared some substance which none could comprehend at first. One of the number could, perhaps, as her eyes rested on him very mournfully. Holding to him both hands, she opened her mouth, and still fixing her gaze on the gentleman, whose eyes were now riveted on her, she said, "May God forgive him! May God *forgive* him!"

The gentleman overcame by some occult emotion, patent to a very few, suddenly retired and walked away alone in deep contemplation, evidently much dejected. *He* understood the fearful import of these pictures or realities. It seems that sometime since his brother was engaged to be married. The clothes of the bride were procured. The happy day was drawing near. Her heart and life were concentrated upon this event. Some meddlesome women and men raised some false stories against her; being bruited about, they reached his ear. His mind became poisoned; he called on her and told her the marriage could not take place. She was shocked, and asked *why* he did not ask her concerning these creatures who sought her life? *Why* he could not believe *her*? *Why* she was not trusted and believed rather then others? She plead with her lover—but plead in vain—he was inexorable. She wept and prayed that God would open his eyes to see her as she was, and her enemies as God saw them, but in vain. He demanded the letters, these letters, his letters—hers no longer.

"I beg you permit me to keep these letters. They were written when you loved me. They are all I have to cling to. I beg you do not force me to give them up."

He demanded them.

"If you take them, you break my heart—my life is in them."

"I *must* have them," he said.

"You shall; but let me keep them a little while longer."

"I cannot."

"Let me only read them once more."

"I cannot. I must have them now."

"You shall have them."

He asked again, as she hesitated.

"The letters—the letters—I want the letters."

"*Be it so;* you *shall* have them Excuse me for a short time, and I will get them for you."

She went to her room, and took a most fatal dose of poison,—mixing in a tumbler, she drank its contents instantly. And seizing the letters, she staggered toward him. She cried, "My heart is broken. You demanded the letters. I told you my life was in them. Here they are."

She then fell dead on his breast. This spirit woman was the one who loved him, and this tumbler represented the one in which she took the poison, and this package was the gift and the last one on earth which she so much coveted.

It is said all our thoughts are known; all our letters copied in the other world; that all matter is duplicated; the spirit only being durable; the visible—the outer soon perishes. Is there not something in the record which resembles truth? Are there no *upper* records? Everything has a soul—letters are no exception. Swedenborg says there are libraries which these of earth bear but a faint resemblance to.

If there be a register of all our acts, as Harris avers; if everything we do here is done first in the spirit land; if the temptation originates and culminates and ultimate *there*, as Horace Mann, from the other land says, it is known how every good and evil deed will terminate, because it was finished in the sphere where it originated before it (the action) was incarnated. Swedenborg says the nearer one gets to God—the more conversant one is with the future or some other gift in the present.

I speak of these premeditated deeds which Calvert says every man enters into when he balances the profits and losses. *Intention* is the animus. The evidence, the soul, the guilt. Does not Theodore Parker, per *Banner of Light*, say that thirty-five cases of benevolence were recorded in one week of the late murdered Fisk? Then, perhaps, every man has the power of recording his own acts, or, is there some secret sentinel who acts in this capacity? Evidences, witnesses, facts irrefragible, are all here, says Emanuel Swedenborg. Why may not these evidences, epistolary or otherwise, be furnished as occasion may require, or spirits dictate. No better book, no religion has ever been placed on the stand which the Bible requires or Christianity needs for its defense. Is the church going to kill her own evidence or invalidate this mighty truth that "Everything shall be brought to light," and that which was "done in secret" shall be declared from "the house tops" as oriental criers then proclaimed news as the press does now.

M. G. S.

Chicago, Ill.

Letter from Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson.

DEAR JOURNAL:—With so many good things crowding your columns, I have thought it needless for me to intrude my own sayings, or seek a healthy avenue of communication through your columns, to the sacrifice or postponement of other valuable articles. But occasionally "the fit comes over me," in which I enjoy being a part at the social and literary banquet, where an interchange of thought seems to prove the cream of the occasion. I have quietly waited to hear our Brothers, Hudson Tuttle and Dr. Bailey, ventilate "the new departure," "new disgrace," etc., with a feeling of profound interest, and not less a feeling of pride, that we are not lacking in brave and fearless champions of our noble cause, And now that we are every where challenged, and subjected to the most fiery oppositions in view of this "new departure," we can not afford to lose time by almost criminal silence and subjection to the new movement. It has been my late experience to find that speakers are expected, like sectarian preachers, to support the views of those engaging them, and meekly assist in bedecking and befringing the hobby-gods they have set up, as "our platform." And when the speaker, obedient to a higher authority, fails to repeat the whole catechism, or refuses this "regeneration" article, *a la* Cheney, there must of course follow a Bishop Whitehouse judgement, and proscription necessarily comes in. By some, we are clearly told, we "had better keep still"—they wish we would all agree—they are tired of inharmony—they hope we will not, in our public meetings, say any thing about it—*seeing we differ?* But were we only on the other side of the house, we might rant to any extent—we might flourish our Steinway Hall propositions with a daring hand, and compel every listener in our audience to hear us out on that line—and the very indignation and curiosity we might awaken, would guarantee us a crowd, the same as it has for their oracle. Let me say to those who differ with me on this question, I have not the least personal animosity against Mrs. Woodhull. I know nothing of her beyond the notoricty she has gained by the suffrage movement, of which she is the acknowledged leader, and certainly it is a new revelation to us, that she has all along been known as a deep and earnest advocate of Spiritualism; for not until quite recently have the Spiritualists of this country so understood it, if they do now. But leaving this question for each to decide according to facts, I must confess, if there is any event which may be considered temporarily unfortunate, such is the event of Mrs. Woodhull's Steinway lecture, and the language she there makes use of, paradoxical and inconsistent as it is—for though her true meaning were as pure and exalted as the life of the highest angel, she has not only failed to make it appear so to the masses, but actually been challenged by the best scholars and her best frieds for an explanation of that same lecture. And when a subject of so vital and important a nature is put forth clothed in such monstrous absurdities, we must expect the public sense *will* revolt therefrom. For instance, Mrs. Woodhull admits that "humanity is composed of all grades of development, from that of the most hideous human monster, to that of the veriest saint"—but all have a right, and equally, to their own thoughts and actions, with this provision—"that they do not aggress upon the rights of others." Now, what is a *hideous, human monster* but an aggressor? What right have we to call one "a hideous, human monster," unless his aggressive conduct proves him such? And her "inalienable right" to love as long as she pleases, and to change that love every day if she pleases, shall be enjoyed by this "hideous, human monster;" and not only that, but this *hideous, human monster*, however *debauched*, shall be protected by us in the exercise of such "inalienable rights."

And with such propositions, she affirms, "We mean rebellion"; "we will overslough this bogus republic," etc.; claiming the right to include the whole body of American Spiritualists, as pledged to her declarations and treasonable movement against peaceful legislation in this country. Could any graver mistake be committed in the name of *reform* than this, which puts on a bold front of anarchy and rebellion, usurping as it does the prerogative of every Spiritualist in the land, and assuming a dictatorship which would disgrace the rotten governments of the old world? For when was ever such usurpation tolerated in the name of that unbounded license she now demands for even "the most hideous human monster"—and tolerated, too, in the name of a large religious body, whom she conceitedly claims as her supporters and followers? I say "*conceitedly*," not from any desire to hurt the feelings of Mrs. Woodhull or her supporters, but because this idea *is a conceit of her own, and not true in fact*. She has deceived herself, but let us not be deceived by her, or by those who encourage *lawlessness* in the name of *reform*.

Hitherto the Spiritualists of America have stood pre eminent in loyalty to our republican principles. Ours has been a republican religion. Our sense of "the inalienable right" has been qualified by that sense of obedience which every citizen owes to the government, as a condition of *the inalienable right*. We have never counselled precipitate, anarchial movements, designed to destroy the rational, consistent administration of government. We are too much in love with our country, our whole country, and the peaceful reformation of abuses, to launch out in any fanatical warfare, which must at last spend itself in needless invective, without any adequate profit accruing to the blind leaders thereof. For if anything is calculated to retard the settlement of the Woman Suffrage claim, it is this wild, rash, and threatening attitude assumed by Mrs. Woodhull. Governments are seldom bullied into granting favors. And though we are assured by the friends of Mrs. W. that she is doing for woman just what the Anti-Slavery movement did in emancipating the African, we cannot deny that just in proportion as the Anti Slavery movement became *humanitarian, and not sectarian or partisan*—just in proportion as it relied upon the spirit of progress enshrined in this "bogus republic," did it succeed in its final conquest. But had it introduced those Steinway Hall propositions as planks in its platform, the enemies of that movement would have needed no farther argument in defense of their conservative rule, and the continuation of Slavery. It is, too, one thing to free the world of any enslaving rule by the logic of political necessity and military compulsion—and quite another to free the human mind of its pro-slavery tendencies by moral suasion, and the logic of calm, deliberate, and patient reasoning. In the great work devolving upon us now, we prefer to make use of this "new departure" as a fresh incentive to increased activity, and renewed devotion to the cause. For now, many, before indifferent, have faced with determined hostility the promulgation of our gospel, and the excitement consequent upon the American Association platform, through their president, must, after all, enhance our facilities for being heard. Thus, though borne upon discordant waves, our congregations increase in numbers, and steadily we press on to the haven of victory. "Out of darkness cometh light."

Lebanon, Mo., Feb. 19th, 1872.

BOTTS, the murderer of "Pet" Halstead, was buried in the churchyard of Whitehall, N. J., despite the verbal and muscular objections of the charitable Christians of that town. The friends of the late lamented B. are evidently determined that his getting into heaven shall not be hindered by any negligence on their part. Accordingly, they made arrangements to have a funeral sermon preached, and secured the funeral services therefor of the Rev. Mr. Siegfried, of Newark, N. J. The church at Whitehall was promised them for Febru ry 11th, and on that day was packed with a vast audience, from all the surrounding towns. To the intense disgust of the friends of the deceased, the regular minister announced from the pulpit that the authorities had decided not to allow the building to be desecrated by the funeral sermon of a murderer. Remonstrance and entreaty were alike in vain; and, at last accounts, the Rev. Mr. Siegfried was still looking for a congregation of Christians who know, and believed in, the rudiments of their religion. Perhaps some "little church round the corner" may yet present itself.

ITEMS.

From Lois Walsbrooker.

Brother Jones:—I commenced writi g items a few days since, and falling into a train of philosophizing, I really left the items out. I will try to make up for the deficiency in this, and continue the train of thought started in the last, at some other time. I went to

MORAVIA

the last week in January, and though I saw no faces that I recognized, others did. There were two young men who had come from Troy, Penn., that morning; one sat at my right hand and the other at my left. No one in the room knew the name of either, but the first face that presented itself continued to look persistently at the gentleman at my right. "It is for you, do you recognize it?" "I should," was the reply, "but for the glasses." "That is often done to protect their eyes from the light, irrespective of whether they wore them here or not," was the reply of some one in the circle who was familiar with phenomena. Just then the medium called out from the cabinet, or rather, dark room, "He has soldier's clothes on." Again the face appeared, and this time there was a movement of the lips, while the word "James" was pronounced in a loud whisper, but so distinctly as to be understood by all in the room. "Heywood, is that you?" and a smile of gladness lit up the features, such as I shall never forget. Now to suppose for one moment that a false face prepared for the purpose of deception, could be made to pronounce that stranger's name while the expression of the features said as plainly as looks could express, "Why, don't you know me?" To suppose this, and then to add to it a smile which was an illumination of the countenance, such as only soul-joy can give, is the vilest of nonsense. The conclusion is inevitable; those who have left the mortal form, can and do, under the right conditions, gather enough of the material to make themselves visible to physical eyes and tangible to physical touch. I will not enter into further detail of what I saw there, only to say that there was one face shown somewhat indistinctly which was not recognized, and I thought that it might possibly belong to a dear friend of mine; also one of three hands that were thrust up at one time. I went directly from there to Mrs. Manly's at Corry, Penn., and, though speaking of what others saw, was very careful to say nothing of this, for I felt that what conditions had failed to make plain at Moravia, would be explained through her hand. She wrote "Count not on the faces," but spoke of showing the hand. Now mark, I had as much evidence to claim the face as the hand, and so far as my feelings were concerned, should have claimed the face if either. Still, I said nothing of this, yet the intelligence controlling her hand, says that none of the faces were for me, but speaks of the hand as being in the shadow, and thus not fully identified. But to come nearer home, I heard that the people of Dunkirk have a sensation in the shape of a

HAUNTED HOUSE

near them. Some three miles from town is a residence built by a gentleman by the name of Douglas, who has been in the spirit world some years, about twenty, I believe, and the place has passed to his descendants. Some two or three times since his demise, reports have gone out, of things being seen and heard there, but at intervals of years, and so attracted but little attention. The house is now occupied by a gentleman who leases the farm. Recently the entire family left on a visit, and a grandson of old Mr. Douglas staid there at night. The young man slept in a room up stairs through which a stovepipe ran, entering from the room below. In the night noises were heard, doors opening and shutting, the stovepipe rapped upon, etc, etc. The next night the young man had a friend stay with him; the sounds were repeated, but no clue to their author could be found. By this time the subject began to be talked of a little, and Mr. Crocker, a trance speaker being near, *happened* in just after dark the third night. He found there were three boys to keep each other company. "Now Charley," (as Mr. Crocker is familiarly called), "you are just in time to stay with us to-night." This was exactly what he wanted, but he replied, "I guess not. I can stay till nine o'clock, but it's hardly worth while to stay all night."

"Yes, you must, we want you to stay and help us find out what these noises mean,"

"But will it be convenient for so many to stay when Mr. Button's folks are away?"

"Oh, yes, we'll fix that all right. You can sleep in the bed-room below and we will go up stairs."

"No," was the reply, "if I stay here I must know just where every person in the house is; must have them where I can put my hand on them."

This was agreed to, and then commenced the preparations for the nocturnal visit. The windows were examined and found well fastened; spools of thread set where they could not possibly be raised to admit any one without the thread being misplaced; chairs were assigned their positions; the stove hook was laid upon the floor and a mark put around it; the cellar-door (the place where the sounds usually commenced) was examined and things so arranged that ingress would be impossible without a disturbance of some kind which could be detected; and, all else being ready, a bed was made on the floor upstairs, and between where the stovepipe came up through the floor, and the bed occupied by the boys; Mr. Crocker sleeping here just where he could talk down stairs to the ghost, and, at the same time put his hand upon the other bed and know that the three boys were there.

All was quiet till about midnight, when there was a sound as if the cellar-door had opened, and shut with a bang. "Boys, it has come, whatever it is," said Mr. Crocker, as he put himself in an attitude for questioning; then the sound of other doors, and a rapping upon the stovepipe.

"Mr. Douglas, if this is you, please give three distinct raps upon the stovepipe." A prompt response with the three raps. Well it would be useless to repeat all, the questions that received their appropriate replies. "I asked everything I could think of in the course of half or three-fourths of an hour," said Mr. Crocker in relating what occurred. Among the questions he reported, I select the following:

"Mr. Douglas, you were acquainted with my father?" "Rap, rap, rap." "Do you recollect coming to our house at such a time, and talking with father of something which amused you very much, and over which you both laughed heartily?" There came a perfect shower of raps, as if he laughed even then, at the recollection.

"Mr. Douglas, you know that I am a Spiritualist?" "Rap, rap, rap"—no uncertain sounds, but loud and distinct. "Well, even Spiritualists get skeptical sometimes, and if this is really you, please whistle a tune and dance it." A jig was whistled and danced in exact time. The steps sounded somewhat muffled, as of one in stocking feet.

"Now please take up chairs and set them down quickly and heavily. It was done, or so the sounds indicated. "Now open and shut the doors" The door on one side of the room appeared from the sound to be opened and shut quickly and with no light hand, and then upon the opposite side of the room instantly, giving no time to pass from one to the other. Finally all passed off; the four lay till full daylight, and then went down together, *and not a thing had been moved* inside of the house, and there were no tracks going from the house, no disturbance in the room about the cellar-door. While I am writing this, here comes a gentleman from

BUFFALO

who tells us of the mediumship of his two boys, aged ten and twelve. In the house they occupied, before moving to their present place of residence on Maryland St., was a closet, perhaps two and a half by four feet in size; this, by closing the door, was made perfectly dark. Among other things that were done, the boys would enter the closet. If I understand rightly, but one at a time were in the room; but be that as it may, Mr. Cockle said, "I would close the door, and before I could get three feet away, 'Pa, I'm up here' would sound from the closet, and, upon opening the door as quickly as possible, I would find Jesse seated upon a peg as high as my head, and holding on to another." This was the boy of ten. The older one, upon being left in there one time,—called out, "Pa, come quick." Upon opening the door, a rope was found tied in a large loop, one portion of which rested upon the back of the boy's neck, the balance being held from him by his two hands, and in this position he was hanging from the peg,—the portion of the loop between his hands crossing the peg. This was done three times in as quick succession almost as the door could be opened and shut, after taking the boy down at each *hanging*.

For weeks these things went on, the house being filled every night with curious and interested spectators. The door to the closet, a heavy four-panelled door, had not a whole pannel in it when the family left, so shattered was it from the effects of having blows from the inside, that it barely hung together. Sometimes they would have to send the children away from the table before they could eat their meals, the raps upon the underside of the table being so heavy as to amount to blows that disturbed the dishes. They have prepared no dark room in their new house, and consequently do not have as decided manifestations; but from these and other things constantly occurring through the country, it is very evident that physical manifestations are far from passing away. I am satisfied that the importance of these manifestations, so far from being overrated, has not, as yet, been fully appreciated,—in a word, that the *real object* has not hitherto been understood. What that object is, or what seems to me to be the most important part to be accomplished by them, I will reserve for another article.

Angola, N. Y., Feb. 14.

Notes by the Way.

Recent discoveries have developed new fields of that very heavy metal, called Lead Ore. In a region of country lying between Carthage, Mo., and Baxter Springs, Kansas, there are now many persons engaged in developing the resources of this mineral. From present indications there is a vast field of this ore that lies in this vicinity of country, partly in Missouri and extending into the south-eastern portion of Kansas. While in Carthage, Mo., on New Year's day, 1872, I was informed that one man had lately deposited several thousand dollars in the bank of that place, obtained from the sale of lead ore but recently found. The vein upon which this man is now working, is said to be nearly four feet wide, and one foot in thickness,—its extent is unknown. Many other rich leads are being daily discovered, and new companies are fast forming for further research. This new lead region lies near the western terminus of the Boston Mountains, extending for many miles to the north-west. In times, long since past, numbering years by the million, the earths upheavals and these lead deposits were made.

By the explosions and expansions of the earth's interior gasses, great openings and caverns have been left in earth low down, as well as in mountains high in air. By upheaved rocks and rolling floods, these caverns have been overcapped, making of them vast reservoirs or condensers of a non-explosive mineral gas, from whence comes the mineral known as lead. In later periods, however, and by new convulsions, this mineral, in part, has been thrown promiscuously upon the earth's surface within the vicinity of its first formation. This is what is called "float mineral." Much of this form of mineral is now being found in this New Galena. Many solid leads have been found, and the pick and shovel are daily discovering more.

To present a little Geological and Theological amusement, I will relate the substance of a few remarks made by a German miner a few days since:

"Now den, Mr. Preacher, just hear vot I tinks. It looks very strange that mine Got in Heaven, should makes every tings in six days. For the gasses and other tings what makes the lead have been many tousand years about it. And what ish more en dat, I ish been made since dat time, too, and so ish mine frow. I know dis because *she is be so young as yet.*"

If this article should meet the eye of some experienced miner for lead, who is also a Spiritualist, I would be pleased to open correspondence with him—provided he should wish to visit this lead field in the Spring.

Dr. E. B. Wheelock.

Address—Pleasanton, Kansas.

Notes from Ohio.

On the North Road, two miles from the lake, near the bank, stood my father's log house, on an elevation some 150 feet above the flats, half a mile west of a corresponding bank. I and my father one moonlight evening, went to the lake, to assist in searching a couple of small boats laden with German emigrants, for stolen property. We returned home about twelve o'clock in the night, and found great excitement—some thirty neighbors being present. When we started for the lake, we had left my brother, older than myself, and two sisters, to take charge of the house.

CAUSE OF EXCITEMENT.

Early in the evening, my youngest sister went to the south door, and then came in and said that a man ran from behind an out-oven towards a spring house over the bank, and threw a stone at her. My brother ran to the spring-house, followed by my sisters, but found no one. On returning up the bank another stone came, and others continued to come more rapidly until we arrived at home and found about thirty people in a great state of excitement. Nothing had been discovered as to the cause. After listening to the story, I thought I could detect the villain, and stole out to the bank. I had not been there a minute before my youngest sister came to my side, and instantly a stone came whizzing along, brushing her clothes. From this time until three o'clock stones continued to come from one to three a minute—weighing from ¼ to 3½ lbs.

PECULIARITIES.

All attempts at finding the cause was fruitless. You could hear them whiz, and see them coming at an elevation of at least forty degrees above the bank—apparently from the west side and from up the flats. My youngest sister appeared to be the attraction. She went back and forth on the bank, and the stones all came towards her—frequently touching her clothes. A fence of logs running from the house to a corn house was badly bruised—many stones stuck in the cracks between the logs.

The solution arrived at at the time was this: The old Dutch lady on the boat was a witch, and it was an offset agaist boat searching.

Yours truly,

W. H. Sweet.

Ashtabula, Ohio.

Items from New York.

Bro. Jones:—I find myself still laboring in this beautiful village, having commenced here the first Sunday in December.

This town numbers about four thousand inhabitants, being very beautifully situated in the fertile valley of the Genesee; but like other conservative towns of its size, it has its bigot church-schools where on parade-days, the gaily plumed devotees sail into princely cushioned pews to worship at the shrine of fashion and power, instead of their ancient prototype, Jesus of Nazareth. We read that Jesus, becoming righteously indignant, entered the Jewish temple at one time, and scourged them out, tipping over the tables of the money-changers. May it not be that this is the same *evil spirit* that so annoys the Beecher church to-day, tipping, rapping and moving the reporter's tables? Who knows but that Bro. Beecher may not yet receive a sound flagellation from this same source equal to those poor Jews, unless he becomes willing to proclaim the gospel as he feels it in his own heart,—instead of reading it from the musty pages of the past.

Not long since this quiet town was shocked by the announcement that the deacon of the Presbyterian church, had committed suicide! It seems that this poor deacon had purloined money from confidential friends and unweary widows, to the amount of forty-thousand dollars, and having lost it in unwise speculations, he resorted to this summary way of canceling the obligations,—believing that this pack-horse Jesus would bear his cowardly soul safe into Paradise. The affair has created considerable excitement, and the former bitter assertions of the bigoted priests against Spiritualism as the work of the Devil, has at last come back to roost among their own family.

Last winter I lectured here in the Universalist church, as that denomination were without a pastor. This winter they have an English clergyman of their faith speaking to them who proclaime loudly against Protestantism and Catholicism, and yet strange to say, cries humbug to modern Spiritualism. He plagiarizes much of his wise sayi gs from our Spiritual literature, often repeating poems taken from Spiritual periodicals and books.

My Spiritual guides have been able to give many convincing tests of their identity in this place, and the good cause of angel communion is steadily advancing. To-night I have been requested to give a private seance, for some of the most prominent members of the Presbyterian church,—who are seeking for light outside their church. I am stopping with Mrs. Chamberlin, a lady of wealth and refinement, who has been a very successful healer in this town for years. Her influence has been quite extensive, often curing those that medical science pronounced incurable. She has been sought after by all classes of people, church men and free men, priest and layman, until ill health and advanced age renders it impossible to continue her wonderful gift of healing any longer.

She and her good husband, who departed this life two years ago, have ever been faithful workers opening their hospitable doors to mediums and reformers since the first advent of modern Spiritualism.

Your glorious paper finds a welcome in the homes of a few families here, and obliging friends circulate them far and near, thus sowing the good seed that will finally spring up and bear abundantly.

Inclosed you will find a draft for the amount required for five new subscribers under the present inducements of half price.

B. A. Beals.

LeRoy, N. Y.

Items from Sterling, Ill.

Brother Jones:—The special request that all who read the Journal should send ten cents to Austin Kent and Joseph Baker, was read by the Chairman of our conference meeting last Sunday. I enclose the amount collected to you to forward to them. And, by the way, I must tell you about our conference. A number of Spiritualists formed an organization by appointing James Kelsey, Chairman; Mrs. Lucy Dolittle, Treasurer, and Mrs. Henry Powell, Secretary. Our platform is free,—each and every one responsible for their own ideas. We met for the sixth week on Sunday afternoon at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, of this city. Our numbers have increased so rapidly that we were obliged to rent a public hall. We have a fine choir, a nice organ, and are blest in the use of our home talent far beyond our expectation. We have poems read, also any selections thought to be interesting. Your friend Mr. Henry Powell has usually read from the Journal the doings through the mediumship of Dr. Slade, and the manifestations at Moravia, N. Y. We feel that the angel world will bless our united efforts in the spread of their gospel.

Yours for Truth,

Mrs. H. S. Powell, Sec.

Sterling, Feb. 15, 1872.

Note from Austin Kent.

Brother Jones:—Words can never convey the depth of my gratitude to you for your continued extra efforts on my behalf. From the letters I get with these ten cent' donations, it is evident that many poor persons have desired to write me letters of brotherly and sisterly sympathy, but did not like to do it without enclosing a larger sum than they could well spare. Many of these persons join me in thanks to you for your novel and original idea and suggestion. These are now in rapport with me, and their names are recorded among the friends of the poor and afflicted, with the widow who cast in her "mite."

Stockholm, N. Y. Feb. 13, 1872.

Sir John Herschell says ("Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects," p. 109) that the Comet of 1680, when in perihelion, flew round the sun with a speed of 1,200,000 miles an hour.

"Happiness is not the reward of virtue, but virtue itself; nor do we delight in it because we bridle our lusts, but rather are we enabled to bridle our lusts because we delight in it." This is the forty-second or concluding Proposition of the fifth Part of that miracle of intellectual construction, the "Ethica" of Spinoza. Is it true?

Letter from St. Charles, Ill.

Brother Jones:—The good citizens of this unusually quiet and sedate village, have lately been favored(?) with a series of revival meetings. Feeling their own weakness, the ministers "imported" a leader, a Mr. Norton, a student at the North-western University, at Evanston, Ills. He cannot be better described than by saying that he is composed of a bundle of nerves tied together with a very sensitive string. Small, wiry, nervous, he is eminently fitted to mesmerize the quiet country folk, and make them believe they have found Jesus.

In order to make the thing a success, the various churches decided to throw aside, for the time being, their usual narrow sectarian bounds, and join in *Union Meetings*. These have been held every afternoon and evening for the past six weeks. The result of all this is, that a dozen or score of girls, ranging in age from eight to twenty, have been brought forward to the "anxious" seat.

After a sermon, in which blue hell-fire was thickly interspersed, and which thoroughly frightened the younger portion of his hearers, he would walk among them, talking and exhorting, frequently taking them by the hand, until he had some one thoroughly *mesmerized*, he would then lead them *forward* for prayers. Meetings were held at noon, to accommodate the *school* children. The ministers visited the various schools and asked the children to attend, and to make it demonstrable to their parents that little children could get religion, one of the ministers told them of a child two and a half years old that had gone to church with its parents, and when the father and mother attempted to leave the child in the pew while they went forward to partake of the communion, the child cried to go too! the minister avowing that the child understood it "in its own little way." The poor child was probably frightened at the idea of being left *alone* among a crowd of people, and naturally cried to go along. So if one two-and-a-half year old could understand it, of course others could. And they were taken from their play-grounds during the noon-hour and were cooped up in a close church, and all thought of lessons driven out of their heads, by the threatnings of the minister.

On Sunday evening, Feb. 4th, a Union Meeting was held in the Congregational Church. After an exhortative sermon, in which the horrors of the damned were portrayed in unusually strong colors, this servant of God, Mr. Norton, adopted the wily subterfuge of "voting" to ascertain the feelings of his congregration, so he called upon all who "loved Jesus," to rise, which they did,—that is to say, a great many people arose,—as his point was, if any remained seated, to point them out and personally request them to get up. After the "lovers of Jesus" had resumed their seats, he asked:—"Are there any persons here who totally reject Jesus, who deny him to be the living God, and who do not want to believe on him?—if there is any *such* a person present I want him to get up." Two young men immediately rose to their feet, and after looking the minister squarely in the eye, sat down again. This seemed to set him on fire. Throwing up his arms, he yelled, "There are those in your midst who actually dare come into your church and defy the power of Christ Jesus. Let us pray, brethren, let us pray." Some half-a-dozen prayers were offered, in which Jesus was implored to save the youth of the town from the baneful influences of those two young men who "are leading them down to hell."

But the best part of the thing is yet to come. The *religion* which this servant of Christ mesmerized into the "anxious" girls *don't last*. A few days since, a party of our young folks took a sleigh-ride to Elgin. Among the number were several of those under "conviction." After partaking of an oyster-supper, they all joined in and tripped the light fantastic toe until the wee sma' hours of morn. As dancing is one of the cardinal sins among the churchmen, the only conclusion we can arrive at is, that the religion wore off of those who danced.

The older persons who attended these meetings don't get religion any more, they seem to be so full of it that they *shed* everything the minister hurls at them just as an oil-cloth sheds water,—they have got used to it; but the young are "green" as yet, and are, therefore, easily influenced. After they have *stood fire* for a few years they will become *dried*. Mr. Norton has left us, but he oiled the machinery so it will run smoothly for a year or two and then we shall have another spasmodic effort to convert the town.

A. Jenkins.

St. Charles, Ills., Feb. 8, 1872.

Phenomena in Boston.

Brother Jones:—We have been receiving some excellent things in the way of psycho-spiritual phenomena, through the mediumship of Horatio Eddy, also some very remarkable and successful experiments in mesmerism have been exhibited here by Prof. Cadwell with whom Mr. Eddy is traveling. Last evening the exhibition in Hampshire Hall was uncommonly interesting. Several scientific gentlemen were on the stage as committee. One of Mr. Cadwell's "subjects" was selected to experiment with,—the Professor, by a few downward passes, putting him into the mesmeric sleep, from which the committee could not possibly awake him until a specified time. The subject's arm was paralyzed without affecting the brain, and no amount of pinching or pricking, could affect him in the least. A physician who examined the pulse of the arm,—said he could discover none whatever—the circulation being entirely stopped. After the psychological experiments, Mrs. Julia M. Carpenter, Medical Clairvoyant, came upon the platform to present the wonders of spiritual clairvoyance. Her eyes were blindfolded carefully by a lady,—the committee declaring that they were positively certain that Mrs. Carpenter could not see with her natural eyes. While she was thus blindfolded, she told different colors, and read from cards and papers handed up from the audience,—convincing everybody of her ability to see without eyes. This was her first attempt to accomplish this experiment in public, and her success was very gratifying to herself and the audience.

After this, Mr. Eddy was tied by a committee, who occupied a long time in making him secure, lashing him firmly to a seat in the cabinet and announcing to the audience that they had tied him with fifty hard knots.

When the cabinet-door was closed, hands appeared at the aperture in less than thirty seconds; several instruments were manipulated at once, after which the committee pronounced that the knots were entirely undisturbed. A long arm came forth, which was attached to no body that could be seen, as it ended in empty space. Soon after, the medium stepped forth from the cabinet entirely free, the committee's fifty knots being of no avail.

Then we had a *seance* in the ante room in the light. Mr. Eddy's hands were held by a gentleman and shawls were thrown about them, covering all of their bodies except their heads. While Mr. Eddy sat before us in this manner, quiet and motionless, instruments lying upon the floor back of him, were played upon, hands came forth in different places from beneath the shawls, entirely beyond the possible reach of himself or the gentleman who sat with him. We were permitted to shake hands with thes pirit, who gave each one of us a cordial grasp, bidding us all good-night, by this friendly manifestation.

Mr. Eddy's mediumistic powers are evidently increasing, and his light *seances* are well calculated to convince the most skeptical of the glorious fact of spirit intercourse. Fraternally,

A. E. Carpenter.

Boston, Mass.

The Pope.

A rumor comes from Rome, by way of Florence, that the Pope has signed an edict summoning another Œcumenical Council, to meet either in the Isle of Malta, or else in the Tyrol. The story is not improbable. The frowardness of the Italian monarch, the coolness of the Catholic powers generally, and especially the very poor headway which Infallibility has made in Germany and Austria, have served to put His Holiness in a very uncomfortable state of mind, and convinced him that at least *something* has got to be done.

Voices from the People.

BRUNSWICK, OHIO.—Sylvester Butler writes.—Enclosed find remittance to help circulate the noble truths contained in the Religio-Philosophical Journal. I am alone in the belief of them as far as I know in this part.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.—Wm. F. Peck writes.—Enclosed you will find remittance for the Religio-Philosophical Journal for one year as per your announcement. I congratulate you on the offer made by the benevolent gentleman whose name you do not mention. Would that there were thousands such.

HOWELL, MICH.—T. W. Wisner writes.—We are holding circles twice a week. I began with but little hope,—not being a believer in Spiritualism. After seven sittings its truth is proved to me beyond the least chance for a doubt.

LANARK, ARK.—Elizabeth Hall writes.—As I wrote a letter to you a few days since insinuating against Dr. Abba Lord Palmer for not answering my letter, I write this to inform you that this day I received an answer from her,—a letter written in answer to one I wrote the 4th of October. The letter was missent. The letter that I received from her, and one I got from R. W. Flint, of New York, both mediums, contained an excellent communication from my mother.

SPRINGFIELD, N. Y.—Robert Dygert writes.—Go ahead, brother, with the Journal, and those noble and beautiful spirits will continue to bless your efforts, even if the Orthodox world does say its the work of the devil. But who cares, as long as he has more ability than their God. Let us hope that they may take Bro. Francis's example, and search after God in the atom and in all things that exist and have a being, in spirit and matter, and they will find a God that is not so limited as to have the devil outstrip him and take away the greater part of his glory.

LIVERPOOL, OHIO.—G. W. Noble writes.—The little yellow tag tells me of Sept. 5, 1871. I have, for a long time, been ashamed when I saw it, but am in such a hurry to read, that I read and read, and forget—no, neglect my obligations for the food that sustains me, but am willing to be forgiven, and will try to do better in the future.

Reply:—All right, brother, now is just the time we want it. May many others follow your example.

SABINSVILLE, PENN.—E.H. Stebbins writes.—We have a good work commenced, and we intend to keep the ball rolling, by circulating the Journal.

MANHATTAN, KANSAS.—Henry C. Towner writes.—I wish we had a good spiritual speaker in this place. I sometimes feel myself, almost irresistibly urged to take the field in defense of this glorious doctrine of Spiritualism.

LOWELL, MASS.—D. Parker, M. D., writes.—I wish your paper to circulate among my friends and enemies. Spiritualism is bound to triumph! I am as sure of that as you are,—much surer than I am that Mr. Francis will find any personal God.

SONMAN, PENN.—N. B. Westbrook writes.—I am a reader of your paper and think it the best spiritual paper published.

ARVONIA, KANSAS.—M. E. Cowee writes.—Rest assured, I appreciate the Journal and your untiring efforts to keep before the people so good a paper. Receive my thanks for the continuation of the Journal under circumstances that it could not have been expected.

Reply:—It is well, dear brother. All we ask of any subscriber is, to do the best circumstances will admit of. Those who neither remit nor apologize for a series of years, try our patience almost beyond endurance, at times.

TRAVERSE CITY, MICH.—C. Norris writes.—Among my Orthodox neighbors Spiritualism is making very slow progress. Brimstone smoke is very thick around Grand Traverse. A few friends of the spiritual philosophy attempted to have lectures delivered in a school-house in this vicinity, and some few Orthodox bigots got alarmed over the matter, and put a padlock on the door as big as a horse's foot, to lock the Spiritualists out. The people gathered for the purpose of hearing the lecture, but the big padlock made such crooked and ugly faces at them that they withdrew and had their meeting in a neighboring dwelling-house.

KIRKSVILLE, MO.—A. H. John writes.—There is a strong element of Spiritualism in our county (Adair), and I think your paper an invaluable adjunct in its further development.

NEW YORK.—Henry Frilight writes.—I cannot thank any medium and do justice, except through the Religio-Philosophical Journal. I have received such a beautiful test through M. K. Cassein, Newark, N. J., that convinced a family of thirteen persons, and room for a great many more.

PITTSBURGH, PENN.—M. W. McGarr writes.—I was very much interested in a prophesy which I read in your paper lately, bearing date of the 20th of January, said to have been made by Mother Shipton. I read your paper every week, and admire it very much. Now will some one please tell me who Mother Shipton was? and what that prophesy was selected from? in what work could I read anything about her?

PELCHVILLE, VT.—Mrs. O. A. Townsend writes.—The Journal has been a great comfort to me, as I have many friends in the spirit world. When I read it, many times it seems to me I have heard directly from them. It is a great consolation to have so valuable a paper.

PERU, NEB.—J. M. Bliss writes.—I think that the general circulation of your Journal would be of great benefit to mankind. One who reads it regularly never wants for answers to theological bigots.

NORTH COLLINS, N. Y.—H. J. Tucker writes.—Enclosed I have the honor to send you $1.50 to pay subscription on paper sent to Walter Wood, (deceased), up to date. I now, (by order of his heirs, administrators and assigns), do hereby command you to stop the paper, as they do not want it. I believe this is the second or third time, I have, in their names, ordered this paper stopped. And now you disobey at your peril, as they will pay for it no longer. And if you are a man and a gentleman, (and I have my doubts about it), you will stop the paper, as we enclose money to pay to March, 5 1872.

Reply:—Dear brother, this is the first notice received at this office to discontinue. It will be attended to with pleasure. We regret that Bro. Wood has passed to the higher life. It would appear from the tone of your letter that there was work for him to do at North Collins. How often gentlemen die and leave behind them blackguards as representatives. Is it to you one of the inscrutable mysteries of Divine Providence? Yours, with fraternal regard. S. S. Jones.

P. S.—We return your letter. File it away to show to your grand-children, and we will send a printed copy of it to the Postmaster-General, that he may see what kind of an officer he has to serve to the public at Collins.

HAGERSTOWN, IND.—B. T. Addleman writes.—I have been a Spiritualist for some years, but since reading your paper, I have become much strengthened and more practical, and expect to remain a subscriber to the Journal as long as I can obtain it, feeling that it will ever be of benefit to me.

NORFOLK, VA.—Chas. Harris writes.—Last night a friend placed in my hands two recent numbers of your paper, and the reading of them has induced me to subscribe for one year.

WOODSWORTH, WIS.—G. Holbrook writes.—I have read your excellent paper now one year with great satisfaction. I consider the Journal the best religious paper I ever read. Although there are some things in it that I do not endorse exactly, yet it contains much of that kind of food that *satisfies*, and I should be lost without its weekly visits.

ENTERPRISE, MISS.—P. Sheldt writes.—The Journal is creating quite a sensation here, and I do hope and wish, to send you very soon, many subscribers.

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

Southern Department.—Papers can be obtained and Subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

(NUMBER XXI.)

Outlines of Physiology Briefly Considered.

The brain and nervous system begins with the opening manifestations of animal life in all grades of utero gestation—takes the lead, and rules all the organs and their functions thereafter, as an imperial senior in the animal economy.

The human brain terminates in the following gradations as it descends from the top of the brain to the extreme terminus of the spinal cord:

The upper portion of the brain is called the cerebrum; the lower portion the cerebellum. These two are connected by the pons varolii, medulla oblongata, and their enveloping membranes, the corpus collossum, thence passing out through an orifice in the lower part of the skull, in the form of the spinal cord, which extends through twenty-four joints of the vertebral column (back bone). Each of these bones is perforated near each joint, through which passes a pair of nerves out to various portions of the body.

These bones are distinguished as follows:

The first seven, counting from the head downward, are called the cervical.

The next twelve are called the dorsal.

The next five the lumbar, and the remaining ten the sacral, os sacrum, and cocyx.

There are three membranes inside of the head. The one lining the interior of the skull is called the dura mater, which is the external membrane covering the brain, and forms the partition between the lobes of the brain, called the falxes.

The arachnoid membrane, is situated between the dura mater and the pia mater. It is a serous membrane, and forms a closed sack, expanding over the convolutions of the brain, and dipping down between the fissures, thence over the cerebellum and base of the pons varolii, passing thence into the spinal canal, enveloping the spinal cord, and furnishing a sheath to each nerve distributed over the body.

The pia mater is the third and inner membrane, immediately enveloping the texture of the brain. It is a loose cellulo vascular membrane, extending with, and peforming a conjunctive office with the dura mater and arachnoid. It is connected to the arachnoid by a loose cellular tissue containing blood-vessels.

Nerves are white cords extending (as so many insulated telegraph wires) throughout the system, and number forty-three pairs.

The olfactory and optic pairs of nerves (nerves of smelling and seeing) originate in and proceed from the cerebrum, or upper portion of the brain.

The next five pairs originate and proceed from the pons varolii and its peduncles, namely: the oculo, motor, pathetic, tri-facial, abducens and facial.

The next five pairs proceed from the medulla oblongata, namely: the auditory, glosso-pharyngeal, pneumogastric, spinal accessory, and hypoglossal.

The remaining thirty-one pairs of nerves originate and proceed from the spinal marrow; eight pairs from the cervical, twelve pairs from the dorsal, five pairs from the lumbar, and six pairs from the sacral portions of the spinal column.

All of these nerves furnish membranous filaments, some of which pass directly to the organs it is their province to supply,—such as the organs of sense and motion; others form numerous anastimoses between the brain and ganglionic system, and a third class are employed in the formation of plexuses, which consist of a network of filaments, proceeding from different branches interlaced together.

The plexuses formed by encephalic (brain) nerves, are the cervical, brachial, abdominal, and sacral plexuses are plaited or knitted network of vessels, and in a nervous sense, is the union of two or more nerves.

The cervical plexus is formed by the anterior (front) branch of the second, third, and fourth pairs of cervical nerves, known as the glands of the neck, and give rise to the nerves that supply the head, neck, and superior (upper) parts of the thorax.

The brachial plexus is formed by the four last front cervical, and first dorsal pairs of nerves, located near the armpit, and sends eight principal branches to the thorax, shoulders and arm.

The lumbo abdominal plexus is formed by the five pairs of front lumbar nerves, located near the groin, and gives origin to six principal nerves, the first five of which are distributed to the parietes (walls) of the pelvic cavity, or its organs; the sixth is the lumbo sacral nerve, uniting with the sciatic, and forming the sacral plexus.

The sacral plexus is formed by the four front branches of the first sacral nerve, and occupies the pelvic face of the sacrum, and gives off three principal branches; the first three of which are distributed to the organs contained in the pelvic cavity; the sciatic being the third, and distributed to the lower limbs.

Ganglionic System.—As we advance, let the interested reader bear in mind, that the brain is the imperial ruler of the system, yet rules through his ganglionic cabinet, correllative or smaller department brains, known as the aim conserving aids and advisers of its leading executive function.

Ganglions are small bulbs or knots of gray brain material, whitish, round or elongated, ranging from the size of a hemp-seed to an almond, and found ranging along the backbone and other eliminated sources of the nervous apparatus,—all more or less inseparably connected with each other by inter communing nervous filament.

Ganglionic Centers.—Each ganglion transmits nerves, as from a center, to its nearest ganglionic neighbors, the branches of which interlace with such filaments as they may pass in their course. Some of these branches, however, are transmitted, without interruption, direct to the organs which it is their province to supply,—such as the arterial coats, viscera, etc.

The ganglions are numerous. Six are found on the head, two in the neck, twelve in the dorsal, and five in the lumbar region.

While the ganglions and plexuses serve in different ways, they seemingly unite in a general control of the general system, and through it, elaborate the food on which it is fed.

Ganglionic Branches.—The nervous branches furnished by the ganglionic centers, unite at a great many points, with branch nerves from the brain, forming plexuses, from which combinations, branches are sent to neighboring organs, but much the larger portion of these branches are sent to the coating of the arteries. In fact the splanchnic, upper and lower mesenteric, renal, spermatic, and other functional nerves, are of this source and character.

The ganglionic system collectively, is termed the great sympathetic nerve. This remarkable nerve, though of indefinite origin (so far as we know), seems to rise about the center of the nervous system, receiving from, and giving out, direct nerves and ganglionic filaments, from and to almost all sources of the nervous system.

The great sympathetic nerve seems to be the correllative conserver of economized power,—the inter-electro balance-wheel, directing and controlling all within its regency of rule, through its uniform momentum.

We, in this connection, find it convenient to mention the sense of smelling, hearing, tasting, and feeling, leaving the sense of vision to be treated of in our next article, since it is the more ostensibly connected with such phases of spirit manifestation as we propose considering in that connection, and as such, demands a more special notice.

The sense of smelling depends on the olfactory pair of nerves, which are the first pair given off by the upper brain, passing out and supplying the pituitary membranes in the upper basic region of the nose. The olfactory contain more grayish seeming brain matter than other nerves, and though comparatively smaller in man than other animals, and less distinct and uniform in their function, still they give to him a much wider and more culturable field of action than the other animals.

The sense of smelling is not uniformly the same in all organizations; that which as an aroma, is most enjoyable to one, may prove, as is sometimes the case, most repugnant to another.

The sense of hearing is based on the eighth pair of nerves, rising from the upper portion of the medulla oblongata, and passing thence on either side, it divides just before passing into the cochlear and vestibular nerves, and thence passes out, and is distributed on the membranous labyrinth, which is unequaled by any phase of physiological structure, excepting, perhaps, the wonderful organism of the eye.

The leading peculiarities of the sense of seeing and hearing are in many respects the same. There is even a resemblance between the scala of the ear, and the pigmentum nigrum of the eye.

The impress of light being more positive than sound, remains longer on the pigmentum nigrum of the eye, longer than sound on the sensitive membrane of the ear; hence, we can not keep up as well with a succession of sights as sounds—but of this at some future time.

The sense of tasting is based on the glosso-pharyngeal nerves, that supply the membranes of the tongue, fauces, palate, etc.

The probability is, that the glosso-pharyngeal nerves are aided in this respect by the tri-facial and hypoglossal nerves, in forming a general basis of the sense of taste.

The Sense of Feeling.—This sense, though not so special as those mentioned, is virtually the sense of senses, depending upon a general nervous arrangement and relationship—truly wonderful to analyze and contemplate. It is chiefly based on the pneumogastric nerve, which is both sensory and motor—generally sensory where it rises, but ultimately becomes the source of both feeling and motion.

The pneumogastric nerve mainly supplies and controls the functions of respiration, circulation, and digestion, without our notice, and only gives us warning through pain, when interrupted in its course, and even this is done to call up the co-operative force of the ganglionic system,—the great sympathetic nerve, and such others, as from intimate conserving association, are ready to come to its relief.

The pneumogastric presents an analogy to the spinal nerve, the front being motor, and the back portion being sensory; it is supposed to convey the sense of hunger, or wants of the interior system to the mind.

We have mentioned the nervous basis of the senses of smelling, hearing, tasting, and feeling, and will next consider the sense of vision in connection with the wondrous physiological structures and polar chemistry of their basis.

The nose, eyes, ears, tongue, and general sense of feeling, do not smell, see, hear, taste, nor feel in themselves, and though so commonplace as to be bare of curiosity among the masses, they (the nerves), in the exercise of their respective functions, as well as the mind, which they, as tools, supply with immortal individuality, are as wonderfully mysterious and stsrtling, as the coming and going of any spiritual impress claimed to have been made manifest by the so-called spiritual fanaticism of the most wonderful of all buoyant and revolutionary ages.

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Hereafter we shall keep a standing register of such speakers as are furnished to us by the parties interested, with a pledge on their part that they will keep us *posted* in regard to changes; and in addition to that, *expressly* indicate a willingness to aid in the circulation of the Journal, both by *word and deed.*

Let us hear promptly from all who accept this proposition, and we will do our part faithfully.

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Mediums' Directory.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal, being an especial friend to all true mediums, will hereafter publish a complete Directory, giving the place of residence of all professional mediums, so far as advised upon the subject. This will afford better facilities for investigators to learn of the location of mediums, and at the same time increase their patronage. Mediums will do well to advise us from time to time, that we may keep their place of residence correctly registered.

It is a lamentable fact that some mediums so far forget their self-respect as to speak evil of other mediums, not unfrequently even of those who are far their superiors. The names of such persons will be dropped from this Register so soon as we have evidence conclusive of their indulging in such unkindnees.

It should be borne in mind that individuals visiting mediums carry conditions with them—so to speak—which aid or destroy the power of spirits to control the medium visited; hence it is that one medium gives satisfaction to certain persons, another better to others—all having their friends, and justly so, too, and all equally honest and useful in their place.

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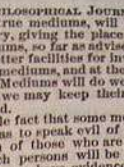
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Friends are requested to cut out this Petition, attach it to a sheet of paper, obtain as many signers to it as possible, and send it to their Representative in Congress.

PETITION.

To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives, in Congress Assembled:

We, the undersigned, citizens of the United States, respectfully and earnestly ask your honorable bodies to preserve inviolate the great guarantees of Religious Liberty now contained in the Constitution of the United States, and to dismiss all petitions asking you to adopt measures for amending said Constitution by incorporating in it a recognition of "God as the source of all authority and power in civil government," and of "the Lord Jesus Christ as the Ruler among Nations, and his revealed will as of supreme authority." We protest against such proposed amendments as an attempt to revolutionize the Government of the United States, and to overthrow the great principles of Religious Liberty and the complete separation of Church and State, on which it was established by its original founders.

Frontier Department.

BY..... E. V. WILSON.

Our Eastern Tour---No. 6.

Tuesday, Jan. 16th. We left Philadelphia for Hammonton, N. J., at 8 o'clock A. M., by the way of C. A. R. R. Arriving at Hammonton at 9:45 A. M., we were met there by Bro. Bradley, and conducted to the quiet home of Bro. Wooley, the silversmith, who with his excellent companion, ever strives to make the wanderer at home. Bro. Wooley has just returned from a trip to California, Oregon and Washington Territory; was in the snow blockade for many days,—and has come to the very sensible conclusion of remaining where he is.

In this city we made the acquaintance of an excellent woman and mother, who is toiling on, "stiching, stiching" at shirts and pants, for the support of herself and child,—the deserted wife and daughter of one who claims to preach the gospel of truth and Spiritualism.

A few short years ago this woman was in a happy home, unencumbered. Taken from it under the professions of love, to be deserted and left a little later, to care for herself and child—*his child*,—and oh! how sweet and winsome are the ways of this little darling, so pretty and gentle—the "little Birdie." God judge you, brother, we shall not. We write in no spleen but in the spirit of duty and love, with good will toward all. But as we understand Spiritualism, we cannot sanction this desertion of wife and child without a home or means of support—save woman's last resort,—"shirt-making or dishonor."

Step forward, brother, and be a man! Free this woman from the bond that hath made her your property. Give to her the darling child, and set her free; or come to her support, like a man!

There are two societies of Spiritualist in Hammonton,—one is called the Conservative, the other the Radicals or Free-lovers. The very Conservatives of the Conservative Society, do not, and did not countenance us or our meetings. The more liberal of the Conservatives were among our friends. There is a hall or church here built by members of both societies, controlled by the Conservatives who make the Radicals pay for the use of the hall they helped build. This is the direct fruit of organization, with stakes and chains, fencing in the righteous and out the wicked. Thus did not Jesus.

"The Free-lovers" referred to above, are, in our estimation, the saving element of Hammonton, and we question if there can be found the same number of men and women in any community, who are purer in thought, deed, or act, than these so-called "Free-lovers." We love them,—the Presseys, Bradleys, Wooleys and others.

Hammonton is the home of our good Brother J. M. Peebles,—and here lives his wife, a noble woman and true, of whom all speak well. We did not meet her, hence could not greet her with the good will of a brother and co-worker with her companion and mate. May the harmony of their lives be like the summer's sunshine, and pure spring water—pure, warm, clear, and eternal. We lectured in this place four times and held one seance,—giving in all over one hundred fine tests, most of which were fully identified on the spot. Some that were denied at first were afterwards fully approved. Of these we mention the case of Dr. N——, to whom we described two spirits and fixed five dates in his life, which he could not identify. On returning to his home and reviewing the statements, he confirmed everything.

R. Bradley received a startling test of past life, which brought him to his feet in such a manner that all conceded its sharp points. Our attendance was not large yet good,—the Conservatives refusing to come out because Bro. Peebles and ourself switch each other occasionally,—and this switching is good for both of us. "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth," and the truly brave and honorable man ever loves the brave, who dares to act in the battle of life. The Conservative Society refused to come to our meetings. We say it fearlessly! We advised our society to go and hear Bro. Dean Clark, who was to speak for the Conservatives on Sunday, the 21st inst. We are willing to let the world judge us.

Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, January 20th, 21st, and 22d, we filled the desk in Philadelphia,—speaking to crowded houses; in fact, our mission to the City of Brotherly Love, has been a success, and the tests simply wonderful. Dr. Child's Sunday afternoon circle is the best thing we have ever attended in the form of a spiritual meeting; and on the occasion of the afternoon of Sunday the 21st, we had full five hundred present, and many fine tests were given by the different mediums in the hall. The following tests may be of interest to our readers:

NUMBER ONE.

Mrs. Anthony, the medium, said: "I see by this woman (pointing out the woman) an old man about seventy-five. He is stooping; has very gray hair. He has been in the spirit-world nineteen years, and he says this woman is his daughter Sarah." The lady affirmed the statement to be correct.

NUMBER TWO.

To a young man. Mrs. Anthony pointed out a soldier who was killed at the Battle of Gettysburg,—describing him so minutely that he was at once recognized.

Mrs. De H—— then gave several fine tests,—one to us, which we fully recognized.

Our turn then came, and for forty minutes we mingled with the people, walking from one end of the hall to the other, giving dates of incidents and the incidents in the lives of over twenty men and women; also locating disease, hurts, deaths, likeness to parents, number of members of the family to whom the subject belonged, as well as describing many spirits. To one we said: "In September, when you were nineteen years old, you were nearly killed by the falling of a heavy stick of timber. It looks to us like a round, long log or tree, but we see no limbs or bark."

"Can you give the day of the month and week?"

"Yes! on Thursday the 17th"

"You are correct, sir. I came near losing my life by the fall of a derrick in a shipyard on Thursday the 17th of September, the year I was nineteen, in my twentieth."

To a lady. We find in your father's family and entailed on his children,—not from your mother's side, many sudden deaths, by accident or disease in early life. On your mother's side of the house we find well defined pulmonary difficulties. The lady replied, "You are remarkably correct. How do you get these things?"

"Your aunt, with whom you were a favorite, telegraphs them to us."

"On which side of the house did this aunt belong?"

"The mother's."

"You are right again."

To a man we described a spirit woman very minutely, giving name in full, her age, when he knew her, describing her house, and their relation to each other; then stepping to the man, we said, "This woman stands here between these two men, and we believe her to be an old sweet heart of this gentleman. She subsequently married a worthless fellow who made shipwreck of life, and this woman went down to the grave through troubles brought on by the husband. Will you answer, yes or no, to this reading?"

"No!" promptly replied the man."

"Then you know nothing about this statement."

"No, sir! It is not true. There has nothing of the kind occurred in my life."

"We have been very frank with you, sir, and this is an important statement. We see her now. She stands between you two men, and affirms the facts in the face of your denial, and your word will be taken before ours."

"Well, sir, I can assure you it is not true of me!"

The other man then said, "Mr. Wilson, your statement is true in every respect, and belongs to *my* history, instead of this man's. It is literally true."

We left the matter in the hands of the audience; they must decide on the merits, we replied.

The Dollar Fund.

Several newspaper publishing houses in Chicago, which were burned out at the great fire, have resorted to the plan of asking for dollar donations, to extricate them from pecuniary embarrassments.

The *dollar* donations have been liberal, and has been the means of placing most publishing houses thus aided, in good working order.

The *Standard* reports its receipts from the *dollar* donations, $5,730.00.

Our loss was heavier than any of them. We asked for *no* donations to ourself. We asked for temporary loans, and donations to the Widow's and Orphan's Fund, a *standing* fund which we have kept replenished *for years* from our pockets, in the proportion of *ninety-nine* dollars out of every hundred paid out until the time of the fire.

Our friends have paid into that fund $648.00 since the fire, one hundred of which was given by a Californian. *Not a widow nor orphan* has appealed *in vain* for a *free* subscription of the Journal.

Our friends will readily see that such contributions to the Widow's and Orphan's Fund aids very essentially in sending the truths of spirit communion and our philosophy broadcast over the land, anong a class who otherwise could not, by reason of poverty, enjoy so great a blessing.

Then will not Spiritualists everywhere aid in replenishing the Widow's and Orphan's Fund, as generously as the *Creedists donate outright* to build up sectarian papers?

We think no one will ever regret any donation he or she may make to that Fund, be it a dollar or upwards to hundreds or even thousands.

We repeat as we have often done before, if desired, at the same time you make the donation to that fund, send on the name or names of the widows or orphans to whom you would like to have the Journal sent, and it shall be done as you direct. Come, friends, let us see what can be done in competing with Orthodoxy in generosity.

A Special Request.

Brother Joseph Baker, of Janesville, Wis., and Austin Kent, of Stockholm, New York, are veterans in the cause of Spiritualism. Both are now entirely helpless, and very poor. Neither has any relatives able to assist him.

Our special request is this, that each reader of this item, immediately and without one hour's delay, inclose in an envelope directed to each of the above-named worthy brothers, *ten cents*, and send the same off to them in the first mail. Each of them will report in this Journal the amount they thus receive.

If in four weeks therefrom any one who shall make such a donation shall feel to regret having done so, by notifying us of the fact, he or she shall receive one full year's subscription of this paper free, as a compensation for the loss of the ten cents. This little *mite* will not be missed by the donors. In the *aggregate* it will make these suffering brothers comfortable for a whole year—aye, more, angels will smile upon and bless you for the deed.

Who *refuses* to comply with this our special request? "Echo only answers, who," we trust.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Radical, for March, is unusually interesting. Its articles on "Theism," "One God," "The State of Sacrifice," "Thought in England," "Conquest," "Prayers by Telegraph," all contain much food for the mind. It is doing a good work.

The Overland Monthly opens with a most timely article on "Some Savages," detailing the characteristics of the most noted Apache chiefs, both dead and alive; including a full description of Cheis (erroneously called Cochise), who is now the terror of Arizona and New Mexico. The present number abounds in Western, Pacific Island, and oriental sketches, viz: "Tropical California—No 3"; "The Gorge of the Columbia"; "Pacific Sea-Coast Views—No 3"; "Chinese Triennial Examinations"; "About Sea-Lions"; and "Taboo"—an exquisite Tahitian sketch, undoubtedly from the pen of Charles Warren Stoddard. "Ferns and Wild Oats" is *not* an exaggerated picture of reckless trifling with the young and tender-hearted, the narrative touching the heart to the very core. Of the poems, "Leslie Lyon"—beautifully alluded to in the "Etc." department—is by Alice Cary. "Etc." is full and varied, and the book reviews numerous. This magazine is published by John H. Carmany & Co., 409 Washington street, San Francisco, at $4 per annum.

The Eclectic Magazine, for March, is at hand, and is embellished with an excellent portrait, on steel, of Herbert Spencer, the celebrated English philosopher. In this number is begun "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," which will run through the year, and which promises to be one of the most brilliant and powerful stories recently published. It is by William Black, whose previous novels have earned for him an enviable reputation in America as well as England. There is a singular fascination about these opening chapters which is not usually found at the portals of a story. The leading article of the number is a fine essay on "Mahomet," giving the results of the latest researches into his history, and written in a more popular and intelligible style than has usually been employed on this theme. The departments of Literary Notices, Science, Art, and Varieties, are very full and interesting; and there is a fine poem by Dante Gabriel Rosetti. Published by E. R. Pelton, 108 Fulton St., New York. Terms, $5.00 a year; two copies $9.00. Single numbers, 45 cents.

The Infinite and the Finite. By Theophilus Parsons. Roberts Brothers, Publishers: Boston.

The above work (forwarded to us by the Hadley Brothers, 781 & 783 State street, Chicago) has for an author one of the most profound thinkers of the present age. The ideas are clearly and concisely expressed, and the relation of the finite to the infinite expressed in a manner that all can understand. Speaking of God, he says: If he is infinite, there must be a sense in which he is all; for if there be anything outside of him, and independent of him, that something must be an addition to or more than infinitude. He creates from himself." He attributes everything to God.

Radical Problems. By C. A. Bartol. Roberts Brothers, Publishers: Boston.

The above book (from the Hadley Brothers, 781 & 783 State street, Chicago) is what its title expresses, a *radical* book. The style of the author is clear, pungent, and comprehensive, and no one can follow him in his course of reasoning without admiring the method he adopts in dealing with error. He treats in a masterly manner the following subjects: "Individualism," "Transcendentalism," "Radicalism," "Theism," "Naturalism," "Materialism," "Spiritualism," "Faith," "Law," "Origin," "Correlation," "Character," "Genius," "Experience," "Hope," "Idolatry."

The Morrow of Death; or, the Future Life according to Science. By Louis Figuier. Translated from the French by S. R. Crocker. Roberts Brothers Publishers, Boston.

This work is deeply scientific, and embraces a wide range of interesting subjects. The author is not a materialist. He is imbued with Spiritualistic ideas to a great extent, and writes "as one having authority." Emanating from France, the centre of Materialism, its ideas present a strong contrast to those that claim that when the body dies consciousness ceases to exist. This book should be widely circulated.

Spirits go in person and cure the sick.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson:—Having seen your card in the Religio-Philosophical Journal, as healing psychometric and business medium, I felt inclined to drop you a few lines relative to an old lady who is now nearly 66 years of age, and who has been badly afflicted for about 17 years. She has become almost discouraged from making any further effort to get healed. She is now making to you, through me, this her earnest, and perhaps her last appeal for help, she thinks if there is any help for her, it must come in this way. She has no confidence in the old school of physicians to cure her disease. She has not walked for nearly two years, and still believes she must be relieved through spirit power, she is a firm believer in our *glorious philosophy*, and has been for many years. I do not think relief is possible in her case, I am fully persuaded it is not, and I therefore make bold so to write. I will, however, send a lock of her hair with this communication firmly relying on the angels for the help which I know none but they through their mediums can give. I need not add more at the present. Hoping the angels may continue to inspire you, and continue to relieve through your mediumship, the sufferings of humanity, I subscribe myself your sincere friend and brother in the cause of Truth, Purity, Love, and Fidelity.

Lemuel L. Freeman.

Chillicothe, Ohio, Jan. 30th., 1872.

Mrs. Robinson diagnosed the case and prescribed a remedy. The following is the report of results:

Dear Sister Robinson:—Yours was received in due course of mail—positive and negative papers came safe to hand. We could not proceed at once to apply them. Just as soon as we could, we complied with the directions. She has strong faith that she will ultimately be cured. A great amount of alkaline matter has passed off through the urinary organs. She has rested better for the past few nights. The pains are passing downwards from the hips to her ankles. The swelling is likewise leaving her body. She says she felt the spirits operating on her arms, as sensibly as she ever felt mortal hands. Since we applied the magnetized papers you sent, we have not had to raise her up more than once or twice during the night. She had a very pleasant vision. A beautiful little babe with black hair laid on her arm. She made an effort to kiss it, but her neck was too stiff to get to it. She did not know who it was. She would like if you can, that you would tell her who it was. She wants me to reassure you, that you shall be faithfully recompensed for all you do for her. There are quite a number in this vicinity who are anxiously waiting to see whether a cure is effected on this old lady. If she gets well, you will have a number of patients in this vicinity during the ensuing summer. I pledge my all for her. I want at some future time to obtain a psychometric reading, or when the *spirits* think proper. I will send another lock of hair in this letter, and then if it is necessary for me to send any more, you inform me in your next letter. I shall write on Tuesday evening again, as you requested me to write in eight or ten days. May bright angels still be with you to relieve suffering humanity,

Yours sincerely,
Lemuel L. Freeman.

Chillicothe, Ohio, Feb. 18th., 1872.

To Mrs. A. H. Robinson, 148 Fourth Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Look to your Accounts Carefully.

Our mail list is now in type, correctly as we suppose, with exception of *new subscriptions* or *renewals* that have come to hand within the *last two weeks*.

It is our design that every subscriber look carefully to his or her account as found printed upon the *yellow slip attached* to the margin of the paper, or upon the wrapper. If any one does not understand the manner in which their account is kept, turn to the head of the *first* column of the *fourth* page, and study it well so as to fully understand it, and then if our account with you is not correct, write and tell us explicitly wherein there is a mistake, and *it shall be* corrected.

It is probable some subscribers may not have been properly credited since the fire, but we have every letter that has been received, and can easly correct any mistake on having our attention definitely called to it.

We desire *to correct* all mistakes *immediately* and have every persons account appear as it *truly should*—hence we say *report definitely* any mistake that may be observed, immediately on reading this notice, and oblige yourself as well as the publisher.

Again we say if anyone has subscribed for the paper and *fails to get it*, advise us of the particulars *without delay* and the paper shall be sent immediately for the full length of time subscribed for.

If anyone gets two copies where one is ordered, inform us of that fact and oblige.

Baker and Kent.

The following sums have been sent to this office during the past week, instead of directly to them as they should be. Friends will please send directly to Austin Kent, Stockholm, N. Y., and Joseph Baker, Janesville, Wis.:

Previously reported	$5.75
John Danly, Belton, Tex., each	.37
Mrs. A. L. Pond, Utica, N. Y., each	.50
"Silent thought," " " each	.25
T. J. Evans, Limerick, Penn., each	.12
T. C. Lester, Goshen, O., Austin Kent	2.00
Thos. Pearl, Humboldt, Tenn., Baker	.25

Rockland, Maine.

M. J. Thurston, Miss S. Hassey, Mrs. B. Sweetson, and three other names have their papers returned here from above office. There is some error in postoffice; will our friends please correct us.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents.

Only one dollar and fifty cents a year for this paper to new subscribers, on trial. *Now is the time to subscribe.* Address S. S. Jones, 150 Fourth Avenue, Chicago.

Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

Amount previously acknowledged	$647.00
J. A. DeVean, New Rochelle, N. Y.	1.00

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v11 n20 tf.

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The most certain and perfectly harmless antidote for the poisonous effects, and remedy for the tobacco appetite, is known by the above name.

It is compounded by Mrs. A. H. Robinson, the celebrated medium of Chicago, while entranced by a noted chemist, long in spirit life. This antidote is warranted to break the habit of using tobacco by the inveterate lover of the weed, when the directions (on each box) are followed.

☞ Agents for selling the same throughout the country are wanted. For sale, wholesale and retail, at this office. Price, $2.00 per box. Sent by mail free of postage on receipt of the money.

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v11 n13 tf

MINNIE MYERS,

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MRS. S. A. R. WATERMAN, 67 Mulberry street, Newark, N. J., will answer letters, sealed or otherwise, give Psychometric Delineations or Reading of Character, from writing, hair, or photograph. Terms from two to five dollars and four three-cent stamps.
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DR. JOHN A. ELLIOTT, THE HEALER,

Is at 35 Bond street. Call from 9 A.M., to 5 P.M. Will examine patients at a distance by lock of hair, and prescriptions will be given where they will apply. Magnetic remedies prepared and sent by express on moderate terms.

Inclose $2.00 and two stamps, with lock of hair, full name and age, with one leading symptom of disease, and address care of box 5120. New York P. O.

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Mrs. J. M. Carpenter (formerly Julia M. Friend), well known for her remarkable success during many years practice in examination and treatment of the sick, may be consulted at her office, 192 Washington street, corner of Northampton, Boston, Mass. Hours from 10 to 4.

Examinations spoken or written through the medium's hand, $2.00. People at a distance inclose lock of hair and $2.00 for complete diagnosis of case and prescription of remedies. Sealed letters to spirit friends answered. Terms, $2.00.

Clairvoyance.

Dr. P. T. Johnson examines diseases by receiving a lock of hair, name, and age, stating sex—$1.00 accompanying the order. He also prepares a sure antidote for opium and morphine eaters; three months will cure the most inveterate case. Charges, six dollars per month. He also prepares a sure cure for ague, 50 cents per bottle. Will be sent by express. Address him at Ypsilanti, Mich.
u10 n17 tf

D. W. HULL,

Psychometric and Clairvoyant Physician

Will diagnose disease and give prescriptions from a lock of hair or photograph, the patient being required to give name, age, residence, etc. A better diagnosis will be given by giving him the leading symptoms, but sceptics are not required to do so. Watch the papers for his address, or direct to Hobart, Ind., and wait till the letters can be forwarded to him.

Terms $3.00. Money refunded when he fails to get in rapport with the patient.
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MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,

Treats the sick by **magnetic touch,** and the use of appropriate **magnetized remedies.** Also makes **clairvoyant examinations.** Patients to be treated by letter should send age, sex, and leading symptoms. Board in private families if desired. Come to or address, SAMUEL MAXWELL, M.D.

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The Well-known Psychometrist,

A. B. SEVERANCE,

Will give to those who visit him in person, or from autograph, or from lock of hair, readings of character, marked changes, past and future, advice in regard to business, diagnosis of disease, with prescription, adaptation of those intending marriage, directions for the management of children, hints to the inharmoniously married, etc.

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MRS. A. H. ROBINSON.

Healing, Psychometric, and Business Medium.

148 Fourth Ave., Chicago.

Mrs. Robinson while under spirit control, on receiving a lock of hair of a sick patient, will diagnose the nature of the disease most perfectly, and prescribe the proper remedy. Yet, as the most speedy cure is the essential object in view, rather than to gratify idle curiosity, for better practice is to send along with a lock of hair, a brief statement of the sex, age, leading symptoms, and duration of the disease of the sick person, when she will without delay return a most potent prescription and remedy for eradicating the disease, and permanently curing the patient in all curable cases.

Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art, but when her spirit guides are brought *en rapport* with a sick person through her mediumship, they never fail to give immediate and permanent relief, in curable cases, through the *positive* and *negative* forces latent in the system and in nature. This prescription is sent by mail, or by it an internal remedy or an external application, as it should be given or applied precisely as directed in the accompanying letter of instructions, however simple it may seem to be; remember it is not the quantity of the compound, but the chemical effect that is produced, that science takes cognizance of.

One prescription is usually sufficient, but in case the patient is not permanently cured by one prescription the application for a second, or more if required, should be made in about ten days after the last, each time noting any changes that may be apparent in the symptoms of the disease.

Mrs. Robinson also, through her mediumship, diagnoses the disease of any one who calls upon her at her residence. The facility with which the spirits control her accomplish the same, is done as well when the application is by letter as when the patient is present. The gifts are very remarkable, not only in the healing art, but as a psychometric, test, business, and trance medium.

Terms:—Diagnosis and first prescription, $3.00; each subsequent one, $2.00. Psychometric Delineation of character, $2.00. Answering Business Letters, $3.00. The money should accompany the application to insure a reply.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

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S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. CHICAGO, MARCH 16, 1872. VOL. XI.—NO. 26.

Original Poetry.

THE WORLD UNSEEN.

BY GEO. H. PROCTOR.

There is a world unseen,
From which we all may gleau
Treasures rare.

It is not far away,
And bright is the display
Of angels fair.

Around our earth it lies,—
Too much for mortal eyes
Its splendors are.

Its people once were here,
And earthly hearts did cheer—
Now gone above.

But yet they can return,
Causing the heart to burn
With sacred love.

They come with words of cheer,
Drawing so very near
The lonely ones

As to impart sweet hope
To weary hearts which grope
In dark despair.

They 're faithful unto death,
Watching the feeble breath
Until the last;

And then they bear away
The spirit from its clay
To mansions bright,—

Where you and I will go,
After life's fitful glow,
To peace and rest.

Then learn the truth to day,
And to the Father pray
More light to send.

Gloucester, Mass., Jan. 1872.

Remarkable Phenomena Attending the Death of Goethe.

Die Tafelrunde (The Round Table) is a German Spiritual journal, published at Washington, D. C., and admirably edited by Dr. P. L. Schucking. It is a model paper, filled to the brim with scholarly articles by the best German thinkers in this country. A late number contains an account of some occurrences at the death of the great poet Goethe, which are of deep interest, never before published. The article was written by an eminent professor in one of our popular colleges, who was an intimate friend of Goethe's family, an eye-witness of the scenes he describes, being none other than "N——" mentioned in the narrative. His name is withheld because he does not desire to become identified with Spiritualism. The following admirable translation has been kindly furnished by Dr. Schucking.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Berlin Heights, Ohio.

The fear of being regarded as superstitious, has doubtless deterred many from disclosing occurrences of an extraordinary character in their own actual experience. A belief in supernatural events at the present time is ridiculed by some and assailed by others, as being contrary to reason and therefore impossible. But it has always been so. Whatever may have been the name or nature of the opposition to supernatural phenomena, whether under the guise of skepticism or materialism, atheism or positivism, the issue has always been drawn between a firm belief in a spiritual influence upon mind and matter and a total disbelief in such a cause, and, therefore, a rejection of its alleged results. But of late a modified view has been taken of what are called supernatural occurrences.

To deny the candid statements of persons of undoubted veracity in their daily life and conversation, supported by reliable evidence, is no longer thought to be admissible. To accept their statements and their explanations of the phenomena would involve an acceptance of a belief in them. To overcome the difficulty they are simply termed hallucinations or illusions,—the result of a disordered or morbid state of mind, but their supernatural origin is denied. Then there are others who account for them through animal magnetism, and still others who regard them as an extension of the dream-world. But there is also a large class of persons, conscious in their convictions and honest in their intentions, who look upon such events as supernatural, as manifestations of a Divine Power, influencing the affairs of daily life, and overruling all to the good of mankind. Now, whatever may be the real truth in the matter, this much is evident, strange and unaccountable events are daily transpiring, whose meaning each one must solve for himself.

In the present sketch it is proposed to relate an occurrence connected with the death of Goethe, which, although known to quite a number, *has never before been published to the world.* And so well authenticated are the facts in the case, that a verification of the same may be made by applying to the witnesses,—many of whom are still living. Moreover, to strengthen this statement, the names of the parties will be given, save one, who will be known as "N."

It will be remembered that Goethe died in the year 1832, leaving two grandsons by his only son, August (the fruit of his marriage with Christine Vulpius), and Ottilie von Pogwisch. Walter Wolfgang, who afterwards devoted himself to music, was at that time fifteen, and Wolfgang Maximilian, who afterwards studied law, was fourteen years of age. They were in charge of "Candidat Rothe" (candidate for the ministry) who accompanied them on a visit after the death of their grandfather, to the home of a friend, where the facts were stated, which we are about to disclose This will necessitate a short notice of the place and its surroundings as well as of the persons who figured in the transaction.

The secluded village of Gross-Monra, famed for its mud (for there on account of it, the people were said to walk on stilts) is situated about three English miles from Coelleda. It was about equidistant from Weimar and Erfurt, the former renowned as the classic center of Germany during the latter part of the last century, the latter, as the place where Luther became a monk, but did not remain one. At Gross-Monra was located a private institution or boarding school, the fame of which had spread far and wide, and which was in charge of Pastor Abel, of the Lutheran Church, who was also the rector of the village church. At the time of which we are writing, Pastor Abel had under his charge about thirty lads who were called by the villagers "Die jungen Herren." The master of the village school at this time was Fessel. His immediate predecessor Rothe, had left two sons, one of whom had been a pupil of Pastor Abel's institution, and the other was the tutor of Goethe's grandsons—Candidat Rothe,—referred to above.

About the year 1830 or 1831, there removed from Weimar to Gross-Monra, a refined and cultured widow lady, Mrs. Professor Melos, with her two daughters, Ida and Mary, the former fourteen, the latter twelve years of age. Ida Melos afterwards married a distinguished German poet, who was exiled because of his revolutionary movements. It was customary to grant an Easter vacation to the pupils at Gross-Monra, and in the spring of 1832 all but two had availed themselves of this privilege, and had departed to spend this season of rejoicing, eminently German, at their respective homes. The two that remained at the school were Geussenhainer, afterwards a distinguished officer in the Prussian artillery, and N., our informant and authority. Shortly after the death of Goethe, "Candidat Rothe" came to Gross-Monra with his charge, Wolfgang and Walter, on a visit to Mrs. Melos. They were accustomed to spend a portion of their time with the two pupils Geusshainer and N., and the latter in return visited them at Mrs. M——'s, where the time was spent in dramatic representation, etc. It may be interesting to state that Walter displayed a remarkable talent for comedy.

During these holidays Pastor Abel invited the young lads to a dinner party at the parsonage. There were present on that occasion, besides the pastor, Candidat Rothe, Wolfgang and Walter, Geussenhainer, N. and Hermann, son of Pastor Abel, who afterwards studied theology at Berlin. After the viands had been disposed of with a vim and gusto that can best be expressed by the German word "Gemuethlichkeit," the conversation, which had embraced a wide range of subjects, turned to the recent sorrowful event, the death of Goethe. It was then that Candidat Rothe related the extraordinary occurrences, as seen by himself and many others, which transpired during the dying moments of the poet.

As an introductory to this recital, we quote the following from "Lewe's Life of Goethe:"

"The following morning,—it was the 22nd of March, 1832, he (Goethe) tried to walk a little up and down the room, but after a turn he found himself too feeble to continue Reseating himself in the easy chair, he chatted cheerfully with Ottilie on the approaching Spring, which would be sure to restore him. He had no idea of his end being so near. It was now observed that his thoughts began to wander incoherently. "See!" he exclaimed, "the lovely woman's head, with black curls, in splendid colors, a dark back ground!" Presently he saw a piece of paper on the floor, and asked them how they could leave Schiller's letters so carelessly lying about. Then he slept softly, and on awaking asked for the sketches he had just seen. These were the sketches in a dream. His speech was becoming less and less distinct. In silent anguish the close, now so surely approaching, was awaited. It was during these solemn moments that a fearful whistling was heard around the house, sending a thrill of terror to the hearts of those who were gathered to watch the closing scenes of so marked a life. Thereupon a noise was heard proceeding from the rear of the premises, in the direction of a woodhouse. A few of the most courageous of those present, wended their way thither, to discover, if possible, the cause of the disturbance. Upon approaching the woodhouse or shed, a splitting of wood was distinctly heard within, though the door was secured by a padlock. This was unlocked and the search began. There was the ax and the wood, everything in order, but the noise had ceased. Scarcely had the door been closed again, when the noise was repeated more audibly than before. The investigators were awe-struck by this repetition, and silently returned to the mansion. Upon arriving at the main entrance they experienced another startling mahifestation. It seemed as if a whole regiment of troops was marching up and down the stair way with a steady and loud tramp, and yet not a living soul was to be seen. This noise was continued for some time, gradually dying out, and apparently giving way to another occurrence, still more marvelous.

It seemed as if in a less frequented part of the house, a door unknown or long forgotten, slowly opened, creaking on its rusty hinges. Then a beautiful female spirit-figure appeared, bearing a lamp, burning with a light-blue flame; her features were surrounded by a halo of glory. She gazed calmly upon the terror-stricken witnesses, sang a few stanzas of some angelic melody, and then disappeared; the door closing behind her, presented the same sealed appearance as before. In solemn silence the observers retraced their footsteps to the chamber of mourning, and there learned that the spirit had returned unto the God that gave it.

"The last words audible were: 'More light!' The final darkness grew apace, and he whose eternal longings had been for more light, gave a parting cry for it, as he was passing under the shadow of death."

Other noises were heard and many strange sights were seen in various parts of the house; but these occurrences, related by Candidat Rothe, were seen and heard by himself and others. When he had finished, the brothers Goethe assenting to his statements, Pastor Abel, who was by no means a credulous or superstitious man, but belonged rather to the liberal or rationalistic wing of his church, made the following remark: "There are, no doubt, many things in the future state of our existence, of whose nature and connection with our present life, we have not the slightest conception."

This reminds one of a passage in Hamlet:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

The impression made upon the little company was deep and lasting. The next day, Hermann Abel, accompanied by N., called on a visiting teacher, Spamous by name, a schoolmaster in the village of Backleben, an English mile or two from Gross-Monra. To him he related the whole affair together with his father's comments, and for some time thereafter it was the topic of conversation for the circle of friends.

We have stated the facts as heard by N., our informant. We have entered upon no speculations to account for these wonderful occurrences. Many will doubtless dispose of the whole matter by calling it a hallucination of the brain or a delusion of the mind, or what not. To others there would seem to be a very simple and rational explanation; and that is this: That, for a wise purpose, as in times past, supernatural manifestations are still given, whose meaning is not intended to be fully discerned; but whose actual occurrence, on many occasions, is intended as a rebuke to those proud, conceited, and one-sided minds, whose knowledge and belief are limited by themselves to that alone which is appreciated by the bodily senses.

Notes from Indiana.

BROTHER JONES:—Thinking that a word from this place in reference to the status of Spiritualism might perhaps interest some of the numerous readers of the JOURNAL, I have ventured to trespass upon your indulgence by requesting you to give this communication a place in your columns.

Spiritualism, to all external appearances for some time past has seemed, to say the least, at a stand-still. What the Angel World may have been doing for us silently and to us unknown, of course we are unadvised; but the spirits in the form seem to have become fossilized, and appeared as dormant as an antediluvian toad in a rock. Lectures, it is true, have been given occasionally; mediums for physical manifestations have visited us, at times creating considerable "rattling among the dry bones," and other sonorous instruments of mundane music, but have failed to arouse the faithful from that deep lethargy into which they seemed to have fallen. But as no earthly conditions are permanent, we have present reason to congratulate ourselves, that in obedience to the law of progress, a "change has recently come over the spirit of our dreams," exhibiting a revival of interest among the household of faith, and a return to that early love which animated them in other days.

This spirit has culminated in the re-organization of the First Society of Spiritualists, of the city of Terre Haute apparently on a more substantial and enduring basis than ever. The society is founded on the broadest platform of *Free Thought*,—binding ourselves to no creed or dogma whatever, recognizing that "charity to all," is the only sure and enduring bond of fellowship possible among Free Thinkers, which we Spiritualists, of course, pre-eminently claim to be.

After the adoption of such a preamble and constitution as were necessary to enable us under the statutes of Indiana, to become a legalized body corporate, securing to us the benefits of such legal recognitions, we adopted the following resolutions, to be placed at the head of the list of member's names as a full and complete guarantee of the mental freedom of each individual member:

"WHEREAS, Difference of opinion, is the legitimate result of different organizations, therefore

"*Resolved*, That persons in affixing their names to this constitution and differing from any principle set forth in the preamble of the same, is not conscientiously bound thereby.

Officers were elected to hold until the first of April, when their successors will be elected to hold office six months. The present officers are as follows:

President, L. B. Denihie.
Vice-President, Jabez Smith.
Secretary, James Hook.
Treasurer, Allen Pence.

Parties wishing to correspond with the society should address the secretary, Jas. Hook.

From the liberality of our platform, and the fraternal feeling of brotherly love that seems to manifest itself among our members, we are led to believe that much good to our cherished cause will ultimately grow out of our little organization. In the absence of lectures, meetings in Pence's Hall every Sunday, at two o'clock, P. M. Strangers visiting the city are cordially invited to attend. The friends contemplate holding weekly circles at their circle room, for the purpose of developing the mediumistic powers that we feel confident,—and to some extent *know* exists in our midst. Indeed, we have now several mediums who might be made useful under favorable conditions, among whom allow me to make favorable mention of Dr. N W. Benson, spiritual healer, he has performed some remarkable and instantaneous cures. He diagnoses from autograph or lock of hair, and prescribes the proper remedies.

As Brother Benson, like most other chosen "vessels of spirit power," is poor, his richest possessions being his *spiritual gifts*, we bespeak for him a share of the patronage of our spiritual friends who may need his help.

His address is A. W. Benson, Terre Haute, Ind. Terms, one dollar for diagnosis and treatment, and money refunded when not benefitted.

The JOURNAL is quite a favorite here.

THE SEARCH AFTER GOD.

Brother Francis' Search after God, by the boldness of its utterances, has arrested the attention of many who had not even thought to question the existence of a Great First Cause.

Whatever may be the conclusion to which *his Search* will lead him, it is certain to awaken thought and agitation in an entirely new field, which cannot but result in the development of new ideas, calculated to benefit humanity.

J. R. BACKUS.

Terre Haute, Ind.

Spirit Pictures.

BROTHER JONES:—I well remember spirit mediums and tests, as far back as 1825. I have been moved upon by spirit influences since my childhood. With my experience of the last twenty years, I could relate many interesting facts of the return of mortals, who have put on immortality, and well-established proof of the "communion of saints."

We now possess many likenesses purporting to be the pictures of ancient and modern sages, heroes, poets, philosophers, popes, healers, prophets, kings, queens, and, perhaps, the largest gallery of the kind ever made by spirit power and control. The features are life size, and come at my mental call, without any living person's knowledge, of what or of whom I am asking at the time.

Some of these are recognized by artists, who are familiar with the best portraits of Dr. Franklin, Mozart, the great musician, and others. In the group is one of my spirit wife, who crossed the river thirty-three years since; this and two others, were presented me in August last, in California. The second, as Vashti, the beautiful queen, who lost her crown, by positively refusing to expose her personal beauty before the bacchanalian liege lords of India; in days then, as now, women's rights, as "citizens," were not recognized. The third and last of the gallery of pictures given me, assumes to be Pope Pius I, in regal attire. Mrs. Jewett recognized this picture instantly, as she sees Pope Pius clairvoyantly, and says he wears his cap as seen in this picture, fitting close to his head, of a bright scarlet color, with a gilt border all around.

The picture of Vashti is neatly executed, and, of course, beautiful. Each of these were completed within an hour, and I have yet to see or find that living artist who could perform the work equal to these in one month's time.

Previous to the drawing of these beautiful pictures, a fine test of the communion of spirits might be related.

In July last, at my rooms, in San Jose, Cal., at a circle, "where two or three had gathered together in my name," asking for divine intelligences, the spirit of my wife came, with others, and communed with us. I was advised to send a spirit picture of her to our sons, who are residing in Kern county. It was then hanging above us, in a nice frame on the wall; at the same time, the spirit promising another likeness of herself, through the mediumship of Mrs. and Mr. W. P. Anderson, spirit artists, who were then residing in San Raphael. I said to the communing spirit.

"Do you know that Mr. Anderson has been paralyzed?"

"Yes."

"Are you positively sure that I can have another picture of yourself, if I part with this one?"

"Yes: we know that the medium is paralyzed, and when you call for the pictures, we will restore him."

The first day of August, I arrived in Oakland, at the residence of Mr. Curtis. Within ten minutes, Mr. Anderson and family came in, much to my joyful surprise, and learned with much regret, that Brother A.'s spiritual gifts had been checked by a paralytic shock of several months standing, from which he had not recovered.

After the usual salutations, we entered private apartments together, and manipulated his afflicted limbs, until the vital forces returned. Suffice it to say, that the above-mentioned pictures were afterwards produced.

In this process of obtaining pictures from and through the invisibles, it is equally as necessary that Mrs. A. be entranced at the same moment when her husband is. These two form the battery, the positive and negative elements, and without these conditions, no pictures can be made. Mrs. A. was at a neighboring house when one of these pictures was produced. As soon as she awoke from the trance, her first words were, "The picture is finished," and soon after, it presented to our view the Pope, as he might appear in modern life.

It was in New York City, at the house of the Anderson family, where I was first developed to heal, or it might be said, that the Great Spirit here gave us power over all devils (insanity), and to cure diseases.

By the laying on of hands, Mrs. Anderson ordained us to "go and heal the sick, and to preach that the kingdom of God is at hand," all of which we are striving earnestly to do.

S. W. JEWETT.

Rutland, Vt.

Haunted House in Kansas.

BRO. JONES: In reading the JOURNAL I see accounts of spirit manifestations of various forms and from different localities, and believing that you would like to hear from this quarter, I have taken it upon myself, as best I can, to give you some account of what the inhabitants of the spirit world are doing to convince us of an actual existence after the separation from the body. This is the first communication I have ever penned for publication, and all I want to do is to make you understand in the shortest way possible what has been doing here for the past half year.

Baldwin City lies fifteen miles south of Lawrence, on the L. L. & G. R.R. Baker University is located here—a Methodist institution. It is one of the oldest settled places in the State, and one of the most benighted and darkest places (spiritually) west of the Mississippi. Last September the natives were startled by a report that a certain house was haunted in which were living a respectable family, consisting of a man and wife. Raps were heard all over the houses also loud noises, such as opening and shutting of doors, groaning, sounds like dragging something across the floor, the latter noises occurring in the night, so violently as to compel the family to leave the house to its fate. Hundreds came to hear the rapping in the daytime, and among them some of the clergy. Nearly all heard and went away full of conjectures as to the cause of the strange something. One divine went home, and took down his Bible, and somewhere in it found that God at different times did permit evil spirits to come back to this earth. It finally became a settled fact among orthodox devotees that the devil had come to Baldwin. They warned their friends to keep away from it and pray muchly.

The family finally evacuated the house, but no sooner were they settled in their new quarters than the raps were again heard. The disagreeable sounds did not follow them—only the soft tiny raps. The family soon became used to this, and failed to see or smell anything that indicated the presence of his Satanic Majesty, but found that it was harmless, and would answer questions civilly and correctly. When they were seated at the table the rapping became louder and more distinct until it would tip the table. As soon as the lady was seated, with her hands on it, it would slide around on the floor,—and at length continue to do so without her coming in contact with it.

Within a few days past the manifestations have taken a new form. The lady when in her room, which is darkened, and with her eyes blinded, sees through walls, and goes into other people's houses and sees what they are doing.

Please tell us under what head of mediumship this belongs. She sees spirits both in day and night time; and is certainly a remarkable medium. H. A. DONALDSON.

Baldwin City, Kan.

Quarterly Meeting at Cambridge.

Our "Quarterly" has come and gone, and a glorious and elevating time it was to those in attendance. We had conferences on Saturday and Sunday morning and afternoon. They were participated in with readiness, zeal, and interest. Sunday forenoon C. H. Doty read a carefully prepared lecture upon the subject of "Morning."

"The general expression of the audience," said the brother, "sustained the assumption that light was bursting in upon us, and it was time to work."

The chief topic of interest, of course, was the lectures of Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, the speaker for the occasion. "What good has Spiritualism done?" was discussed Saturday evening. "What of Life—here and hereafter!" Sunday afternoon. And "A Plea for the Children,"—Sunday evening. No description can convey an idea of these discourses. The easy, candid method of delivery, the facts, tests of illustrations, philosophies, lifted up the soul and carried it onward in an inspiration of joy. Both numbers and interest are increasing; and we look forward with anticipation to our next meeting, to be held at Geneseo, Saturday and Sunday, June 15th and 16th, 1872.

C. H. DOTY, Secretary.

Cambridge, Ill.

THE popular superstition that overturning the salt is unlucky originated in a picture of the last supper by Leonardo da Vinci, in which Judas Iscariot is represented as overturning the salt.

EVERYBODY should read the JOURNAL: only $1.50 a year to new subscribers before the 15th of April next.

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

(NUMBER XXII.)

Outlines of Physiology Briefly Considered.

The sense of seeing.—This most important of all the senses, is based upon the retina expansion of the optic nerves, which next to the olfactory nerve, rise from the lower portion of the cerebrum, or upper brain.

Since a special reference to the physiological structure of the eye can be gleaned in a general way from any of the works on that science, and since such a reference would fall far short of our present purpose, we will pass to the still more suggestive and interesting consideration of the *rationale* of this sense.

If a black spot one-tenth of an inch in diameter, in the center of a white background, be placed on the stand of a chromeoscope, opposite the light of a window, and the instrument adjusted in a vertical position, so that the spot may be close to and concentrical with the lenticular prism, or double convex prismatic lens, a proper focal adjustment of the lenses will give forth a beatiful iris of blue, red, and yellow. If, however, a black background, centered by a white spot of the same dimensions be substituted, we shall find an equally beautiful iris given off, yet in the order of the red, yellow, and blue, exactly the reverse of the first.

Let it be remembered in this connection, that there are no two colors by which either the red, yellow, or blue (primary colors) can be formed.

We can produce all the shades of purple and violet from blue and red, all the shades of green from blue and yellow, and all the shades of orange and gold from yellow and red.

The three primitive colors, red, yellow, and blue, concentrated, produce a dark center, in a white background, or if reversed, give a white speck, on a dark background.

These facts should be remembered in connection with the all important one, that the optic nerve is not of itself sensitive, and that no vision is effected, until the light entering the eye has passed to the pigmentum nigrum, or dark depths of the retina, and been depolarized by absorption; thereby giving distinct form to the magnetic impresses of all positive conditions coming in rapport with our essential being.

This pigmentum nigrum is composed of small black granules, from one fourteenth to one twenty-four-thousandth part of an inch in diameter, and located in the choroid membrane, in the back portion of the retina of the eye, which, as above-suggested, must necessarily absorb and depolarize the light, before any sense of vision is or can be effected.

All the more singular and special facts connected with the sense of vision, point to both the positive extremes of light and negative darkness.

It is known if we spread different colored cloths over snow, that under the black cloth will melt first. To prove the polar nature of the phenomena in the premises, the mere fact of the production of heat by light as it passes through black cloth is sufficient.

Taking this chemical view of the physiological premises, we would ask the scientific bigwigs, who assume to know all about the very things they know nothing about, why it is we have to thus see through the dark? or in other words, why we must thus necessarily receive our sense of vision through the dark? Is this any less mysterious, than that spirit should come to us through the dark, on the same sensorium commune, or polar plane of sensation? Many things can be done in the dark which can not be effected in the light, and vice versa.

There is as much virtual mystery in the coming and going of our thoughts and sensations, as there is in the coming and going of our spirit friends, big-wigry self importance, and all the more renowned of the erudite snub snivelers, Huxley, Tyndall, Thompson & Co. not excepted.

The modern arrogance of affected learning, lies only in seeing who can best pervert common sense truths, and as sectarian *crawfish*, carry their best meat before them in their tails with the greatest grace.

While I for one commiserate and sympathize with the ignorant, priest-ridden masses, I can but feel the most supreme contempt for that time-serving grade of pseudo-learning, playing flunkey and toady lickspittle to the stupid assumes of popular opinion.

The medium through which objects impress the organs of sense, is as much the conducting media of the polar current passing between them, as the telegraph wire is between station and station, and is as essential to the coming and going of all spiritual thought and sensation, as the telegraphic current is for the receiving and sending of messages.

To state the point more plain and comprehensive, if possible: the intermediate nature of the condition of the space between the object seen and the eye through which the impression is received, is as essential to sight as either the object or the eye.

This space we call the *sensorium commune*, and it is really the atmosphere of the spirit, through which spirits come to us.

Bearing this important fact in mind, we may in this connection, point to the reason why spirits can not and do not come to us so readily in light.

It is known that heat is the result of polar disturbance, generally presented in the positive phenomenal form of combustion, that dissolves such objects as come in contact with it; and as this phenomenal combustion is to earth, so is the light a phenomenal phase of positive combustion (to spirit condition), that as a positive condition, prevents the homogeneous assimilation of the grosser particles of that which we, for want of a better name, may call spirit matter.

An application of the ruling laws that present these facts, readily explains why spirits do not come to us in greater manifestations of force through light, and if we still apply this polar ruling more closely, we shall find all systems in a more or less active state of positive or negative combustion (relatively) and mediumship, determined by the nearness or remoteness in which our spirit friends in accordance with these laws, can approach us.

Baron Von Reichenbach, who butted his over restive brains out against the cross-beams of spirit intercourse, while Don Quixoting the sublime and more suggestive realms of nature on his dynamic Rosinante, had to confess after all, that according to his most wonderful and elaborate series of experiments, there were two out of five persons, who could see the magnetic aura of all individualized forms similar, and of the same nature of the aurora borealis we sometimes see at the north pole.

And it is further known, that even the various organs of the system, as well as various systems, present various modifications of light, of which we have no doubt, reasoning from analogy, a clairvoyant could point out mediumship and all its degrees, by the color of the aura of the system, which would, doubtless, be found to increase in perfection, as the color increased in yellowness.

The yellow ray being itself a medium between extremes, as well as the middle primitive ray between red and blue, or blue and red, in their positive and negative directions.

Returning to the general nature of the objects, the organs of sense and the sensorium commune, there must be an objective, subjective, and intermediate trinity of polarly adjusted conditions between the three, to give forth the relationship we call thought and sensation.

The organs of sense have no power to originate their own sensations, nor has the mind the power to originate its own thoughts, nor has the sensorium commune the power to influence either the organs of sense or mind, outside of properly adjusted conditions.

The eye must have something to see, the ear something to hear, the nose something to smell, and the tongue something to taste, yet neither can see, hear, smell, nor taste, if not in living rapport with the ever living sensorium commune, nor can the mind think, save under an objective impress, and through the same instrumentality.

As already suggested, the sense of feeling depends upon a more extended complication of nervous arrangement, and may in this respect be called the sense of senses.

In addition to the five senses recognized, there is another sense necessarily attendant on the spiritual, that comes up in the form of an inherent self-consciousness, founded on the sensorium commune plane of intuition. This we will call the *sixth sense*. A combination of all these necessarily constitutes the basis of a *seventh sense*, the outcropping of which we sometimes observe in those psychometric soul-readers, who, as the seventh sphere spirits, can and do feel, and thus enunciate the thoughts of others, without even seeing them through the sense of vision.

Very few have as yet properly realized that the "seven spheres" are really spheres of sensational condition, and, moreover, that the *great progression* is relation.

It should be borne in mind while striving after a more and more exalted comprehension of these things, that we can only reach them through an intimate comprehension of the spheral sense, conditions, relations, and measures, upon which the here and hereafter rises step by step, as if up into the supernal spheres of self comprehension.

To understand the organism of the senses here, and the nature and character of their relationship to the impressing source that acts upon them, opens the first and greatest of all studies,—the study of ourselves, leading onward and upward to the ever-ascending beyond.

To telegraph from point to point, from clime to clime, over the land and sea, requires the continuity of condition; and in the same ratio, does the passage of our thoughts from sphere to sphere, require an equal continuity of condition.

We can telegraph back through the geological stratifications to the different fossils, ferns, flora, and fauna, because there is an associate line of relation established there by knowledge, yet, when we attempt to fly away on the mere wings of fancy, outside of legitimate deduction, we can but fall as Dædalus, into the Great Sea of transition, and be taught by our mortifying failure, the truth of the old saying:

"While larger boats may venture more,
Smaller boats should keep near shore."

Each mind must investigate and learn for itself, and this is doubtless the reason in the wise and consistent economy of things, why our spirit relationship is as yet so obscure, and the reason why so many of our more credulous Spiritualists are so doomed to mortification and disappointment.

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Mediums' Directory.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, being an especial friend to all true mediums, will hereafter publish a complete Directory, giving the place of residence of all professional mediums, so far as advised upon the subject. This will afford better facilities for investigators to learn of the location of mediums, and at the same time increase their patronage. Mediums will do well to advise us from time to time, that we may keep their place of residence correctly registered.

It is a lamentable fact that some mediums so far forget their self-respect as to speak evil of other mediums, not unfrequently even of those who are far their superiors. The names of such persons will be dropped from this Register so soon as we have evidence conclusive of their indulging in such unkindness.

It should be borne in mind that individuals visiting mediums carry conditions with them—so to speak—which aid or destroy the power of spirits to control the medium visited; hence it is that one medium gives satisfaction to certain persons, another better to others—all having their friends, and justly so, too, and all equally honest and useful in their place.

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Mrs. M. A. Bruhn, 515 State St.
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Mrs. A. H. Robinson, 148 Fourth Ave. *‡
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Mrs. M. M. Hardy, 125 W. Concord street.
Samuel Grover, 23 Dix Place.
Mrs. F. C. Dexter, 231 Tremont street.

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W. W. Herring, 452 Market Square, Milwaukee, Wis.
Mrs. Carrie B. Wright, 440 East Water street.

Rockford, Ill.

Samuel Smith, box 1239.
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D. Atkinson, Marietta, Ohio. ‡
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H. R. Sherman, Gahanna, Ohio. ‡
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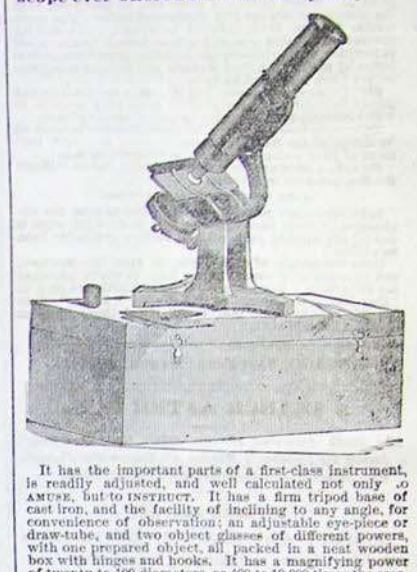
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Questions and Answers.

J. J. Morse, trance medium—Tien-Sien-Tie, controlling medium.

In reply to a question, put on a previous evening, with reference to the formation of spirit-flowers, the following answer was given:—

A.—We have discovered three methods whereby spirit flowers are manifested to the human senses. The first method consists in the transportation of the flower from one portion of the globe to another. The second is the bringing of the flower from one of the nearer spheres, and encrusting it with the suitable elements taken from the atmosphere. The third method is used by spirits whose greater knowledge of the laws of the universe enable them to mould and manipulate the elements of the flower held in solution in the atmosphere. This form of spirit-flower is only visible so long as it is sustained by the will-power of the spirit. When that is withdrawn it dissipates and ceases to exist. The philosophy of it is this: the elements of all physical things are contained in the atmosphere, and those who have the necessary knowledge, can draw from this source the material they want, and shape it into what they like, just as an artisan can manipulate and fashion matter into various forms.

Q. Are the spirit-hands, forms, and faces which appear at the opening of cabinets a similar kind of thing?

A. Not always. Sometimes they are an objective reality; at other times they are only subjective phenomena to those who see them.

Q. Have you investigated the matter of the transference of coloring matter from the spirit-hand to the body of the medium?

A. The spirit in physical manifestations stands in a peculiar relation to the medium. It extracts from his organization certain interior particles necessary to the manifestation. This link is essential to the maintainance of the performance; and, on the breaking up of the spirit-forms, the medium must necesarily absorb certain of the pigments which may have been used to mark the spirit-hands with.

Q. Why is it a matter of such difficulty, and with many apparently an impossibility, to get into communication with friends that one has personally known in the "form," while it seems as if there were spirits without number, always ready to manifest, when the opportunity is offered?

A. We doubt the accuracy of our questioner's statement. Personal communications seem to be the chief product of the spirit-circle. The minds of many inquirers are closed to spiritual ideas that their friends may be thus prevented from approaching their spheres.

Q. We have been informed by investigators that they have found spirits answer moral and religious questions readily, who were unable to give any fact unknown to the medium; how was this?

A. Mediums are sometimes not by any means under full control, and all abstractions, facts, and etc., can not be got through the medium's organism, whereas generalities may quite readily be discussed.

Q. What, in your opinion, is the proper manner for us mortals to pass our Sundays? Is there any reason why we should not, if we feel inclined, work at any kind of labor on that day?

A. It is a vulgar error to suppose that labor is a curse. It is a Divine institution, and the grandest efforts of the soul are manifested by mental and physical labor. All days are alike sacred, and we can not see why man should not think or act on any day, if his object is in accordance with a love of humanity. In the present selfish and overdone state of society, arbitrary times of rest are necessary. But if man's mind and the state of society were harmonious, then each day would bring the rest necessary for itself.

Q. Are idiots immortal—absolute and hopeless idiots?

A. If the spiritual laws permit of the deposition of the spiritual body within the physical body, then they are immortal, for it is the possession of an external form which constitutes individuality. Only a small proportion are incapable of elaborating the spirit-body. When they pass into the spirit-world they are like children, and require the same kind of education and treatment.

Q. Has a dog, with more intelligence than an idiot, any future existence?

A. No.

Q. How did you come in contact with your medium in the first instance?

A. Many years ago—it matters not how long—we conceived the desire to do our mite towards the unfoldment of man's spiritual nature in connection with this new wave of spiritual life on the earth. We endeavored to find a medium suited to our purpose. This entailed much labor and investigation. We eventually found that an organization was about to come into the world suited to our purpose. We connected ourselves therewith, and watched him from infancy to manhood. At the proper moment we brought him in connection with modern Spiritualism. At the same time we perfected our connection with the interior of the organization, and thus became permanently acquainted therewith.

Q. A correspondent in to-day's *Medium* desires to know by what cause the magnetism passes from pole to pole through the human body, when a magneto electric machine is used?

A. So far as we understand the matter, the current of electricity passes into the organism, and follows the usual course of the nerve currents as they make their way through the body. If the current went right through the body irrespective of the nerves, it would entirely disturb the nervous functions. There is a little philosophy connected with it worthy of mention. The electricity generated by mechanical means and from mineral substances, not being animal or vital, does not assimilate with the organism; hence, the action of externally applied electricity benefits the patient by stimulating and directing nerve action, and thus aiding the organism to recuperate itself Vital magnetism nourishes and is far more potent in bringing back the organism to a normal state of health.

Q. Is it correct to say that there is a spiritual world around us?

A. It has ever been our teaching that there is a spiritual side to the material globe; hence, there is a spiritual world immediately around you. You are spiritual beings in this world.

Q. How far is the place in which you usually dwell distant from this earth?

A. We are located on the nearest zone to earth, at some distance from the point nearest to the planet. Any mind may readily conceive the distance.

Q. Were the prophets influenced in the same manner as this medium?

A. It is patent, and cannot be denied. The power of spiritual communication is limited in its application neither to individuals nor to times.—*Medium and Daybreak.*

WE WOULD CALL ATTENTION to the advertisement of a "Press and Type for Sale," in another column.

$25,000 pledged to send this paper to new subscribers, for $1.50 a year.

Items of Interest.

—Mrs. Wilcoxson is in Kansas City, lecturing to enthusiastic audiences.

—J. M. Holland is lecturing at Council Bluffs, Iowa, with good success.

—"Anti-Plagiarism."—Please send us the book referred to, and oblige.

—Wm. H. Pilcher thinks a good test medium would do well at Chandlerville, Ill.

—Fred Alles desires his correspondents to address him at St. Charles, Ill., for the present.

—J. T. Cunningham, of Charlton Co., Mo., is represented as being an excellent clairvoyant.

—John W. Gates writes: "Mr. and Mrs. Kegwin have been with us, and given some very remarkable tests."

—W. H. Fisher, of Denver, Colorado, would like to secure the services of a first-class test medium and lecturer.

—Sister M. E. Burns, and many others, have our sincere thanks for their successful efforts to increase the subscription list of the JOURNAL.

—J. W. Davidson writes from Oswego, Kansas, that he has been healing during the last year with good success and without making any charge.

—"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just—
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

—Brother C. P. Vail, of Findlay, Ohio, writes: "Dr. B. W. Freeman, the healer, 116 High street, Columbus, O., is having good success healing the sick in this place. He has had several very difficult and long-standing cases."

—Wm. H. Smith, writing from Richfield, Mich., says that Dr. Wm. Jorden has been favoring his section with interesting lectures on the "Harmonial Philosophy." Wants a good test medium passing to call on him.

—Benjamin Todd is about to take a trip East. He is one of the most logical and eloquent expounders of our faith in the field, and we hope he will find constant employment. He can be addressed in care of this office.

—"Underhill on Mesmerism," books and stereotyped plates, were all consumed in the *great fire*. Fahnestock's "Artificial Somnambulism," is the only work we can send in lieu of it. That work costs $1.50; postage, 16 cents.

—We have received a note from Dean Clark (too late for this issue), informing us that he has actively commenced his labors in the South. He is an eloquent advocate of our cause, and can be addressed for a short time at Atlanta., Ga., box 470.

—C. L. James, as we announced two or three weeks ago, is about to issue a work on Transcendental Philosophy. It will be issued in periodical parts. Mr. James is one of the most profound thinkers of the present age, and his book will be looked for with intense interest.

—Brother E. W. Smith, M.D., of Watkins, N. Y., writes: "I have not read the papers yet, but casting my eye over the articles of Hudson Tuttle and D. A. Eddy, of Cleveland, in regard to Mrs. Woodhull and her free-love presidency, we rejoice at the stand you have taken.

—A new way of raising money is practiced at Logansport Mite Society meetings. A gentleman seats himself in the middle of a room, and offers a round sum (say 10 cents) to each lady who kisses him. Many of the ladies accept the challenge for the good of the cause; and many, no doubt, accept it for the good of the kiss.

—The valuable Hambletonian mare, "Laura Cuppy," belonging to J. C. Goods, died to-day from the effects of a cold. She had made, without special training, a mile in 2:42, and could have been sold for $1,800.—*Morning Call, San Francisco.*

The above fine animal was named after our "Laura Cuppy Smith," who is speaking during the present month in Springfield, Mass.—*Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.*

—Mrs. A. C. Spaulding desires to make the following correction in the report of the Darien meeting: In remarks made by Mr, Lynn, he said "belief in Christ, not religion," instead of "not in religion." In closing remarks it should read, "And if now and then a bubble appeared on the surface," instead of "a bubble of applause."

—Capt. R. H. Winslow, will answer calls anywhere in the Northwest Capt. Winslow was for thirteen years a popular *Methodist minister*, and was converted to Spiritualism on the battlefield of Shiloh, Pittsburg Landing, Tenn. In that terrible carnage, all his senses were addressed in such an emphatic manner as to completely overwhelm him, even as Paul was converted by the wayside. Address 17 S. Halsted street, Chicago.

—M. Reeves, Jr., of Montrose, Iowa., takes exception to the excellent article of D. M. Graham on "Christian Idolatry," that appeared in the JOURNAL of February 17th, and discontinues his paper. He is evidently tinctured with orthodoxy to that extent that the sharp points of Brother Graham pricked him. He thinks that our "Search after God," where it portrays the evil effects that flow from "Divine Revelations" to be very wicked. We hope to hear from Brother Graham again on the same subject.

—It is affirmed that the Pope has asked the permission of England and Austria for the meeting of the Œcumenical Council in their dominions. Several bishops of the Roman Catholic Church are urging the Pope to hold the Œcumenical Council at Trent, in the Tyrol. The Austrian government, however, does not seem disposed to grant the permission asked by His Holiness for the assembling of the Council within its dominion. Should the Pope be successful in his application, he will not attend the session of the Council in person, but will remain in Rome, and be represented at the meeting by a cardinal.

—Hudson Tuttle has been lecturing before the Germans of Cleveland, and so well pleased them that his lecture is to be published in German, and circulated as a tract. Materialists of the Carl Vogt school even are loud in its praise. Mr. Tuttle has won a world-wide reputation by his efforts in the cause of the Harmonial Philosophy. He is vigorous in thought, clear and concise in the expression of his ideas, and at times there is a vein of poetry permeating his writings that renders them exceedingly attractive. His "Arcana of Nature," his "God Idea," and "Christ Idea in History," abound in valuable information, and he may be regarded as one of the strong, brilliant lights of the New Dispensation.

—At an enthusiastic religious meeting among the negroes in Blount county recently, when the mourner's bench was crowded with penitents groaning in agony, one of them, a sable damsel of elephantine proportions, sprang to her feet crying: "Glory hallelujah! Lord bress de Lamb, I've got religion! Lord, if dis nigger had de wings ob a June-bug, she'd fly right to heaven!" Her enthusiasm was checked at that juncture by a matter-of-fact sister, who raised her head and brought the new convert's thoughts back from the ideal to the real thusly: "You fool nigger, what you mean? If you had June-bug wings, do n't you know a wood-pecker 'd gobble you 'fore you got half a mile?"

—Brother B. writes as follows from Topeka, Kansas: "When Dr. Taylor first settled in this city for the practice of medicine, and to speak for the First Society of Spiritualists here, the orthodox had a great many hard things to say, but always behind the Doctor's back, and mostly from that coward's castle the pulpit. These things coming to the Doctor's ears, he publicly challenged the Rev. Dr. P. Mitchell, one of the "big guns" of the Methodist Church, and one of the loudest defamers of the fair name and untarnished character of Dr. Taylor But his Reverence did not dare to meet him; for he had measured swords with him once before, on the occasion of Dr. Taylor's trial and expulsion from the church for heresy. So the Doctor made the challenge general, and it was at last accepted by the Rev. D. P. Hall, of this city. The preliminaries have been agreed upon, and the debate will come off about the middle of March. The friends of both parties are cordially invited to attend. It will be remembered by your readers that Dr. Taylor became a Spiritualist by slow, careful, consecutive steps in the investigation of this subject, some three or four years ago, and he is now one of the very ablest of our advocates. His lectures in this city for the past four months have packed our hall to the utmost capacity, among whom are many of the best minds of our city—doctors, lawyers, judges, etc. Rev. Mr. Hall, his opponent in the debate, is a shrewd, keen, well-educated Massachusetts Yankee. We expect a rich treat in this discussion, and a perfect triumph for Spiritualism from the hands of Dr. Taylor. The resolution to be discussed is as follows: 'Resolved, that the Bible teaches Modern Spiritualism, and as opposed to Materialism is true.' Dr. Taylor affirms. Rev. D. P. Hall denies."

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

Personelle.

Having been prostrated by a severe fit of illness which has confined us to our room nearly four weeks, we are glad to inform our numerous friends and readers, that we are gradually recovering; and hope with the returning spring, to experience a resurrection of physical life. Brother E. V. Wilson, who was with us at the commencement of this severe attack, thought as many other mediums and friends did, that the time had come for us to be promoted to another field of labor. We did not see it so; have never felt that our work here was done. Of our personal experiences during these fiery days of fever, we may not speak now, only to say that they were among the grandest and most instructive of our life, and in due time will be given to the world. The consciousness of the presence and loving care of the angels grows stronger every day,—it sustained us through all those hours of suffering, and with the kindly aid and sympathy of loved ones in the form, enabled us to ride the storm triumphant!

E. V. Wilson.

Brother Wilson was with us during January. He gave eight lectures and attended eight circles. This was the first time he has lectured for us, and we are glad to say that all the meetings were satisfactory both to himself and to the audience, which were large and appreciative.

Financially, Mr. Wilson is certainly a success, for, although we paid him liberally, the collections and receipts for the circles yielded the society $100.07, over his expenses to it. Bro. Wilson believes in the Scripture injunction, that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," and we honor him for this. He loves money,—loves to make it, and loves to spend it, and is liberal with it.

We regret that our health did not permit us to get reports of more than two of his lectures, which we shall send to the JOURNAL for publication. They were bold, original, and at times very eloquent, always forcible and sometimes blunt. Sensitive persons may be shocked at some of his utterances, but most persons are willing to hear them, and they arouse thought.

In the first four lectures he wrestled with the Hebrew God, and we should judge it was quite as severe a struggle as the Patriarch Jacob had. Whether Bro. Wilson received a blessing is for him to say. We did not witness any lameness in him, and we are inclined to think that he held on to this God till after daybreak. His remarks were at times very scathing, but they were from the book itself.

One of the most attractive features in Mr. Wilson's lectures is his demonstrations of the presence of what the old Hebrews called God, but what he, and many of us, recognized as spirits whom we had known. At each lecture he gave illustrations of this character, and in almost every instance they were recognized. We shall give some of these. His delineations of character were striking and original, and added much to the interest of the meetings.

At the circle on the last Sunday afternoon he was with us, the tests were remarkably fine. He first described the spirit of Mr. Barret, who was recognized. The spirit said:

"If the theological drift lead the mind into conclusions not legitimate, we are not to be bound by these when we discover this fact."

Plain talk is common sense. We are either dead men, all of us, or we are living men, there is no half-way. 'If a man live shall he die?'

We asked, "Do you mean, 'If he die shall he live?'"

"No. I mean, 'if he live shall he die?'"

He then took five witnesses and described incidents in their lives, each of which was well recognized; and he demanded of the Christians to bring on theirs, but no one responded.

He said: "There is a spirit standing by me who gives the name of Mary Addsit, who says there is one person in this hall who knew me."

A gentleman rose and said, "He knew a lady by that name."

There is a spirit standing by a lady, Mrs. Bonsall, who says "his father was killed by an accident when you were about 15 years old,—more than fifty years ago. She could not remember it."

The spirit then asked her if she "remembered when a large black dog ran out at you in the road and frightened you?"

"Yes," she says, "I can recall that as if it were only yesterday." The name of the spirit was given and recognized.

He then described a spirit whose body had been killed by a railroad accident, he was standing by a lady who at once recognized him as one whom she had nursed during his last illness.

He described our friend Dr. Hare, as he saw him walking upon the rostrum.

Lieutenant Greble was seen and described by Mr. Wilson, he was recognized by several mediums present.

A spirit spoke to one of our mediums, a young man who was an entire stranger to Mr. Wilson, and said:

"If you will absolutely abstain from all stimulants, including coffee and tea and pepper for one year, you will have manifestations that will startle the world."

Several spirits were described and recognized at this time. An old colored woman, giving the name of Aunt Sallie, was not remembered until she said: "It was Jim that stole the spoons." They then recalled her memory, for which she seemed very grateful.

Mrs. Anthony whispered to us that she "saw Stephen Girard walking up and down the rostrum." Mr. Wilson, without knowing this, saw him and said, "There is a man standing up there who says: 'Out from the dark into the bright light of love and life; out from the prison walls of avarice and hardness of heart. Out from the hard chink of gold and silver into the beautiful ether that never dies; out from the bondage of ambition into the soul's spiritual career, surrounded with the glory of the Infinite. I am borne without fear,—borne on the wings of hope into the sea of practical knowledge. Dying without a thought of the future, I awoke to the living truths of the eternal morrow. I, the one-eyed miser, that this city worshiped for his gold, and the priests hated for his infidelity to their creeds. I rejoice that I have kept these from my school of learning."

Mrs. S. Anthony went up to a lady—an entire stranger to all but one person in the house, and said to her: "Your husband is here and is glad you have come, he impressed you to do so.'"

This lady said her husband had been a Spiritualist, but she had been a Methodist and always rejected the idea. Her husband died several years since. She now lived at Frankford, about five miles from this place. To-day some influence had impelled her to leave her home and come to this hall, which she had difficulty in finding, never having been here before. She was very solemn and impressive in her manner and said, her soul's prayer had been that, if her husband still lived, he might come and make himself known to her; and now she felt that her prayer had been granted; and with tears in her eyes, she acknowledged her consciousness of his presence. Mrs. Blankley, another medium, gave her a name which she recognized as that of a dear friend.

The meeting was one long to be remembered. Our Sunday afternoon circles are among our most interesting and attractive meetings. We invite all our mediums to come and yield to the influence of the spirits. And thus are the multitudes fed; and we have endeavored this time to gather up the fragments that nothing may be lost.

Passed to Spirit Life.

From New Boston, Ill., Feb. 22d, 1872, Louisa B., wife of Wm. B. Myere, in the 41st year of her age.

Mrs. Myers was a woman of fine intellect and culture. She took a lively interest in the reform measures of the day. For many years she has been an avowed Spiritualist. The last few weeks of her life were a grand triumph over the fear of death. To the importunities of orthodox friends(?) that "our minister" might talk and pray with her, she replied, "That matter is settled: I have long been prepared to die!" The friends were unable to procure a speaker, but the large concourse who attended the funeral, attested their appreciation of her useful life.

Quarterly Meeting.

The First Spiritualist Society of Lowell, Mich., will hold their regular quarterly meeting at Union Hall the first Saturday and Sunday in April, 1872.

Mrs. L. Pearsall and C. A. Andrews will be our speakers.

Friends from a distance will be provided for.

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WOOLLEN MILLS.

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v11 n16 9t

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150 *Fourth Avenue, Chicago.*

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MRS. ROBINSON while under spirit control, on receiving a lock of hair of a sick patient, will diagnose the nature of the disease most perfectly, and prescribe the proper remedy. Yet, as the most speedy cure is the essential object in view, rather than to gratify idle curiosity, the better practice is to send along with a lock of hair, a brief statement of the sex, age, leading symptoms, and duration of the disease of the sick person, when she will without delay return a most potent prescription and remedy for eradicating the disease, and permanently curing the patient in all curable cases.

Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art, but when her spirit guides are brought *en rapport* with a sick person through her mediumship, they never fail to give immediate and permanent relief, in curable cases, through the *positive* and *negative* forces latent in the system and in nature. This prescription is sent by mail, and be it an internal remedy or an external application, it should be given or applied precisely as directed in the accompanying letter of instructions, however simple it may seem to be; remember it is not the quantity of the compound, but the chemical effect that is produced, that science takes cognizance of.

One prescription is usually sufficient, but in case the patient is not permanently cured by one prescription, the application for a second, or more if required, should be made in about ten days after the last, each time stating any changes that may be apparent in the symptoms of the disease.

MRS. ROBINSON also, through her mediumship, diagnoses the disease of any one who calls upon her at her residence. The facility with which the spirits controlling her accomplish the same, is done as well when the application is by letter as when the patient is present. Her gifts are very remarkable, not only in the healing art, but as a psychometric, test, business, and trance medium.

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S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. CHICAGO, MARCH 23, 1872. VOL. XII.—NO. 1.

THE WONDERFUL DR. SLADE.

Full Exposure of His Spiritual Tricks and Traps.

[From the New York Sun.]

Doctors Slade and Simmons are famous. They have been famous in certain circles for several years; but have become particularly famous within a few months by reason of sundry remarkable phenomena attending their practice, indicating a supernatural partnership in working if not in practice.

DR. SLADE

is in the prime of life, vigorous, active, keen as a razor, and sly as a fox. Through his many admirable qualifications for business, he experienced but little difficulty in getting under weight in the metropolis as a champion practitioner of mediumistic wonders. But there came a day of gloom to Slade, a day of despondency, of doubt, of almost despair. THE SUN which shines for all, price two cents, sent forth to the world, last fall, a revelation of wonders performed in the little-out-of-the-way village of Moravia, never dreamed of in Slade's philosophy. There the spirits of the departed assumed to appear face to face before mortals, and to speak again with the natural voice. Moravia had a secret that he must divine; with this object in view he temporarily closed his establishment, and, carpet-bag in hand, started on a pilgrimage to

THE CAYUGA COUNTY MECCA.

Arriving there he assmed the meek and lowly air of a seeker of truth. He didn't tell old Keeler that he suspected a trick. Not a bit of it. He was one of the most credulous visitors to Mary Andrews' dark room. He called up the ghosts of all his ancestors, and pretended to recognize each in turn as it was presented. But with all the keenness of his keen nature he scrutinized each face in turn as it appeared, and noticed all the surrounding circumstances. By his assumed credulity he won the confidence of old Keeler and Mary Andrews, and was permitted to remain day after day enjoying the communion with absent ones with a devotion that few manifested. The whole house was open to him, and in the intervals of sittings he was free to make observations and take notes, which he did to the fullest extent. He even went so far as to approach the medium with a proposition that she should come to New York, where a wider field would be open to her, and under his direction she could reap an abundant harvest of greenbacks. But Mary Andrews didn't nibble at this bait, and Slade having gathered all the light and knowledge he could returned to New York.

THE WHISPERED RUMOR.

Soon after Slade's return home it was vaguely whispered through the circles of the faithful, which, thanks to the THE SUN'S revelation, were agitated about the Moravia developments that the spirits were dissatisfied with the arrangements at old Keeler's house, and would soon transfer the theatre of their physical manifestations and bodily visitations to New York. This whispered rumor was, of course, gladly received and generally believed. In the mean time Slade began experimenting and making preparations to entertain the ghostly visitors. All his patrons were carefully advised that great changes were in progress; that the day was fast approaching when the spirits would exhibit themselves to all comers in his rooms; and that everybody would be able to see and converse with their lost friends. One day Slade brought in some black cambric, and summoning his housekeeper, instructed her to cut it up and sew the breadths together so as to form a square screen, in which an aperture was cut sufficiently large to admit of a human face. This screen, when finished, was hung on the Doctor's private room, and that for a time was the last of it, so far as anybody but himself knew. But Slade spent a great deal of time in that private room by himself, evidently practicing the performance he subsequently brought out. All the time, however, he continued to promise his expectant patrons that the spirits would soon show themselves, and his controlling spirit would confirm the promise by the authority of the unseen power.

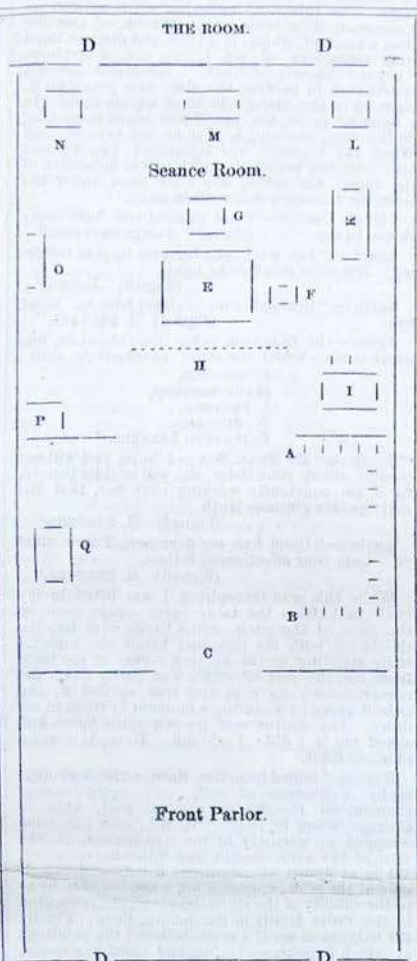
THE NEW HOME OF THE SPIRITS.

But for some reason or another, not yet fully explained, Slade found his Twenty-second street home unsuited to the new business he was preparing, and accordingly pronounced that the spirits directed him to remove. He secured a house in West Forty-second street, near Seventh avenue, to which he removed, professedly under spiritual direction, on the 10th of October last. This is an English basement house, with stairs in the centre, the parlors being on the second floor. On the ground floor is an entrance hall, leading back to the staircase and dining room, which occupies the rear. The room in front, opening off the hall, is used as a reception room and office. Here Simmons presides and collects the fees. The bill of charges is conspicuously posted on the wall of his room, and includes the following items:

Sittings, materializing,	$5 00
Sittings, ordinary business,	3 00
Sittings, medical consultation,	2 00
Medicine, per bottle,	12 00
Medicine, two bottles,	20 00
Board per week, includ'g med'ne, $30 and	35 00
Board per week, awaiting development,	20 00

Slade's room is the rear apartment on the second floor, or what would ordininarily be called the back parlor. This floor is divided into three nearly equal sized rooms, the middle division being a sort of hall-way, containing the stairs leading both up and down. The general features of this floor, and of Slade's operating or *seance* room, can be gathered from the following diagram:

THE ROOM.



A. Stairs to first floor.
B. Stairs to upper fl'rs.
C. Folding doors.
D D. Windows.
E. Table for sittings.
F. Slade's chair.
G. Visitor's chair.
H. Cambric screen.
I. Wardrobe.
K. Lounge.
L. Marble stand and silver pitcher.
M. Sofa.
N. Ladies' writ'g d'sk.
O. Grate and mantel.
P. Attache.
Q. Piano.

HOW SLADE DID IT.

When Slade moved into this house he caused a new cambric screen to be made considerably larger than the first one. It is about six feet high and four and a half wide, and is suspended from a string or wire stretched across the room just within and in front of the folding doors opening into a *seance* room. These folding doors are reinforced with heavy drapery on the inside, which is drawn close when the doors are shut and the performance begins. The windows of the room are also covered with heavy curtains. In fitting this room for business, Slade caused a large wordrobe to be set in it in the angle formed by the dividing partition and the west wall, convenient to the position he occupies while displaying his wonders. Directly behind him and close to the wardrobe is a lounge, as seen in the diagram. These articles of furniture and their positions are important. Slade always occupies the chair indicated by the letter "F," and requires his visitor to sit in the chair "G." He admits but one visitor at a time, except occasionally in the case of a husband and wife who are particularly credulous.

THE FIRST GHOST.

It was sometime after Slade moved into this new house, and had completed all his arrangements, before he mustered up the courage to produce his ghosts. His first attempt was of an experimental nature. He found a lady who had been a friend of his deceased wife, and who was not a Spiritualist, and induced her to sit several times, at each of which sittings the pretended spirit of Mrs. Slade would make communications to the lady, finally promising her at a certain time to appear and show herself. At the appointed time the lady was present, and Slade was in his seat. A single flame of gas in the chandelier over the sitting table was burning dimly. The room was shadowy and still. The black screen hung sombre and motionless before the visitor's eyes, while the opening in its upper part was barely discoverable in the gloom. Presently Slade broke the silence by saying:

"Oh, what beautiful spirits! The room is full of them!"

The lady could see no spirits, and so expressed herself."

"Over there," said Slade, pointing to the opposite corner; "over there by that writing table," thus directing his visitor's gaze from himself and from the screen. "There, now, they are moving along by the grate. Don't you see them? They are so beautiful! They are dressing themselves now."

The lady searched with her eyes in the direction indicated, but could see nothing. Presently a motion of the screen was perceptible, and in a moment more a face appeared at the aperture, but was immediately withdrawn. Again it appeared, but was again as quickly withdrawn.

"That's 'em," said Slade, meaning his wife.

The lady thought it did resemble her former friend, and called to it to appear again. It did show itself again, when both agreed that it must be the former Mrs. Slade. The lady was convinced that she had seen her old friend, and left the room persuaded that there was a reality in Spiritualism. At Slade's request she wrote an account of the *seance* and the apparition to the *Banner of Light*, painting it in glowing colors and vouching for the verity of what she had seen. Her communication was printed, and Slade was thus introduced to the world as the metropolitan producer of spiritual visitations. It was a big card, has been well played since, and has yielded handsome returns.

A HITCH.

But just at present there is a hitch in the Slade & Simmons ghost manufacturing shop, and the spirits fail to respond to the summonses of the faithful. In the guarded language of the head of the establishment, the conditions are temporarily disarranged. The spirits are great sticklers for conditions, and require that the utmost harmony shall prevail among all concerned in order to the development of their powers. But a flood of suspicion has been thrown upon Slade's operations, and until these are removed the wary ghosts provokingly maintain a respectable distance from the place. It is not the intention of this article to relate the sights that have been seen there, nor the wonders produced, but merely to strip the show of its supernatural coloring and expose it to the world in its real guise of humbuggery. Therefore many interesting incidents of deception are omitted, and the simple denouement is hurried on.

SLADE'S CONTROLLING SPIRIT.

Slade, as a medium, professes to be controlled by an Indian spirit whom he calls Owasso. He also has another familiar spirit whom he styles Dr. Davis, who influences him occasionally in delicate medical cases. But Owasso is the great spirit who bosses matters generally, and has particular supervision of the facial show. Owasso is careful not to show himself, but possesses Slade's body, and uses his linguistic powers when he has anything to say to mortals, making very bad Indian talk, and much worse English of it.

COMMON SENSE.

Among the visitors to Slade's room in search of ghostly apparitions were some people who had common sense, and an ability to add two and two and make four. These noticed sundry peculiarities about the show that were not altogether natural and easy. Thus it was a common experience with visitors that Slade prefaced the actual appearance of his ghosts by directing the attention of the sitter to the opposite corner of the room—to the vicinity of the writing desk, as indicated in the diagram. This was a small matter; but as it occurred at every sitting, no matter how frequent the sittings were, and was the common experience of all visitors who compared notes, the circumstance became at least suspicious.

Another usual and common experience at tracted attention. During the preliminary sitting before the ghosts were ready to display themselves, Slade usually became entranced, when Owasso, the Indian spirit, would possess him and retail wisdom in doses to suit the mental condition of the sitter. These doses of spiritual wisdom usually abounded in laudations of the "glorious truth" of Spiritualism, or the "happy reality" of the manifestations about to be given, with an indefinite amount of face-slapping, chair-turning, garment pulling, and other curious manifestations interlarded. Then the medium, Slade, would become apparently exhausted, and the spirit would direct him to take some medicine. On this Slade would rise from his chair and turn to the wardrobe, as indicated on the diagram, which was at his left hand and just out of range of the visitor's vision, and opening the door engage in sundry operations, the nature of which could only be judged by the sounds, which, however were made to represent the handling of glassware, as if getting a drink. Then he would return to the table seemingly refreshed, and soon after the show would proceed. Whether that visit to the wardrobe was for the purpose of arranging machinery or to let out a confederate to take his position behind the screen the reader may judge. In any event the performance in that respect was a bungle that would have made old Keeler and the Moravia ghosts blush and repudiate the bungler.

THE DISCOVERY.

One day an unusualy shrewd visitor, in passing out of the room after the doors had been thrown open, noticed something white lying upon the floor behind the screen. He picked it up, and found it to be a fragment of illusion lace. The presentment of a female had been shown to him during the sitting, and the visitor remembered that the neck and shoulders of the apparition seemed, in the dim light, to be lost in a misty film. In this material fabric he fancied he had discovered the secret of the shadowy form; but he said nothing, though resolved to repeat his visits, and follow up his investigations.

COL. FISK'S GHOST.

On another occasion the rotund figure of the late Col. Fisk was shown, all resplendent with gold lace and toggery of war. Other faces were also shown, including the female with the misty form. After the close of the *seance* the visitor managed to leave the room with great deliberation, though without attracting Slade's attention, who was occupied within the room. On passing the screen the visitor stopped, and on a hasty search of the floor underneath the aperture found not merely fragments of lace, as before, but bits of silver tinsel, spangles, thread, pins, and other dubious nothings, that served to give a substantial coloring to the etherial things that had been shown. Thus the visitor became firmly convinced that what had been seen as spiritual, was, in reality, the veriest sham and humbug. Still a close mouth was retained, and opportunities for further investigation sought.

THE TELL-TALE SPOOL.

In due time another sitting was had, at the conclusion of which the visitor, who by this time had established familiar relations with Slade and was not looked upon as a skeptic, made free to leave the visitor's chair and take a seat upon the lounge behind Slade's seat. Of course this was a bold movement, but was accomplished in such a nonchalant manner that no notice could be taken of it. Once on the lounge the visitor's time was diligently employed. Though facing the doctor, and conversing with him with seeming earnestness, the intruder's hands and feet were diligently employed. The doctor seemed nervous and fidgety and desirous of getting away, but his visitor was not to be driven off by hints. Finally, in running his hands along the edge of the lounge with seeming carelessness, the visitor struck something that felt suspicious. Without betraying, by a look, his discovery, the fingers soon traced a delicate thread leading away toward the screen from a spool, secured in the folds of the upholstering of the lounge. The spool was secured with out little difficulty, and a subsequent examination of it showed it to be filled with fine black silk, a thread of which would be absolutely invisible in the uncertain light of that room. This discovery absolutely satisfied the visitor of the cheat that was being performed. Still there was yet lacking proof positive, which could only be obtained by the discovery of the figures themselves that were used to represent the spirits, and which there was every reason to suppose the doctor kept carefully locked up in the wardrobe.

A SIGNIFICANT FACT.

One further and most significant fact was gained by a comparison of notes among visitors. (It will be remembered two visitors, unless man and wife, were not admitted at the same time.) This fact was the singularly uniform character of the spirits shown, indicating a scant supply at the doctor's command. Thus there was a single baby, judging from its size, though it was supplied with a change of garments to suit varying circumstances. Then there was a beautiful blonde young lady, with curls, and another of about the same apparent age, who was a brunette, and these two were required to answer for all young ladies who might be summoned to the spirit land. The imagination of the visitor, and the gloomy, shadowy light of the room, were required to fill up the bill and challenge a recognition of the apparition as the desired one. Then there was an old man who stood as grandfather to all comers, and an old woman was equally as accommodating as a grandmother. These, with Col. James Fisk, Jr., made up the company of the establishment. The interchange of experiences and observations among visitors revealed the paucity of the stock company. and led to the firm belief that these six figures, or some of them, were used for all comers.

A GREAT DISCOVERY.

The suspicions of the genuineness of the performance finally reached the inmates of the house, of whom there were a number staying there as boarders, at the exorbitant prices mentioned above. Among these the matter became a subject of conversation, and finally an investigation was resolved upon. This was easily realized, but not so readily executed. The *seance* room was carefully guarded, or in Slade's absence, the wardrobe and other hiding places in it were carefully locked. But it so happened a couple of weeks ago that the doctor passed out, leaving a key in the wardrobe. The committee of investigation were on the alert, and quickly had possession of the room. The wardrobe was found to contain a demijohn filled with the quack medicine Slade retails to his patients at $12 per bottle, a few empty bottles, and a goblet. The key of the wardrobe was found to fit the closet in the lower part of the writing desk, and in there was found Col. Fisk's uniform, Slade's Indian outfit, a mass of illusion lace, and several masks corresponding to the faces shown as spirits. The masks were not critically examined, nor their number ascertained, the committee being disturbed at this point in their investigations by approaching footsteps, and compelled to beat a hasty retreat. But the daring explorers did not escape without discovery. They were seen leaving the room, and in their haste the door of the closet was left open. It was thus clear to Slade, who came in at the moment, that his secret was out.

OWASSO'S TALK WITH A WHITE SQUAW.

Slade was too good a tactician to make a row at this important juncture in his affairs; but still he couldn't pass it in silence. What should he do? That was the question that troubled him sorely. At last he summoned his partner Simmons to a conference with him, and finally Simmons' son, who has been charged with being Slade's accomplice in the deceptions, was called in. After a prolonged secret confab one of the investigators was summoned, the message to her being that Owasso wanted to see her. The lady responded promptly. Slade pretended to be in a trance on her entrance, and controlled by the Indian spirit, who challenged her as follows:

"White squaw been in here?"

The lady repudiated the charge.

"White squaw been in that closet!" repeated the knowing savage.

Still the lady denied her charge. She was thereupon dismissed and another lady summoned. The second lady happened to be out of the house at the moment and could not respond. The first lady, however, on seeing that somebody must be charged with the illusion, boldly resolved to face the music and shoulder the responsibility. So, going back to the room, she pretended to have lost no faith in Spiritualism, and called for Owasso. Owasso promptly took possession of Slade and announced his readiness to hear what the "white squaw" had to say. The lady thereupon acknowledged her prying conduct and the reasons that led to it. Instead of being angry, Owasso, through Slade, seemed greatly amused at the circumstance.

"Owasso no blame white squaw," he said. "White squaw all right. White squaw think she find something. Make her doubt. But white squaw mistaken. This great reality. No humbug. Medium had masks for other use. Medium would have shown them to white squaw soon."

This and other silly responses were poured into the lady's ears to dissuade her from the conviction that the paraphernalia she had found was used by Slade in producing what he terms "materializations," and to end the scene the lady professed to be satisfied, and left the apartment. Subsequently Slade gave her three separate excuses for the presence of the masks, all different from the excuse made by the pretended Owasso. But she was so disgusted with the whole performance that she left the house for good.

AFTER THE DISCOVERY,

of which Slade assumed to make so light, his "materializations" came to a sudden end. In excuse he says that the "conditions" have been somewhat disturbed, but that the spirits have not deserted him, but will manifest themselves even more brilliantly than before in a short time. But he is very watchful of his apartments now. A Mr. Martin, of Boston, who has been boarding at the house for a number of weeks awaiting development as a medium, and who, strangely enough, had never been permitted to see a spirit, is now placed in charge of the room when Slade is away, and is required to remain there constantly to keep out intruders.

The business has been a profitable one to the operators, probably quite as much so as any confidence operation in the city. A short time ago he had a gentleman there named Aiken, from Pittsburg, whom he toled along from week to week, bleeding him without mercy. Under the thin guise of the Indian spirit's controlling influence, Slade told this gentleman that he must get an elegant diamond cross for the medium, which Aiken went off and purchased without questioning. He also wrung large sums of money out of the same victim, who only detected the swindle when he had been thoroughly robbed. Similar instances might be multiplied almost indefinitely. In fact, Slade's victims were usually men or women of means, and many of them were educated people who ought to have known better than be caught by such a glaring humbug.

THE SPIRIT PORTRAIT.

One article in Slade's house on which he prides himself greatly, is a portrait of his deceased wife. This occupied a conspicuous place on his parlor wall, and is shown to all visitors as the work of the spirits. And thereon hangs a tale. When he was living in Jackson, Mich., there was a female photographer there named Mrs. Geer. This woman took Mrs. Slade's photograph. Subsequently Mrs. Geer removed to Detroit and set herself up as an artist in oil paintings, particularly portraits. When Mrs. Slade died, Mrs. Geer hunted up one of the photographs of that lady she had formerly taken, and with her camera reproduced it at life size. This she colored in oil and sold to Slade. As Slade knew that none of his friends had any knowledge of the existence of a portrait of his wife, he laid the plan of producing this as a spirit painting. He intimated that the spirits had told him that at a certain time they would present him with such a picture, and invited a number of them to his house to see it. He had previously removed the canvas from its frame, which was left standing empty in the parlor. In due time, when the company had all arrived, he pretended to get under spiritual influence, and was directed to go into a dark closet. He went in, and remained there with the door closed for a long time, then came out with the canvas in his hands. The picture was pronounced a perfect one of Mrs. Slade. The company, of course, believed what Slade represented to them—that the spirits had guided him in producing the picture during the time of his retirement in the closet; and all his dupes to this day look upon the picture as incontrovertible evidence of the reality of modern Spiritualism.

(*See notice on editorial page.*)

Orthodox Lunacy.

A young man kicked up a remarkable bobbery in Mr. Beecher's church Sunday before last, and after a considerable muscular exercise on the part of the deacons and tithing men, was put out upon the sidewalk, and transferred by a convenient policeman to the station-house. He set up a series of yells and yelps exactly in the middle of the deacon's prayer, putting him entirely out, and recalling the thoughts of the unworldly congregation to the things of earth again. There was great excitement for a time. All were in a panicky state but Mr. Beecher. He waved his hand over the congregation as a prophet of the old time would wave his hand over the people. And after the young man's forcible ejection, remarks on the evil of rum-drinking were in order. It proved, however, that there was nothing of the sort in the case. The offender was simply a lunatic. Had he entered Music Hall, Boston, when the Spiritualists hold their big assemblies there, and showed off his irregularities in that kind of style, the papers the next morning would have been filled with reports in detail of spiritual lunacy, trying to make it appear that the young man was a lunatic on account of the teachings of Spiritualism.—*Banner of Light.*

"J. O. Barrett's Moral Philosophy."

It is said a novitiate artist once drew a faint resemblance to a horse and hung it upon the walls of his school-room, when, fearing his fellow-students would not know what it was, wrote under it—"This is a horse!" The next time I indulge in a little playful sarcasm, for the sake of social pleasantry, I shall remember that my literary caricatures may need definition, and so will write underneath—"This is a joke."

But jokes generally have a meaning; so I will explain for the benefit of all "busy-bodies" who make others the mirror in which to see themselves. We all recollect what a fuss there was about the Constitution of the Union, when it was pro-slavery. The same old fogyism prevails now. As, by agitation, the social slaveries come to the surface, the scum is very black, and the Radicals propose to remove the cause of the scum, and in so doing strike against time-honored laws and customs, the Conservatives cry out—"It is against the Constitution!" Yes, the *Constitution*, as though there were no higher law. *Justice* is sure to win in the long race. When through self-sacrifice a reform is secured, "It is not so pleasant (to the Conservatives) to be left out in the cold all for the sake of the Constitution." If my critics cannot yet understand the joke, they better study the ancient ethics of slavery, and learn by contrast at least, that the *life* of principle is in radical thought.

The first lesson in social science is, "Mind your own business!" The next is, *That the most prudish are the most guilty.* Those who live in glass houses may not understand this.

If it is of any importance to my friends Geo. R. Fitch, of Pittsburgh, Pa., "Nor' Wester," of the "Up-North" country, including some interested private correspondents, "all the world and the rest of mankind," be it said, that I am no one's satellite. I propose to think for myself without appeal to arbitrary tribunals. Because I have a kind word for Mrs Woodhull, does it follow that I endorse all her policies! When her character is falsified, and her reforms in behalf of the toiling millions and the unfortunates are misrepresented by so many,—even by certain Spiritualists as well as Orthodox,—it may be, perhaps, a "moral philosophy" for me to speak creditably and charitably of her as a sister and as a talented and high-minded woman, whose inner life is clear of the stain which her contemners hope to find.

It *may* be too much to expect for her or any woman—in our day—that she will be President of the United States; but it is not "disgraceful" nor "fanatical" for one such to aspire to the position.

I believe in agitation upon every question of human interest.

I believe in freedom; that no legislation can make a single human right, and that government is powerless to determine what we shall love or hate.

I believe in dual marriage, and no other; that promiscuity is social hell; that a natural, and therefore *true* marriage, admits of no divorce; and that a *false* marriage does.

I believe in the sacredness and purity of home, and in chastity of soul and habit.

I believe in defending a principle at any hazard.

I believe in charity, as the chief of human virtues.

This is a *part* of my "Moral Philosophy."

J. O. BARRETT.

Glen Beulah, Wis.

Items of Interest.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Our little city has been shaken from circumference to center during the past few days. You are aware that there are some twenty or thirty copies of your paper taken here now, while three months ago but a single copy came to the postoffice. Well, these JOURNALS have been the cause of the excitement I allude to! They were read by the subscribers, and then handed to others to read, and the natural consequence was, that a great many persons began to think of Spiritualism. Once get sensible people to thinking on a subject, and if there is anything in it, they will soon want to see for themselves. This was the case with the readers of the JOURNAL, in Bedford and vicinity.

We addressed a communication to Mr. and Mrs. Keigwin, of Jeffersonvile, Ind., stating the case, and they kindly consented to pay us a visit, arrived here on Tuesday of last week, and remained with us three days. It is useless for me to tell you anything in reference to Mrs. Keigwin, for her reputation as a writing medium is national. She is a lady of culture and refinement, and never fails to make a favorable impression upon her visitors. Mr. Keigwin, her husband, is a gentleman, and a popular business man in Jeffersonville, and blessed with ample wealth, but like his accomplished lady, he is an ardent worker in the cause of Spiritualism, often neglecting his own matters to assist others in search of truth. They do not travel, and their visit to us was made for our accommodation,—thereby placing all of us under lasting obligation to them.

The persons who first visited them after their arrival were professional and business men, all of good sound, practical sense, and men whose word is good in our community. Questions were asked by the visitors by writing them on one side of the slate, and handing it to Mrs. K. with the writing down on the under side, to prevent her from seeing it, when the spirit interrogated, if present, immediately answered by writing, sometimes on the upper side, and sometimes on the under side of the slate. A most scrutinizing watch was kept over her at first, but after the first day all were thoroughly satisfied who witnessed the sittings that no imposition was practiced. The phenomena of a spiritual hand coming from under one side of the table, and taking articles out of the hands of spectators, such as pocket knives, spectacles, pencils, etc., was frequently shown, and in more than one instance the hand of the spirit present took a lead pencil out of the hand of a spectator and answered the question on the slate. Now, during all these manifestations, Mrs. K. was closely watched, but not one single person was there out of more than one hundred, who visited her during her stay, that would say she did it, and some of the persons were most bitterly prejudiced against Spiritualism. To be brief, Mr. Editor, she convinced all who saw her, that Spiritualism was not a deception. Of course there were all sorts of stories outside, of how it was all a humbug, etc., but all these originated with persons who were actually afraid to trust their own senses, and refused to go and see for themselves.

Your valuable paper is more appreciated now with us than ever before, and you may expect new additions to your subscription list from Bedford.

J. D. T.

Bedford, Ind.

—That horse-shoe which Rev. Robert Collyer agreed to make with his own hand for the students of Cornell University, for the high price of $2,000, has been called for. The money has been sent, and the revered blacksmith promises to send on the wrought iron receipt shortly. Of the money $500 of it went to the Michigan sufferers, and $1,500 is to aid in rebuilding Mr. Collyer's church.

Voice from Missouri.

BRO. JONES:—Away here among the "knobs," we are rendered happy week by week, when the JOURNAL brings us tidings as to how the world moves in the domain of Spiritualism. We Missourians are especially interested in the effort of the orthodox church, to get "God" into the Constitution, for we very naturally conclude that, when they get him there, they will become responsible for his acts, and as a consequence, life and property will be safer. It is really amusing to carefully observe the phraseology of that "petition" to Congress; for, as a matter of course, they believe in the God of Moses and Joshua, with all of his murder, rape and arson propensities, and once get acknowledged as the source of all authority and power, liberal minded people would have to keep quiet. They certainly are like the old lady who "wanted John to take the papers"; they certainly don't know that Jesus Christ is dead, and cannot be the ruler among the nations personally; and as to his being ruler among the nations in any other sense, their house is divided against itself too much to decide for the American people on the "revealed will" question. And on the term "justice," everybody knows that they define that to be vindictive retribution, and we don't want that article "established" in this country. They wish to establish a Christian government. It is also well known that the Christian name is denied the Universalists, Swedenborgians, Campbellites, and various other sects by some of those self-styled orthodox. How will they arrange that matter?

We sincerely hope that Congress will treat said petition in such a manner as to forever banish all priestly hope of uniting church and State, in our republic. C. W. STEWART.

Kirkville, Mo.

The Grand Jury of Vigo county, Ind., has indicted several ministers of the Gospel for failure to return certificates of marriages performed by them, within ninety days of the ceremony.

Father Damen, an eloquent preacher, of the the Jesuit College in Chicago, has recently created quite a sensation in Ottawa, Canada, by a course of lectures, in which he maintained that the Roman Catholic is the only true Church, and that out of that Church there is no divine faith, and consequently no salvation.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, in a recent infidel address at Peoria, created intense feeling among orthodox believers, one of whom declares that the Colonel can not be allowed to take an oath, his place at the bar is usurpation, and he is for every case an incompetent witness.

An Eastern paper has it that a poor little Sunday-school scholar in Wisconsin was deluded into learning 3,720 verses of the Bible in four weeks by a promise of a book. They gave him "Hitchcock's Analysis of the Bible." He swapped it for a three-bladed knife and a peck of hickory nuts.

A middle-aged, crazy man, by the name of Samuel Swoap, living at Gray's Point in this county, was brought to town to-day, by his friends, to present to the county court, which was in session, but learning that this was not the court to give assistance to the unfortunate man, they returned home. They had a paper from Dr. Morris, stating that Swoap was suffering from monomania, caused by religious excitement. It seems that he had been attending a protracted meeting, and under the excitement of the occasion, had become deranged.—*Spring River Fountain.*

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It is a lamentable fact that some mediums so far forget their self-respect as to speak evil of other mediums, not infrequently even of those who are far their superiors. The names of such persons will be dropped from this Register so soon as we have evidence conclusive of their indulging in such unkindness.

It should be borne in mind that individuals visiting mediums carry conditions with them—so to speak—which aid or destroy the power of spirits to control the medium visited; hence it is that one medium gives satisfaction to certain persons, another better to others—all having their friends, and justly so, too, and all equally honest and useful in their place.

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BRO. JONES;—Please state that I am an agent for "The Western Star," to be published by Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, and will be pleased to receive names, with amount of subscription, through the mails or otherwise. Will duly credit each one, and should anything occur (I am *y sittere* there will not) to prevent its being published, I *pledge* myself to return the FULL amount to each one that favors me with their subscription.

I am surprised at the ungenerous criticism of W. F. Jamieson, in the *Present Age*, of March 9th. An uncharitable spirit pervades his article, and it will not have the effect upon the public mind that he anticipates. Such a work as the one proposed is needed. The spirits have it in hand, and it *will* succeed. It seems to me that teachings such as are proposed in this new work, should be welcomed by all who believe in the Spiritual Philosophy, and none but prejudiced minds would place obstacles in its path. The liberal-minded will hail its appearance with pleasure. This work when presented, should, and will, stand or fall upon its merits, which may be *best* ascertained by the fair arguments of criticism in favor or against its teachings.

All who are willing to assist in presenting a high-toned work, portraying the beauties of the Spiritual Philosophy, are earnestly requested to manifest their interest, by subscribing liberally. I do not desire particularly to appear in your paper presenting the claims of this work, and would suggest, if you think well of the enterprise, that you give it a support under your *editorial* authority, as your influence, and that of your paper will be so much more efficient than anything I can say.

Respectfully,

ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Chicago, Ill.

REMARKS:—Yes, dear sister, we hail with pleasure the publication of the magazine referred to, by our sister Britten, and hope she may meet with that patronage which shall be a guarantee of success; thereby avoiding the anxiety and financial embarrassment that has been the experience of those who have failed in similar enterprises.

In after days, when the *philosophy of life* shall be recognized by the world as based upon demonstrated *scientific truths*, the question will be asked, how it happened that so many journals and magazines which were from year to year instituted, to advocate Spiritualism, failed to receive sufficient support to warrant their continuance.

Our *impression* is, it will be found that a power upon the spiritual plane has much to do in the prolongation or shortening of the lives of such newspapers and magazines.

It is very certain that the movement now recognized as the *intercommunion of the two world is irresistible*. Hence it is more than likely that all attempts to *trail* that movement into the service of, and to use it as an adjunct to other movements of a sectarian, political, or for self-aggrandizing character, will be, as they ever have been, failures.

We speak from observation and experience. Our beloved RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL was inaugurated by a *circle* of intelligent spirits; from the same source it received its name, and entered upon its mission. And yet it would seem, that even as the sturdy old oak of centuries growth, became stronger and well-founded upon the bosom of Mother Earth, by frequently encountering storms that nearly uprooted it in its early growth, and at times made it gnarly and unseemly in appearance, even so the JOURNAL encountered storm after storm, which in the estimation of many, was destined to completely overwhelm and strike it from existence! Yet we, well knowing of its *spiritual origin*, and having foreseen its *ultimate unparalleled success from the beginning*, have never for a moment lost confidence in its permanency.

Indeed, though *again* the powers of hell, metaphorically speaking, should be arrayed against it, it can not be moved from its *sphere of usefulness*. The *consuming fires* of a *burning Chicago*, could not delay its weekly visits to its many thousands of admirers and patrons for a single issue.

We feel, aye we know, that its unparalleled growth and strength amidst the most determined opposition of *selfish men*, has been the natural result of its *loyalty* to the *power invisible*.

Its revilers and *their organs* have gradually sank into oblivion, until nearly all have disappeared altogether, or are upon the *verge of that fate* that has overwhelmed their cotemporaries, while the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and the BANNER OF LIGHT have from day to day, received new support and fresh inspirations from both spheres of life, *typical* of that interblending of the *material and spiritual spheres*, which is characteristic of this new dispensation.

It is, perhaps, *peculiarly the province of this paper to advance thought that may even startle the veterans* in Spiritualism. Some, indeed, may find too strong meat for their digestion, but thanks to the wisdom of the age, there are millions who do daily receive that spirit of inspiration from the *higher life*, that makes them *hunger and thirst* for that mental and spiritual *bread and wine* which flows through the columns of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Our sister Emma has long been a messenger, conveying great words of love and truth, fresh from the *supernal spheres* to mortals. That her sphere of usefulness may be greatly enhanced and enlarged through her new medium for reaching the minds of the people, is unquestionable. We hope it may be based upon eternal principles, that under no circumstances may it be led to swerve one *jot or tittle from such principles*, for the sake of public or individual applause or pecuniary considerations. Being ever loyal to the spirit of *eternal truth, its life, growth, and usefulness will be absolute and certain.*

EDWARD I. WALTON, FARMINGTON,—What State do you live in?

Items of Interest.

—Miss Sarah Wilhelm is at Davenport, quite ill.

—There are fears of a popular uprising against the Jesuits in Nicaragua.

EACH sigh drives a nail in your coffin there 's no matter of doubt;
And every downright laugh as surely draws one out.

—We would call attention to Bro. Child's department. Read what he and the spirit of Paine have to say in relation to the 24th anniversary.

—Dr. Cumming, the famous London preacher, has in the press of Carleton & Co. a sequel to his "Great Tribulation," entitled "The Seventh Vial."

—The Rev. F. J. Hazlewood, of Bangor, Me., writes a letter charging the Unitarians with a conspiracy t get possession of the Baptist churches in Maine.

—We have received a report of an interesting lecture delivered at Kansas City, Mo., by Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, which we shall publish soon.

—A new English edition of the Prayer Book changes, by a typographical error the verse in Psalms: "Thou hast broken my bonds," into "Thou hast broken my bones."

—Dr. E. B. Wheelock has been giving lectures in Miami county, Kansas. His wife—a medical clairvoyant—is journeying with him. Their address is Pleasanton, Kansas.

—Dr. R. Bolton, we learn, is having very good luck in healing the sick on the electro-magnetic principle. Bro. Bolton answers calls to lecture, also. Address him at Peoria, Ill.

—Robert Dale Owen's "Debatable Land" is selling the seventh thousand. "Heart Hungry," Mrs. Westmoreland's new novel, is already in its fourth edition. Carleton & Co. publish both.

—Out of sixty owners and renters of pews in the Unitarian, Church, New York, of which the Rev. Mr. Hepworth was pastor, only seventeen have followed him in his late change in church relations.

—"The Little Giant Clothes Washer" is the name of a novel, and, we judge from description, highly useful machine, just patented by our friend P. B. Bristol, of Auburn, N. Y. We shall have more to say about the machine hereafter.

—Dr. E. E. Perkins, who started from Kansas City a short time ago, in company with his wife, has been suddenly compelled to return, on account of business. Mrs. Perkins will continue her labors, sowing the good seed of Spiritualism. She has delivered several lectures with good acceptance at Brookfield, Mo.

—R. S. Cramer, of New Boston, Ill., writes: "I feel it my duty to say a word for E. V. Wilson. Five years ago last fall he held a seance here. A spirit controlled him, claiming to be Thomas Paine, who then and there claimed the authorship of the "Junius Letters" and the "Declaration of Independence"; and said that the world would yet acknowledge his claims."

—Jesse H. Soule writes from Stillwater, Minn: "Mr. and Mrs. Pope, of Morristown, have lately made a visit to this place. Mr. Pope gave one lecture; Mrs. Pope gave three. They were of a high order, and gave very general satisfaction. One thing was noticeable,—the audience were not compelled to listen to any vulgar or slang phrases,—a thing that has not always been our lot. Mrs. Pope is an excellent medium of various phases. Her ministrations are doing much good."

—Plymouth Church, N. Y., has realized $60,000 from the sale of pews this year. The salary of Mr. Halliday has been raised somewhat. He does the "baptizing, marrying, and burying," while Beecher reaps all the glory. Supposing this $60,000 should be devoted to assisting the poor sewing women in New York city, would not far more good be realized therefrom than from the sermons of Beecher? We think so.

—An exchange contains the following: "A hardened sinner who itemizes for the Kansas City *Times* says: 'Elder Hammond is doing a good work in Leavenworth, Kansas. It is said that he has con erted a newspaper man, and intends to go to work on Jennison. About five hundred children have been converted, rangin from six months to five years of age. None of the infants show any signs of backsliding, except a few who are having an unusually severe time cutting their teeth. Hammond is also conducting meetings in the penitentiary. After he gets all the convicts converted, he will doubtless feel sufficiently assured of his irresistible power to go to work on the Kansas Legislature.'"

—The following account of "Peter-worship" was given by the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon: "I saw gentlemen wiping his toe with their handkerchiefs and kissing it, old women being helped up to do the same, and little children lifted up to follow the same example. There, also, was the chair in which Peter never sat, and people bowing down to pay homage to it. It was, in truth, a big Joss-house; an idol-shop, and nothing better. It was not the worst image house in Rome; but it was bad enough, and whatever might be said by those who turned to and professed the Catholic faith, if they were not idolators, there are no idolators on earth."

—An ignoramus assuming the name of "Prof. Starr," has been around the country, catering to orthodoxy and claiming to explain Spiritualism. The *Independent*, of Bedford, Ind., speaks as follows of him: "He is generally conceded to be the grandest impostor, and most unmitigated hypocrite, that ever stopped in Bedford. We have already given him more space than he deserves, and only a sense of duty that we owe to the community, permits us to burden our columns with his name. The effrontery with which he ordered the marshal to take Jewett Messick and James Carlton down stairs by the collar, is only equalled by the willingness with which he signed Keigwin's document. His audience, collected from our Sunday schools and churches, were made to blush by language and performances better suited to a third-class Bowery theatre, than his audience. We would just advise him in the future to be a little more particular about his promises; issue no paper he can't redeem; order no more men led down stairs; and, above all, to be a little more particular in the defamation of female character."

—A remarkable case of premonition is related and vouched for by the Jamestown, Chautauqua county (N. Y.) *Journal*. Its statement, in brief, is this: Frank Canfield, who was killed on a railroad train recently, was engaged to be married to a young lady of Jamestown. The young man parted from her on the morning previous to his death, and left her in unusually good spirits. At the breakfast table next morning, a marked change was noticed in her appearance, and on being questioned, she related a dream she had, in which she saw her lover fall under the car wheels, which crushed him in a terrible manner, mangling the left leg and arm. The entire circumstance was distinctly impressed upon her mind, from the moment he fell until his death soon afterward. Her mother, of course, discredited the dream, and sought to drive its impressions from her daughter's mind, but with very indifferent success. During the day the news of the young man's death were received, the circumstances of which corresponded, in every particular, with the young lady's dream.

—The Earl of Pembroke has published a volume of sketches of travel, under the title of "South Sea Bubbles." The most noticeable thing in the brightly-written book is the dissertation on the missionary work in the South Seas. This the Earl regards as a grand mistake, and has not scrupled to express his opinions with a frankness that is said to have horrified his devoutly Catholic mother, Lady Herbert. The missionary rule is declared to be a complete despotism. Where the central government is a strong one, Protestantism seems to succeed best; where it is weak, Catholicism makes itself supreme and rules chief and people alike. The hypocrisy of the nominal converts is a besetting sin. The Earl says: "I am afraid that the South Sea natives are apt to live two lives,—a church and a natural one,—and usually the missionary reports the church one. I was much struck with this in one island where I attended divine service, and saw all the chief ladies of the land taking notes of the sermon with big pencil on foolscap paper, and looking as if butter would not melt in their pretty lips. I gazed sadly on them, thinking what much better fun I should have if I had visited the island fifty years sooner; but I was comforted the next day when I saw the identical saintly creatures busily executing the most improper gambadoes, all as wild, savage, and amorous as they were in the days of Captain Cook." The present need of the South Sea Islands is the development of the soil, and the necessary demand for steady industry. To do this, capital is essential, and yet the missionaries, in some cases, take away from the people, year after year, almost their entire savings. The author says on this point: "If the Wesleyan Society had not published the facts themselves, I should have hesitated to state them. Can it be believed that out of the kindly, credulous Tongo Islanders, just struggling into civilization, and whose every dollar, hardly earned, should and would be spent in the improvement of their country, were it not for these canting sharks, they get the noble and astonishing sum of £4,489, which, with £1,550 reserved as class and oil-money, make a total of £6,000, being £3,500 above the current expenses of the mission for the year, to assist in sending the glorious Gospel of Christ to regions beyond. Beyond where?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

The 31st of March.

Twenty-Fourth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, with a Communication from Thomas Paine.

How swiftly rolls the tide of time, onward from the mighty past, into the great unknown future, stopping momentarily in the ever-living present. Our little barques rush onward, it seems, with increased rapidity, as each stroke of the clock of time notes another year gone.

If we are alive and awake, we stand upon these fleeting barques, holding the receding past in one hand and grasping the in-coming future with the other, looking, however, with intense interest upon the living present.

Twenty-four years have rolled away, since the first tiny rap awakened earth from its slumbers, and tolled out the dawn of a new day. Twenty-four years of earth's history, richer and grander in all that makes life noble and divine, than any century of the past, in which the angel world has been casting up pearls continually, for which some have, like swine, been disposed to turn and rend them, while many have realized the glorious truth and gathered these pearls to deck their immortal brows.

We would speak to those who heard the first notes of this mighty bell that was to ring out over the world, and proclaim liberty to all the inhabitants. Oh, blessed privilege! Are you aware of the mighty and majestic river of truth that then and there sprang forth on the mountain sides of earth's best and holiest conditions, and started with a force that must go on and on, forever? Its waters may become turbid by the conditions of the soil through which it passes, but they, in themselves, are pure, and sooner or later, all this sediment of error and wrong will settle, leaving the waters pure and clear and fit for the healing of the nations.

Have you been drinking of these living waters all these years and made little or no effort to give them to your fellowmen? If so, they have not healed you, and made your souls to expand and bloom as they would, had you been faithful pioneers and laborers, seeking to give this to the world. We know that the angels have been working earnestly, faithfully, in season and out of season,—wherever they could find an opportunity to break the chains of superstition, and open the windows of the soul, that the light of heaven may come in and bless the world. We know there have been strong men and noble, earnest women, who put their hand to the plow at the very first sound, and who have never faltered nor turned back for a moment,—and these know that the angel world ever blesses them for their earnestness and devotion. Then, too, there are thousands and millions, who were not awakened at the first grey dawn of the morning, but on whom this beautiful light has fallen with its rich blessings, and who are devoted and faithful in their labors for its reception and its spread among mankind. We are glad, and our heart rejoices to know that the army of the Lord,—the band who have chosen freedom and the right, are marching on, and gathering hosts of new recruits day by day.

As we look over the world and see this grand army of earth's children sustained and supported, as it has been by the angel world,—an innumerable company of men and women made more perfect, by their ascension to the higher life,—we know that before us lies the great victory of truth over error, of light over darkness, of good over evil,—and we know that, with each onward step in the great march of life, there is that gained that can never be lost!

Now, stopping for a moment at the twenty-fourth mile stone on our journey, let us buckle on the armor and move forward with firm step, marching ever to the music of the angels,—keeping time with the grand role of eternity,—bearing onward the great flag of truth, with the emblems of purity, and love, and harmony inscribed upon its folds. If we have stopped upon the banks of this mighty river to pick up pebbles and cast them at each other, let us do so no more. Let us resolve to march right on, and let us strive not to soil its waters by any impurity in our lives, but living in the atmosphere of the angels, knowing that they see our inmost thoughts, and read the intents of our souls. Let our lives be true, and noble, and angelic here, and we may be certain that they will be so in the hereafter.

Having written this for a noble patriot and earnest worker, whose hands have never been idle in this life or that beyond, stood smilingly by our side and said, "You have written well, send it forth to the world; and let me add that, standing on the other shore and looking down through the misty haze that envelops humanity, we must congratulate ourselves and you, upon the wonderful success that has attended the introduction of spiritual truth in the world in the last quarter of a century. I need not refer to the efforts of those men who lived in the days that tried men's souls, to lay broad and deep the foundations of social, civil, and political liberty. They are becoming better appreciated every day, and by none more than the Spiritualists.

That there have been mistakes and failures we are well aware, but notwithstanding all these, there have been evidences furnished, to satisfy millions, that man does not, cannot die; that life is a continuous stream, and death, but a ripply wave upon its shore,—a sparkling cascade, which, when understood, will not be feared. More than this, we rejoice that, in the bridging of the pathway between the two worlds, we have not only made ourselves known to the inhabitants of earth, and absolutely proved the continuance of life, but we have thereby opened the way for mankind to be much more effectual in their ministrations to us.

"The world does not realize the value and importance of the grand work of "preaching to spirits in prison." Nearly every spirit that enters this life is under the necessity of returning to earth to receive from those who remain, the means of starting on their progress into harmony, which is heaven.

"If, as mediums, you have found discord,—if there has been suffering entailed upon you, it is but an expression of the condition of the spirits, or yourselves. It is necessary that mankind should suffer on account of undeveloped conditions, until they learn the great lesson of preparing for higher conditions by doing the best they can under all circumstances.

"The crimes of society, its ignorance and folly, are sending millions to untimely graves, and causing a vast amount of suffering. Until this is remedied, sensitive men and women must bear heavy burdens and go mourning on their way.

"Spiritualism, while it tells of the future, and gives grand and noble lessons to humanity, has a wider scope. It teaches that immortality is not a thing of the future alone, but of the present; and that the immortality of the future will be tinted and shaded by the immortality of the present.

"The grandest lesson that humanity can learn today is, to live right;—the past is gone, the future will take care of itself, but the present—the ever-living present, demands thought and labor. Earth's children are building—ever building temples for their spirits to dwell in,—temples that make or mar the happiness of that spirit.

"We who have suffered through ignorance of these great laws, are returning to give our experiences; and if we can tell you how to avoid the evils which have obstructed our pathway, we shall be able to outwork our mission, and leave behind the burdens which we had laid upon our spirits.

"Do you realize that every day and every hour you are either freeing your spirits from the chains of materiality, and educating them for the higher and holier purposes of life, or are binding them with chains that shall hold them still more firmly within their grasp? Spirits who have not lived up to the light which was given to them when in the form, find it necessary to return and endeavor to impress upon others the importance of this work; and where they can accomplish this they are enabled to advance.

"We realize that this open intercourse between the two worlds is not alone for the benefit of humanity, but is equally important to the dwellers in the spheres. There is not a soul here but may find through this communion, the means of rising into higher conditions, and realizing grander and more perfect happiness, thus laying the foundations on which they are to build their heavens.

"While, therefore, you may rejoice in the truths which are given to you from the spirit-world, remember that we are also made better by it,—that the practical benefits of these revelations are mutual; earth and the spheres are bound closer together, and the progress of the one is linked with that of the other. We can go onward only as we carry you with us, and you cannot move upward without elevating us. So the universal brotherhood of man lives and moves together, and each onward step of the marching hosts vibrates throughout the entire family of God in the spheres and on all the earths."

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—:o:—

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Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art, but when her spirit guides are brought *en rapport* with a sick person through her mediumship, they never fail to give immediate and permanent relief, in curable cases, through the *positive* and *negative* forces latent in the system and in nature. This prescription is sent by mail, and be it an internal remedy or an external application, it should be given or applied precisely as directed in the accompanying letter of instructions, however simple it may seem to be; remember it is not the quantity of the compound, but the chemical effect that is produced, that science takes cognizance of.

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Select Poetry.

WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers like souls at rest:
The stars shine gloriously, and all,
Save me, is blest.

Mother, I love thy grave!
The violet, with blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head—when shall it wave
Above thy child?

'Tis a bright flower, yet must
Its bright leaves to the tempest bow;
Dear mother, 'tis thy emblem—dust
Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die,
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams,
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here,
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear
With bitter tears?

Aye, must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a withered tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee?

Oft from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past I turn,
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the blue dim wave,
I stray to hear the night winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there;
I listen, and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh, come, while I may press
My brow upon thy grave, and in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child!

SPIRIT PICTURES.

The Mysterious Appearance of Strange Likenesses.

[From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.]

At the close of a morning of most unsatisfactory work, Edgar Ramsay put away his canvas and stood looking into the street. He had an artist's eye and taste, and had chosen his occupation from the love of it. But there came hours of depression and weariness to him as well as to every other son of Adam, when he doubted whether he had been wise in choosing his present pursuit. His morning sitter had been a model of patience and good nature. No statue could have been more immovable, the day was fine, the light perfect, and her drapery had fallen about her in the most graceful folds. Yet she had sat six times full-face, three-quarters, profile, and yet he could not conscientiously say that at any time he had produced a likeness.

"You know best," said the lady, in answer to his remarks, "whether it is a good likeness or not. One never knows how they look themselves, and one's friends are hardly better judges. Satisfy yourself, and you will satisfy me."

No sitter that he had ever had was more supremely indifferent to the advantages which nature had lavished upon her, but he could not satisfy himself, and he had been obliged to make another appointment, from which he feared the result would be equally disappointing. He could not quarrel with his materials; they were the best that could be procured, and he had just taken the picture of a young girl which seemed almost as if it must speak, so lifelike was it, and yet this face refused to reproduce itself. Truly there was much in his art that he did not understand, though the beauty of his pictures and his intuitive knowledge of the most favorable position in which to place his sitters, so as to bring out their good points and conceal their bad ones, brought him fame and constant employment. Yet he felt inclined to-day to give it all up because he was baffled by something which he could not comprehend.

To his recollection came a curious observation of an old artist, which he had treated once with contempt, thinking it an excuse for poor materials or bad work. "Different people," said he, "exert such a different influence on the materials, that one would almost think the inanimate things had consciences, and were moved by likes and dislikes like creatures with souls. It appears almost as if they had pleasure in reproducing some faces, and brought out all their finest expressions and inward grace; while others have a contrary effect, and though we exert all the knowledge of which we are possessed, and try to bend the stubborn materials to our will, they defy us and refuse to paint for us the face before them, or produce it in such a manner that what should be a likeness is a caricature or a distortion. I have met in my own experience two such cases. They are rare, but you will often find sitters of whose patience you can not complain, who will not be easy to take, and who will cause you a world of trouble because they exert but in a slight degree this same unhappy influence. But if one of these untakable faces should become a sitter of yours, do not waste too much time upon it, let it go—whatever the cause may be, you can not in the slightest degree control it, and you may as well give up the attempt at once."

How Ramsay had laughed in his sleeve at the old man. Nothing of that kind should ever happen to him. There was not a face in the wide world but he could copy it, if he had only time. But to-day it seemed as if the artist's mysterious experience was about to become his also. Pshaw, he was tired from overwork, or such crotchets would have found no entertainment in his mind, and the best way to dispel them was to plunge into the throng that surged beneath the windows, where, if he did not keep his wits from wool-gathering, he would be run over, and served rightly for his stupidity. As he was about to leave the room, a boy put a note into his hand which read thus:

"Will Mr. Ramsay please come this afternoon to Twenty-seventh street, and bring his instruments, to photograph a dead child, and greatly oblige "CORNELIUS WALKER."

Of course he could not refuse; he must go at once. The new subject would drive out the old. At the appointed time he presented himself at the door, and was shown into a darkened room, where, upon a dark maroon couch, lay the loveliest child he had ever seen. In whatever form death had come, he had left no trace of grief or pain behind him; nothing but peace and beauty. The boy lay on his side, with his cheek resting on one hand, while from the other flowers were drooping, as if, overcome by sleep, he had sunk down with them still in his grasp, which had grown less firm as his slumbers became more profound. In front of the couch sat the father, apparently unable to withdraw his eyes from the lovely statue before him. He bowed to Mr. Ramsay, who stood a moment beside it, as if he too were fascinated by the spectacle. He then withdrew to a distant chair, and waited till Mr. Walker should speak to him.

"Sir," said the gentleman at last, "I have sent to you that you may give me a picture of this child. Some memories can carry with them the faces of dead friends forever, but mine can not, and I wish you to preserve for me that which I must so soon put away from my sight."

"I will do what I can," said Ramsey; but he spoke less confidently than he would have done on the preceding day. "At the best, Art can but give you a suggestion of that which is lost, not an accurate picture of it."

"Give me something at least by which to recall it. Do you know, sir, what it is to have a memory as treacherous as shifting sands, which keep no trace of yesterday for you? If you do, you must needs pity me. The mother of that child, my wife, died but a year ago. I loved her as my life. In our short wedded life we were never separated a day, and yet I can not recall a feature of her face—it has faded, faded quite away. I see her dress; I have that by me, and the jewels she wore, the books that she loved; but her eyes, her lips have vanished and left me forlorn. I think I shall go mad sometimes with the longing and striving to see what I can not."

The unhappy man gazed earnestly at the great mirror before him, as if he hoped to see something in the shadowy depths that approached her.

"I was not so painfully aware of my infirmity while she lived. I knew that faces came and went in my mind like shadows in running water, but how could I feel it? I had her then. I often asked her to have her picture taken for me, but she had some superstition about it, and laughingly refused. She was not handsome enough, she said, for that, and what did I want of her picture and her too? What would I give for the faintest hint and gleam of her face? I would go to the very gates of death for but one glimpse of it! Can those we love be perfectly happy in heaven, if they know the longing of those on earth to see them once again?"

For such a question Ramsay had no reply, and indeed none was expected—the mourner seemed rather as if he were thinking aloud than talking to a sympathetic listener. But he felt that if he did not pause soon he must interrupt him, for he knew by the situation of the room, and the time which the clock on the shelf showed him, that he must soon begin his task, or the light would not answer his purpose. Yet he could hardly bear to disturb the cool gray light which lay over the child, and which seemed best suited to its profound and dreamless sleep.

"I am sorry to appear in haste," said he at last, "but I must soon commence, or the light——"

"Ah yes, I know, I will go away. Take him as nearly as he lies as you can. I have seen him sleeping so, so many, many times; and yet I know he would fade out of my mind just as his mother did. Begin when you will." And he rose and left the room.

Ramsay approached the couch, and for a few moments studied the child. Then he opened the blinds, and turned the couch a little more toward the light, and partially shaded the window with the muslin curtains. Then he arranged his camera and plate. Looking, he saw the child lying as beautiful as a dream, with the light falling softly on the delicately-chiseled features, which were thrown in bold relief by the warm background. He dropped the curtain, waited, and then drew out the plate. He saw the couch, the simple night-dress, the bare feet, the dropping flowers, and the light curling hair, but over all floated a thin vail, as if a puff of mist or vapor had swept over and obscured it. The air of the room seemed perfectly clear; could a filmy smoke have swept into the window, spoiling what promised to be the most perfect picture he had ever taken, or was the dimness and obscureness in his own vision? No, it was clearly on the plate, for every other object was distinct enough. He tried again; he closed the window; he shrouded the camera with more particular care, and waited with a nervous feeling for the result. The picture was no better than before, excepting that the vapor, breath, or whatever it might be, had cleared away from the child's feet, which were distinctly visible, while over the head and upper part of the body it still remained more heavily than before.

"I shall have time but for one more trial," muttered Ramsay, "and to-morrow I shall be able to do nothing. I think I am losing all my skill."

He arranged the camera, and sat down and waited—perhaps he had been too impatient. It was the first picture he had ever taken under such circumstances—perhaps it might require a longer time for its completion than an ordinary one. When he drew it out at last, he was fully rewarded; perfect as a Greek statue lay the child. The mist must have lifted off its delicate features and had gathered like an aureole about its head, but that could be easily removed, and he felt proud and glad of the art which could keep so fresh in the mind of the childless father the face which he must so soon put away from him. He drew the blind to again, placed the couch in its former position and restored to the waxen fingers the violets which had dropped from them.

As he was about to leave the house, Mr. Walker came toward him.

"Have you been successful?" he asked.

"I hope so," was the reply. "I have staid till the light would no longer serve me. I will send the proofs as soon as they are finished."

Ramsay never watched the completion of a picture with such anxiety, not even the first that he finished by himself. When he first saw the perfect proof he uttered an exclamation of surprise. Floating above the child's head, bending over it, but not looking at it, was a female face of surpassing beauty, with eyes of a clear brightness like those of the child in the arms of the Sistine Madonna. The head and a slender portion of the neck were distinctly visible, and then the form faded away in a trailing cloud of mist. Had he, then, been with spirits, and not known it? Should he keep this picture to himself, or should he show it to Mr. Walker? From this he copied others without the radiant face; but in every picture which he took directly from the negative, from out the floating mist the same face appeared. When he had completed some pictures which satisfied him, he carried them himself to Mr. Walker.

He found the unhappy man sitting in the same place, with the couch drawn up in the same position, with a night-dress lying on it, as if he were trying to cheat himself into the belief that the child might still be in it. A withered violet or two lay near where the empty sleeve had fallen.

"Oh, you have come again!" said he, when he recognized Ramsay. "Give it to me, no matter what you think—give it to me, if it is ever so little like him. Do you know that he is fading from me already—fading away just as she did? I have forgotten him when alive; I only remember how he looked when dead, and soon that will fade, too, and I shall have nothing but this, and this," and he touched the night-dress and a shoe which lay beside it.

Without a word, Ramsay handed him the pictures. He seized them, he kissed them with rapture, and the great tears rolled down his cheeks.

"It is he—my pretty boy," he cried—"dead—but I can keep him—this will not go from me. But why did I not have you before?—then I could have kept him with me alive always, and then I should have had his bright eyes and pretty smile—they never would have vanished quite away."

This mingling of grief and joy affected Ramsay powerfully. He held the envelope with the shadowy picture in it in his hand. Should he give or keep it? The man's nerves were unstrung by grief; how would this affect him? He could in no way account for the appearance of the head above the child; and it was the likeness of no one he had ever seen. Indeed, the whole had a transparent look, not as if the light shone upon it, but rather through it—soft and translucent, like an alabaster shade with a lamp behind. An impulse which he could not control made him draw it out.

"I have something here to show you. I can not account for it, and I do not pretend to understand or explain it. This was the picture that was taken the afternoon that you sent for me."

Mr. Walker put out his hand carelessly. He had hardly heard what was said; all his other senses were dull compared with that of sight. But when his eyes fell upon this, the other pictures dropped from his hands, and he grew whiter than the bust beneath which he sat.

"Man!" said he, "who are you that can bring back the dead again? It is the face that I have prayed morning and evening with bitter agony might be given back to me even for an hour: but it would never come."

He rose and grasped Ramsay's hand with a fierce eagerness.

"Have you seen her? Did she appear to you? If she could—my Eugenia, why did you not come to me?"

"She has not appeared to me, Mr. Walker; but when I came to take the picture of your dead child, this face appeared on the plate beside him. I think heaven must have taken pity on your infirmity, and allowed her to make herself visible to you in the only way in which she could. See!—she does not look at the child below her—his spirit is with hers, but her eyes are turned to some distant object."

"It is to me that she looks! Her eyes are seeking mine. I never, never shall lose her. I can always see her when I will."

He threw open the closed blinds, and held the picture in the strongest light.

"If she could but speak to me! but I can see—I can *see* her!" Then turning to Ramsay, he said: "You never can know a joy till you have felt a grief like mine. I can never repay you."

"You are under no particular obligations to me," said the artist, quietly. This was done without any aid or help from me. I only furnished the materials to be worked upon, and left the result undisturbed."

"I thank you for that, then," said Mr. Walker; "but pure spirits only manifest themselves to those equally pure. Say nothing of this to any one but ourselves. Those who can not understand us will say we are fools, or doting; but I think it is the only thing that can keep me from going mad."

He fixed his eyes upon the picture with a gaze so eager and rapt that Ramsay began to entertain some doubts of his sanity. Indeed, the whole atmosphere of the house seemed unreal and mysterious, and he felt anxious to leave it.

"As I have no more pictures to show you, and as you are satisfied with those," said he rising, "I will take my leave."

"Stay but a moment," said Mr. Walker. "Come with me to the library, and let me pay you for your services."

Still keeping his eyes fixed upon the pictures as he walked to the library, and putting it down beside him, he drew out his hand-book and wrote a check for so large an amount that Ramsey hesitated to take it.

"It is too great a sum, Mr. Walker."

"Do not speak of it," he replied, with an impatient wave of the hand; yesterday I would have given all my fortune for what lies before me. No matter at what price the world would value it, to me it is priceless, and I am now your debtor."

Ramsay put up the check. The man could not be reasoned with, and must do as he chose. He knew there were two values for everything—one in the outside world, where men buy and sell, and another in the heart, where trifles are sometimes prized above rubies. He bowed and left him to the solitude which he seemed to desire so much.

For many days he thought constantly of his picture, and looked often at the copy which he had made for himself, but at last his business and other incidents swept it from his thoughts. Some months afterwards he was strolling with a friend through the street. He looked up at the house, which was closed and had an uninhabited aspect. His friend observed his glance, and said, carelessly, "A Mr. Cornelius Walker lived there last year—a very rich man—but he has gone crazy from the loss of his wife and child, and has been carried to an asylum."

When Ramsay returned to his room, he looked for the picture he had taken for him. The child was distinctly visible, but the face above it had grown dim and indistinct. He tried to prepare another, but the head would not come out again, though the child was represented with undeviating precision. He could not comprehend it. He had kept the negative with unusual care. Could it be that the picture which he had taken for the unhappy Mr. Walker was gradually fading away, and the loss of it had driven him to madness? The whole affair seemed to him so strange and mysterious, that he should have doubted whether it had ever happened, were it not for the generous sum which still remained to his credit in the bank, where he had deposited Mr. Walker's check.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GHOSTS.

Photographers are acquainted with three or four different ways in which secondary images may appear in photographs. In the first place, when a sensitive glass plate has served its turn as a negative—as many paper positives as may be needed having been taken from it—the film of collodion or other prepared surface is removed from it, and it may be used, for a wholly new photograph. But it is found that unless great care be used, some faint traces of the former picture still remain, and these may appear as a ghostly attendant upon the figure forming the second picture. One photographer in endeavoring to utilize an old plate which had fulfilled its duty as a negative, could not wholly erase the image. Wash or rub as he might, there was always a faint ghost of the person accompanying any subsequent photograph taken on the same plate.

Dr. Simpson relates that a friend of his received at Brussels a box of glass plates, quite new and highly polished, each wrapped in a piece of newspaper. A lady sat for her photograph, taken on one of these plates, and both the photographer and the lady were astonished to see that her likeness was covered with printed characters, easily to be read, the ghost of a political article in fact. In this case, antinic rays had done their work before the glass was exposed to the camera. By another mode of manipulation, a photographer may produce a ghost-like effect at will. A sitter is allowed to remain in the focus of the camera one half of the time necessary to produce a complete photograph; he slips quickly aside, and the furniture immediately behind him is then exposed to the action of the light. As a consequence a faint or imperfectly developed photograph of the man appears, transparent or translucent, for the furniture is visible, apparently through his body or head. With a little tact, a really surprising effect may be produced in this way. As a third variety, one negative may be placed in contact with another, and a particular kind of light allowed to pass through it for a time. There results a double picture on the lower negative.—*London Photographers' Journal.*

Items from Vermont.

BRO. JONES:—How can I express my thanks for your kindness in sending me the dear old JOURNAL? I know you are a man that believes in casting your bread upon the waters. And here let me say that your kindness will never be lost, for I may yet have it in power to do something for you in return. We all felt as though we were living on the "shadowy side" of life after writing to you; but the next week, to my great joy, I received your kind letter and the JOURNAL. We were all transported in a few minutes to the "sunny side" of life, as father commenced to read aloud the "Search after God." By the way, I want to say to Bro. Francis, that in searching, he had better look among the Green mountains of Vermont, as here are a great many caves and by-places. A short time ago the "praying band" gave us a visit. One of them, Mr. E. B., of Brandon, in his remarks, said: "We have come up here for the express purpose of holding up God before the people of this town." I thought to myself it must be the same God that Abram saw—that was on his way to Sodom and Gomorrah, to see how many righteous he could find. Now I am inclined to think it is not the same God that visited the above place, for it is said he went up there on *foot* and *alone*. But to look over Leicester people he had to be brought up, and *held* up. Now, perhaps, this is the very fellow that Mr. Francis is searching after. From your child correspondent,

Leicester, Vt. ADDIE L. PAINE.

Manifestations at Moravia, N. Y.

[From the Moravia Weekly News.]

The spiritual manifestations taking place at Morris Keeler's, in Moravia, have, for the last week, been more wonderful than ever before. The cabinet door was opened by the spirits themselves, revealing the medium sitting in her chair within the cabinet. At the same time a large and powerful man, dressed in glittering white robes, presented himself at the cabinet door, partly advanced into the sitting room occupied by the persons holding the seance, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, of Philadelphia. In the dark seance there was a sound as if water was thrown upon them. The spirits joined in singing, and would call for certain pieces. They asked for "John Brown's march," and seemed to be especially pleased when it was sung. After sitting half an hour the light was turned on and an Indian spirit presented himself, giving the name of Owasso, Dr. Slade's guide. He said he had come to talk with Mr. Chew, a gentleman present.

Two brothers from Detroit were present. Their mother came, and were recognized by them. She talked very plainly to them about their family matters. Mr. Thomas Hazard, of Providence, was present, and received several tests. A gentleman from New York city recognized his wife and two sons. A lady from Buffalo saw her father and husband, whom she fully recognized. The resemblance of the father to the lady was noticed by all present. There were twenty-eight persons in the room. Several other faces were seen and recognized by those present.

An Indian spirit, named Hantah, appeared several times, and talked in broken English. At one she was dressed in red, at another, in white. Numerous hands were seen—as many as six or eight at a time. A gentleman recognized the hand of his wife, with the representation of a ring he had given her while in the form. Some of the faces were less distinct than others, and in some instances the voices were weak, while in others they were loud and distinct.

A lady was sitting in the dark seance. A little boy came and said, "Here is Edward, mother." After the light was turned on he appeared very plainly, and spoke to her in reply to various questions, related many incidents of his life, which were very comforting and satisfactory to her. The mother of a gentleman from Camden, appeared to him and was positively recognized by him and seen by all present. She spoke to him for about fifteen minutes in regard to her family, and gave numerous tests. A young gentleman connected with the Baptist Church saw the form of his sister who had recently died of consumption. She was very plainly recognized by all present. Stepping back a little she coughed two or three times, and, holding a white handkerchief to her mouth, showed the appearance of blood that she had raised. She repeated this several times, and the recognition was perfect. She said in a clear, though feeble voice, "I followed my body to the grave, and thought what a folly it was for my friends to weep for me; for I was so much better off." She also gave her brother some good advice. H.

MR. EDITOR:—To-day I, in company with several of my friends, visited the house of Morris Keeler to witness some of the manifestations given by the 'spirits' at that place. After entering the 'spirit room' we formed a circle of eight persons: Mr. and Mrs. Keeler, Mr. and Mrs. Slocom and an adopted daughter of theirs, Mr. R. Livingston, of Genoa, Mrs. S. M. Wormer, of Moravia, and Mrs. Andrews, the medium. After sitting a very short time in the dark circle, a spirit came to Mrs. Slocom, and said, "Oh, ma!" Mrs. S. asked if it was Jennie, to which came no reply. She then asked, "Is it Johnnie?" and was answered affirmatively on the piano. Mrs. S. then asked several questions, which were answered very readily. We saw many bright lights floating about the room. Then came a very loud voice saying to me, "M., you are all right; your bark is almost over the rough sea. Go ahead and you will see better days." Mrs. Slocom's little daughter came close to her, and conversed in an audible voice. There was a sound as of a bell tolling, and a bird fluttering over us, then a voice said, "Strike a light." We did so, and Mrs. Andrews took her seat in the cabinet. After she was seated, and the cabinet door fastened, the spirits opened the door, and two children of Mrs. Slocom came, and were recognized by her and her husband. Her mother also came and stood in the door, and turned around and walked away. All present could see her plainly. The spirits also sprinkled water in our faces while in the dark circle. M.

Multum in Parvo.

Rev. A. S. Drane, A. Smith, Esq., Miss Nettie Cook, Miss Minnie Mayflower and others:

Through the kindness of Bro. Jones, by allowing space in the columns of his excellent paper for the following summary of facts, I am enabled to expedite my labor of responding separately to your questions on the same topics. If, however, the following does not prove satisfactory to each of you, I will kindly indulge further questioning:

There are 66 books in the Bible, in its present version; 1,188 chapters; 31,185 verses; 774,692 words; 3,569,480 letters. The Old Testament contains 39 books, 929 chapters; 23,214 verses; 592,439 words; 2,728,100 letters. The New Testament contains 27 books; 260 chapters; 7,950 verses; 183,253 words; 933,380 letters. The middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs; the middle chapter is the 29th of Job; the middle verse is 2d Chronicles, 20th chapter and 12th verse. The middle book of the New Testament is 2d Thessalonians. The middle chapters are Romans, 13th and 14th. The middle verse is Acts, xi, 7. The middle chapter in the Bible is Psalms, 118th. The middle line in the Bible is 2d Chronicles, i, 16. The least verse in the Bible is John, ii, 35. The 19th chapter of 2d Kings, and Isaiah, 37th are the same. The word "and" occurs in the Old Testament 35,643 times. The book of Genesis was written 850 years after the death of Moses. The two books of Chronicles are much older fragments of Jewish history than the book of Genesis. There are seven books lost from the Old Testament. The Apocryphal Old Testament contains 14 books; 183 chapters; 15,081 verses; 152,185 words. The Apocryphal New Testament contains 25 books; 198 chapters; (words and letters not yet computed). It contains some beautiful sentiments, and is profuse with so-called miracles and absurdities. There are over 24,000 errors in the Bible, and 163 self-contradictions, or

CONFLICTING AFFIRMATIONS,

only a few of which I deem it expedient to give at present:

"For I have seen God, face to face, and my life is preserved." Gen., xxxii, 30.

"No man hath seen God at any time." John, i, 18.

"Thou canst not see my face; for there shall no man see my face and live." Ex. xxxiii, 20.

"And the Lord spake to Moses, face to face, as a man speaketh to his friend." Ex. xxxiii, 11.

"Whom no man has seen or can see." 1 Tim. vi, 16.

"Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." 1 John iii, 15.

"If any man come unto me and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brother and sister, yea, and his own life also, he can not be my disciple." Luke xiv, 26.

"And it was the third hour they crucified him." Mark xv, 25.

"About the sixth hour." John xix, 14–15.

"With God all things are possible." Mat. xix, 26.

"But could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron." Judg. i, 19.

"I am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the father upon the children." Cor. xx, 5.

"The son shall not bear the iniquities of the father." Ezek. xviii, 20.

"For there is no man that sinneth not." 1 Kings viii, 46.

"Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin. * * * He can not sin." 1 John iii, 9-6.

"The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised." 1 Cor. xv, 52.

"He that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more." Job vii, 9.

"Man hath no pre-eminence over a beast; * * * as the one dieth, so dieth the other. * * * all go unto one place." Eccl. iii, 19–20.

"The earth also, and the works that abideth therein shall be burned up." 2 Peter iii, 10.

"But the earth abideth forever." Eccl. i, 4.

"There is no respect of persons with God." Rom. ii, 11.

"Jacob have I loved and Esau have I hated." Rom. ix, 13.

"The Lord is a man of war." Ex. xv, 3.

"The God of peace." Rom. xix, 33.

"His mercy endureth forever." 1 Chron. xvi, 34.

"I will not pity, nor spare, nor have mercy, but destroy." Jer. xiii, 14.

"Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven." 2 Kings ii, 11.

"No man hath ascended up into heaven." John iii, 13.

"Answer a fool according to his folly." Prov. xxvi, 4.

"Answer not a fool according to his folly." Prov. xxvi, 5.

The substance of the next two questions is, in brief as follows: First,

REPUBLICANISM

is the practical application of the Golden Rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," in all matters, civil and political. The sentiment and keynote of its doctrine is that the object of government is to protect rights. That principle which reverently regards the equal rights of all, aims to establish and maintain the same by the power of the whole people, is the principle of Republicanism; and, second,

SPIRITUALISM

is that philosophy which underlies and overtops all other philosophies—the philosophy of life, both here and hereafter. Its religion is universal justice and fraternal love. Its science is the application of the key of reason to the mysteries of the great unity in diversity, and which bridges by immutable facts the long dreaded, non-luminous space between this and the angel world, and ever exercising and inspiring us to the highest, holiest and grandest attainments possible.

Fraternally Yours,

T. S. GIVAN.

150 Fourth Ave., Chicago.

The New Departure.

BRO. JONES:—I am not learned in school logic, and what I do know I have learned by experience. I have lived to see a number of Presidents step into office and out again; but I think I will not live long enough to see *Victoria Woodhull* elected President of the United States. The following are my reasons why she can not be elected:

1. She does not put on *trowsers*, or patronize barber shops.

2. She is on the wrong side of the fence, and can not jump over to the right side.

3. The road she is now driving on does not go to Washington.

4. She can't get votes enough to elect her President of the United States.

5. If she loses Wisconsin, she is a goner; she has not two votes in the State: one is Rev. ——, and another fellow; and their votes hang on contingencies. If they can get *warm* elsewhere, with any reasonable security against cold in the future, Victoria may set them down as doubtful allies.

6. Methodists, Catholics and all other Christians will not vote for her because their brains are not large enough to see the point. All the rest are Spiritualists, and their brains are too large to see the point. Her only chance, then, is with a middle party, whose brains are so organized that they can see small points two ways, and the American Association of Spiritualists, organized to establish governments, contain about all of them, say a few hundred, more or less. I know five women who say they will vote and fight for Victoria. One of these voters lives "up North." Last winter she killed a bear in a hand-to-hand fight. Number two is a widow, suing for a divorce, getting rid of one man so that she can get another. She says that in case of a revolution she dare not fight, but she will put her next man in front of the battle—all for freedom, provided she can be secured with a pension for life. The third one is like the second, and the fourth is like the third, and the fifth is like the fourth, third and second, only more so. I said to her' "Sister, would you really fight if Victoria succeeds in getting up a revolution?" "*Yes, sir*," was the quick and earnest reply. "Very well," I replied, "you will certainly get whipped." She looked at me squarely in the face, paused a moment for the storm to gather, then with mouth opened wide as though it might spill words, but it did not; her eyes first looked pity, then contempt; and lastly they seemed as plain as words, to say, "Darn you." I took the hint and ceased speaking, without further altercations.

My reflections were that about two or three such voters for social freedom, would keep one fellow, if not more, warm enough.

I am Fraternally,

FATHER PARTINGTON.

Serpent Coils—The New Departure.

BY DR. MARY E. WALKER.

Ever since the world became a habitable place, and the people engaged in activities, both sacred and profane histories have been records of warnings. The few have delved into cause, and with prophetic reason have treated of effects, while the masses have rushed headlong into troubles, sorrows and agonies; and then the grand in sympathy, the generous in soul, the inspired in action, have played the part of the Good Samaritan.

We repeat it, the *masses* have done thus; but *to* the masses this may seem like a sweeping assertion; while to the thinkers, to the close observers, to the learned in history, the sad fact is conned over and over, without having decided upon an immediate feasible plan for bettering such conditions; or, if a decision is reached, the wherewithall to facilitate important prompt action, has always been tardy in availability.

Lamentable as it is, the facts are before us in all the terrible sternness of reality, that the daring bad are more successful in obtaining means to facilitate ends, than the high-toned and true, who can not stoop to all sorts of trickery to acquire means to further projects. The masses do not see the serpent coils beneath a gilded canopy. They love to look upon gilded objects, because they need what gold can purchase, and *somehow* they do not clearly see in what way, but they readily believe that it is to come. They expect to reap a harvest if they but follow, praise and wait the actual or implied promises of the gilder. They ask not; they think not *how*, for they do not reason enough to understaud just how power or relief is to be obtained, but they blindly think that *change* must of necessity mean roses without thorns, and a profusion of them; gold without dross, and that in abundance; everything desirable to be realized to come at the bidding, and in unlimited measure.

Such are the understood inducements held out to the laboring classes, the temperance people and the Spiritualists, if they will but unite in destroying the grand old Constitution of our clear-headed, logical fathers! Destroy it "peaceably if they can;" but by exciting those that are ignorant and excitable to revolutionary war, with all of a rabble's horrors, "if they must."

Washington, D. C.

SUSAN D. M. desires us to have a column in the JOURNAL devoted to "Questions and Answers."

We generally try to answer all questions asked, and would as soon place them under an appropriate head as anywhere else.

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A. The operation of dying has no relation, so far as its sympathies are concerned, with the external conditions that are around. The act and operation in and through which the departing is suffering, is related but slightly to the external condition and the emotions which take possession of spectators; hence, the departing spirit does not take cognizance of the outward sympathies of weeping friends. Seeing no reason for fear of the grave, it is not likely they will indulge in such emotion. Again, the mind being distracted by the last stage of its earthly career, there is no power to give vent to natural emotions, and, therefore, we cannot expect external signs of grief under such circumstances.

Q. Has a dog, with more intelligence than an idiot, any future existence?

This question was asked at the office of the *Medium*, February 2d, of Tien Sien-Tie. The answer was "No." This does not accord with kindred questions asked here, from Theodore Parker, who acts as guide to Mr. Jones, the late secretary of the Birmingham Psychological Society, who says that when a monkey, or any other animal of a lower order than man, dies, "the body returns to the dust, and the spirit, which ever lives, returns to the *sea of spirit*, which, although unconscious, is animate, and afterward withdraws from this sea of spirit in atoms, for a further development of conscious existence." Being an inquirer into the phenomena and facts of Spiritualism, my desire is to know the truth in all its bearings. As there appears to be a contradiction between the foregoing statements of the two spirit guides, shall I be out of place in asking you to kindly cause the question to be again put to Tien Sien-Tie, as to whether he still adheres to his "No," or whether he can give some further explanation on the subject as to whether there is a spiritual and ever-existent part, or essence, belonging to the lower order of animals, as I observe not a few Spiritualists are, as regards spirit progress, altogether on the side of Darwin, although, to my mind, he looks more at the physical side of the question, by looking upon the *same* atom, or spiritual monad, as developing independently and individually from the lowest order of animal to man himself. I wish to know, *if* there be a "sea of spirit," whether all animal spirits are therein deposited, and are from thence to be drawn as spirit-essence, for further development in a higher order of being; or whether those atoms, or spiritual monads, live independently of each other, as individual conscious spirit-atoms, waiting for a suitable physical organism wherein to deposit themselves for a further and higher order of spirit-progression.—*D. Taylor, Birmingham.*

A. In his remarks on this letter, the controlling spirit indicated that animals do not achieve the plane of immortality because of their inability to develop the spiritual organism necessary for individual life after the physical body has been parted with. The spiritual or psychical element of their nature is dissipated at death through the surrounding regions of spiritual forces, while the body is decomposed, and becomes associated with terrestrial forces. The spirit proceeded to discuss the career of spirits through the lower forms of being, stating that it was necessary for the spiritual principle to come in contact with existence in all its grades, that it might, through association with matter, achieve development of its innate powers, and thus be able to manifest reason, the means of which were to be found in man alone.

ANN WOODERSON.

The medium was controlled slowly and quietly. He assumed the attitude of a female, and turning round to the left, spoke in a low voice, and said:

"I only wish to say that I agree with the line of conduct pursued. This will be sufficient.—*Ann Wooderson.*

Q. Do you refer to the message sent to-day?

A. Yes.

Q. Has it taken effect?

A. Yes.

This short communication referred to incidents of which the medium did not know anything. The controlling spirit was Mrs. Burns' mother. After the seance she communicated by writing through another medium, and corroborated the fact that she had controlled Mr. Morse. She stated that not having controlled in the trance before, and the surroundings not being very favorable, the task was not a pleasant one, and was not performed very effectively.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF SEANCES IN LONDON.

In presenting your readers with a few sketches of several old established seances in the metropolis, I am actuated by the desire to afford them some idea of the methods and instrumentalities whereby the facts and principles of spirit-communion are propagated in this great city.

It may be necessary that I should occasionally conbine the duties of the critic and historian. I trust those who are gratified by a record of their doings will accept my criticisms in the spirit in which they are given.

The subject of the present article is a seance held at the house of Mrs. Maine, 231 Bethnal Green-road, every Tuesday evening, which has been in existence for a period extending over nine years, and to which the inhabitants of the brighter land have ministered through some of our best mediums. Mrs. Maine, who is herself far advanced along the path of mortal life, is a noble and devoted advocate of radical and progressive reforms, and her kind, generous, and sympathetic heart has ever constituted her a liberal patron of the oppressed and sorrowful, but even as pure gold is only attained by the fierce action of the fire, so these noble qualities have been born of doubt and trouble.

For many years an earnest laborer in the Temperance cause, in connection with which she is well and favorably known in the East End of London, she first had her attention called to the subject of Spiritualism rather more than nine years since. Being desirous of obtaining some practical demonstration of the reality of spirit-communion, she paid a visit to Mrs. Mary Marshall, and there obtained the following somewhat remarkable test.

It was customary at Mrs. Marshall's seances, at that time, for the spirits to write their names upon pieces of glass covered with white-wash, and held under the table by one of the sitters and the medium for that purpose. In accordance with this custom, Mrs. Maine selected a piece of prepared glass, and held it under the table, and when it was examined, on its surface was found traced the name of Mrs. Maine's father—"Samuel Gildersleve." On a second experiment "John Wesley" was found written. Mrs. Maine had been the recipient of a vision a few days previous, when John Wesley (I have no doubt he will pardon the omission of the "Rev.") announced to her that he was her guide. Mrs. Maine came to a realization of the importance of the subject, and her house became the seat of several week-day seances and three distinct ones on Sunday!

Items of Interest.

—Mrs. Wilcoxson is still at Kansas City, Mo.

—Read Hudson Tuttle's "Arcana of Spiritualism."

—Our New Zealand friends have our thanks for late papers.

—A large increase in the demand for Thomas Paine's writings is noticeable throughout the country.

—O. L. Sutliffe is lecturing to large and appreciative audiences at Albany, N. Y.

—Lucia H. Cowles is doing some good service in Ohio. She is a semi-trance and inspirational speaker.

—Brother White, of Gem, Oregon, will accept thanks for his exertions to circulate the JOURNAL.

—S. W. Huston's letter, with $8.00 inclosed, is at hand. Please give your postoffice address, which you failed to do.

—If you want to read a very original book, and one of much thought and research, procure "The Science of Evil," by Joel Moody.

—Springfield, Mass., following in the steps recently taken by two Western municipalities, has elected a woman to be its city physician.

—We are now well supplied with "Bible in the Balance," a valuable work for all desiring to be well informed;—and who does not?

—Dr. J. K. Bailey gave us a call one day last week. He was looking as cheerful and happy as usual, and is doing a good work.

—"Debatable Land" is in unabated demand, and the call for Mr. Owen's "Footfalls" has greatly increased of late, though first published several years ago.

—The Bible is being translated into fourteen East Indian dialects. Each translation, as usual, will be productive of mischief.

—The Methodists report 100,000 conversions among the freedmen. Wonder if their sins have been made "as white as snow." If so, what a contrast to the color of their skins.

—Bishop Simpson says: "I am alive to the danger of frivolity, but there are greater dangers in the young man's path; I would rather see my son too fond of the ball-room than too shy of it."

—A Bridgeport minister advised his Sunday school not to attend a lecture on Bible lands, because the lecturer was a Frenchman. The fool-killer evidently had n't been around there for a year or so.

—"The Voices," by W. S. Barlow, have been heard by thousands. For a small sum any one can always have them in their company. They are doing more good than the voices of a thousand "ministers of the gospel."

—In our country there are over 60,000 ministers—one for every 600 of the population. In Japan and China, there is one for every 4,000,000. The reason why this country has the most criminals is evident.

—An Orthodox Christian, by the name of Marguardt, residing at Dayton, Ohio, accused his wife of being a witch, and stated that God said he must kill her and their two children. He did so.

—Brother N. Kinney writes from Waverly, N. Y., speaking in very complimentary terms of the services of Mrs. Masson there. She is really a most excellent lady, and her lectures and tests are eminently calculated to do great good.

—Mr. Spurgeon graphically describes a certain class of stately clergymen who carry their lambs not in their arms, but with the tongs. Some of the clergymen of this country are distinguished for hugging certain lambs of their congregation.

—In the church of the Rev. E. E. Hale (Unitarian), in Boston, there is a vesper service every afternoon at 5 o'clock. It is mostly musical. We presume it is as satisfactory to God as anything else; if it is n't, why don't he say so?

—Mrs. E. A. Blair, spirit artist, painted pictures before an audience of four hundred and fifty people in Newport, Me., March 3d, while blindfolded. A beautiful symbolical painting of hers, executed in the same way can be seen at the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, by any one who is pleased to call.

—The American Baptist Home Mission Society is engaged in raising a permanent fund of half a million dollars, to aid in the erection of meeting-houses in newer portions of the country; and in those meeting-houses devils will be cast out of one class, to enter another. Oh, what a very wicked world this is!

—The editor of the *Western Catholic*, who is charged with being the priest who declared in the State of Missouri that he wished for the day when he could ride to his bridle-bits in Protestant blood, replies that he is not a priest, has never been in the State of Missouri, never had a horse, and never could ride on horseback. This is evidently considered a full denial of the charge.

—The Faculty of Franklin College, a Baptist institution in Franklin, Ind., have resigned, and the college has been shut. It had been in operation twenty-nine years, but has never been well supported. Of late its expenditures have amounted to $3,000 a year more than its receipts. God is undoubtedly neglecting his business, so far as that college is concerned. He is a very powerful being, and we can't see why he do n't look after his own colleges.

—A correspondent of one of the religious papers finds ground for merriment in the statements of some persons concerning the number of miles they have traveled, and and the number of words they have spoken "for Christ," and likens it to the jubilations of a hen. "Cut-cut cut-ca-da-cut! I have dropped another egg! Come and see it! It makes forty-three eggs I have dropped this year! Cut-cut-cut-ca da-cut! O you miserable hens that do n't lay eggs, look at me and be ashamed of yourselves. Forty three eggs! Cut-cut-cut! Cut-cut-cut ca-da cut.

—Mr. F. S. Cox, of Milford, Mass., manufacturer and importer of needles and needle-cases, is doing a large and rapidly increasing business, extending over the whole country, and, so far as we know, his goods give perfect satisfaction. He deals in nothing but first-class goods, and puts them up in the most tasty and unique styles, making one of the most attractive lines for agents and dealers to handle that is placed on the market. Even those who only wish to buy for their own use cannot do better than correspond with Mr. Cox. See his advertisement in another column.

—There exists in Belgium a society called the "Libre-Pensee," whose avowed object it is to uproot religion from modern society. It has just published its annual report, and from that document the world is informed that the members consider their cause to be making satisfactory progress. They say that the number of civil funerals—that is, funerals without religious rites—was last year double that of the year previous; and of the persons "civilly" interred one-half were women. Civil marriages, too, they say, are becoming the rule. The free Thinkers declare that no compromise is any longer possible between the old ideas and the new; men must be for the Church or against it.

—Under the date of February 21st, Brother Kent states that he has received, since his previous report, from various parties (names too numerous to give), $33.02. This amount was received in about eight days. In concluding his report he says: "Much over thirty years ago while I was a Congregationalist minister, Mrs. Kent and myself were the recipients of a 'surprise party,' but the one you and your readers are treating us to is sure to put that in the shade. That was for services freely rendered—in no true sense a charity. This is attended by many who only know me as a helpless brother. I am sure none of your readers doubt our gratitude. I repeat our thanks, not only for the money, but for the many good letters we get. I regret that I am unable to answer them as they deserve. I find myself short of tracts and not able to furnish them as I did." Total amount received under the *ten cent* proposition, inaugurated at the suggestion of the editor of the JOURNAL up to this time, $104.37. Those friends who feel able and willing to send further aid the worthy objects of charity, will address Austin Kent at Stockholm, N. Y.; Joseph Baker, Janesville, Wis.

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

A Child's Rebuke.

In a very admirable collection of poems, edited by John G. Whittier, entitled "Child-Life," we find the following, which is touchingly beautiful as illustrating the keen sense of justice of the child, and the deep lesson which it impresses on the mother. It is entitled—

"BENNY."

"I had told him, Christmas morning,
As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stockings,
Stuffed as full as full could be,
And attentive, listning to me,
With a face demure and mild,
That old Santa Claus, who filled them,
Did not love a naughty child.

"'But we'll be good, won't we, Moder?'
And from off my lap he slid,
Digging deep among the goodies
In his crimson stockings hid.
While I turned me to my table,
Where a tempting goblet stood,
With a dainty drink brimmed over,
Sent me by a neighbor good.

"But the kitten, there before me,
With his white paw, nothing loth,
Sat by way of entertainment,
Slapping off the shining froth;
And in not the gentlest humor
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess, I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.

"Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled!
Gathering up the precious store,
He had busily been pouring
In his tiny pinafore.
With a generous look that shamed me,
Sprang he from the carpet bright,
Showing by his mien indignant,
All a baby's sense of right.

"'Come back, Harvey,' called he loudly,
As he held his apron white,
'You sall have my candy wabbit!'
But the door was fastened tight,
So he stood, abashed and silent,
In the center of the floor,
With defeated look alternate
Bent on me and on the door.

"Then, as by some sudden impulse,
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And while eagerly his bright eyes
Watched the flames go higher and higher,
In a brave clear key, he shouted,
Like some lordly little elf,
'Santa Kaus, come down de chimney,
Make my moder 'have herself!'

"'I will be a good girl, Benny,'
Said I, feeling the reproof;
And straightway recalled poor Harvey
Mewing on the gallery roof.
Soon the anger was forgotten;
Laughter chased away the frown,
And they gambolled 'neath the live oaks
Till the dusky night came down.

"In my dim, fire-lighted chamber,
Harvey purred beneath my chair,
And my playworn boy beside me,
Knelt to say his evening prayer:
'God bless fader, God bless moder,
God bless sister'——then a pause,
And the sweet young lips devoutly
Murmured: 'God bless Santa Kaus.'

"He is sleeping: brown and silken
Lie the lashes, long and meek,
Like caressing, clinging shadows
On his plump and peachy cheek;
And I bend above him, weeping
Thankful tears, O Undefiled!
For a woman's crown of glory,
For the blessing of a child."

How to Settle Little Things.

In this day of agitation, when radicalism is everywhere stirring up the stagnant waters of conservatism, it becomes quite important to know how to settle vexed questions, and there are few lessons more simple than this: The only way is, to do right.

When Christ, on a certain occasion, declared that he "came not to bring peace, but a sword" to set people against each other, he had in view the rottenness and corruption which existed in the world, and he knew that the preaching of the truth would cause agitation. How beautiful was his declaration, "Blessed are the peacemakers," but peace, lasting and permanent, can only follow in the train of purity. Mankind are slow to learn this lesson.

Many subjects have been before the world, disturbing the equanimity of mankind, until the key to their solution has been discovered, and men have done right, and they have no longer troubled them.

To-day, intemperance, war, capital punishment, the social questions, and woman's position, are forever rising up and troubling those who are not ready to do right; and it is well that these questions can only be settled in one way. Any effort short of the highest right, leaves them still before the world. The attempt to ignore these questions is perfectly futile, they have the floor and they will be heard and will be settled only when justice and right is done.

This is true of individuals and of communities. We shall be thus troubled until we do right; questions will arise to perplex us, and, in the future when we shall have crossed the river, we shall still find that the settlement of all questions rests upon the proposition that we do right according to our best understanding of what that is. As progressive beings, we know that our standard of right cannot be fixed, but if we do the best we know, we are always on the high road to knowledge and to happiness.

Let us ever keep in remembrance the fact, that we are individually reponsible, and that if we can maintain our individual integrity, we shall have but little trouble about others. It is true, that our sympathies should flow out towards all mankind, and we are conscious of the wrongs that are in the world and must suffer on account of these; but for this suffering, as well as for all other, there is compensation, and the crown of our happiness is to be found in the fact that all things are working together for good, and that out of all the discord and confusion which abound in the world, will come order and harmony.

Learn all You Can.

Never omit an opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said that even in a stage-coach he always found somebody who could tell him something he did not know. Conversation is frequently more useful than books for purposes of knowledge. It is, therefore, a mistake to be morose and silent among persons whom you think ignorant, for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment. Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description, respecting their particular pursuit. Hugh Miller, the Scotch geologist, owes not a little of his fame to observations made when he was journeyman stone-mason, and working in a quarry. Socrates well said that there was but one good, which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand goes to make a heap. A gold digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away, because he hopes to find a huge lump some time. So in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, spend it over a good or instructive talking with the first one you meet.

Baker and Kent.

The following sums have been sent to this office during the past week, instead of directly to them as they should be. Friends will please send directly to Austin Kent, Stockholm, N. Y., and Joseph Baker, Janesville, Wis.:

Amount previously acknowledged	$14 56
H. B. Eastman, St. Catherines, Mo.	$ 1 00
J. H. Isett, James Creek, Pa.	.25
Geo. Payne, Mahattan, Kan.	.24
A friend, San Antonia, Tex.	.50
John Cleminson, El Monte, Cal.	2.00

Notice of Meeting.

BRO. JONES:—Will you do the Spiritualists of Terre Haute, Ind., the favor of calling the attention, through the columns of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNL, to the fact that they will celebrate the twenty-fourth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, on the 31st inst., with Hon. R. D. Owen, of this State, as speaker for the evening discussion. Subject: "The Position of Spiritualism as an element of True Religion." It is expected that Mrs. A. L. Ballou will address the society on the same day, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

JAMES HOOK, *Sec.*

Terre Haute, Ind.

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SEND TEN CENTS TO DR. ANDREW STONE, Troy, N. Y., and obtain a large, highly illustrated book on the system of vitalizing treatment.
v8 n23 tf

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v11 n20 tf.

Medium's Column.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 34 Clinton Place, New York. Terms $2.00 and three stamps. Money refunded when not answered.

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1872

The Religio-Philosophical Journal (Chicago), March 30.

List of Lecturers; Mediums' Directory.

List of Lecturers.

Hereafter we shall keep a standing register of such speakers as are furnished to us BY THE PARTIES INTERESTED, with a pledge on their part that they will keep us *posted* in regard to changes; and in addition to that, *expressly* indicate a willigness to aid in the circulation of the JOURNAL, both by *word and deed.*

Let us hear promptly from all who accept this proposition, and we will do our part faithfully.

I=Inspirational
T=Trance
C=Clairvoyant
M=Missionary
S=Solemnizing Marriages and Attending Funerals

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Dr. E. B. Wheelock, Pleasanton, Kansas.
N. Frank White, E. Saginaw, Mich. in Feb., March, and Apr. Port Huron, Mich. in May.

Mediums' Directory.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal, being an especial friend to all true mediums, will hereafter publish a complete Directory, giving the place of residence of all professional mediums, so far as advised upon the subject. This will afford better facilities for investigators to learn of the location of mediums, and at the same time increase their patronage. Mediums will do well to advise us from time to time, that we may keep their place of residence correctly registered.

It is a lamentable fact that some mediums so far forget their self-respect as to speak evil of other mediums, not unfrequently even of those who are far their superiors. The names of such persons will be dropped from this Register so soon as we have evidence conclusive of their indulging in such unkindness.

It should be borne in mind that individuals visiting mediums carry conditions with them—so to speak—which aid or destroy the power of spirits to control the medium visited; hence it is that one medium gives satisfaction to certain persons, another better to others—all having their friends, and justly so, too, and all equally honest and useful in their place.

H=Healer
D=Developing
A=Spirit Artists
P=Psychometrist
B=Business and Test
W=Writing and Drawing
M=Physical Manifestations
L=Answering Sealed Letters
S=Solemnizing Marriages and Attending Funerals.

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[Ephemera Home] [Spiritualist Listings]

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY — HOLY BIBLE, KORAN, ZEND-AVESTA, SHASTER

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE — DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY — ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

BAKER-ENG-CHICAGO.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOLUME XII. | S. S. JONES, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. | CHICAGO, APRIL 6, 1872. | $3.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS. | NUMBER 3.

Select Poetry.

LEONA.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

Leona, the hour draws nigh,
The hour we 've waited so long,
For the angel to open a door through the sky,
That my spirit may break from its prison and try
Its voice in an infinite song.

Just now as the slumbers of night
Came o'er me with peace-giving breath,
The curtain half lifted revealed to my sight
Those windows which look on the kingdom of light,
That borders the river of death.

And a vision fell solemn and sweet,
Bringing gleams of a morning-lit land;
I saw the white shore where the still waters beat,
And I heard the low lull as they broke at their feet
Who walked on the beautiful strand.

And I wondered why spirits could cling
To their clay with a struggle and sigh,
When life's purple autumn is better than spring,
And the soul flies away like a sparrow, to sing
In a climate where leaves never die.

Leona, come close to my bed,
And lay your dear hand on my brow;
The same touch that thrilled me in days that are fled,
And raised the lost roses of youth from the dead,
Can brighten the brief moments now.

We have loved from the cold world apart
And your trust was too generous and true
For their hate to o'erflow; when the slanderer's dart
Was rankling deep in my desolate heart,
I was dearer than ever to you.

I thank the Great Father for this,
That our love is not lavished in vain;
Each germ in the future will blossom to bliss,
And the forms that we love and the lips that we kiss
Never shrink at the shadow of pain.

By the light of this faith am I taught
That my labor is only begun; [fought
In the strength of this hope have I struggled and
With the legions of wrong, till my armor has caught
The gleam of Eternity's sun.

Leona, look forth and behold,
From headland, hillside, and deep,
The day-king surrenders his banners of gold,
And twilight advances through woodland and wold,
And the dews are beginning to weep.

The moon's silver hair lies uncurled
Down the broad-breasted mountains away;
Ere sunset's red glories shall again be unfurled
On the walls of the west, o'er the plains of the world,
I shall rise in a limitless day.

O! come not in tears to my tomb,
Nor plant with frail flowers the sod;
There is rest among roses too sweet for its gloom,
And life where the lilies eternally bloom
In the balm-breathing gardens of God.

Yet deeply those memories burn
Which bind me to you and to earth, [yearn
And I sometimes have thought that my being would
In the bowers of its beautiful home, to return
And visit the home of its birth.

'Twould even be pleasant to stay,
And walk by your side to the last;
But the land-breeze of Heaven is beginning to play—
Life shadows are meeting Eternity's day,
And its tumult is hushed in the past.

Leona, good bye, should the grief
That is gathering now, ever be
Too dark for your faith, you will long for relief,
And remember the journey, though lonesome, is brief
Over lowland and river to me.

A LECTURE ON ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS AND SPIRITUALISM.

Preached by Rev. W. E. Copeland, Unitarian Minister of Emporia, Kansas.

[Reported for the Journal.]

No course of lectures on the great religious movements of Christendom, would be complete without a consideration of that religious development called American Spiritualism; or, as Davis has termed it, "The Harmonial philosophy." No one of the sectarian leaders is more remarkable than Andrew Jackson Davis. Spiritualists will deny that Davis is their leader. No embodied being is a leader; many have been used as instruments by disembodied spirits, yet to the outside observer it becomes apparent that Davis has impressed upon Spiritualism the peculiar ideas and phraseology of the Harmonial Philosophy. So far as this religion is orderly and definite, it is through the labors of Davis. He passed his early life in poverty and surrounded by ignorance. He had none of these advantages which other religious leaders enjoyed. From early youth he was frequently in that passive state peculiar to all clairvoyants. His mind was inactive and sluggish. In his normal condition he was ignorant, ordinarily beneath the average in mental ability; in the clairvoyant condition all was changed. He was by some power illuminated; his vision pierced beyond the matter by which we are surrounded; his English, though peculiar, is good; his mind is active, and he towers above all the minds about him. We may laugh at his philosophy; we may deny his vision, and yet that philosophy has not only become the religion of millions, but has influenced largely all Christendom.

Davis, like Swedenborg, tells us what he has seen and heard. He does not imagine, but records his actual experience. He had no education; could scarcely read and write when he began his truly remarkable career. His father was, during the early part of Davis' life, a drunken cobbler; his mother, a hard-working, suffering woman, often fell into those peculiar spiritual states, which her son all his life exhibited. His father thought the boy an imbecile, not worth his salt. The mother shielded him from the drunkard's violence, and had faith in his future.

At an early age he was mesmerized, and under mesmeric influence prescribed for the sick, giving exact descriptions of their disease, and with remarkable accuracy indicating the remedy. During this period he heard voices not belonging to mortals, and saw strange but inspiring visions. He not only examined patients present, but those at a distance, describing their surroundings and then the patients themselves.

Another peculiar development was added to the medical practice, under the mesmeric power of the Rev. Wm. Fishbough, of Poughkeepsie, New York. Davis, in the clairvoyant state, delivered the course of lectures published under the title of "The Univercœlum." When we remember that the young man could not speak a grammatical sentence, much less write one, this book is one of the wonders of the world. Treating of creation, physical science, mental science and theology, a treatise is prepared in many important points agreeing with the most advanced thought upon these subjects. I do not say too much when I assert that, considering the source from whence it came—a sickly, ignorant boy—the Univercœlum is the most remarkable book ever written. If a man has ever been inspired, Davis was. Not one theory contained in the Univercœlum or "Great Harmonia," could have been originated by the young man in his normal state. If experience is worth anything it would teach us that Davis was assisted by some power outside of himself; nor were any of his companions better prepared than himself.

Davis was soon enabled to enter this clairvoyont state independent of any mesmerizer. Other books in rapid succession followed the Univercœlum, all marked by their advanced thought, a plainness of speech upon subjects usually neglected, and a keenness of insight unusual even in the best educated. In the clairvoyant state Davis saw plainly the interior of the body, read the thoughts of those present, clearly described localities and individuals at a distance, and finally, like Swedenborg, saw the angels and the spirit-world.

In his latter book Davis describes the spirit-land with the minuteness formerly applied to the earth. He does not speculate, but simply relates what he saw and heard. I have no hesitation in declaring that A. J. Davis is the most remarkable man of modern times—however much we may differ with his conclusions, or laugh at his descriptions. We can not but wonder at the power which enabled an ignorant boy to propound a system of philosophy at once simple and comprehensive, which no thinker carefully prepared for his work by life-long study, has excelled.

In many particulars I would amend the Harmonial Philosophy. From some conclusions I would dissent. Much trash is mingled with profoundest wisdom, but the series of books written by Davis contain a compendium of theology and morality, which, made a part of one's life, can not well fail to make of the disciple a genuine Christian.

As regards physical science, Davis in general taught Darwinism before Darwin wrote a word. In phsycology he approaches Herbert Spencer. In theology he is a liberal Christian of the advanced school. Without study he has become an educated man, and now lectures in the natural state as much as he formerly did in the abnormal condition. The Harmonial Philosophy, which he substitutes for religion, consists in a knowledge of the laws of God, and an obedience thereto. On all questions of reform he is on the right side. Practical morality is the remedy for all evils, and this he applies to all departments of life, approaching boldly the sexual relations, defining their laws and demanding obedience.

Some have insisted that he was merely an instrument in the hands of some great thinker; but among his friends and associates, we look in vain for said thinker. None of his friends agreed with him. He shocked their prejudices. Some laughed; some sneered; all objected, and yet he calmly preaches the Harmonial Philosophy. No one at the time accepted his views in their entirety. To-day millions are his disciples. No one can study his character, his life and his works, without confessing that they have a problem which they are unable to solve. The Orthodox talk much of the devil, and reject Davis' system as heretical; but it none the less deserves our careful consideration.

It is not my purpose to consider at length the Harmonial Philosophy. Read the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL; listen to the Spiritual lectures, and you can learn what it is.

We find all about us, in town and country, in the church and out of it, Spiritualists; or, men and women who believe that the spirits of the departed communicate to us who are living on the earth. This is simply a fact which we may accept or reject; but these Spiritualists claim to have a new religion. We may accept the fact and remain Christians; accept the philosophy, and we must go outside the churches.

This wonderful reformation, revival or whatever you choose to term it, is worthy the careful study of scientist, philosopher or theologian. Whether the fact of spirit communion be true or false, here are millions of Spiritualists, who claim that the miracles of the New Testament are repeated to-day. Reject them now, and you must reject the New Testament record. Indeed, in the admitted facts of Spiritualism, I find the strongest argument for the authenticity of the gospel narrative. I find in them the best weapons to defend the miracles of the gospels from the attacks of those who deny them. The churches, when they reject the facts of Spiritualism, are throwing away the very means ordained of God to firmly establish the truth of the New Testament. But I wish to consider, rather, Spiritualism as a religion and Davis' connection therewith. The faithful will tell you that their religion is derived from the teachings of spirits through mediums. This is partly true; hundreds have thus formed their philosophy; and yet, tracing the progress of this wondrous movement, we find its origin in the Harmonial Philosophy of Davis.

I have for years watched Spiritualism, read its books and heard its lectures, and I can find but little which Davis did not teach before a medium spoke, and that little is only an amplification of some points in the Harmonial Philosophy. Davis is the father of the religion called Spiritualism. His lectures are the fountains from whence flow the water of life, with which our Spiritual brethren sate their thirst.

We are more interested in considering the religious part of Davis' works, and these are mainly a repetition of Unitarianism, differing in some points, but in the main agreeing. On the whole, so far as theology is concerned, Unitarianism and Spiritualism are one. The same unity of God, and humanity of Jesus, continued inspiration, human divinity, eternal progression, certain punishment—implicit obedience is taught by each. Yet Davis knew nothing of Unitarianism, and his Universalist friends soon parted company with him. I do not hesitate to say that the world owes as large a debt for religious light to Andrew Jackson Davis, as to Luther, Wesley or Channing. To use the language of the Quakers, he has borne persistent testimony against the evil of war, of intemperance, of profanity, of prostitution, legal and illegal; of slavery, whether civil or religious. He has written extensively on the importance of a careful selection, after close study of each other's nature, of husband and wife. He has raised a loud protest against legal prostitution. He has written plainly and reasonably concerning marriage and maternity. He has fearlessly investigated those evils of society which others have shrunk from, and has plainly indicated the remedy. I know of no teacher or reformer who has said so much that is true and philosophical on the subject of social science. His writings have been read far and wide, and have exercised a deservedly great influence on the religious life of America—contemned by men of science—persecuted by theologians. No reformer of modern times has done more to advance the moral life of the community. A radical he undoubtedly is, but unlike many of the other radicals, he constructs as well as destroys. His style is peculiar, not easily understood, bombastic and puerile, yet the thought is most valuable, and many popular writers and preachers owe more than they would confess to A. J. Davis. Certain is it that no living American has exercised so potent an influence on the religious thought of his country. He has many followers, even among those who scorn his pretensions. I do not deny that absurdity and error is found in his books, but truth and sound reason is there too, and no one can read the Great Harmonia without benefit.

The other reformations which we have considered, have either been popular movements, or more frequently the work of some master mind.

American Spiritualism, the religion of millions, alone looks to an ignorant, sickly, common-place boy, as its parent and inspirer. Andrew Jackson Davis stands to-day among the wonderful phenomena of this new reformation as the most wonderful. I am not ashamed to confess that he has taught me many things, while I do not rank myself among his followers. I should be faithless to my position, did I not place him among the leaders of religious thought; did I not assign to Spiritualism a place among the religious systems. Like the other denominations about as Spiritualism has crystallized into a sect, perhaps as bigoted as any other. It has confirmed the faith of hundreds of skeptics in the immortality of the soul; is the most effective cure of materialism. It has directed the attention of the people to social science; it has revealed many laws of God neglected by others; it has insisted on personal righteousness, and yet it is, in some respects, a superstition as degrading as Romanism. For an infallible pope it has an infallible medium. Davis has never claimed for himself supernatural powers, though to him and other mediums such powers have been attributed by the multitudes.

Spiritualism as a religious system is deserving of more attention than has yet been bestowed upon it; both as containing much truth and as being the faith of thousands of good men and women. While I deplore the creed theories—the exploded hypotheses of the past restated as new truths, the extravagancies of many Spiritualists, the superstition of others, I can not but admit its important contributions to the theology of the church of the future. When Spiritualism lays aside its superstitious reverence for mediums, its fanaticism, its extravagant pretensions and submits its theories and revelations to the crucial test of reason and common sense; when it is content to take its place among other views of truth, as one among many, and not the only one—then in the study of comparative theology it will take a high position. When Christians cease to treat Spiritualists as pretenders, and Davis as a false prophet, the movement and its father will be ranked among the chosen agents of God for the perfection of humanity. In forming the theology, the religion of the church of the future, Davis and Spiritualism have an important part to play. Let me say again, that sufficient attention has not been given to a religious movement, which numbers more adherents than even Methodism; which, in many respects, has showed admirable adaptation to the genius of the American people; which is progressive and receptive of new truth. But its doom is sure, unless it presents to the people some well digested system of truth; unless the wild vagaries of its teachers are superseded by severe thought; unless it has something to depend upon, other than the temporary enthusiasm of its media.

As regards the basis of Spiritualism that individual spirits speak through human organisms, so far as I am concerned, I can only say not proven. As regards the claim of the Harmonial Philosophy to a place among the religions of the world, and Davis to a place among religious teachers, I can only say, that to no system of modern times, to no sect leader do I more gladly assign a place as a system and teacher of true religion. Spiritualism, with all its absurdities and vagaries, is doing more than all the sects put together to establish a rational religion, and to confirm a true morality and a correct science of society. While rejecting the claims of media to possession by disembodied spirits, while deploring their many extravagances, I honor their courage in fearlessly discussing the most vital questions of the day. I applaud their attempts to reform a corrupt church in society. I can not forget how, single-handed, amid laughter and contempt, they have probed the festering sores of the body politic, and prescribed a remedy. I can not forget Emma Hardinge, T. G. Forster, William Denton and Lizzie Doten, while I grieve at their hostility to Christianity. I do not wonder, as I recall the bitter hatred and malignant lies of Christian preachers, and am willing to excuse many of those attacks directed rather against the form than the spirit of Christianity. And I can see that because of those attacks, false forms and erroneous doctrines are crumbling, and I can, with certain expectation, look forward to a union between Spiritualists and Christians on the common ground of a rational Chistianity or true religion, when the wonders of Spiritualism, with those of an older time shall receive a correct scientific solution, when the perturbed waters shall settle, the froth and scum blown away by God's spirit, and the true Christ once more seen and formed within us, shall lead all sects and religions to a common union, and the true church shall be reared on enduring foundations.

To secure this much wished-for result, I call upon Christians to lay aside their bigotry, prejudice and superstition, and use their reason, acknowledging the truth by whomsoever revealed; and I call upon Spiritualists in studying Christianity, to look to the spirit rather than to the letter, and no longer cherish a sectarianism almost as narrow as that shown by some Christian sects.

Spiritualism in England.

MANIFESTATIONS IN HYDE PARK HOTEL.

[From the Spiritual Magazine.]

Mrs. Berry has a *suite* of apartments in the above hotel, and has had a cabinet constructed for the purpose of obtaining spirit manifestations in her own rooms. This cabinet is just sufficiently large for two persons to be seated in, and is inclosed by two gates, secured by a slip bolt, and a stout iron bar fastened by a padlock, of which at these seances Mrs. Berry keeps the key. Between these gates and a pair of outer doors is a space of seventeen inches, and in each of these doors is an aperture six inches in diameter, with a curtain inside to shut out the light. Candles are placed for the light to fall full upon these apertures, through which, when the spirits have drawn aside the curtain, hands are shown.

In the evening to which we are about to refer, not only full-formed hands but baby hands were thus shown. Articles placed in a cabinet, or taken by the occult agency from the rooms, or from outside the house, whence is sometimes wholly unknown, are thrown out or handed to those present.

But a manifestation of a still more remarkable kind occurred on the evening of Wednesday, January 24th. The mediums, Messrs. Herne and Williams, were in the cabinet, which was bolted, barred, and padlocked, as described. After other manifestation had occurred of the kind indicated, the mediums were thrown through the doors, or, as Mrs. Berry expressed it to us, came rolling out; the gates, it was found on examination, remaining fastened and the iron bar undisturbed, the key of the padlock still in Mrs. Berry's pocket. On entering the adjoining room, the heavy couch, with other articles of furniture, were found turned over on the floor, without injury to them, and so noiselessly that the movements had not been heard.

On the following Wednesday evening the spirits showed their power by smashing the cabinet. The seat was torn down, the gates knocked to pieces, the iron bar was bent nearly double, and the hinge which fastened it to the gate broken across. How these things were done, like many other things, is a mystery.

We give the account as we had it from the lips of Mrs. Berry, and from the Rev. G. C. D., a Clergyman of the Church of England, who witnessed these things. We have seen the wreck of the cabinet and the bent iron bar and broken hinge. We think it would have been impossible for the mediums to have bent the bar as we saw it, even had they been free and outside the cabinet, instead of prisoners locked up within it.

A LADY CARRIED AWAY BY SPIRITS.

On Saturday, February 17th, I went to the rooms of Messrs. Herne and Williams, 61 Lamb's Conduit-street. Eight persons were present. Having taken our seats, Mr. Williams closed the folding-doors, leaving the gas burning brightly in the front room. He locked the doors, and handed the key to a lady who was present, and took his seat.

Two minutes had not elapsed before I felt the passage of some drapery overhead, and directly afterward all exclaimed that some person was on the table, and various conjectures were made as to who it could be. A Light was obtained, when I, who was nearest to her face, recognized her as Miss Lottie Fowler. She was in a deep trance. The pulse, however, which I felt immediately, was full, but rapid and fluttering, as a person's under the influence of great excitement. Afterward this subsided, and became gradually weak and feeble, but rapid, as in an extreme state of exhaustion.

During her trance, she was frequently influenced by a spirit, "Annie," who spoke distinctly in her own characteristic way, and endeavored to describe the manner in which she was brought. She stated that her medium would sleep and remain in the trance condition until half-past eight, but that we were to continue sitting, and wait for further manifestations.

Miss Fowler when she awoke from her trance became greatly excited—would not credit what had happened. When she was come sufficiently to herself, she gave the same account which the spirit "Annie" had previously given—to the effect that she had left her home in Keppel Street, Russell Square, at seven o,clock, proceeded to the corner of Tottenham Court Road, and there entered an omnibus going up Oxford Street, as she was on her way to Mrs. Gregory's. She felt sick, but that was all she could call to memory; she knew nothing more after that until her return to consciousness in our midst.

During her entrancement the spirit stated that Messrs. Herne and Williams were about to have a new development of mediumship, and that they would each have a name written on their hands during the evening. When a light was obtained, each had a name written on the skin of the hand and arm in blood-red letters. The next morning Mr. Williams called to see me, and whilst we were conversing about the matter, the name of a dear friend of mine in spirit land gradually appeared on the back of his hand. S.

MESMERISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

An experiment of a very instructive character took place lately at the circle held by the military at York. They have a lady medium, who is so very negative, or sensitive, that a mesmerist who visits the circle declares her to be a first-class subject for magnetic experiments. The spirit of a deceased mesmerist also visits the circle, and controls the medium to produce very beautiful mesmeric phenomena. This occurs in the absence of the mesmerist in the flesh, as well as in his presence. On one evening, lately, Captain ——, the mesmerist, was present, and witnessing the experiments of the spirit-mesmerist, he desired to be allowed to try his power on the circle. It was granted, and he commenced to exercise his power, which caused a lady present to leave the circle and follow him away from the table. The spirit-mesmerist was still present, in control of the young lady, his medium, and caused her to dart away from the table, immediately relieving the lady from the influence of Captain ——. She then placed herself in an antagonistic attitude to the Captain, as if in defiance of his mesmeric power. This is a most interesting case. Here we have a young lady, by temperament the very opposite of a mesmerist, when under influence become a powerful operator, and, without instruction in the subject, exhibit all the knowledge of an experienced mesmerist. When a powerful mesmerist is confronted by this entranced girl, it is found that she is more powerful than he is, and can thwart his influence over his subjects. It is often said that the trance is simply "mesmerism." If so, then who is the mesmerist in this case, so powerful as to turn a negative subject into a positive operator? In many instances we have known circles entirely ignorant of mesmerism have the most striking experiments produced by mediums under control, thus showing that a mesmerist was present, though not in the form. Here, then, is an instance in which matters unknown to the circle have been communicated through the faculty of mediumship.

Josephine S. Griffing.

IN MEMORIAM.

"Green be the sod above thee,
Friend of my early days;
To know thee was to love thee,
To name thee was to praise."

In my girlhood years, when my whole soul seemed one outburst of enthusiasm for the cause of reform, with what sweet emotion I was wont to gaze upon the angelic face of Josephine Griffing, and pray to grow into a loving womanhood, so pure, so true, and so faithful, and to become, like her, an earnest laborer in all humanitarian work.

Beautiful soul! in fond memory I behold thee now, as in the days of long ago, walking in the charms of thy womanly dignity—every movement so full of grace, every manner so full of gentleness, every look so full of love, every word so full of kindness, every act embalmed in the holy spirit of charity.

To my young heart it was even a blessed joy to meet thee. Even now thy warm kiss seems fresh upon my lips, and the magnetic thrill of thy fond embrace seems lingering round my form. The gentle music of thy voice is sounding in mine ears like the tender cadence of a sacred song; for how precious to those whose aspirations yearn to live a true life are the words of encouragement breathed from loving souls like thine. What a contrast between such a friend and those who are cold and distant! In what a paradise of joy could we live, to be surrounded by such congenial associations as the beauty of thy soul attracted.

The furrows upon thy brow, and the lines of care upon thy face told too plainly that thy heart had passed through the trying ordeals of affliction. God bless thy orphan children, and bid them feel that to their sainted mother the change is welcome and joyous.

Blessed spirit, I pray to live in such an atmosphere of truth that thy pure spirit can approach me, and breathe thy loving influence o'er my soul. SADA BAILEY.

Laporte, Ind.

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

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Ballooning among Reformers.

SCIENTIFIC—SERIAL NUMBER TWENTY-TWO.

In view of the confusion resulting to the general reader, from the inconsiderate use of new words and phrases, it seems the writer should endeavor to render himself as plain as possible, by parenthetic definitions.

One of the chief troubles among reformers, is the general proclivity of all freed from the senseless assume of preconceived opinion or purpose, to fly off, as if on a ballooning survey of the recent premises. Though released from our localized cocoon we should all remember we are still of the earth, and necessarily have its aims and ends to meet, and serve as rational creatures.

As a gereral thing, the more we are mystified ourselves, the more we, who assume to teach, mystify others. I pen these thoughts more in a prudential than complaining spirit. Though we are at most but sarcasms upon our pompous pretensions, we, all things considered, have great reason to be thankful that we, as the time favored heirs of immortality, are no worse than we are.

If we have a plain, easy, natural truth, we are ever ready to express it in the most ready, apt, and unpretending, as well as unguarded manner. If, however, we have some fanciful assume to introduce for effect's sake, we dress it according to the requirements of fashion, and introduce it according to the demands of prevailing custom, and thence become the speculating guardians on our young ward's estate, and as a sensitive mother, defend the deformities of our offspring, with a spirit worthy of a much better cause.

Some of our writers of innovative originality, are often found wandering among such tangents unexplained. I hope and feel that I am a true reformer, and as such, feel called upon to meet the world before whom I stand as a reformative scientist, with a demand on my own fraternal friends for truth and prudence.

I have been treating the subject of elementary condition, as revealed and demonstrated by natural laws, and some of our friends on balloon hobbies, call fire, caloric, earth, air, water, etc., etc., elements. This is contrary to all the information of the age in point, and must be rejected by the comparative reader and reasoner.

Admit everything ballooning innovators may claim, yet a decent respect for the general intelligence of our readers, demands of us an explicit definition of all the unusual terms referring to our supposed position.

Again; it is said that electricity is cold, frozen and lifeless, and in our more especial case, begins to freeze about thirty-five or forty miles beneath the surface of the earth, and really forms a frozen nucleus of the same. Irrespective of any individual conception of facts, I may be permitted to say, that as the chemical and electrical philosopher understands the demonstrations in the premises, light, heat, and magnetism are all the offspring of electro-conjunctive action, neither of which are elements, and yet, all of which combined, is the triune force that, in obedience as *relations* to their electrical progenitor, virtually move and control all with which we have to do. Hence, taking this view of the premises, we can not accept the reckless declaration, that electricity (as we and the *rational* world understand it) is a dead, frozen negative in the congealed center of a mere speck of the universe, when it is known to be the prime mover of all with which we have to do.

According to the best understood observations, analysis, classifications, and best deductions, electricity is recognized as the permeating life of all entity, which on being eliminated from any one grade of polar condition, passes through what we term, for convenience sake, the atmospheric reservoir to all surrounding conditions; but which might be suggestively termed the magnetic sensorium commune, made up of the general motion sequent upon the electrical interchange of polar condition.

This sensorium commune is to the dual range of the ponderable and imponderable unity in diversity, on our terrestrial plane, as the flame to the gas, odor to the flower, or individualized aura to any or all grades of existence, or as magnetism to the magnet.

As to the temperature of electricity, it may be passed through wires of the highest and lowest temperature, without influencing or being influenced in either direction.

Though there may be an "aura," an "empyria," it is not sufficient to parade them out in advance of what the observant world terms electricity, without explaining something of their nature, character, or functions. But of this anon, as occasion may demand.

Though light, heat, and magnetism, may so far operate as polar alteratives as to cause the incidental evolution of electric currents, yet they are in the main, but the magnetic phases of condition, evolved by what we, for want of a more appropriate name or phrase, call electricity in motion, as between polar extremes.

In a recent colloquy with an observant thinker, the following questions were propounded, and answers given:

Q. What is "empyria?"

A. The word empyrean was used by the Greeks to convey the idea of the highest heaven, where the purest fire was supposed to exist.

Q. Well, why not accept it as positive to all other conditions, electricity included?

A. Simply because electricity in motion, produces fire of the purest kind.

Q. Do you regard electricity as supremely positive to all other ranges of condition?

A. Yes, to all ranges of condition within the reach of the legitimate analysis of human comprehension as far as the premises have been explained; there may be higher ranges of conditions in the, to us, beyond unknown, about which analytic chemistry, however courteous, does not propose to speculate.

Q. Is there such a thing as "aura," and if there is, what is known, and what are your views respecting it?

A. There is no doubt as to the aura, or atmospheric surrounding of all individualized forms; the existence of which, has been amply proven by Baron Von Reichenbach's wonderful researches, which evidences are recorded in his remarkable work on Dynamics. It is known this aura gives forth its reflex, in the phase of different colors, according to the nature of the substance, and sometimes the form of the substance eliminating it. I should call it an insulating barrier, sustaining individuality, applying in the same ratio infinitesimally, to the interstitial dynamic atoms of all ranges of conditions, the inner being typical, and productive of the outer form.

Q. Was the Baron a Spiritualist, and if so, may not his experiments have taken a direction as fanciful offsprings, responding to his credulity?

A. Had he been a Spiritualist, I for one should have had more faith in his statements; on the converse, however, he was most bitterly opposed to Spiritualism, and instituted his researches, to make mesmerism, biology, electro-anthropology, electricity, magnetism, physiology, and company, disprove Spiritualism. He found that two out of five persons, properly cultivated and arranged, could see the aura of the general range of magnets, crystals, etc.; that cataleptic persons were particularly endowed in this respect, and that many blind persons of this description, could see and follow the aura of nearly all substances, no matter where nor how noiselessly moved, as well as most cataleptic persons. His observations directed to the harmonizing of Orthodoxy with the divine revelations of nature, as in the case of the ill-fated "*Hugh Miller*," proved too much for him.

Q. Do I understand you to deny the statement, that earth, air, water, light, heat, and magnetism are elements?

A. Of course. Elements are grades of condition, that can not be decomposed. The earth is a virtual compound of all elements that can be decomposed. Air is a mechanical compound of oxygen and nitrogen, and can be decomposed. Water is a compound of oxygen and hydrogen, and can be decomposed; and as to light, heat, and magnetism, they are the virtual eliminations of polar electric action, that should be called inter-electro-responsive correlations.

Q. Which of these relations (as you present it) are to be received as among the leading forces receiving electric motion or polar condition as their parental and all-powerful source?

A. All of them co-operate in another form.

Spiritualism in Ohio.

BROTHER JONES:—R. M. Sherman, the celebrated medium for physical manifestations, from Cardington, is in town in company with his cousin, Mrs. T. M. Ewing, giving a limited number of parlor seances for the benefit of his friends, who have not before had the opportunity of witnessing such wonderful and convincing manifestations as are given through his mediumship. He has given several sittings at my house, to a limited number of persons, who were the recipients of the most convincing proofs of the presence of their spirit-friends, by actually talking with them, receiving kisses, and feeling the pressure of their hands. Musical instruments were played upon and circulated around the room, which took place while the medium was incased in a sack as well as out of it and securely tied to a chair. These seances are given for the good of the cause and not for the purpose of making money, although many realizing the necessity, made voluntary contributions, which were very acceptable. The intention of Mr. Sherman is not to travel to make exhibitions of spiritual manifestations abroad, but simply to inform the public that manifestations of an extraordinary character are given at Cardington, Ohio, where he has a cabinet from which, I am assured, the faces of spirits are shown to those in the room, similar to the manifestations at Moravia. They would be glad to entertain at the house of Mr. T. M. Ewing (whose whole soul is engaged in the work), at a moderate charge, all who may wish to visit Cardington to witness these manifestations. The manifestations were so satisiactory to us here (convincing members of my family, who have not heretofore fully accepted the truth of Spiritualism), that I take the greatest pleasure in publishing to the world, that the angels have this family at Cardington in particular charge.

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QUERIES AND RESPONSES.

Letter from Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull.

S. S. JONES—MY DEAR SIR:—Will you permit me to correct an erroneous impression that you are urging in the columns of the JOURNAL? I presume that truth and the best interests of humanity are the causes in which we are both laboring; and while we may conscientiously differ as to the methods by which they are to be best secured, that difference ought not to extend to misrepresentation of either's position, object, or method.

I love to be taught; love to find people from whom I can learn; and if I know myself, am always ready to change my convictions when I learn better ones. If you will permit me to speak through your columns, after this spirit, and will criticise me in the same way, I shall feel obliged; if, however, any other spirit controls the columns of the JOURNAL, please consider me as no applicant for space in them.

And I must premise by saying that your continuous statements of a contemplated union of "Church and State" seem to me to be appeals to the prejudice existing against such a condition, in which the power of the State is used to enforce the edicts of the Church, rather than a just criticism of a proposition to secure a system of justice and equity for a common humanity.

If it be a wrong for me, as a Spiritualist, and as President of the American Association, to urge upon Spiritualists generally the propriety, aye, the necessity of political action, in order that such a system may speedily supplant the present governmental conspiracy, I shall be under lasting obligations to you if you will convince me of it.

But have you ever seen me urge that Spiritualists should conquer political power and compel others to their beliefs? Indeed, have you ever seen me urge political action upon Spiritualists as a body, to the exclusion of any other people? If you have not, how can you denominate the political movement in which I am engaged as a sectarian movement.

On the contrary, have I not urged upon all people having a sense of justice present in their souls, irrespective of creed or party, to join in a common effort to remodel the government? I have urged, and do urge, Spiritualists to join in such a movement; but I also urge everybody else to do the same thing. Is that a sectarian movement? I had imagined it to be a humanitarian proposition: one which humanity demands, and by which it can be rescued from its downward political tendencies, and—remember what I say—one which if humanity does not attain through a peaceful political revolution, will be attained by the bloodiest war that has ever desolated the earth.

I have never either said, or appeared to argue, that whoever oppose this movement were opposed to woman suffrage. Moreover, many woman suffragists oppose the movement because it is more than a woman movement, because it is a broader and more sweeping enfranchisement than the ballot obtained for woman would be. But I do say: if people remain supporting the present political parties which deny woman her suffrage, that they are opposed to woman suffrage. Is that a clear proposition? And I further declare that whoever contributes his or her influence to perpetuate the present conditions, will be directly responsible for the continued usurpation of the people's rights.

I do not see how a person who has the good of humanity at heart, even if he be a Spiritualist, can give his support to political tricksters, and feel he has done his duty to himself or to his kind. If you feel it your duty to teach the great truths of a common brotherhood as a religious duty, how can you at the same time ignore the same truths in your political action? That would be the repetition of the old story, one kind of religion for Sunday, but quite a different kind for every other day of the week; or, a theory for religion which has no relation to every-day life—to political action.

It seems to me that the Golden Rule should be no less applicable in politics than in any other relations of men; and if that rule be a good kind of religion, why should it not also make a good kind of politics? And if it be a good kind of politics, why should not Spiritualists adopt it as a political rule? Now I say that a rule that is not good in religion is not fit to be used in politics. Perhaps those who raise the cry of "Sectarianism" may have a way to prove this false. If so, I will thank them to do so; and I will recant in the columns of my own paper.

It is almost a fatal error to concede that there are distinct—separate—departments of life; that there should be a Church and a State, and different rules of conduct for each. Justice is religion, and it should be politics also. Then, both Church and State are one and indivisible; and they who attempt to still divide the race upon these things, I think, conspire to maintain corruption in politics, while they make the church no better.

Now you will not attempt to affirm that our present political systems are based upon the Golden Rule? If they are not, is it not the duty of every Spiritualist, as a lover of the human race, to endeavor to transfer them from their present, to that base? Now this is all I am endeavoring—all I shall endeavor—to do. Does that effort deserve the bitter invectives and innuendoes which are contained in almost every number of the JOURNAL?

I have proposed a New Constitution, framed as nearly as I could frame it, upon the principle of equal human rights for all people. It does not, anywhere, propose to be a Constitution for Spiritualists; but a Constitution for every living soul, under which it shall have the full, unqualified and unrestricted right to the exercise of all its God-given faculties. Now unless Spiritualism be broad enough to encompass all that, it could, in no just sense, be called a Spiritualistic movement. It is not a Spiritualist's Constitution; nor was it proposed for them. I know Methodists, Catholics, Atheists and Nothingarians who favor it. Certainly it is not a movement for either of these sects; but it might equally as well be claimed that it was as to claim that it is a sectarian movement of Spiritualists. Do you comprehend what I mean; and if so, will you be kind and just enough to no longer misrepresent my position, or that of the association over which I have the honor to preside?

Neither have I asked Spiritualists to organize for a sectarian party purpose; but I ask them to join with all others who believe in the possibility of a better government, to inaugurate a Human Rights party, which shall have for its objects the constitution and inauguration of such a government. Is that a wrong idea for Spiritualists to entertain?

I am now striving with all my power to have every branch of reform to meet in a Grand Combination Convention to construct a platform expressive of the principles of Human Rights, and to nominate candidates upon it. Now I do not care whether the candidates shall be Spiritualists, Catholics or Infidels, if they are representatives of the principles involved.

Does that savor of Spiritualistic conspiracy to obtain possession of the government to be run in the interests of Spiritualism? I do not see how you can so denominate it.

You say you "know of no reason why women should not possess every privilege enjoyed by every male citizen under the American Government." Will you be equally frank and inform us if you know of any reason *why they do not* possess such rights? That is the pertinent question now before the people, and to which there can be but one reply. And when you advocate measures that look to securing the exercise of those rights to women, you will not find it necessary to make the affirmation that you favor woman suffrage, since your deeds will speak louder than words. But if you affirm it continually, and still continue to support the powers which deny it; or what is equally a fatal position, to remain in a condition of negation regarding the despotism, the people will scarcely believe your protestations of favor to be honest.

Now while I deny that there is any scheme in existence to make me a candidate for the Presidency, I would respectfully ask you to show if there were such a scheme, why it would be an "abominable" one? You affirm that the female sex are competent for official duties. What is it that would make me an abominable candidate? Am I incapacitated? Am I incompetent below the general female sex? Or does my personal character unfit me? You have made the assertion, and you owe it to yourself not less than those who may contemplate such a scheme, to show your reasons for it, and thereby explode all possibility of such a misfortune befalling your "many Spiritualistic friends." Moreover it is a duty which I demand of you as a sister, so that I may be prevented from being an accessory to such an abomination, if per chance it should be launched; since if you can show me this, I will pledge myself to publicly withdraw from all preferment, both social and political. You have an excellent opportunity to render humanity a service, for which they will be nothing loathe to amply compensate you. Don't fail to do your duty.

The mere fact that my name has been mentioned in connection with a nomination, has nothing whatever to do with the present question of political action. A convention will be called, in which I shall do all I can to induce Spiritualists to participate, that will construct such a platform as I have indicated, and probably also nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency; and they *should* be the best representatives of the platform that the whole country can produce. The convention itself, however, will determine who they shall be.

No preconcerted plan of any clique to foist anybody upon the convention will be entertained for a moment. It must be a spontaneous movement of the elements of reform, for the first time in the history of politics, brought together for a specific and unitary purpose. Every time you carry to the people the idea that a different thing is contemplated, just so often do you endanger the accomplishment of the best purposes, by the convention.

My query is: will the JOURNAL be found *opposing* such a convention and the candidates it shall nominate?

Now, all these may be "false issues," as you have affirmed; but if they are, it remains yet to be proven. A people so generally individualized as Spiritualists are, will not accept even your simple assertion, unsupported by proof, and I doubt if they will see that a movement for a government which shall recognize and protect human rights is a "hobby," unless you accompany or follow the assertion with good arguments to show it to be such, and that it is not what it professes to be.

The day for usurpations and baseless assumptions of despotism, whether it be in politics or journalism, is passed, and he who has not learned that, has interpreted the meaning of events very unfortunately for himself.

But if the strenuous advocacy of human rights will "procrastinate the day of their recognition," as you affirm it will, *then* I say, the revolution on which you lay such great stress, *can come not a day too soon*; it even now impends over us, as the slavery revolution impended, to which, however, the people were as blind as they are now blind to the present condition.

A failure to grasp the situation, then, precipitates the revolution. To follow the course which many have adopted—to let things take care of themselves,—will again precipitate a still more terrible result. I choose to be forewarned of it rather than to contemplate it after it shall have come upon us in all its fury, having found us unprepared. Give the people their rights—*conquer them* by political action, and avert the terrible strife that will otherwise follow; and to this great purpose I shall hope to see the JOURNAL devoted.

Yours for human rights,

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

New York City, Mar. 9, 1872.

REMARKS: We accord you the hearing you desire, and reply in accordance with the inspiration given from the spirit of your article.

You assume to speak in the name and on behalf of the American Association of Spiritualists. Your arguments presuppose that all that has been said in the columns of this paper in regard to the doings of the Assocation was said of and concerning yourself.

That may be correct, judging from its acts and doings at and since the Troy Convention. If it was not you who controlled and wielded a potent and subservient influence, who was it? Hence, we purpose, for a moment, to present to our readers a brief synopsis of the history of that institution from that date. But we may be allowed to premise by saying that it had existed for three years anterior to that period; during which time you had no connection with it, and the public had no knowledge even of your being a Spiritualist. So far as the public knew, you were a propagandist of the doctrine of "Woman's Rights," and *freedom in the sexual relations*, all of which has about as much, *and no more*, to do with the *philosophy of spirit communion* as it has to do with Methodism, Catholicism, or any other "ism" of the day. It is true, Spiritualism, as well as many, perhaps all, other phases of religion, have devotees who are in favor of female suffrage, and some of whom *in practice affiliate with you, free and easy* upon the sexual question, and loudly censure those who do not. But it by no means follows that any considerable number of Spiritualists recognize *promiscuous sexual indulgence* as in the least allied to Spiritualism. On the contrary, the great mass of Spiritualists reject your theory as pernicious.

From your standpoint, you were ready to believe that all reports of Spiritualists being *free-lovers* were true. *Notoriety* is the inspiring thought that prompts you to action. The satellites that revolve around you and reflect your thoughts, reiterate as facts that which *you first present to them*, and although it is but a return reflection of your own mind, you take it as the sentiment of the great mass of Spiritualists, and act accordingly.

Your public career evinces the fact that you are an adventurer, *seeking notoriety*, without regard to the question whether your sentiments accord with or shock the public moral sentiment. To you it is a matter of indifference. Hence, you are a *Spiritualist*—an *International*—or you are "gathering together" the roughs and the fag-ends of society, to listen to your erratic addresses, more from a desire to induce the sensational articles that your extreme views inspire the press to publish, than from any high sense of duty to mankind for their moral elevation.

Thus actuated, we see you with your little band of followers above referred to, called the "Victoria Club," concocting the scheme to capture the "American Association of Spiritualists," at Troy. You knew their *weaknesses*. You knew that a goodly number would be there who made "Woman's Rights" a specialty, and a good many others who had come out of different churches and made your other hobby, "freedom of the sexes," a *practicql* as well as a *cardinal* virtue of their lives. Knowing their vulnerable points, you *laid siege to the Convention and captured it*. It at once became subservient to your wishes. Indeed, you had only to pronounce a few magic words peculiar to the sexual question to fire the devotees of *your religion* with an enthusiasm that made a clean sweep of the Convention—that is, it swept out all who did not imitate the Pilgrim in tossing up his cap for the newly fledged "Joan of Arc!"

But alas! how cruel. The sensation that was expected to be aroused through the press was *non est*. "The American Association" had long ere your advent among them lost all power to get up a sensation. You took refuge in an *already sinking ship*,—a craft that many of the old veteran rats had abandoned. That was the most fatal step of your life. Even the *Internationals* refused to be fired with enthusiasm by your presence after that. Mat Carpenter and Ben Butler no longer "see the point" in your constitutional arguments. "No capital there; she's a dead cock in the pit," say they. The larger proportion of the woman-suffragists shun you. They will not recognize you as their leader. Theodore Tilton's life of Victoria, the queen of the "Victoria League," will no longer sell. Alas, how unfortunate that a rising genius—a second "Joan of Arc," should so soon sink into obscurity by one *unlucky alliance!*

Let us for a moment consider what would have been the result, if any other *religious* organization in national convention assembled had done just what the American Association of Spiritualists did, viz: put their presiding officer in nomination as a candidate for the presidency of the United States and then adopted similar resolutions? What commotion it would have raised, not only throughout the United States, but throughout the civilized world. It would have been considered no less than a sectarian movement for a union of Church and State What would the *Banner of Light*, the *American Spiritualist*, the *Present Age*, the *Crucible*, and that hated infidel paper—the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, have said in regard to the perpetration of such an iniquity by a set of fanatical bigots?

Would there have been any division in sentiment among these Spiritual journals, these defenders of Spiritualism, and all other reformatory movements? Would not the secular press everywhere have united with those journals in denouncing the movement as a stepping-stone to a union of Church and State? Then why is there no similar commotion now? Simply because it is a farce too contemptible to excite more than a passing notice; and but for your wish to be heard in the JOURNAL as the *presiding officer* of a sickly institution that claims to represent the Spiritualists of America, not a paragraph upon the subject should find a place in the columns of this paper. But for that pretension, we would treat the subject with the same silent contempt that the press—secular and religious, does.

But we are, from a sense of duty, compelled to speak upon the subject, inasmuch as it is a fact that the American Association of Spiritualists does not, to *any considerable extent*, represent the views of the great mass of the Spiritualists of America, and never did.

A few *fanatics*, and *irrepressible*, *pompous would-be leaders*, with a few sincere, honest, well-meaning people, who believe in some sort of a national organization, from the day of the assembling of the National Convention at Providence, down to the present time, have assumed to speak in the name of the Spiritualists of America, without the least warrant for so doing; and yet without seeming to comprehend the fact that not a soul, outside of the few at Troy assembled, have any regard for them as their representatives, or respect for what they might resolve to do, they went to work and nominated a candidate for the presidency of the United States, seemingly with as much assurance as if they had been duly delegated from local districts throughout the several States to perform such a duty, and apparently with the expectation that all Spiritual papers would fall into line and support them, and that all Spiritualists would be found at the polls, cheering for the new "Joan of Arc."

You say: "I am striving with all my power to have every branch of reform to meet in a grand combination convention, etc."

Unfortunately you have gained no glory among the Spiritualists nor the *Internationals*. The newspapers no longer care to herald your name for sensational purposes; sensational articles are no longer inspired by what you say or do. Hence your purpose to congregate fanatics and irrepressible men and women "of all phases of reform to nominate a candidate for the presidency." For all that, we care not, inasmuch as you will not then and there assume to speak in the name of the Spiritualists of America.

We know of no "governmental conspiracy" that Spiritualists are called upon to supplant. We know we have the *best government* on the face of the globe, and every Spiritualist, as well as every other lover of his country, should sustain it. It tolerates all reformatory movements, because it is composed of the people—*in them is reserved all sovereign power*. Every *four years* a *revolution—quiet and peaceable—is inaugurated, and carried into execution*, if deemed expedient by a majority, *at the polls*. And allow us to say right here, that *woman suffrage* will be inaugurated, *just so soon* as a *majority* of the women in America ask for it. There are more men than women in favor of it, to-day.

You "urge political action upon Spiritualists as a body," for the purpose of gaining the ascendency in governmental control. Once having a partisan control, they would, if *sufficiently partisan to gain it*, use it for *partisan measures* as readily as ever did any class of religionists in the past.

From the experience of the past, and from the acts of the movers in the measure at Troy, we could hope for nothing better than intolerance and persecution toward all who were not of the same household of faith and party. Attempts at ostracising our JOURNAL and ourself, has already been openly broached before the American Association of Spiritualists, and like conventions, conducted by the friends of that institution, because we had the *impudence to repudiate their acts and doings*, denying that it was the *mouthpiece of the Spiritualists* of America. What would be the fate of independent, free-thinking Spiritualists and their publications if the government were in such hands, may be readily conjectured.

You disclaim its being a sectarian movement. The disclaimer is not warranted by the facts. It is conceded that you were backed by a convention *sectarian* in its every feature; a gathering of avowed Spiritualists, who *profess* to speak in the name and on behalf of the Spiritualists of America; a sect professing the utmost liberality, yet, at the same time, proposing to inaugurate a political party with their president as their standard-bearer. And we have a right and are compelled to believe, from your position before the public, before and since the Troy Convention, that had you received the general support of the Spiritualists of America, you would not have sought affiliation with the *Internationals;* and had you been received with open arms by the latter, you would not now be "striving with all my [your] power to have every branch of reformers to meet in grand combination convention, to construct a platform expressive of principles of human rights, and to nominate candidates upon it."

Had you received the cordial support of either the Spiritualists or the Internationals, you would not have been anxious for such a gathering as you refer to, which might by its action have you shorn of laurels already won, and oblige you to see them placed upon the brow of even a more irrepressible and youthful Joan of Arc than yourself.

While you deny that you "would have Spiritualists conquer political power, and compel others to their belief," you in the next breath say, "Both Church and State are one and indivisible; and they who attempt to divide the race upon these things, I think conspire to maintain corruption in politics, while they make the Church no better."

Your argument is predicated upon the idea that both should be good. While everybody concedes the fact that goodness is a cardinal virtue, all past history teaches us that it never obtains, in politics or religion, where there is a union of Church and State.

The founders of the American government wisely guarded against such a union. You now propose a rebellion to subvert that government. Your arguments are the same that *wily priests* have ever made use of. *Religion* is your watchword; so it ever has been with those who would impose bonds upon the unsuspecting devotees of any phase of religion they may yield blind obedience to.

Indeed, madam, you have gathered together the fragments of *obsolete* ideas in religion and politics, as the basis for a new *Church and State* party. We examine your arguments in support of your platform, and we find them of the same antiquity, and equally obsolete in practice, except among the priest-ridden devotees of the most benighted systems of religion.

Your persistency in advocating what contains grains of truth, in a manner to shock the highest sense of propriety, has given you a notoriety unenviable. All that is good in that which you thus urge is conceded by the *reformers of the day*, and more forcibly presented by them to inquiring minds, who readily receive truth when divested of a multitude of fallacies, which are repugnant to a sense of what is morally right.

You talk about calling "upon the people to remodel the government. You present them with the draft of a new Constitution, etc., etc. You threaten a rebellion against the government if your views are not executed by the present congress. That is an issue in which you are backed by the "American Association." The JOURNAL takes no stock in you or your platform.

We regret, madam, to be compelled to say that all your speeches, calls, and arguments—your model for a constitution—betray your ignorance of governmental matters. You

(*Concluded on eighth page.*)

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

Inter-Electro Chemical Action.

SCIENTIFIC—SERIAL NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR.

Q. In what measure, manner, and form are light, heat, and magnetism respondingly co-operative as a force?

A. In an inter-electro-chemical measure, manner, and form.

Q. Will you please explain your conception of the precise nature of this wonderful range of correlation?

A. Though this has been done time and again, as the nature of occasion seemingly demanded, yet, a repetition of the same, in a different form, may, when thus continued from time to time, serve to familiarize all truly candid, common sense observers and reasoners with the all-important nature of the main question, as well as the inter-relational questions, in the premises. By way of explanative illustration, let us recapitulatively start from the position to which our former articles in print have led us; namely, polar condition.

There are evident extremes of perfected and imperfected condition, in and throughout space, distinct as light and darkness, which extremes are founded on what we call electricity. Where we find electricity conditionally measured out, and contained in the greatest abundance, we call the condition positive; when, however, we find it centered in smaller measures of individual condition, we call it, comparatively, negative.

This recognition of one all pervading and permeating principle of extreme antipodal measures, or combinations, sufficiently explains Nature's operative system to relieve the theorists of positive and negative electricities and sequent "wavists, vibrationists, and undulatory theorists," of all further trouble.

We may say, the electrical life center of every atom, from the most interior infinitesimal atoms to all the outer orbs of infinite space, is the constitutional polar center, round which all surroundings relatively revolve, and the aura is the outer reflex atmosphere, so to speak, in which all atomic condition exists.

The interior polar center and exterior insulating aura, seem, in fact, to constitute the chemical boundary lines of all grades of individuality; which boundary lines must be broken up before the individuality of condition can be destroyed.

The question rises here, how the formation and transformation of individuality is effected, to answer which demonstratively, we must first take up and treat the question in its inverse form, first directing our analytic attention from effect to cause.

It has been ascertained, that water is composed of two elements called hydrogen and oxygen; it has been further ascertained, that if we mix all the known elements together (64), and pass a powerful electric current through the compound, that oxygen will be given off first, and that thirty-eight other elements will be given off before hydrogen is given off, hence we say, oxygen contains one degree of electricity, and hydrogen forty.

Should we continue the electrical current in sufficient force, the whole amorphous compound comprising the 64 elements, will be totally decomposed, Potassium being the last given off, which being the sixty-fourth, we call the most positive of all known elements, containing sixty-four degrees of electricity. Such being the relative nature of the facts and conditions, let us throw a piece of potassium upon the calm surface of water, and we shall find that the electrical excess of the potassium in direct proximity to the oxygen of the water, being as sixty-four to one, while the electrical bases of union between oxygen and hydrogen is but forty degrees to one, the proximity being the same, the electric excess in the potassium seizes upon the oxygen of the water with such force, as to set the escaping hydrogen of the water on fire; such is one of the leading facts that proves electrical polar diversity to underlie all chemical affinity and motion in matter.

The next consecutive question is, as to where the hydrogen goes when thus consumed, and what it is converted into. It has been ascertained by experiment, that heat produces electric (thermo) currents; it is furthermore known, blue steam escaping from safety-valves in a static state, may be collected and transferred to leaden jars as electricity; it is furthermore known, that even dynamic electricity, (produced by acid action) passing in large volumes from charcoal point to point, is blue as the blue steam, and far more intense in its chemical suspending powers, since everything is almost instantaneously dissolved with great combustible violence that is brought in contact with the current between the charcoal points. It melts quartz rock as butter; burns bars of iron as sealing-wax, and burns steel with scintillating effects that can scarce be borne by the human eye. All of which, is affected in this measure, manner, and form of depolarization of all thus brought in contact with the current, while passing through the air in the form of a blue streak between the charcoal points.

Here, again and again, the consecutive questions rise, as to where the proximate, and even the elementary, forms go, and what condition they assume.

We venture the inferential answer, that they pass as into a superior aggregate aura, or sensorium commune, each with their respective impresses, to be made by the same inherent polarly electric basis of their being, subservient to still ascending aims and ends of being.

This aura,—sensorium commune, or seeming reservoir of ascending condition, is, doubtless, the earth-link of relation, connecting it with all its surroundings, and is the inter-relational soil of the chemical kingdom, wherein all of our forces, heat light, and magnetism play, as between polar extremes, giving us all of our so-called elementary forms, which, in our still barren and grosser soil of earth, corresponding serves, though in a humbler way, the highest of ultimating aims and ends.

Returning to our earth soil, let us deposit a grain of corn, which, as an ultimation, contains within itself both the food and polar center of positive command, sufficient to repeat in an ultimating way, the reproduction of itself. The grain of corn being positive to the surrounding soil necessarily exerts a decomposing influence on that portion of the soil with which it comes in immediate contact—which decomposition is facilitated by the changing warmth and moisture of the season, and even the germ itself, being an organic substance, begins to undergo surface decomposition. This phase of chemical action causes both the surrounding (contiguous) earth and germ to give off each their respective grades of electricity, and this electricity thus given off, necessarily establishes a circuit, including both of the conditions (the corn and the earth) in its rounds, and as in the case of the current passing between the charcoal points, which suspended the chemical affinity of all with which it came in contact, so this circuit or current has the continuous power of suspending the proximate nature of the soil which it comes in immediate contact with, and also to suspend the affinities, hold in suspensery solution, and transport to the germ center, such food as the germ's centralized nature may in this measure, manner, and form attract through this suspensive instrumentality to itself.

Thus the germ begins and advances through its subsoil period of utero-gestation, until it peers above the surface, when the leaf, though young and tender, presents a porous surface to the aura or atmosphere of the earth, which, as a positive, magnetic impress, enters these pores as lungs and combines with the subsoil food brought up by the inter-electro current through the roots. The product, or condition thus established, is what we call carbon.

If the woody substance thus formed be exposed to the changing effects of time, the hydrogen is in a measure expelled, owing to its highry electrical and subtle nature; the remaining carbon may remain as coal for millions of years, becoming purer carbon as it grows older, until it would, probably, become the diamond. Yet, if ever it is then brought in contact with oxygen gas at a conducting or ignitable temperature, it will burn with a beautiful flame, returning to the sensorium commune and the subsoil the elements originally derived therefrom, bearing in themselves the impress of all the changing conditions and relations through which they have passed.

Such is the nature, character, and function of inter electro-chemical action. To us of this sphere, and perhaps to all other spheres, inter-electro-chemical action is the all-controlling architect of time.

Q. If these singularly personal and innovative views are true, they tend to teach us of a unity of co-operative force of correlative forces, so explanative in itself and in themselves, as to make all nature an alphabet, teaching of herself. But to persist in one more point in doubt, I would inquire, what reasons are there for assuming that many, if not most, of the elementary forms, on undergoing inter-electro depolarization, give up their individuality, as an electrical offering to the aura air (not in its gross sense), or sensorium commune?

A. First, Because in nearly all violent cases of absolute depolarization, the elements disappear until recombined upon an electrical basis of polar gradation.

Second, Because the electrical decomposition of amorphism, proves that the polar condition of each element, depends on the amount of electricity it contains; and

Third, All grades of Isomerism, proves that it is the electrical basis which gives isomeric compounds their different medicinal virtues. As an instance, the oil of roses and the ordinary gas we burn, contain identically the same amounts of hydrogen and carbon, and yet, their integral electrical arrangement, makes them as different as day and night.

The volatile oils,—the oil of turpentine, essence of lemons, oil of balsam of copaiba, oil of rosemary, oil of juniper, and other oils, though identically the same in *elementary constituency*, differ from each other widely in their respective odors, medicinal qualities, boiling points, specific gravities, and many other particulars, and what is more, they can be converted into each other, and re-converted into themselves, without either addition or subtraction.

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It is a lamentable fact that some mediums so far forget their self-respect as to speak evil of other mediums, not unfrequently even of those who are far their superiors. The names of such persons will be dropped from this Register so soon as we have evidence conclusive of their indulging in such unkindness.

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Original Poetry.

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Poem Improvised by Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, at the Close of a Lecture Delivered by her on Sunday Afternoon, March 3d, 1872, at Kansas City, Mo.

[Phonographically Reported by George Gatrell.]

Adown the heights, the golden heights, an angel made his way;
He passed me with his glory-lights, upon the throne of day.
I wondered why, as on he sped, such magic change was seen,
And why the scorched and desert sand so quickly turned to green.
For whereso'er his shadow fell,—on mountain plain, or glen,—
Sweet bowers uprose, and holy songs were sung by happy men.
No more the eagle talons rent the flesh of helpless child;
No more the charge of martial hosts rang out in conflict wild;
No more the dying warrior became the vulture's food;
Nor more the covenants were dipped and signed in human blood.
But down the heights, the golden heights, the radiant glory swept;
And into every darkened room of life that glory crept.
Lo! where the simoon's wasting breath had swept across the sand,
And buried in a funeral pyre the cities of the land,
Zephyre caressed the blushing flowers, and played among the curls
Of sunny-faced and smiling babes, and laughing boys and girls.
Where the track of the sluggish stream was fringed by human bones,
Thrown out beneath the crushing weight of Juggernauts and thrones,
Life's river in transparent stream flowed musical along,
And on its verdant banks there played the lion and the lamb.
The shining angel from above shed beams of pentecostal love,
And poured them forth on every soul,
Making the sick and wounded whole.
And as he flung his censer wide
The whited sepulchres beside,
I heard a sullen, smothered groan
Come from the altar and the throne:
"O rocks and mountains, fall on us,
And hide us from the wrath—
The swift-avenging law—of Right,
That crowds this glory-path!"
Fainter and fainter were the moans of these, the self-condemned:
Louder and louder were the songs of emancipated men.
I asked them for the angel's name. "Is he of earth or heaven?"
"Of both," said they; "for we believe, and unto us 'tis given
To know the mystery of godliness, to love and understand;
This is the Just and Holy One that passeth through the land!
'And if I go I will return'—these were the words he said
When last he sat and supped with them and blessed and brake the bread.
We know it is the Second Christ, for now his power we see;
Besides, he promised when he came he 'd make the people free,
And give us homes, and feed us all from out his bounteous store,
And enter in and abide withus for ever, evermore."

DEFENSE OF DR. SLADE.

BY J. SIMMONS, HIS BUSINESS PARTNER.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Sir:—In a previous number of the JOURNAL you have been pleased to spread before your readers a purely sensational article copied from the New York *Sun*, entitled "The Wonderful Dr. Slade." That you was pleased to publish it, is evident from the spirit manifested in the language of your editorial, to which you invite special attention. You say your columns are at the service of Dr. Slade to make his defense against the professedly truthful and crushing expose, and you desire him to give a straight-forward explanation of all the points made against him.

Has a point been made against an individual by some person announcing to the world that they suspect him of deception? This is evidently your theory in this case. You also say: "We may be permitted to state further, that no circumlocution or interference by others will be admissible." This also seems to be a departure from established rules; that is, to require the accused to establish his innocence upon his own testimony; for you say that any outside interference will not be admissible. Inasmuch as my name was freely used, both in the *Sun* article and your editorial, it seems that I may, with propriety take the witness stand and submit my testimony in this case; therefore, I trust you will, for the information of the readers of the JOURNAL, as well as in justice to myself, publish what I have to say; leaving Dr. Slade to take such course in the matter as his own feelings may dictate.

Having preserved a copy of the *Sun*, containing the, to you, well written, and apparently truthful expose of Dr. Slade's trickery, I am well enabled to take up the charges in detail. Before proceeding, however, allow me to say—and I wish the reader to bear this in mind—that the writer of the so-called expose was never inside of our house; but a representative of the *Sun did* have a sitting with Dr. Slade, an account of which appeared in its columns in the latter part of December last. It may also be proper to here mention the time when these manifestations through the mediumship of Dr. Slade commenced, a period of which the *Sun* reporter must have been illy advised, as the sequel will prove. We took up our residence in this city in the month of October, 1870. Soon after we had become fairly settled, Dr. James North, a gentleman of culture and ability, who previously had frequent sittings with Dr. Slade, called and proposed to renew his investigations. It was arranged that he should have certain hours upon stated evenings of each week; and from that time on during the following winter, he had regular sittings with Dr. Slade, at which spirit forms were often seen moving about the room. Dr. North has often described them to me as being plainly visible, and yet transparent, for he noticed as they passed between him and a large picture that hung upon the wall directly in front of him, that he could see through the form, and could also trace that distinctly upon the picture.

Dr. North has preserved notes of these sittings which he will publish, should his health permit, which, I am sorry to say, is very poor, so that he has been obliged to abandon these investigations for the present.

Soon after Dr. North commenced these regular sittings, Dr. Crowell also begun a series of sittings with Dr. Slade, which has been continued quite regularly up to the present time, with the exception of a few weeks during the warm weather last summer. Learning from him that he has recently written a short sketch of his experience with Dr. Slade for publication in the *Banner of Light* and the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, I will now proceed to analyze some of the statements by the *Sun* reporter, that you seem to dignify in your editorial by assuming that they are points made against Dr. Slade.

First, then, the statement as to his visit to Moravia, the Cayuga county Mecca, is an absolute falsehood—an event that must have existed entirely in the fruitful imagination of the apparently truthful writer. Dr. Slade has never visited Moravia. All the twaddle about his movements and doings at the house of Mr. Keeler, are false, from beginning to end.

Next comes "the bill of charges," which you seem to consider an essential portion, by placing it before your readers, therefore a *point*, and must be answered. In your editorial we are told that if any points are left unanswered they will surely be represented with redoubled convictions in the minds of the people that they are truthful. My statement to this point is, that no such bill ever existed. The only one ever put up in our office or reception room, still occupies its conspicuous position, and is as follows:

For the information of visitors, Dr. Slade can be consulted at the following charges for each person:

Medical examinations	$2 00
Consultations on business	3 00
Physical manifestations	5 00

SLADE & SIMMONS.

Jan. 1, 1872.

Sittings from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M., every day, except Saturdays.

I now ask your readers to compare this with the grand array of figures in the *Sun's* article, which I trust will satisfy their minds on this point.

The appearance of the first ghost: this point has already been answered. However, for the benefit of your readers, I will notice this particular case—the experiment with the lady friend of his deceased wife. For full particulars of that experiment or sitting, I refer you to a letter written by this lady and published in the *Banner of Light*, sometime in the month of December last, over the initials, C. L. C., her name being Clara Lorette Case.

The next point made by the *Sun* is "a hitch in the ghost manufacturing shop of Slade & Simmons, and the spirits fail to respond." This is also false. Not a week has passed that he has not given sittings for materializations, at which the spirits did, and still continue to respond, with steadily increasing power. Really, this seems like fighting a shadow, notwithstanding you have deemed it essential, and placed it before your readers; consequently every accusation is a "point," and *must* be refuted; therefore, something must be said about those Indian costumes. Well, it is true that we have two Indian costumes; it is also correct, that on New Year eve, Dr. Slade dressed in one of them, and did entertain a few friends in our parlors; and it is true, too, that this same lady whose suspicions were poured into the capacious ear of the *Sun* writer, wore one of these costumes to a masquerade party, in the city of Jackson, Mich., to my certain knowledge, over six years ago, and there was not a time during the months that she remained in our house, that she did not know where they were as well as she did at the moment she claims to have discovered them in the closet, under the Doctor's writing desk. So much for that.

We have now reached a point in this wonderful expose that demands especial attention. It is this: Parties become at least suspicious; some of whom have the ability to add two and two, making four. Is it unusual for persons visiting mediums to be suspicious? and is it not strange that this person who was so well acquainted with the workings of our business to be able to furnish the *Sun* reporter with what has already been referred to, if there was any truth in it, that she should have waited until this late hour without being at least suspicious?

The next charge is, that "the Doctor would become entranced and leave his seat and go to the wardrobe and represent that he was getting a drink." He undoubtedly represented just what he was doing, for I have seen him leave his seat for the same purpose long before this wardrobe or curtain had an existence. However, the *Sun's* warning has been heeded by many, and they have resolved to keep their eyes and ears open, and not be deceived. On the other hand, Dr. Slade has taken extra pains to afford every facility possible to satisfy his friends on this question. So that the following may be taken as an average statement of those who have sit for materialization since the appearance of the well written article in the *Sun*. Now I know the manifestation to be genuine; for Dr. Slade insisted on, or allowed me to put up the curtain myself, and during our sitting I never let go of his hands, and then as soon as the forms disappeared, I went behind the curtain, and I know that no deception was practiced.

We have now come to the unusually shrewd visitor who, in passing out of the room, found a fragment of "illusion lace," and fancied in this material fabric he had discovered the secret of the shadowy form, but said nothing, his silence being the first evidence of shrewdness that I have been able to discover in this professedly truthful and *crushing* expose of the New York *Sun*. I will venture to say that of the skeptical persons who visit mediums, nine out of ten consider themselves unusually shrewd, and here we have at last found one, as evidenced above.

"During this ominous silence, Col. Fisk's ghost, whose rotund figure was shown, all resplendent with gold lace and toggery of war—after the seance the visitor finding fragments of lace as before, together with bits of silver tinsel, spangles, thread, pins and other dubious nothings."

He now became convinced, but resolved on keeping a close mouth. We can readily understand that we have again met our unusually shrewd friend. As only the essential portions were copied in the JOURNAL, this point must not pass unnoticed. Dr. Palmer of this city, and Mrs. Daniels, of Boston, were the persons who sat with Dr. Slade, and claim to have seen the spirit form of Col. Fisk. Allow me here to give you the statement made by Mrs. Daniels at the Spiritual Conference, held in Apollo Hall, in this city, on Sunday, March 24th inst. Mrs. Daniels said that she had been absent from this city, and seeing this so called expose of Dr. Slade in the New York *Sun*, she felt it both a duty and a pleasure to embrace the first opportunity of bearing testimony of its falsity in this particular. She then gave a description of the manifestation as follows:

"The first to appear was a large, well formed hand, having a diamond ring on the third finger. Then the hand was thrust up so as to show the wrist and forearm, which was in shirt sleeve, the wristband being fastened with a diamond cluster, or stud. His face next appeared at the aperture, turning so as to afford a view of every feature, even the back of his head, at times raising so as to show the breast. He was said to have assumed twelve different positions, in neither of which did he appear in uniform, but in every instance was in shirt sleeve, without either coat or vest."

What now becomes of the gold lace and toggery of war? When the shrewd gentleman concludes to open his mouth, I presume he may be able to inform us what his suspicions were.

Thus we brand this point a falsehood, and pass to the next in order, which is the little spool; it is a point, and must be answered. This very industrious lady, whom the *Sun* reporter denominates the committee of investigation, carried the spool of thread into the Doctor's room herself. Whether she left it purposely or not, is immaterial. The circumstances are these: Dr. Slade requested her to sew some buttons on the bottom of his pants for the purpose of strapping them down. She complied with the request, the Doctor having the pants on at the time. When she left his room, she left the "tell-tale spool" upon the sofa. Its "tale" has since been published in the New York *Sun*, and copied in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

But I must hasten to the next point, wherein we are informed that "notes are compared, when it is found a significant fact is gained, which fact was the singularly uniform character of the spirits shown, indicating the scant supply at the Doctor's command. The interchange of opinions and observations among the visitors revealed the paucity of the stock company, and led to the firm belief that these six figures, or some of them were used for all comers."

Here comes the startling announcement that a great discovery was made; that in the absence of the Doctor, the aforementioned committee of investigation entered his room, and there in the wardrobe found a demijohn filled with quack medicine that Slade retails at $12 per bottle; and that in the lower part of the writing desk was found Col. Fisk's uniform, Slade's Indian outfit, a mass of illusion lace, and several masks corresponding to the faces shown as spirits. The masks were not critically examined, nor their number ascertained, as the committee at this point claims to have been disturbed.

Mr. Editor, has it ever occurred to your mind that a person who would thus betray a friend, would also lie? Judging from your editorial, I should say not; for you inform your readers that the *Sun* article is apparently truthful.

Now for the facts: The demijohn found in the wardrobe contained alcohol, and never while in our possession has it contained anything else; neither does Dr. Slade retail medicine by the bottle at any price whatever, although he administers to his patients such remedies as in his judgment the case may require. That Col. Fisk's uniform, or a number of masks were found, is also false. With the Indian outfit was one mask, which is the only one this self-appointed committee ever claimed to have seen, and she so stated before the Conference in Apollo Hall, and then and there, upon being asked if the face she saw while sitting with Dr. Slade resembled this mask, she answered, "No."

What now becomes of the number six? also, of the number not ascertained? Neither is it true that she was disturbed while examining the room, or that she or any other member of our family was ever prohibited from going into that room whenever they pleased, is also false. On the contrary, this lady has repeatedly occupied this room all night, sleeping upon the sofa, which is so arranged that it may be converted into a bed; and finally she admits that she lied in what she says about the Indian's talk with the white squaw. This is also a portion of the *Sun's* article, deemed essential, and copied in the JOURNAL, and still in your editorial you say *this* is apparently truthful.

At this stage of the proceedings, after having enjoyed the hospitalities of our house for months, she finds it convenient to become disgusted. Doesn't it strike you as being rather late in the day? It certainly does me, and I only regret that her sensitive nature had not received the shock much earlier.

We are then told that Mr. Martin is left in charge of the room. This happens to be Albert Morton, Secretary of the Liberal Tract Society, of Boston. Mr. Morton addressed a letter to the New York *Sun*, refuting the statement concerning him, which that paper refused to publish. It has since been published in the *American Spiritualist*.

We have now to speak of the diamond cross. Have patience, for "the end draweth nigh." I will say of Mr. Aiken that he is a gentleman of fine abilities, and as an investigator, patronized Dr. Slade to some extent, and, to use his own language, to *further* express his gratitude for what he had received, he decided to present Owasso this diamond cross, which was done while the Dr. was entranced, accompanied by appropriate remarks by Mr. Aiken, and as appropriately responded to by Owasso. The committee of investigation said subsequently, that she did not see why Mr. Aiken did not give her that cross, instead of giving it to that Indian. Comment is unnecessary.

We come at last to the closing charge, in this well written, apparently truthful expose,

THE SPIRIT PORTRAIT,

without repeating all that is said about it—only calling your attention to this fact: that in the *Sun* article it is set forth as an oil painting. Mr. Editor, the painting still hangs upon our parlor wall, bearing its silent, though truthful testimony of the falsity of every word that was said about it. Instead of being in oil, and on canvas, it is pastille, and on paper, and was produced, or painted, through the mediumship of Dr. Slade, as claimed by him.

In conclusion, I am compelled to say, that in each and every charge, throughout this entire array, I am unable to discover a single sentence wherein may be seen even a shadow of evidence that the writer intended to tell the truth; and so long as it was confined to the columns of the New York *Sun*, and its class of journals, I deemed it unworthy of notice; but when copied into the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, supported by an extended editorial, in which you demand an explanation from Dr. Slade to all the points, it strikes me that I also have equal claims upon the columns of your paper.

Therefore, being associated with Dr. Slade, and my name being freely used in that connection, both in the *Sun* article and your editorial, as I have said at the commencement of this, I have taken up the points, or charges, in detail, and I now ask you to give this as conspicuous a place in the JOURNAL as you did the so-called expose.

REMARKS:—It is with great pleasure that we give place to the foregoing in accordance with announcement in our last issue.

The article in the New York *Sun*, the substance of which we copied into the JOURNAL and called upon Dr. Slade to deny or explain, produced a far more serious effect upon the minds of the readers, Spiritualists not excepted, than Mr. Simmons seems to realize. This paper having ever stood by *all honest* mediums for physical manifestations, it has been a target for that class to aim their shafts at who do not believe in that phase of spirit power. Consequently our office, for a week, was flooded with copies of the *Sun* containing the expose, and letters calling upon us to publish the same. The feeling was general among the Spiritualists that an explanation was demanded. It was then, and is yet our opinion that an explanation from Dr. Slade, or a denial of the points made against him, only would satisfy the public. One of his friends wrote us that he had recommended him to "maintain a dignified silence." Misplaced dignity, in our opinion.

We believe Dr. Slade to be an honest man. We know him to be a most excellent medium. We credit Mr. Simmons' denial for the reason that we know of Dr. Slade and his mediumship.

The burthen of proof to sustain the *Sun's base charges of imposition is clearly changed, and it now devolves upon that journal to sustain its charges against Dr. Slade by direct proof*, and we, in behalf of Spiritualism, defy it to make such proof.

A SPIRIT'S TESTIMONY FOR DR. SLADE.

BRO. JONES:—I feel duty bound to send you the following for what you may deem it to be worth, coming, as it does, from an entire stranger:

Early this evening, at this table on which I am writing, a lady friend, a gentleman, Mr. L., my wife and self, sat down to hold a circle. Ere long, and for the first time in weeks, Mr. L. was fully controlled by a spirit, who gives his name as Rev. John T. Boyd, a native of New York city, an Orthodox Congregational preacher, afterward settled in Muscatine, Iowa, removed to San Francisco, and died there, August 25th, 1855, aged forty-seven years. The reverend gentleman is no stranger to us in the spirit. He has controlled Mr. L. before, and by the soul-inspiring eloquence of his broad and liberal prayers, with one of which he always terminates an interview, and the sound wisdom of his counsel, we have come to regard him with feelings of deepest love and respect.

I will not intrude upon your space by detailing all that was said in this intensely interesting interview, but proceed to the main point prompting this communication:

I asked, "Are you familiar with the extraordinary manifestations now going on at Moravia, N. Y.?"

"I am, sir; perfectly familiar with them."

"Do you consider them genuine in all respects?"

After a short pause, "In the main they are genuine."

"Then, there is some trickery practiced to facilitate them?"

Another pause, "In the main they are genuine, and are but as a foretaste of what shall ere long be revealed to mankind."

I continued: "To-day, in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of the 23d inst., I read the New York *Sun's* expose of Dr. Slade's trickery. Are you acquainted with those manifestations, also?"

"Yes, sir; I am thoroughly acquainted with them, and pronounce them genuine—all that they pretend to be."

"And has there not been the slightest fraudulent instrumentality? Was the 'expose' one of the *Sun's* sensationals?"

"There is not one shadow of truth in the *Sun's* allegations concerning Dr. Slade and his manifestations."

"Were you acquainted with Dr. Slade?"

"Yes, sir; I knew him personally. I esteem him as a good man, an honorable gentleman, and a true and valued friend of our Spiritual Philosophy."

Not knowing the Doctor's full name, I inquired.

"Dr. Robert Slade," was the reply.

I am positive that no one at this table ever heard of or saw the Doctor's name in print, but myself. Respectfully,

JAS. S. HOWE.

Meridian, Miss., Mar. 25, 1872.

A WORD IN REGARD TO THE SLADE EXPOSE.

Having read an expose in the JOURNAL in reference to the Slade expose, I would respectfully submit a word which may contain a new idea to some of the readers of this estimable advocate of free religion. We believe the purport of the editorial before mentioned to be, that if Henry Slade will take up the expose, item by item, and give a satisfactory explanation of each, he will be acknowledged the best free advertised medium in the United States; and that whatever item he may leave untouched will be regarded as one which he can not explain.

We read in the last number of the JOURNAL Bro. E. V. Wilson's call to Slade for an explanation or acknowledgment of deceit intentional, and we understand Bro. W. to believe the manifestations witnessed by him on the 11th of January, 1872, to have been a fraud, produced by some means known only to Slade & Co. Now, the idea we wish to convey to Bro. W., is this: could not the highly clairvoyant power which he, *himself*, undoubtedly possesses, and which has rendered him so famous as a seer, in conjunction with the power which Slade does undisputably possess, and which has given to the world his wonderful slate writing, have produced genuine manifestations on the occasion of the before-mentioned visit, when, had Slade been sitting with a person *not a medium*, the manifestations might have been entirely fraudulent. It seems not unlikely to me that Bro. Wilson witnessed veritable manifestations by his own clairvoyant power, even should it be demonstrated without a doubt that Dr. Slade has been led by the desire for gain or renown, under the influence of dishonest spirits to fall from his high estate to that of an imposter. Let us hope, however, that he will respond to the calls of his former co-workers, and come out with an explanation or acknowledgement of error.

BILL U. SHEARMAN.

THERE is nothing so beneficially educating to a young man as the companionship of sisters. They laugh him out of those little awkwardnesses of manner, which otherwise might become habitual. They refine him unconsciously in all matters of taste and politeness. They nip the little buds of puppyism, which under any other circumstances might flaunt their flowering before less partial eyes. When brothers refuse to accompany their sisters, in order to dance attendance upon other young ladies, let them remember who made them presentable and agreeable to "the other young ladies."

WOMAN can more keenly than man "taste the pure enjoyment that results from the mere growth and exercise of good feelings." Who so well as she knows how much more true pleasure is in one peaceful moment of modest goodness than in all the excitement that waits on the gaudy game of ambition? She is never so happy as when doing most and asking least.—*Alger.*

A VERY encouraging letter received from Mr. W. Meredith, of Liverpool, speaks in cheering terms of the progress of Spiritualism, and the fidelity of his co-workers in the cause.

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and Subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. CARR. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

Isomerism.

SCIENTIFIC—SERIAL NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE.

Q. These strange facts in isomerism, offer a large margin for all classes of deductions. How are we to determine the truth or falsity of those we encounter among the true and false teachers and speculators of scientific pursuit?

A. The all-wise purpose of your being has endowed you with investigative power amply sufficient to conduct you on the pathway of truth. If you, with all these provisional advantages, espouse and advocate false deductions, it is clearly your own fault, and you must ultimately see and feel that you alone are to blame.

Q. I admit that self culture should be the paramount purpose of this life. Yet the masses are starving for a proper knowledge of these things, and all through the stultifying impress of false teachings. Where is the fault and remedy?

A. The chief fault arises out of the undeveloped nature of humanity's transition state here, and its comparative inability to penetrate beyond the general exterior of things. The remedy is, to emancipate ourselves from all thralldom of this kind, and through true interior self knowledge, endeavor to teach all in our reach to do the same. Close analytic comparison and consistent, rational uniformity, scarce ever fail to test and accept any truth we are prepared to receive and appreciate.

It is known we conceive by prototype, and reason by comparison, and every day's experience proves at least, to the truly observant and appreciative Spiritualist, that all our self-aspiring knowledge, founded on such a basis, rests under the intuitive impress of superior, higher, or more positive surroundings.

Q. Does the inter-electro chemical force, of which you recently spoke as governing in the elaboration of the vegetable kingdom, govern similarly in the elaborrtion of the animal kingdom?

A. Precisely the same law of action; yet the food of the one is inorganic, and the other organic. To make this answer more clear and comprehensive, it becomes necessary to explain, that the air, fire, water of the spiritual in the mortal form, is derived from the organic food used, and the light, heat, and magnetism, standing as sentinel in outdoor nature, overlooking, aiding, and sustaining vegetable elaboration, are represented by the head, heart and lungs and the indoor nature of animal elaboration.

Q. I was just congratulating myself on being relieved of the necessity of asking any other question, but your last suggestion opens a new and still more important field: the idea of deriving spirit food from organic food, and still more strange, that the brain, heart, and lungs should serve the functions of light, heat and magnetism. I can perceive a seeming semblance between light and heat and the brain and heart, but must ask of you an explanation as to some of the particulars in which the lungs elaborate and resemble magnetism?

A. It is known there is 80 per centum of nitrogen in the atmosphere, and from what we know of elements, their formative source, duality, and functions, we assume by parity, that nitrogen is a compound of the reflexes of the positive sun and negative earth, and that these positive and negative reflexes so radically interblend, as to defy all outer means of decomposition, or analytic separation, really sustain the same relation to each other as the zinc and copper plates in the battery action, and that there is an inter-electro chemical action necessarily going on between these plates, as there are between similar plates in all other elementary condition. I hold all elements, so-called, are necessarily dual.

It is known the human lungs consist of a most wonderful structure, of some *six hundred millions* of cells, separated by dividing films of from one two-thousandth to one fourteen-thousandth part of an inch in diameter. It is known that it is the function of these cells and dividing films, to effect the most powerful decompositions, usually termed "endosmosing" action.

It is further known, that the blood containing the organic, though as yet unvitalized, food, in passing through the lungs, is only separated from the air in the lungs, by the films, or these six hundred millions of membranous cells, and thence from some cause becomes vitalized, assumes a bright purple cast, is freed from all affinities, thrown back through the left auricle and ventricle of the heart, and thence along the arterial apparatus, until passing the capillary system, where the nerves attending the arteries stop, and the original affinities of the blood come in play, producing what is called the function of nutrition and calorification.

Keeping the facts in the premises strictly in view, the application and general reason for my position is this:

First the decomposition of the oxygen and nitrogen of the lungs by the endosmosing action of the six hundred millions of cells, liberates sufficient electricity in current form, to guard, protect, and defend the blood from all external affinities, to such points of the system as have through this instrumentality ordered supplies.

The outer phase of this inter-electro chemical supervision we call, for convenience sake, the magnetism of electricity in motion, and hence the lungs may in this respect, be said to elaborate and represent the indoor nature of outdoor magnetism, founded on unceasing motion.

Q. Am I to understand, or infer from your remarks on the vitalizing force of the lungs, that they exert a general vivifying effect upon the other organs, functions, and the system generally?

A. My remarks may not have implied as much, yet, my experimental observations bear out the conclusions. I feel assured a proper knowledge and use of the lungs would readily relieve nine-tenths of human suffering from physical, and almost as great a proportion of mental, disease.

The following simple experiment, if promptly practiced, will prove of incalculable benefit to all who may adopt it, for the removal of any form of incipient feelings of oppression.

Should you take a severe cold and have a headache, or any other attendant sensation, take a position facing the fresh air, and begin to breathe as full and deep as you can, when you have reached about ten deep, full inspirations, you will feel very much oppressed, and want to quit breathing deep; let this feeling, however, be a reminder that you must continue. When you shall have breathed near twenty full, deep inspirations, you will begin to gape inordinately, and feel something more inclined to breathe. When you have breathed about thirty times, you will, perhaps, sneeze, the tears will start freely from your eyes, the dormant secretions from the glands of the throat, and dormant gases from your stomach; and if an ordinary attack, by the time you shall have inhaled forty of these deep, free, full inspirations, you will feel entirely relieved of whatever the nature of your affection may have been. Should your attack be very severe and obstinate, and of a typhoid character, you may have to continue till you have breathed from sixty to one hundred or even a greater number of these deep, free, full inspirations.

This simple, costless, and in the main, pleasurable experiment will, according to my practical experience, relieve nine out of ten incipient stages of disease, and more than half of the confirmed stages of disease requiring re-vitalization. It will not cost anything to try it, and you may rest assured it is harmless.

Q. If this is a fact, why has the world slept so long in ignorance of it?

A. I am not prepared to say; yet, a practical experience, founded upon a knowledge of the nature, character, and function of the lungs, has, at least, proven this all-important fact.

Q. Would it not seem from this view of the case, that everything in a great measure depends upon the lungs?

A. Yes: since all else seems to cease when we cease to breathe life-sustaining air.

Q. Is there anything else that might be used to advantage in the same connection?

A. Yes, various things, according to the nature of the case—such as the exertion of the *will*, magnetic passes, free use of pure water, and healthful exercise.

Q. What physiological reasons have you for basing your treatment on the lungs rather than on the will?

A. Many facts. The lungs are unceasing in their action, and the will is not. The lungs elaborate the health status, and control the moving powers of the system, in a motherly, soothing, constitutional way, and the brain does not.

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SPIRITUALISM.

Abstract of a Lecture Delivered by Thos. K. Beecher, at the Opera House, Elmira, New York, Sunday Evening, March 17, 1872.

"For the Sadducees say that there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit, but the Pharisees confess both."—Acts xxiii, 8.

By this text it appears that Sadducees are no modern invention. Side by side with the pious, who have always believed in God and angels, and souls of men in and out of the body, we find rational and scientific incredulous people. Both classes were found in the Jewish church. Not infrequently even the high priest was a Sadducee. As it was in the days of old, so it is now. In this city we find some people who believe in God, in angels, in spirits, and other people who are doubting or denying all things and are calling for proof.

I suppose this disagreement of honest men will continue till the end of the present order of nature. The first man, being of the earth, has the start of the second man who is from heaven. It is not to be wondered at that what we learn first, namely, the things of the flesh, should seem more demonstrable and substantial than the things of the spirit. They who have been born of the flesh and the flesh only, will mind the things of the flesh. They who have been born of the spirit will mind the things of the spirit. And men do not naturally, that is to say at first, discern the things of the spirit, neither can they know them, for they are spiritually seen and only so.

When a scientific man, therefore, arranges his laboratory and adjusts his apparatus, all of it invented for the express purpose of detecting and measuring matter and the forces that play between the atoms, and insists that there is not in the universe any form of being or force except that which can be detected and measured by his scientific apparatus, he is begging the question at the outset. As if a man should deliberately shut his eyes and demand that all the phenomena of light should report themselves to his ears. Spiritual forces, being, so far as we know anything about them, purely *voluntary* activities, can not be turned on or turned off like a miller's head of water or the gas in our burners; but must always be investigated *by permission of the intelligent beings*, whether they be whimsical, mischievous, angelic or divine.

In our dealings we are wont to say, "If you please;" anything like suspicions or contempt or insult excites antagonism and obstinacy. He who comes to you proclaiming that he believes you an illusion, a nobody, a cheat not worth a wise man's attention, in a certain sense forces you to silence and an answering of contempt of him.

I object, therefore, to all the scientific investigations of Spiritualism which have been undertaken as yet by natural philosophers of high repute, that they all approach the subject not as if they were dealing with intelligent spirits their equals or superiors, but unwillingly, contemptuously. They find a verdict before they begin to investigate. They have a patronizing way with them, as much as to say, "Yes;" there are so many fools that believe that there are spirits that we will, for a little while, give up our more important affairs long enough to unmask the deception.

I have in mind a minister of the gospel widely known in the United States, who has lived and will die a bachelor. And when I asked the reason, I learned that he had been rejected eight or ten times by very noble women; when I inquired why he was so rejected, I was told that he always approached them in a patronizing and condescending way, as if willing to share his high station with them, if they had wit enough to see what was good for them. And they all refused him, just as the spirits refuse to answer the scientific man, who in his proud way has approached their mystery—refuse to answer, or delight in deceiving him.

Now, citizens, I insist that spirits have rights—that it is as ungentlemanly to insult them as it is for us to insult each other. If I wish to make your acquaintance I shall do it by your leave, and shall never know you and your ways except I approach you politely. Seeking to investigate you in any other way you will treat me either with contempt, or will have a genuine pleasure in fooling me.

If asked then why few or no scientific men of any attainment have any confidence in what are called spiritual manifestations, this is my answer:

First, they begin by denying that they themselves have any souls to speak of, which may possibly be true; and,

Second, that all other souls in the universe are beneath a wise man's attention.

They begin their investigations by putting out their spiritual eyes and disusing the habits of religion, and when they are cast out of good society in consequence of their rudeness and stupidity make it a boast that they do not see and never have seen any phenomena worth calling spiritual. To people of this class I suppose the words of our Lord Jesus apply: "I thank thee, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast kept these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

That this is no unjustifiable inference, appears in the solemn utterance of Moses in Deuteronomy, x, 17:

"The Lord, your God, is the God of gods and Lord of lords, a great God, mighty and terrible."

The gods of the heathen are spoken of very frequently. And finally the Apostle Paul explicitly declares: "There be lords many and gods many, but to us one God."—First Corinthians, viii, 6.

It is an unscriptural error that confounds idols with false gods. An idol is nothing at all. But inferior gods are spoken of certainly by Moses, by Samuel, by David, by Jesus Christ and by Paul.

Next we find the people of Israel forbidden to use divination or an enchanter, or a witch, or a consulter with spirits (this last phrase, I am told, is in Hebrew, literally the man or woman that there is in them a spirit—a very perfect definition of our modern medium), or a wizard, or a necromancer.

These tendencies to divination and necromancy were so strong, and are to day so strong among men, that just as total abstinence is the necessary cure for general drunkenness, so the Lord God prescribed total abstinence from dead bodies as the only cure for this widespread consulting of the dead. "He that toucheth the dead body of any man shall be unclean seven days." Priests and all the ministers of the tabernacle were in a special manner forbidden, under severe penalties, from approaching the dead, in which respect the priests of Israel strikingly contrast with the priests and preachers of all other religions.

We find, also (and I pray you remember that I am not exhausting the teachings of Scripture, but am glancing at facts which live in my memory, perhaps not one-tenth part of what I might quote), that when Balaam bribed, was going on his errand, and an angel stood in the way before him; that the ass on which he rode saw the angel (just as cats and dogs and horses see spirits to-day) before Balaam saw him; that the Lord opened his eyes and Balaam too saw the angel.

We find the woman of Endor, usually and improperly called a witch. She did not know Saul until after her incantations, when she became clairvoyant, as we should say, and recognized the king through his disguises, and brought him a message from Samuel.

I would have you notice, too, that all spirits, or at least samples of every class, have, according to Scripture testimony, made themselves apparent to the eye or the ear, and sometimes to both. God appeared to Adam and talked with him; to Abraham, in the form of a traveler; afterward to Lot in Sodom; before Moses in a sphere of light around the acacia tree; to all Israel in the pillar of fire and cloud that went before them as they journeyed and rested on the holy place when they camped; to Elijah, by a still, small voice; to Solomon when he dedicated the temple; to Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace.

These and like manifestations of God we call by the learned name, "theophanies," that is, outshinings of God. It still remains true, however, that no man hath seen God at any time, for no man can look upon Him and live.

Angels appeared to the shepherds as they watched their flocks the evening when Christ was born. Satan appeared to tempt Jesus. Angels appeared again and ministered to him. Angels appeared at the sepulchre and in the garden at his resurrection. Angels stood upon the mount of Olives when he ascended. An angel of the Lord led Peter out of his prison. And when our Lord rose from the dead you remember many saints came forth from their graves, and were seen of many in Jerusalem.

Summing this matter briefly, we find revealed by many Scriptures, (1.) God in three persons, (2.) inferior gods—gods of nations, (3.) we have archangels and angels, the heavenly hierarchy, so-called by John Milton. We have (4) fallen angels, and (5) souls of the departed. We have ministering angels sent forth to minister unto the heirs of salvation. We have guardian angels that do always behold the face of the Father in heaven.

My fellow citizens, do not mistake me. I am not endeavoring to set forth the Bible doctrine as to the unseen or spiritual world. I am only calling your attention to the fact that spiritual agencies from God, the Supreme, all the way down the grade to the souls of the beasts that go downward, are recognized throughout Scripture. Their being and their activity are assumed rather than asserted. As many of you, therefore, as found your faith upon Scripture testimony may as well deny the existence of God as deny the existence and work of other spirits, multitudinous and many graded.

One fact alone should silence Sadduceeism in all our churches, namely, the most frequent wonderful work performed by the Lord Jesus Christ was exorcism, or the casting out of spirits. The fame of these works filled all Judea and Galilee. The story of them is put before our children in Sunday school, and in the next breath they may hear us saying that Spiritualists are a set of humbugs! Christian brethren, these things ought not so to be.

It is honorable, safe and true for any of you to say that you have never seen and never want to see any spiritual manifestations except the movings of the Holy Ghost. But it is not honorable, on the contrary it is disloyal, to the testimony of Scripture and the testimony of God himself to declare contemptuously that there are no spiritual manifestations—that they are all illusions or worse. I would set forth:

A theory, or at least a few thoughts, as to spirits and spiritual manifestations, that are, so far as I know, in agreement with Scripture and observation and sound sense.

We are all of us mediums. Our bodies curiously and wonderfully made are acted upon by forces intelligent, passionate and mysterious.

A man is shot dead. While as yet limp and warm, his whole body except along the line of the little bullet hole is as perfect as yours and mine. Nevertheless that body will not again serve as the medium of the intelligent force that worked through it an hour ago. This dead body then, from which a certain something parted and went away, has now become merely so many pounds of matter. Close beside it stands a melodeon of the same weight. The question that I would ask you is this: Is it any easier for you to conceive that a spirit should move that body round than that a spirit should move this melodeon round? It is so many pounds of matter in either case. And are you or I able to see and say that a hundred and fifty pounds of one sort of matter are more easily moved by a spirit than a hundred and fifty pounds of another sort of matter?

We are all apt to mistake familiar facts as if they were explainable. To me it seems quite as mysterious that a certain life or spirit or soul that engineers my body should be able to make manifestations, as that any other spirit that you choose to name should make manifestations through some derided or half crazy medium. Because a thing has been doing for fifty years it is not therefore explained: it is only made common.

It is often said that our bodies present an apparatus peculiarly adapted to an indwelling soul, an apparatus of nerves and nerve centres with a final concentration at or near the brain—as if this explained anything. Suppose a case:

Come with me to the depot or the Rathbun House, and you shall hear the click of the telegraph.

"Who makes that click?"

"Buffalo," says the operator.

How does he make it? He opens and closes the circuit. What circuit? The ground and the wire along the telegraph poles. Well, I will go to Buffalo and see it done. When I get there the telegraph people show me into a room ten feet square let us suppose, filled with batteries and magnets, and wires and keys, and all manner of telegraphic apparatus, plump full, so that I can not even open the door, but can only peep in. And they tell me that that room sends the messages. But who starts the room agoing. Ah, the room starts itself, they answer. Empty it out, I say, and let me look at it. Oh, it won't do anything, they reply, if you empty it. There is nothing there that we know of except what you see. Well, that's wonderful. Do you mean to say that you can talk through this hole into that room full of stuff, and messages be sent to Chicago, New York, Elmira, all over the land, just by talking in at that hole? There must be a fellow in there. You can't fool me with a lot of copper wire that way. There is a man hid in there. I am so earnest about it that they let me empty the room from end to end. And I find nothing except batteries, and wires, and keys, and switches, and zincs, and carbons, and other telegraph stuff. *Well*, WELL! I say.

Now, friends, in what does this rude illustration differ from what is now going on in this room. I am speaking to you. There are a couple of holes in your head, and I send messages by those two ears of yours into a room that is full of coils and convolutions of brain. There is a little nerve-wire that goes from your ear to your brain. Were I to yell fire, it would startle you, and you would send messages out to your feet and legs to run, or other messages more sensible, to sit still and wait till the rest had run. I say, wonderful! Another man says, Pshaw! that's nothing; of course brain will act that way. No, I reply; there is a man in, or near, or around that brain.

You talk of the brain as if it were some sort of stuff, so that it was not at all wonderful to find a spirit setting a whole body going, if it only has a brain to work with. Well, then suppose I bring before you a nice, fresh, warm brain on a platter, or if you please, in its own skull. Talk to it now. What is wanting? Why can't I make an impression on that brain? It is all there. We can only answer that the life is gone, the soul is gone, the something or other is gone.

I repeat the question, Because a thing is uncommon, are we therefore to reject it as incredible? The general rule is that men ride horses one at a time. Is it therefore incredible that two should ride the same horse, or three or four? It is common with us that one family lives in a house. Is it therefore incredible that eighteen or twenty families should be found somewhere swarming in a tenement house? It is common for one player at a time to perform on a piano. Does this fact make it incredible that a traveler should have heard a tune performed by four hands? It is common that one soul, one life, ONE intelligence, works through one body. Is it therefore absurd or incredible that two souls or two spirits should use the same body? It is amazing that one can do it. Is it any more amazing that two can do it? I agree that it is more uncommon, remember, but not a whit more wonderful.

If you say of course every man has one soul, but there is not room for two, I reply, show me room for one. I can not tell you where about in the body one soul resides. Theories differ. And if in these days of science, you incline to say that the soul resides at head quarters in the brain, I reply that this is the most crowded part of the body. It is the last place where one would look for a spare room in which to accommodate a mysterious visitor. And I am quite sure there is as much room there for two as there is for one.

And next, if, as is the case, we find that there is no nation under heaven of whom we have any historic record that has not preserved more or less testimony, that certain men or women have been inspired by gods or possessed by spirits, are we wise when we toss the head and say Superstition! Ignorance! Darkness? Is it absurd to believe in spiritual manifestations merely because we are accustomed to the manifestations of one spirit at a time? Where there is so much smoke of what you call Superstition, is it not probable that there is a little fire of fact?

There is a place of departed spirits. Is it above us? Is it below us? As the earth goes rushing through space, does it not leave a train behind it of departed souls? Where does the soul go to when it goes out of the body? It goes with the gone. It goes to the place of departed spirits. Well, it seems as men have been dying for a great number of years, it seems probable that there are a great many spirits somewhere; and, if as they float or travel through space, the orbit of the earth should happen to intersect the realm or region which they frequent, manifestations would probably be very plenty about that time. Do you smile at this suggestion? It is only talking astronomic talk—just what is gravely printed in our school books about meteors. Why do we have August and November meteors? and why are they so plenty some years and so scarce other years? Astronomers gravely answer: It is probable that star-dust, meteoric matter, is irregularly diffused through space; and when the earth, in its regular coursing, happens to roll through one of these clouds, these meteors light up strangely and fill all the heavens; and when the earth has rushed through to the other side we cease to see them. Now you see them, now you don't see them.

Nobody laughs at astronomers for such talk. They believe in a space and place of wandering meteors. Why may not you and I believe in a space or place of departed souls? And if the time when our Lord was upon earth was a good time for spiritual manifestations, and then there were hundreds of years when there were no spiritual manifestations; if there was a time when witches abounded, and another time when they did not abound, what of it? If the earth gets to rolling through the place of departed spirits, I know no reason why they should not swarm round the earth at such times.

The only way possible by which to avoid these conclusions is by an effort of will to stand upon the cold, stony pedestal of unbelief—deny everything and demand proof. Close every sense by which a spiritual impression can come in, and leave open only those senses by which physical forces can make themselves known, and I promise to any man perfect success in attaining to the comfortable estate of the Sadducees. You can prove to yourself that there is neither God, angel, devil, nor soul of man, nor resurrection, nor hope hereafter. And may God have mercy on your soul if you have any.

While this work of sanctification and divine possession is going on, it may well be that the angels—who thronged the manger of the child Jesus—served him when weary after temptation in the wilderness; watched over his tomb while dead; and lingered with explanations when he ascended. It may well be, I say, that angels shall attend upon the infancy, youth, manhood, old age, death and resurrection of every true believer. And when the hour of mystery and thrilling interest which awaits us all (the hour of death) shall arrive, I make no question that, as when we were born once of the flesh there waited to welcome us the love and guidance of father and mother, so there shall await us when we are born again of the spirit, a warmer and more competent guidance. Blessed be God for the gift of ministering spirits.

THE SLADE EXPOSURE.

Dr. Henry Slade Refutes the Charges of the New York Sun's Reporter—Full Particulars of the Attempted Expose.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I should not have thought myself called upon to answer the *false* statements that appeared in the New York *Sun* of the 22d of February, regarding the phenomena which occur in my presence, had not the article been transferred almost entirely to your able JOURNAL.

Although I might, with the utmost confidence, leave all the points involved in the hands of hundreds of persons of larger logical minds and the highest legal and literary attainments, who have witnessed these manifestations. Yet I shall advert briefly to those on which you seem to have dwelt with some emphasis.

In the first place, the allegation of the *Sun*, that I went to Moravia to learn the art or trick of producing spirit faces, is *entirely untrue*. I *never* was in Moravia in my life, nor have I ever had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Andrews, the medium. I am not the only medium in whose presence spirit faces and forms appear. Nor do I use any curtain or contrivance at the moments of their production, different from those used by other mediums, or that which is in consonance with what appears to be a *law* in connection with the production of such phenomena; or, if not a law, a sort of necessity to produce materialization, although of the simplest contrivances, and open to the inspection of anyone, and so arranged that it may be raised in the twinkling of an eye by whoever may be present at the time the phenomenon occurs.

The production or the materializing of spirits did not originate with me, or at Moravia. The fact of their appearance under circumstances, precisely similar to those which make their advent in my presence, is acknowledged by millions of people in this country.

The diagram of the interior of our house is nearly correct; but what object has been gained through its publication, I am unable to say. I may observe however, that the *Sun* is again in error, when it asserts that a certain "bill of charges" in which sundry items are specified, is "conspicuously posted on the wall in our reception room," as no such bill has *ever* been posted there, or anywhere in our dwelling.

This is the bill:

For the information of visitors—Dr. Slade can be consulted at the following charges for each person:

Medical examinations	$2 00
Consultations on business	3 00
Physical manifestations	5 00

Jan. 1, 1872. SLADE & SIMMONS.

Sittings from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M., every day, except Saturdays.

Nor is that journal better informed when it states that there has been a "hitch in our ghost manufacturing shop," since a certain misguided and *scarcely* responsible person committed a foolish act in a moment of chagrin and *bitter disappointment*. The accusations made against me through this channel, are so obviously unfounded, that they have only to be examined to show their utter absurdity. Nor have they affected the steady and increasing phenomena, but rather accelerated it. Again, how could even the most arrant impostor hope to present with any degree of success, to the keen lawyer, the astute politician, the shrewd materialist, the educated physician, or the skeptical scientist a painted paper mask, and tell him that it was the face of his departed wife, his deceased grandmother, or that of his child, who had passed out of the form?

The charges that a number of masks and some of the stock in trade of a common juggler was found in my room by this person who took advantage of my absence, to outrage my hospitality, is equally false. All that could have been discovered in our establishment, were a couple of Indian costumes, frequently worn by me in public—what is called a half mask—to complete a masquerade suit, as I had been invited to join a private masquerade party. The illusion lace discovered, was attached to the costume already mentioned. The *Sun* gets adroitly away from this, the only important point in its allegation, by intimating that the masks were not closely inspected, or the number closely ascertained.

As for the silk spool spoken of, it *was* found in my room. It was placed there by some one unknown to me. Spiritualism has stepped too far into broad daylight, to need the aid of silk spools or any other contrivance.

But all this grand expose, as it has been termed, is bearing good fruit. It has stimulated inquiry, and has resulted in convincing many a man and woman who might otherwise have remained in ignorance of this great truth that has now arisen on the world, and which will untimately sweep it clean of superstition and darkness as with a besom.

I need not be more specific on the subject of the source of the *Sun's* information, than I have been, as you can well understand it all came from this woman spoken of—neither she nor any paper nor party can stay the workings of the spirits, nor rob me of their presence and power.

On all occasions I have offered all an opportunity to test in open daylight, or by gas light, the genuineness of the manifestations that take place in my presence, and in no case have I been charged by any of the numerous visitors who have witnessed the phenomenon in my presence with fraud.

I am equally wronged when it is asserted by the same paper, that I exhibit as a spirit painting, a photograph of my late wife, colored in oil by a Mrs. Geer. However, Mr. G—— and others, have painted portraits of my wife; in fact, one was painted in this city (N. Y.,) soon after her death; also one by our good friend and brother, N. B. Starr; also one in Detroit, Mich.; one in Cleveland, Ohio. But the one referred to was painted by myself, and is *not* in *oil*, but *pastille*.

And now, to conclude, while thanking you for your fairness in opening your columns for my defense, I will sum up as follows:

1st. No such bills of charges as that spoken of in the *Sun*, has ever been posted in any part of our dwelling.

2d. There never has been but one mask in our house, and the object of that I have already explained.

3d. The only articles of dress were two Indian costumes that I had made several years ago, and could not in any manner serve for the purpose suggested.

4th. The illusion lace was attached to the Indian costume and never was used for any other purpose.

5th. I have *never* seen any uniform of Col. Fisk,—however, Col. Fisk *did* appear, but not in his uniform, but in his glory, and was recognized by his friends.

6th. The silk spool must have been taken into my room by the *so-called* housekeeper, Mrs. Case.

7th. The demijohn spoken of, has never had anything but alcohol in it while in my use.

8th. The painting referred to, stands upon its own merits.

9th. The *Sun's* reporter obtained his statements from this Mrs. Case, and has not been in our house at all.

10th. One of the reporters had a sitting with me and published a *truthful* account of it in December last, in that paper, the *Sun*.

11th. This sensational article of the *Sun*, is a tissue of falsehoods, from first to last.

12th. Mrs. Case occupied this very ghost-room as a sleeping room during most of the time she was with us.

13th. She says Mr. Morton (he is called Martin in the *Sun*) was in the room most of the time when I was out, and no person was allowed to go in the room but him or myself. I am sure he was not in the room at those times.

In conclusion I would say, neither prejudice, slander, nor gold can shake the foundation on which I stand, because it is built on truth, and cemented by absolute demonstration; and all who assail it by any other than the spirit of fairness and honest inquiry, will be scatterd like chaff before the wind.

Truth alone is immortal and will endure forever, while error and darkness shall fade away. Yours Sincerely, HENRY SLADE

The Fine Art.

It is with pleasure we call the attention of our readers to the following article, just published in the Palmyra (Mo.) *Spectator:*

A DESERVED COMPLIMENT.

We have long known, and frequently mentioned to the public that we have an artist among us of no mean ability in his line, and in fact worthy to be compared with men of world-wide reputation; and we are rejoiced to be able to lay before our readers proof outside of our own judgment, which should be sufficient to satisfy the most exacting. There are many people who will not take the opinion of Western people in all matters, but think that everything excellent and commendable must have an origin in the Eastern cities.

Prof. H. A. Streight has painted for our citizens, and has in his studio in this city many beautiful landscapes and portraits, both of the living and the dead, which evince no ordinary talent when we consider that he has never had the advantages of a thorough art education, and no access to those renowned galleries and collections of paintings which tend to elevate and instruct the art student.

Some weeks ago he conceived the idea of sending a specimen of his painting to New York city, the headquarters of art in this country, for criticism by those more capable of judging these matters than the people of the West, and for this purpose, knowing no one there, selected the well known editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, to whom he sent a picture, and requested the opinion of art critics as to its merits.

The following letters, just received, show the opinion that is held of his talents as a painter by New York judges, and we suppose will be received as conclusive:

NEW YORK, March 19, 1873.

H. A. STREIGHT:

Dear Sir:—Mr. Drake, who has charge of the Art Department, writes me a note which I enclose to you. It is difficult to tell you the whole story in writing. I was much interested in the picture, and do not hesitate to say that it is a remarkable painting to be produced by one whose chances have been so limited. I should be glad to have you come East. If you do, let me see you, and I will take pleasure in introducing you to Mr. Moran and others, and I am sure he would do all in his power to forward your interests. Let me thank you for the generous gift, too, and assure you that I shall take pleasure in bringing you into contact with those who will give you a chance to develop the best that is in you.

J. G. HOLLAND.

[*Extract from Mr. Drake's Letter.*]

DR. J. G. HOLLAND:

Dear Sir:—I have examined the picture as you desired, and I think it is a remarkable painting for one who has had such limited opportunities. The sky and distance are very good indeed. The brownish tint through the foreground is a little monotonous, but still I consider it a very good painting, and shows that the painter has something in him which should be fully developed. I hope he will succeed in finally getting to New York.

N. DRAKE,
Principal of Art Department.

In the opinion of these critics, Mr. Streight should visit New York. Perhaps it would be better for him to do so; but we think it is fortunate that he learned his business untrammeled by the rules and ideas of some one else, and that his work is, for that reason, more original and striking. A visit to New York now would not injure him.

In this connection, we would advise that the public do not suffer an artist of Mr. Streight's talents and ability to be lured from us by want of appreciation and encouragement on our part. He is a Western and Southern man, and should receive sufficient patronage to keep him here; we are satisfied he has no desire to change his scene of operations, unless compelled by pecuniary reasons and lack of work, to do so. Those who desire portraits of living or deceased friends can get them painted no better in the East than in Mr. Streight's studio, and at much lower rates. He charges nothing for his reputation, as other fine artists do.

Bro. Streight, the artist referred to, has the following to say upon the subject. We hope he may meet that well-deserved patronage that will inspire him to persevere in his profession:

LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

In the year 1870 I spent several months in the mountains of Colorado, taking sketches of the grand and beautiful scenery which charms the beholder on every hand. From these sketches I have made a number of paintings, which I will sell at reasonable prices. I will here give a list of a few sketches, from which I can furnish paintings of almost any size:

Four Views of Green Lake,
View of Mount Douglass,
View of Gray's Peak,
View of Middle Park,
View of South Park,
View of Garden of the Gods,
View of Mount Lincoln,
View of Idaho Soda Springs,
View of Virginia Canon,
View of Long's and Pike's Peak,
View of Twin Lakes,
View of Echo Canon,
View of Devil's Canon,
View on Monument Creek,

Also many others which are not named in the list. Persons desiring to purchase landscape paintings can address me at Palmyra, Mo., post-office box No. 6.

REFERENCES:

JUDGE A. D. SPRAGUE	Palmyra, Mo.
JUDGE JOHN T. REDD	" "
R. T. ANDERSON	" "
JOHN SHANNON	" "
E. F. BRIGHT	" "
HOLTZCLAW & CO.	" "
W. LOUTHAN	" "
H. H. WINCHELL	" "
THOS. L. ANDERSON	" "
REV. J. H. BUTLER, Editor *Central Baptist*,	St. Louis.
H. WARNKE	St. Louis.
ENOCH PEPPER	Kansas City, Mo.
H. L. PHELPS	Holden, Mo.
J. R. FLEMING	Fairmount, Va.
HON. D. F. MILLER	Keokuk, Iowa.
W. W. JUNKIN	Fairfield, "
E. P. HOWARD	Bonaparte "
DR. O. GEORGE	" "
M. JACOBS	Quincy, Ill.
STEPHEN G. TYLER	" "
E. TURNER	" "

PALMYRA, MO., Feb. 15, 1872.

From specimens I have seen of the skill of H. A. Streight in landscape and portrait painting, I have no hesitation in recommending him to those who may desire work in his line. JOHN T. REDD.

The latest prediction is that this world is to end on the 13th of July, 1921, at 3 minutes 13 13-17 seconds past 7 o'clock in the morning. Let not the prophets be discouraged. Prophecy must be verified, and some of them will hit it yet.

A Bewitching Witch.

The following, which we clip from the *Irish World*, describes in a beautiful manner, those who were "bewitched" during the "dark ages" of the world:

Notwithstanding the best efforts of the New England private publishing associations, biographical, genealogical and antiquarian societies to print everything they can find concerning the early history of their section of the country, very many important documents elude their search. It was the good fortune of the writer to recently discover in New Haven an ancient musty manuscript, giving a detailed account of the trial and execution for witchcraft of a young woman, named Patience Delight. This document is the more curious because commonly only weather-beaten old hags were summoned for that offence. I am aware of the impression that this case is the sole one on record describing the conviction of a handsome girl—as the prisoner evidently was.

The manuscript commences thus: "A trew acount of the trial of Patience Delight, spinster, daughter of Called-to-Grace Delight and Affection, his wife, May 24th, 1692. This being the day sett apart for the trial of that atrocious leaguer with Sathan. I tuck brother Condemned Fisk and Reverend Remember-Lot's-Wife Parkenson to sit with me in judgment, we being thereto specialy commissioned. Opened court in the meetin' house with prayer. The prisoner was brought in by the Sheriff thickly vailed, so that Sathan might not prevail upon the court through her devilish eyes, and her arms straitly chained."

The usual formalities being gone through with, there was read the affidavit of a man named Harvey, who seems to have been the principal witness against her. It was as follows:

"It was up into my broad hollow wood lot coast by Goody Delight's, mother of pris'ner, choppin' wood. Just towards the night I felled a hick'ry, and safe thereon resting and meditatin'. Then comes a surtin rustlin' in the bushes hard by, and turnin' me head, loc! I see, threw the tanglements, 2 sharp, piercin' eyes that overkame me with a dred. I thort first it should be a wild kattle, or a painter, the sharpness thereof was so severe. But reachin' for me axe and risin' up, I see pris'ner pluckin' berries. She looked at me agin, and looked away, and thereupon was I seized with a unaccountable desire to keep looking at her, and could in no-wise keep my eyes from gazing at her. Which the tempter seeing and waxing bold, she saith good evenin' to me with much sweetness of voice that ran like tingling oil of Egypt threw my marrow. She keeps pickin' and lookin', and shootin' into me the most distrustful contagion, insomuch that I was near beside myself. Presently, on pretense of pluckin' berries, she cometh to where I sat, still shootin' at me with her eyes, and when she comes cloast by me, restraining grace was utterly banished out of me, and I was wholly possessed with the devil. Harken not to my weakness, but to the power of sin. Then says I, "Patience, how old art thou?" And she answered and said, 'Sixteen years and nine months, worthy sir.' Then Sathan takes my hand and makes me lay hold on her, and draw her to settle by my side. She struggles and makes outcries, and says she, 'The man is bewitched.' 'Yes,' says I, 'and thou art the witch that bewitched me, and thou shalt cure thine own poison.' Then did I press her upon my breast bones, whereupon she uplifts violent clamour, and I know not what else goes on, until my brother, Condemned Fisk, passing by, comes up and claps me on the shoulder, saying, 'Hullo! brother Havery, what's the matter?' And at the touch of that holy man, Sathan departed out of me straight-way."

Sworn in open court, this 24th day of May, 1692. PERSEVERE-TO-THE-END HARVEY.

PRECIOUS SMITH, Head Deputie.

This estimable individual was followed by "The young men, Barnabas Ware, Boaz Daniels, and Walk-meekly Smith." They testified that the prisoner had fascinated them at sundry times and in diverse manners. "Said Barnabas saith, last Sabbath two weeks ago he couldn't keep his eyes off the pris'ner all meetin' time. Said Boaz saith, for several months he hath been constrained, despite of all that he could do, when he went into meentin' to look for pris'ner, and that alwaies a look from her went through him and filled him with very dreadful tremalation. That the fascination was painefull, but natheless full of delight. Witness saith it was like the prickin' of pins all over him, but when he searched, there was none to found." Walk-meekly Smith saith that he went to home with pris'ner from singin' schoole two weekes agoe. That he did so because he was thereto fascinated, and she moved him by her behavior so to do, having sate by his side in schoole, and singin' out of his booke, and that he had never done any like before, being a youth aged only 19 yeares, and subject to his father. That there was nothing in pris'ner's walk and maner that night which might show forth the presence of the devil, only the cunning puttinge on of modestie, and lookin' strange sorts of earnest looks threw her eyelashes bent down, and as it were restin' on her cheeks, which were seemingly all in a glow of devilish fire. But next day and ever since, witnesse hath been sore distressed with losse of appetite and melancholie, and constant desire to be in company with pris'ner, but is afraid to touch her. And he swears she hath bewitched him."

Next came a woman witness. "Ruth Daniel being sworn, testifies that she knows that pris'ner hath bewitched Walk-meekly Smith, for that he now shunnes witness, whereas he used to be familiar and good friends, being witness's third cousin. That last Sabbath week, in the meetin', pris'ner tried to fascinate witnes Witness looked at pris'ner to rebuke her for not minding to the discourse. Pris'ner turned up her nose and gave her such a fierce look that witness was fascinated to take up the hymn-book, and was near about to throw it at the pris'ner's head."

After her came brother Condemned Fisk, who said that he remembered the witness uplifting the book, and how he stayed her rash hand. He concluded by abruptly asking, "Is not this enough? Shall we not suddenly seize the tempter, and cast out Sathan from among us?"

"Thereupon," continues the manuscript, "up starts pris'ner and throws the veil off her head with incredible diligence and fury, and cries out to the jury in a loud voice: 'Worthy sirs, take heed how ye give trust to these false counselle, and be not swift to stain your skirts with guiltless blood. I protest to the Lorde I am innocent in this thinge. Would you put to death Susannah and justify the lying elders?" —with more of such bold assurance.'

"Then it was plain to see how Sathan struggled within her, so that Mr. Fisk goes up and spat in her face, and charged him to go out of her, and covered up her head."

After this, there was but little more to be done. Upon such an unimpeachable testimony, she was found guilty and sentenced to death. The account ends with these words: "Judgment being passed, the people took her to a tree hard by and burned her with fire, while we all exalted a song of triumph which well nigh drowned the cry of Beelzebub yelling with her voice."

Mediums' Directory.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, being an especial friend to all true mediums, will hereafter publish a complete Directory, giving the place of residence of all professional mediums, so far as advised upon the subject. This will afford better facilities for investigators to learn of the location of mediums, and at the same time increase their patronage. Mediums will do well to advise us from time to time, that we may keep their place of residence correctly registered.

It is a lamentable fact that some mediums so far forget their self-respect as to speak evil of other mediums, not unfrequently even of those who are far their superiors. The names of such persons will be dropped from this Register so soon as we have evidence conclusive of their indulging in such unkindness.

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THE MYSTERY OF THE CLOCK.

Reply to Doctor Bond.

BY SAMUEL WATSON.

[From the St. Louis Christian Advocate.]

DEAR DOCTOR BOND:—I find an editorial of two and a half columns in your paper of the 9th, in reply to what I said respecting the striking of an old clock. I fully agree with you as to the importance of discriminating between credulity, superstition and faith. Credulity, Webster says, is "a disposition to believe on slight evidence, or no evidence at all. Superstition has general significations, but that to which you refer I suppose is "the belief of what is absurd, or belief without evidence, or a belief in the direct agency of superior powers in certain extraordinary or singular events." Faith is the assent of the mind to the truth of a proposition advanced by another—belief on probable evidence of any kind." Faith depends upon evidenee—testimony; and according to the character of the testimony will be the strength of our faith. We must not, we can not, ignore human testimony. All the faith we possess depends upon that, except our own experience and consciousness of what we have received through our senses. The foundation of our holy Christianity rests, to a very great extent, upon human testimony.

In reply to your inquiry as to what I think of that clock, I will simply state that at first I attached no importance to it. But when it struck five times only (all that was ever heard), and at each of those times a member of my family died, I was compelled to believe there was something more than "curious coincidences" connected therewith. That there was premonition of an afflictive event is certain; but as to the cause of its thus striking, and the power by which it was done, is the question about which we differ. Let us leave that old clock to do its original work. I am receiving, by letter and verbally, almost every day, as "astonishing coincidences" as its striking under the circumstances. They do not come from the "credulous, superstitious" part of mankind, but from men and women of the very best minds and hearts in the land, embracing ministers of the different churches, physicians of the highest standing, and editors whose testimony could not be questioned. I select one from a prominent minister of the M. E. Church South. He is the father of one of the pastors of the Church in this city:

"FULTON STATION, KY., July 17, 1871.

"OTHER OLD CLOCKS.

"A child died in a family residing in Benton county, Arkansas. An old clock belonging to the family, which had not been in use for many years, struck one the day before the child died. Several years subsequently the father of the child died, and the old clock, which had not struck since the death of the child, struck one, and no more. In Evansville, Illinois, an old clock which had long been silent struck one the day before the death of a member of the family owning the clock. Subsequently another member of the family died, and the same old clock struck one and ceased.

"S. G. PATTERSON,

Father of Rev. Wm. Patterson, of the Memphis Conference."

One more old clock, and I pass on. During the war a Confederate General was at the house of Mr. B., in Aberdeen, Miss. There was quite a number of friends discussing the question of persons returning after death and making themselves known. There was in the room an old clock which had not run or struck for many years. This general told them if he got killed or died during the war, that if he could he would come back and make that old clock strike. It was agreed upon and so understood by all the party. The Confederate General was killed, and soon after the clock struck while some of the party were in the room, which so alarmed them that they fled in haste out of the room, if not out of the house. I give this upon the highest authority in the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

Now, Doctor, if you feel disposed, turn your batteries on some other old clock besides mine. Their theory and mine is the same.

You seem solicitous for my theory, and desirous for me to give you some of the "many ways spirits minister to us." Well, Doctor, I will gratify you in this respect. I believe with St. Paul that there is an "outward man" and an "inward man." The former of the "earth, earthy," the other the intellectual, moral, spiritual man, that is not subject to death. I agree with Dr. Adam Clarke, the most learned commentator that ever wrote, when he says: "I believe there is a supernatural and spiritual world in which human spirits live, and have intercourse with this world, and become visible to mortals." I believe that this "spiritual world" is to spiritual beings as *real* and as *tangible* as the *physical world* is to our *natural bodies;* that this spiritual world surrounds the natural world, and, for aught I know, may extend throughout the immensity of space; that this is the paradise or place of departed spirits, in that intermediate state between death and the resurrection. I agree with Bishop Morris, the senior Bishop of the M. E. Church, when he says:

"There is a clear distinction made in the Sacred Scriptures between the intermediate and final state after the general resurrection." Also with one of our Bishops when he says: "No one has yet been saved in heaven; no one sent to hell. These states and conditions will not be awarded till the judgment, and it will not take place till the resurrection." And with another one of our Bishops, who says: "We labor not only in the sight of mortals, we labor also in the sight of celestial beings. We preach to two congregations at the same moment, one below and the other above us."

Man's *intellectual, moral or spiritual*, is a refined substance, a "spiritual body," which constitutes his individuality, his personality. The real man never dies. The "outward man" does; but the "inner man" passes through the veil which divides the natural from the spiritual world, identically the same being he was here. What we call death does not change the *moral status* of our spiritual nature. He now has employment suitable to his spiritual surroundings and desires. I believe that every Christian has one or more of these "guardian angels," or "ministering spirits," as St. Paul calls them, who watch over us. The affection they had for loved ones is not broken by death; they still love us, and feel a deep interest in all that pertains to our welfare, and do all they can consistently with our moral agency to lead us in the paths of virtue, and ultimately to the better land. Then we, with the same attractions to loved ones left behind, engage in the same glorious work, and thus develop our capacity to enjoy by consecrating it all to the promotion of the Redeemer's kingdom. But I am wandering.

You say: "It is now for Bro. Watson to prove, or at least to give us some reasonable probability for believing: 1. That the spirits of the dead have superior information about human affairs, and superior faculty in communicating it to persons at a distance."

They would certainly be poorly qualified to minister to us if they did not possess those requisites. Mortal vision is, at best, imperfect. St. Paul says, 1 Cor. xiii 14: "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known." I think the Apostle has answered that question satisfactorily to most minds.

2. "That matter is not obstruction to these spirits." "For ourselves we confess that we have no knowledge whatever natural, or revealed, that teaches us any such thing."

Does Dr. Bond suppose that the thousands who have died surrounded by walls of granite and iron, that they (the walls) were any obstruction to the soul's liberty after the death of the body? I will not insult his good sense by even insinuating that he does.

3. "That they do any number of things as hard as handling the hammer of an old clock. We deny it. We know no evidence of it. The Bible gives none. Experience gives none. Bro. Watson must give us proof."

To answer the above I shall be compelled to mention some things that will subject me to the charge of "credulity, superstitution," etc. So be it. I am willing to bear it, for

> "Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
> The eternal years of God are her's."

My maxim is:

> "To seize the truth wherever found,
> On Christian or on heathen ground."

I do not propose, however, to go only on "Christian ground" for the purpose of "giving proof" of what I have seen and heard on this subject. I have been a pastor of the different Methodist churches in this city since 1839. In the course of my pastoral visits I have met with a considerable number of persons, in the proper exercise of their mental faculties, who have assured me that weeks before their dissolution they saw, recognized and conversed with their friends who were in the spiritual world. One of these still lingers upon a bed of affliction. They accord with what Dr. Clarke says: "These spirits have intercourse with this world and become visible to mortals." I select one individual, because of his high position as the head of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Tennessee. Bishop Otey, years before he died, told me that he had always believed in the doctrine of "ministering spirits," but that he now knew they were around him; that he conversed with them, etc., etc. His daughter who had passed away years before, performed on the guitar, or he told me she did when no one was present in the room but himself. Also upon the harp, playing the favorite tunes she played for him while living. Bro. Tippet, long a member of the North Carolina Conference, was sick a long time in this city. I visited him frequently. He used to tell me that his spirit friends came to see him daily. He saw them, not with the natural, but with the spiritual eye.

There are a number of gentlemen and ladies in this city now who have told me that they see and converse with their relatives daily. They are not what are called Spiritualists, but they are influential members of the different churches, with as clear minds and as good hearts as others. Not long since as I was passing along our main thoroughfare to Sabbath school, I stopped to speak with two gentleman friends. One was telling the other he had a brother who had been dead for four years; that he saw and conversed with him often, and that he was more company for him than any other of his relatives. Others have said the same. I fear I shall tire your patience, Doctor, but let me mention one case more, as he is a M. D. of high attainments. He invited me to go with him to see a patient of his that was supposed by some to be deranged, while others thought he was possessed of evil spirits. On our way he took occasion to tell me he did not believe in any future existence. He said there must be a God, but as to man's existence after death, he was a Materialist. Some time after this I met him on the street, when he told me his faith had been very much shaken. Said he: "I saw recently a hand extended through a piece of cloth, and there was no body or arm to which it was attached. I had just lost a patient, and had been handling the corpse. The hand felt just like the dead person's I had just left."

I mention this, ridiculous as it may seem to you, as it comes from one of your profession, and you may be inclined to attach some importance to it. I think it likely that the "man's hand" that wrote Belshazzer's doom on the wall was a fit subject of ridicule by the incredulous of that day. Don't you think, Doctor, that "the man who appeared to Manoah's wife" so frequently, or the men of Macedonia who prayed him (St. Paul), saying, "come over into Macedonia and help us," could have made an old clock strike?

Once more: You say, "If Bro. Watson will give up his familiar ghosts and say that an angel touched his clock, we will discuss that; but as as long as he rejects angelic agency in the matter, we will, with his permission, let the angels alone."

I use the term angel as the Scripures do, as synonymous with man. The term simply means messenger, and is applied to man under every dispensation in the Scriptures. We have not time now to discuss this question. I still maintain that there is nothing miraculous (your opinion to the contrary, notwithstanding) in any of the things I have mentioned. They are in perfect accord with the laws of the spiritual world in which they live, and it is part of their employment and enjoyment thus to "minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation."

One word more: You say, "The spirits knock with wretched telegraphy on the tables."

Now, Doctor, if you have any design to refer to Modern Spiritualism as it is understood, I respectfully decline any further reply to anything you may say. I never go to such places, have nothing to do with such things, and have not the slightest reference to them in what I have said, nor do I know that any of the parties I have mentioned do. Our discussion must be, as I have said before, from a Bible stand-point, the standard authorities of the church, and the testimony of all reliable witnesses.

REMARKABLE MANIFESTATIONS.

Phantom Railway Trains!—A Mysterious Occurrence.

While we are no believer in Spiritualism, that is, in the supernatural origin of the so-called manifestations and revelations of modern times, we are not at liberty to ignore the facts and phenomena, so many of which are so well attested, and upon which the receivers of the doctrine assume to base their convictions of its reality.

Among these are the following statements made in an address delivered by Hon. George W. Woodman, of Portland, and reported in the *Press* of that city, in which he described some of the remarkable spiritual manifestations witnessed by himself and others during the last spring and summer in the sick room of N. M. Woodman.

There were nine witnesses in all; sometimes two or three were present at one time; sometimes more. On the 24th of March, Mr. N. M. Woodman fell through the scuttle of his store on Commercial street, a distance of twenty-three feet, and striking upon a bale of material below, was found in an hour afterwards in an insensible condition. He was taken home, when physicians were called who pronounced the injuries fatal, and death inevitable.

Mr. Woodman stated that Nathan (we call him so to distinguish him from the speaker,) laid in an insensible condition for seven hours, when the physicians arrived at their opinion. His ribs were wrenched from their place, the spine was twisted, but not separated, and one of the large intestines removed from its place, so that there was no passage from the stomach. In this condition he could only live fourteen days. He lay until the evening of the 27th, unable to move in his bed, and part of the time partially unconscious. At seven o'clock on the evening of the 27th, in the presence of Dr. Hopkins, a leading medium, Nathan raised himself upright in bed, and spoke through the spirit which had him in control:—"I am terribly injured, and something must be done. It must be done within fort-eight hours or you will see the necessity of it." This was repeated on the Wednesday following, and the injuries described. And the spirits, speaking through the controlling influence, said—"Now friends, let the powers present handle him," and he was raised from the bed, and the voices prescribed a poultice, which, it was directed, should be placed on a certain point on the system, but it must not remain over an hour and ten minutes. The poultice was applied under the direction of the spirit, the bed tucked up, and the patient left sleeping. The room was vacated, and at the close of two hours the wife entered the room and found the bed undisturbed, her husband sweetly sleeping, and the poultice gone. It was found ten feet distant, nicely pinned up.

The speaker went on to say that the patient was examined, through the medium, by Drs. Wilbur—a Prussian, and Lerow—a Frenchman. The power in charge was a female relative, called Amanda, all of whom are long since dead.

On the third of April the influences said the man must be got up and dressed, and he was raised from the bed, twirled in the air, and stood upon his feet. He was dressed in an incredible short space of time by the spirits, and walked about the room. An unbeliever who was in the room, but who knew the attendant in life, was addressed by her, and circumstances of their childhood recalled. Two days after an examination and exercise like the above, the patient was left standing at the foot of the bed, with his back to the foot-board, when he was seized by invisible hands, lifted horizontally over it, and laid upon the bed.

At another time, those present were put in communication with the patient and medium, and all heard angelic music. The wife left the room, ran down stairs, threw open the piano, and played and sang Italian music, joining with the mysterious voices above, then returned to the room, and immediately recovered her normal state, with no knowledge of what she had done.

The spirits told the attendants that they gave him medicine every night, and applied shower and steam baths, and turned him in bed. (The patient at this time in his normal state, was unable to move at all.) And this, Mr. Woodman went on to say, was verified in the following manner:—

On Sunday, April 16, at mid-day, the patient was much disturbed, he had been raised up in bed, and asked for water, which was given him. Presently a goblet was seen, let down from the ceiling, as if suspended by a thread, and stopped at the sick man's mouth. "Drink Nathan," said his wife, and the contents of the glass were administered by unseen hands. He complained that it was exceedingly bitter, like tanzy, and water was given him several times to remove the unpleasant taste.

At another time Dr. Hopkins, the medium, was taken up and carried three times around the room. The speaker described the appearance of colored lights on one occasion.

Once the speaker himself was taken up and thrown several feet across the room. May 7th, after the usual exercise by the spirits, Mr. Woodman was requested to step across the room and take Mrs. Woodman's hand; she held it about two minutes, when she saw a presence in full costume, with features clearly discernable. This was Mr. B.'s mother. There was another presence in the room, but it was not distinct enough for recognition. The same evening they had the manifestation of the spirit hands. Once the curtain fell down as they were about to close out the strong light, but was replaced by unseen power, before any one could stoop to pick it up. This was on the 8th of May.

The next day, the patient was taken into the hall by the spirits; there were sixteen of them in the room then, they were told, among whom were Rev. Jabez Woodman and Jabez C. Woodman. The last named appeared to them with great distinctness on a previous day, and afterward wrote at a table. He sat by the speaker when he visited the house, and talked to him, through the medium, of matters of which only they two had any knowledge.

On the 13th of May, the patient, after being "exercised" in the usual manner by the spirits, stood at the foot of the bed. In an instant he was lifted into the air, in a horizontal position, and laid across the foot board, and "balanced" there for several minutes; then he was turned over, and the process repeated.

On the 16th of May, while the speaker was rubbing the patient's back, by direction of the spirits, he was suddenly seized and thrown some distance.

Mr. Woodman, in his remarks, described with great minuteness, the progress of the recovery, and the gradual withdrawal of the unnatural support. We have not followed him very closely, selecting some of the most remarkable incidents to which he and other equally reliable gentlemen were witnesses.—*Maine Farmer.*

THE PHANTOM TRAINS.

The Columbia *Courant* is responsible for the following:

The "debble am out on a big rampage," along the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He is seen at various places along the road, and in different shapes. One night last week, after the Philadelphia express left Tyrone Station, his satanic majesty got on the engine with Sol. Hoffmaster. He looked around for a moment, then taking the poker from the fireman, opened the fire door and stirred the fire, at the same time sticking his feet in. He then sat down, stretching out his immense legs, and bringing his tail around, laid it between his cloven hoofs. Sometimes, wings could be seen about his shoulders. He was very particular about the fire; sometimes he would put his head in the fire box and look around, and then throw in his tail, stirring the fire at a rapid rate. By this time he got warmed up, and so had the engineer and fireman, who were nearly scared to death.

The engine was making about thirty-five miles an hour, when the devil picked up the oil can, went out and oiled the locomotive in all its parts. He then returned, and requested Mr. Hoffmaster to slack up and let him off at Bridge No. 5; but Mr. H. told him he might get off the same way he got on. The engine was then running at a fearful rate of speed, and Mr. Devil stepped to one side and disappeared.

We learn since that a phantom train was seen in the vicinity of the Gap. Some nights ago, David Wayde, engineer of 447, had stopped for some purpose, when a train was heard approaching at a rapid rate. Knowing there was no train due at that hour, schedules were examined carefully; but the stranger could not be made out. At length it came thundering around the curve, with an immense headlight and other equipments. The conductor, (H. Bell) engineer, fireman, and brakeman, all saw and heard the train coming. The flagman, (John K. Newell,) immediately went back with a light, and placed caps upon the rails. The phantom train came, making the usual noise, and lighting up the whole track with its lurid glare, when in a twinkling, the whole thing disappeared. Some say it was old Adam Clenson's train—the notorious leader of the Gap gang, who died several years ago—and that he was aboard swinging a red light furiously.

John Eilbert, engineer of the Lancaster train, informs us that when approaching Pequea Bridge, some nights ago, he saw the devil on the cowcatcher of his engine. He was running at the rate of thirty miles an hour. He quickly shut off the steam and slackened up, but could not see anything more of the strange object. These stories are creating a great deal of comment among the railroad men. We give them as they are told to us, and leave the readers to draw their own conclusions.

A MYSTERY.

A Toledo *Blade* reporter has been for some weeks in possession of the facts relating to the following mysterious occurrence, and gave them to his readers in the issue of February 14. We have in our possession, and fully authenticated by responsible witnesses, facts similar to the accompanying, which we may give in a future issue of the *Sun*:

"For some time we have been in possession of the circumstances of a most singular manifestation which took place in this city, and which, while it looks inexplicable by any known laws of natural phenomena, it is yet fully attested by the statement of a man who is a firm disbeliever in all that bears the name or wears the guise of Modern Spiritualism. Regard for the feelings of the family soon afterward so sorely bereaved, has kept us silent concerning a matter, the mention of which at this time, we trust may not grate harshly on stricken hearts.

For several days, the family in question had been watching by the bedside of an only daughter, an unusually bright and attractive child, and the unyielding grasp of the disease from which she suffered, one of malignant character, had left them little hope for her life. As the little heart grew feebler, the child became partly unconscious, and as she lay thus one morning shortly before her death, the father stood over her, and after doing all that he could do to make the bed comfortable on which she lay, seated himself on a sofa on the opposite side of the room. He had hardly done so, when some invisible power lifted the child from the bed on which she lay, and placed her in the middle of the floor! So gently was this done, that it did not even disturb her sleep, and the father was so startled by the sight, that he was almost too weak to lift her back again. All this was in broad daylight, with no one in the room save the father and child, and there was no possible opportunity for deception or illusion of any kind. As before intimated, the gentleman in question is skeptical on all points of spiritual belief, and at such a time would hardly be liable to be made the victim of a cheat. His well-known character and standing in the community is such as to place his word beyond question, even did the peculiar circumstances of the case render a fabrication well nigh impossible.

It would seem that the occurrence must be left on that mysterious boundary where the known laws meet the unknown, and leave all human intelligence at a loss."

A Literary Treasure.

The Manchester *Examiner* calls attention to a charming little book entitled "The Sight of Hell." It is by the Rev. Father Furniss, C.SS.R., is printed *permissu superiorum*, and is recommended to be used along with the Catechism in the Sunday schools as part of a course of religious instruction. It is one of a series of "Books for children and young persons." From the following extracts it will be seen that the work is not of an inspiring character. The Rev. Father is supposed to be taking his young charges on a little tour of inspection, during which he acts as *cicerone*. Among many things too disagreeable to mention he points out the Striking Devil:

Little child, if you go to hell there will be a devil at your side to strike you. He will go on striking you from minute to minute for ever and ever without stopping. The first stroke will make your body as bad as the body of Job, covered from head to foot with sores and ulcers. The second stroke will make your body twice as bad as the body of Job. The third stroke will make your body three times as bad as the body of Job. The fourth stroke will make your body four times as bad as the body of Job. How, then, will your body be after the devil has been striking it every moment for a hundred millions of years without stopping?

He then shows them a "Dress of Fire:"

Job xxxviii.—Are not thy garments hot? Come into this room. You see it is very small. But see in the midst of it there is a gir, perhaps about eighteen years old. What a terrible dress she has on—her dress is made of fire! On her head she wears a bonnet of fire. It is pressed down all over her head; it burns her head; it burns into the skin; it scorches the bone of her skull, and makes it smole. The red-hot fiery heat goes into the brain, and melts it.

Ezek. xxii.—I will burn you in the ire of my wrath; you shall be melted in the midst thereof as silver is melted in the fire. You do not, perhaps, like a headache. Think what a headache the girl must have. But see more. She is wrapped up in flames, for her frock is on fire. If she were on earth she would be burned to a cinder in a moment. But she is in hell, where fire burns nothing away There she stands burning and scorched; there she will stand forever, burned and scorched.

The children are favored with the sight of a boiling boy. "But listen! there is a sound just like that of a kettle boiling. Is it really a kettle boiling? No. Then what is it? Hear what it is. The blood is boiling in the scalded veins of that boy. The brain is boiling and bubbling in his head. The marrow is boiling in his bones."

What a dear, nice, excellent (?) teacher of little children this Father Furniss must make. How nobly he inculcates the doctrine of God being Love in this interesting little work of his!

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and Subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

Corelational Forces and Evolutions.

SCIENTIFIC—SERIAL NUMBER TWENTY-SIX.

The analytic investigation of Spiritualism should begin at the highest point of understanding to which any given measure of comparative appreciation has led it. With the chemist, that point is polar condition (or electrical measures of individuality). The ordinary term "God," conveys a vague overpowering idea to the dogmatist, (of revealed *ipse dixits*) around which self-complacent assumptions revolve as spasmodically as the candle-flies around the lamp-lights of time and occasion. Let us, as true Spiritualists, profit by our observations in this direction, and learn to be governed by the "God-principle" in our own minds, which governs all ouside of us, though this "God-principle," or motion, sequent upon the electrical measure of ever varied polar condition, may not investigate itself, it may learn more and more to appreciate itself, as measured out, in our ultimated measure of progressed condition. Truth is principle; principle is light; and light is light, so far as its positive impress goes unto itself, illuming all things as from a common source, as yet beyond the utmost reach of human reason.

A philosophic conception of the polar condition by which mind and the spirit of the spheres are brought into communion, can be arrived at only by a most patient and critical analysis of physical laws, coupled with such light as our progressed reason receives as living truth or light from the upper spheres.

But, enquires the more thoughtful reader, will you try and give me a still more definite idea of this all-important polar condition of which you speak? Yes.—In every act of composition or decomposition you will find an example. The *cause* is the *physical representative of "God,"* or the God-power thrown to the world as *Electricity*.

This subtle, permeable, diffusible, elastic, equillibrio-tending spirit, peculiar to all matter, exists in greater or less quantities in the various *elements* known to chemists.

Asstated on former occasions, these elements range from the negative to the positive, according to the increased amount of electricity they sustain, which is modified in character only by the conducting quality of the different menstrums, measures, or elements containing it. The diversity of polar condition is the basis of affinity, which affinity can be suspended by the supervising presence of a greater amount of electricity in motion than the amount of electricity stationary, in the individualized conditions undergoing decomposition.

To instance a case—say gunpowder, which contains next to the largest amount of electric measure within the non-conducting confines of its thus isolated granules. If we apply by contact fire, or a temperature of a thousand degrees of heat, the granules become instant conductors, and give off their electrical excess in the form of explosion, and the electricity contained in the nitrogen, carbon, and sulphur of the granules passes into the ethereal sensorium commune. This presents the cause of chemical affinity, and the rationale of its suspension, by the magnetism resulting from electrical motion in the grosser forms of the material, the magnetism of the motion in the more subtle ranges of the ethereal, and the magnetism of ever-restive union in the spiritual spheres.

In the *material*, the combustion of a candle is a simple instance in point. The carbon of the candle contains some 40 parts or measures of electricity more than the oxygen of the atmosphere; this is retained in carbon, as a non-conductor in its static state, until overcome and rendered a conductor, by the presence of a given amount of electricity in motion—in the form of a temperature of a thousand degrees of heat, when the excess of electricity contained by carbon, or any other electro-positive measure is given out in the form of combustion.

In the ethereal, we find the sensorium magnetism of electricity in motion, encircling and controlling all the chemical forces forming, suspending, ever changing and reproducing in the ever varied grades or measures of diversified forms, all we find seggregated, aggregated, or assimilated by repulsion, cohesion, affinity, or attraction of gravitation.

In fact, electricity in motion is the the great magnetic lever of progression, and as it is the connecting link between the material and spiritual worlds, should constitute the paramount study of our lives.

In the *ever restive union of the spiritual*, we find, spiritually speaking, mentality as the ultimate Holy Ghost, or ultimate sum total of a terrestrial Trinity—the hypothanuse of all triangular action, on its outward and upward progress toward the ultimate harmonies of the ever extending infinitude beyond our finite conception.

Mind, in this earth-sense, is the progressive concentration or union of matter with the soul of matter, (electricity) by which it has been evolved through ever restive change, and rendered a link between the spirit-world and the earth, or outward objective condition or subjective relation. Mind being one of the virtual trinity, is maintained by the spiritual magnetic effect of the source producing it. Such is the inward of all outward trinities—the "God" of nature. Thus it is that the trinities of the universe make up the great inward trinity, and thus it is that every outward form has its internal reality.

Let us accept the sun as an outward, though positive representative of the inward power that originally, by the requisition of polar law, sent out its positive power (electricity) through the nagative chaotic matter surrounding space, until on reaching a certain polar limit in space, it necessarily condensed the negative matter it pervaded, into igneous belt, so formed by the peculiar motion of the sun. This belt necessarily parted, in order that it might become a magnetic individuality, containing all elements of a mundane nature, between the polar extremes of the electricity, and the chaotic matter entering into the radical compound thus individualized and put in motion as an earth, and also containing, by a necessity in the very nature of the union forming it, that inherent polar motion we now observe effecting all of nature's great philosophic purposes and elaborations.

In order that we may consult nature, rather than soaring genius or abstract revelation, let us go into your chemical laboratory and observe the incense as it rises from the outward to the inward form. Here, over the galvanic battery, we see electricity giving a polar condition to everything—we see it effecting every combination, and given out by every character of decomposition; and under the impress of its magnetic motion, we see it dissolving the most radical compounds; we see it producing water from the principles of fire, and fire from the principles of water; we see it arraying, taming, controlling, and harmonizing all elementary and proximate constitutions under the magnetism of its motion; we see it passing acids through alkalies, and colors through colorless fluids; we see it creating and suspending chemical affinity or cohesive attraction, as well as attraction of gravitation; in brief, we see it holding the wildest wilderness of chaos in plastic solution, and preparing its inherent elements to advance onward by their native allegiance to that unity of polar purpose, or that mighty polar brotherhood of life-giving power, whose influence extends throughout and effects every progressive pulsation in all the kingdoms of nature's illimitable empire. Here it is, in the incense of the battery, that we see electricity, in obedience to its reciprocal relations in space, achieving the universal mission thus imparted through it to matter by the source from which it springs, the mission of polarizing, concentrating, and individualizing matter into mind; which individuality can, by virtue of its past relations with all below and future tendencies toward all above, look back through its own affiliative vista of the past and onward to its hopeful future, through the magnetic light of its own reason, reflection and sensation.

Thus conditioned, the mind may turn within upon the labyrinth of its own polar relations; perceive through their media; recall their affiliations; reason by their impress, and judge by the polar light of their magnetic union. It is here, over the battery, that we, in our course through nature up to nature's God, come to contemplate the human mind, thus concentrated as a beacon-light within the portals of "paradise," ready to plume its pinions, and embark on its great mission of discovery through the realms of the past, where it may revel in the shade and sunshine of progressive life, drink deep of its refreshing fountains, and scan, in its eternal flight, the great empire of eternal principle, truth, and light hidden to the material sense by the outward form. And it is thus we see the mind, by its own intuition, reaching the more refined medium, constituting the primer page of spirit-life—the inward star; the leader of that fond hope which, like an infant's smiles, shines out by its polarity to meet the joyous greeting of its mother's kindred love; that hope leading on to the eternal sunshine of the spirit-spheres.

Such is the language and the teaching; such is the power, and such the simple truths by which we are taught a correct knowledge of the motion, and its source of action, by which the vast elaborations of nature are daily effected under the magnetic impress of this universal mainspring of her operative philosophy—which moves all, from the purest depths of infinity, to the less perfected regions of polar stagnation.

New Mexico.

BRO. JONES:—I would like to say something about Spiritualism in Colorado, where you have many warm friends, true and brave men and women, who have borne the brunt of the battle, and are coming out victorious; where the pioneers of this grand philosophy have been, such women as Laura DeForce Gordon, Miss Brown, and Lois Waisbrooker,—each presenting the new truths from the summer land in a different dress, but all attractive. Mrs. Waisbrooker's best work though is in writing. I see she has a new work on "May-Weed Blossoms," and that her "Hellen Harlow's Vow" has passed a third edition. My copies I left in circulation in Denver, where they are extensively read and much liked. Here everything is too new, and society in too crude a state to expect much else than sturdy toil and such thought as will tend to convert these stores of chlorides and sulphurets into shining silver, and I think that many a man will find a silver lining to the dark cloud of a life of poverty and toil. Quein Sabe, as these Mexicans say, who are patterns for the most orthodox Christians, inflict punishment on themselves, to pay the penalty for sins. They set up a cross at the mouth of the pit where they are mining, and do many other things that reminds one of the practices of the early Christians. They have the reputation of being a great set of thieves and liars, and why not! when they can so easily obtain forgiveness. Whether the early Fathers of the Church were the first, I do not know that they were the last; we have abundant proof in the mutilated records they have left us. It is a quality that seems to adhere to them well, or to these representatives.

I find that I have written more than I intended, and not said what I wished to say about Spiritualism in Colorado. I shall have to defer that (for want of time) to another letter, if you wish to hear from me again, when I shall hall have been here longer, and can write you more definitely. Yours,

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VOLUME XII. | S. S. JONES, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. | CHICAGO, MAY 11, 1872. | $3.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS. | NUMBER 8.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

Another Painting Medium.

[From Human Nature, (England.)]

Some forms of artistic mediumship are so extraordinary, that they cannot be credited without personal observation, or corroborative instances. But, when a number of similar results proceed from persons of different ages, positions, and degrees of culture, then the cumulative evidence becomes overwhelming, and those who may not have the opportunity of witnessing the phenomena, can, with safety, believe in the facts recorded.

The great interest which has been excited by Mr. Duguid's trance paintings, has recently been supplemented in the most extraordinary manner, by the performances of Charles Swan, a boy, fourteen years of age, nephew of Mr. Thomas Wilson, ironmonger, Market Square, Aylesbury. We shall allow Mr. Wilson to give an account of the developmet and history of the medium in his own words:—

The mediumship of my nephew commenced about six years ago in the following accidental manner:—He was suffering very much from toothache, and having read something of spiritualism, and healing mediumship, I said, in sport, to my wife, that I would try my healing powers on the boy. I accordingly placed one hand on his head, and with the other commenced stroking down his face on the side where the aching tooth was located. In a few minutes he dropped off to sleep, and I laid him on the sofa. In a short time I perceived his hand moving about in an extraordinary manner; but, having read Barkas' "Outlines of Spiritualism," (given me by a relative from Newcastle-on-Tyne,) I had made myself acquainted with some of the phases of mediumship—that of writing among the rest. I accordingly put a pencil into the boy's hands, and immediately there was written, "Let the boy alone; he is all right—Mary." I asked the lad what he meant, when he replied, through the pencil: "It is not the boy who is writing, but I, your sister, dead now about twenty-two years!" After he had lain on the sofa about two hours, his hand again wrote, giving me instructions how to awake him. I did so, and the first question the boy asked was, "Where is that lady who has been laying hold of my hand?" I desired to know what he meant; and he described the form, features, and every particular of outline, height and size of my deceased sister, as accurately as I could have done myself. The toothache had also vanished. Since that time, he describes the particular controlling spirit who influences his hand, as standing by his side, and placing one hand upon his. Though entranced, he knows that his hand moves about, but he cannot tell afterward whether he has been writing, drawing, or painting. After discovering his mediumship, I got a few friends to assist me from time to time in sitting at the table. One of these friends (Mr. Parker) has continued to sit with us very regularly from the first up to the present time. In this way, nearly all the various phases of mediumship have been produced—table moving, rapping, seeing spirits in the trance, and so on.

When his mediumship had continued about two years, he began to see spirits as he went about the house or town. I have known him to describe as many as six different spirits on his passage from the shop to the bedroom. I have seen a table in the parlor dance about very considerably, no one being nearer it than, at least, six feet. About two years ago he commenced to draw with the lead pencil, and produced very crude sketches, regularly for some time. Then strange-looking animals, with short descriptions, stating that they belonged to one or other of the planets. He attended school at Bexley Heath, for twelve months—part of 1870 and 1871. In the early part of last year he again sat at the table, and the drawing proceeded as before. Water-colors were then asked for, and a great many little things were done, getting better from day to day, until about May last, when oil colors were required. Since then, a list of pictures, fifty-one in number, have been produced.

A VISIT TO THE MEDIUM.

We visited Mr. Wilson during the early part of last month, and saw his collection. The sitting room is literally smothered with drawings and paintings in various styles, handsomely framed, in massive frames, and hung upon the walls in a very peculiar manner. This work has been all done by the boy while in a trance, and while the door was locked upon him. Some of the paintings are large, Turner's "Childe Harold" being four feet by two feet four; and no single person would like to take the task of hanging them unassisted. A painting of the human foot hangs horizontally close to the ceiling, ten feet high, and without any steps to reach it, except the furniture of the room. It is supposed to have been painted in that position, as it occupied several nights, and was seen in various stages, from day to day, in the same place in the ceiling. Some of the pictures are very striking—indicating great power of conception, though the treatment cannot be expected to be of the highest order.

At nine o'clock in the evening the medium puts on his painting costume, and prepares himself for the trance. We saw him entranced on our visit. He simply sits down in a chair before the easel, and leans his head back on a cushion, which is supported from behind. Mr. Wilson then places both his hands upon the medium's head, and with a few convulsive twitchings, he becomes at once unconscious. He cannot paint when strangers are present, and even not well in Mr. Wilson's presence, although he has seen the work going on. He can even write with difficulty while there is any stranger in the room. He wrote a few short sentences, one of which was to request us to leave the room. As soon as we did so, the door was locked from within, and the medium and the spirits were left to themselves, with a comfortable fire and a lamp. The principal controlling spirits say "good night," by raps of different degrees of loudness. John Wilson, who does the carpentering and framing of the pictures, gives three knocks, while Hogarth gives a whistle. Hogarth is a very jolly fellow, and, in concert with his fellow-spirit, John Wilson, often makes merry, far into the night. The thumpings and dancings are sometimes tremendous, and the tin whistle and concertina are sometimes played both together, showing that some powers are at work on the instruments beside the hands of the boy.

A number of pictures are in progress, by Sir Charles Eastlake and W. Hogarth. The former is engaged on portraits, and the latter is very characteristic in pen and ink sketches—one of which is a beadle. Others are equally comic in their treatment.

The medium comes out of the trance about four o'clock in the morntng, after which, he goes to bed, and sleeps until he has had sufficient rest. His leisure time is spent out of doors, in the open air; but, occasionally he goes into the trance again, during the day, for a short time. All his movements in this respect, are dictated by the spirits, who give instructions as to when he is to be entranced, and for how long. The spirits can entrance him themselves, by sitting for, perhaps, twenty minutes; but as it exhausts the power to do so, they requested Mr. Wilson to operate as described above.

Several spirits control the medium besides the painters; and their autographs have been given, as well as sketches—indicating their identity. (Lithographed illustration.)

Mary Wilson is the writing spirit, who gives all the instructions. William Wilson was a doctor, and used to carry a skull and crossbones depicted on a card, and fixed in the top of his hat. John Wilson was a carpenter, and does the framing, fixing, and other mechanical operations. H. Seymour was the son of a former employer of Mr. Wilson, who thus describes the symbol opposite that name:—"The £5 note in front of H. Seymour's signature, I consider an excellent proof of identity. The writer of that signature went to reside at Brighton for a time, and during his residence there he wrote to me to loan him £5. I did so, and the first time I saw him afterward he honorably returned it. I had forgotten the transaction until I read the meaning of the symbol drawn opposite his name, for I could not understand the meaning of it myself. The boy knew nothing of the transaction, as it had never been mentioned before him, or even brought to my mind, as the money was honorably paid to me, and I had therefore no longer need to entertain thoughts of the transaction."

Henry Argus was a relative of Mr. Wilson's, who used to tease him for a tin teapot, and in memory of the joke, he had it placed opposite his name. William Argus, another relative, was an undertaker, and proves his identity by the coffin. However, all of these signatures are recognized by Mr. Wilson and others, as genuine, and fac-similes of the writing produced while in earth-life, by the persons whom they represent.

Mr. Wilson has also had the signature of William E. Channing, who frequently writes lengthy communications; also, those of J. Wedgewood, Dr. Gall, Sir Isaac Newton, Cuvier, and Robert Hare. That of the latter is an exact fac-simile of Professor Hare's signature as appended to his engraved portrait; hence, it is not such a good test as the others, of which neither the boy nor Mr. Wilson had seen or known anything. On our visit to Mr. Wilson, we read communications in Cuvier's peculiar hand-writing; also, messages from Professor Hare, and essays on Phrenology and Mental culture by Dr. Gall. Sometimes during the night, as much as fifteen pages of foolscap of this writing will be given, in addition to the painting. At present, this writing has been so abundant that it has somewhat interfered with the painting. On the occasion of our visit, Mr. Wilson wrote some questions on a piece of paper, and in the morning they were answered by the spirit. They were kind enoagh to allude to our visit in pleasing terms, and added, that success would attend all our enterprises for the extension of Spiritualism.

The set of portraits of inhabitants of the planets are described at great length. Perhaps we may be permitted to give a special article on them at another time. Indeed, a great deal of explanation has been given at various times, which is all carefully preserved in a series of books.

On the morning after the little copy of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage was produced, it was found written, "Mr. Turner has been doing a little painting. When you go to London, he wishes you to take it with you to the National Gallery, and compare it with one which is on view there."

Mr. Wilson tried in vain to get the name of the picture, but no further information was afforded him, so he had no alternative but to take his picture to London, and see whether his spirit communications were a hoax or the truth. At that time he had not received so many tests as now, and his faith was necessarily not so strong. Accordingly, he came to London, and brought the small picture with him, and on looking over the Turner collection, he at once found the original, the copy of which, done by the medium, was found to correspond with it exactly in every particular, even to a dead branch that appears among the foliage of the tree in the foreground.

Whilst Mr. Wilson was verifying this picture, he discovered another, entiled "Crossing the Brook," which the boy medium had faithfully reproduced in like manner. Thus, Mr. Wilson thoroughly confirmed the truthfulness of the spirit communications as he was entirely ignorant of the existence of such pictures until he verified the statement of the spirits by examining the originals in the National Gallery.

Such is only a slight view of this wonderful instance of mediumship. Quite a number of pieces are now on hand, but the spirits do not permit the paintings in progress to be looked at. At one stage of development, a number of chalk and crayon drawings were produced. The portrait of Dr. Robert Ceeley, a gentleman living in Alesbury, has also been painted, and is at once recognized by the greater proportion of those who see it, and know the gentleman. The medium is now engaged painting the spirit Mary Wilson, who departed this life upward of a quarter of a century ago.

Mr. Wilson states that he has had one instance of direct spirit writing, and about four years ago the boy wrote about twenty pages of poetry.

A great number of people have seen these paintings, and two eminent artists have likewise inspected them, and say they manifest many points of excellence.

The composition of the pieces are considered of a kind far beyond a school boy's conceptions, or, indeed, any but a painter of considerable ability.

Mr. Wilson begins to see spirit lights about the adjoining room, in the dark, and he told us of a great number of instances of psychological power, which are gradually manifesting themselves.

The works are done in quick time. The large copy of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage—four feet by two feet four inches, (half the size of the original in Turner's collection,) was done between the 14th and 24th of December last; and eight other smaller ones were done in the same time. Turner said he painted them to use the paint on his brushes after working on the large picture.

A REAL GHOST STORY.

It is not worth while to tell me that the spirits of the dead never walk this earth, to be seen by mortal eyes, after they have taken leave of their clayey tenements—I know better. Robert Dale Owen may write in favor of dead men coming back to visit the scenes of their mortal toils, and a thousand others may write against it; it's all one to me. I shall have my own opinion, until I try to come back myself, and can't, and it is proved to me, by the best authority of the spiritual world, that no one else can. You will say, I make no doubt, as my friends have always done, that my fears alarmed me, and that my excited imagination caused me to fancy I saw the person of my old friend, Dr. Fenton Atwick, and I heard his voice speaking to me, when I knew he was a crushed and mangled corpse, or you will conclude that I had been asleep. You will be equally mistaken in either hypothesis. In the first place, I was not a timid man. I never had been afraid of anything in the earth, air or sea. I had walked through lone burying-grounds, and by old churches, hundreds of times, in the dead of night, and no "Tam o' Shanter" visions had ever yet caused me to quicken my pace. I had been, all my life, a sturdy, hard-working person; so, no sick, puling fancies had haunted me through long, weary days of idleness. Working for twelve hours on a stretch, until you are wearied almost to death, and sleeping like a log for ten hours, is not conducive to romancing, nor did I wish it to be. I had no thought of writing novels, or even "ghost stories," in those days. I was a plodding chancery lawyer, never venturing to make a speech, but drudging, as I have said, for the clothes I wore, and the food by which life was kept in my body.

Dr. Fenton Atwick had moved to Darbytown ten years before. It was well he had an annuity to fall back upon, for there was no need of his diploma, or of any science here. He had had a case or so of "ague and fever," and sometimes in the autumn a few chills—nothing more. Strange that Dr. Atwick's should have been the first death. Alas, poor physician, thou wast "unable to heal thyself!" Our salubrious climate and bracing mountain air might brave every effort of miasma to find a victim amongst us. But accident—the creature of fate—how unforeseen, how impossible to guard against his treacherous dealings! The veriest invalid on earth was safer from that than hale, hearty Fenton Atwick.

I don't know how I got into a sort of reverie one evening—thinking of all our lives, and the popular idea that we all have a "mission" to perform. I was not given to such things. I should as soon have thought of joining an opera troupe—having no more idea of music than a steam engine—as turning metaphysician. But there I sat, looking out at my window on the giant mountains, which were ablaze with the golden aureola of the setting sun, with my pen behind my ear, and ponderous volumes of Coke all unheeded before me, asking myself, over and over again, of what avail my life had been to myself or others, and whither it was tending, until the light died too from the western sky, and the shadows of night or of death crept, darker and darker, into the room. "Pshaw!" I exclaimed, "I am as visionary as a child emerging from, or an old man going into, the realms of the unknown. Very soon we too will be dust, as our ancestors are—perhaps a part of that which the young man, who was galloping madly by but a few moments ago, sent curling into my window here, over my books into my very nostrils. And then our children (not mine, of course, as I am a bachelor, but other people's) will look out of this very window, as I am doing now, and wonder what they were made for, and whitherward they are tending. And they will find themselves—in the dark, as I am." I struck myself a sharp blow on the forehead, as if by this means I should effectually floor the goblin thoughts that were bewitching me; and drawing a parlor match across the green serge that covered my table, I lit my lamp and reopened my book. But, strange to say, I could not collect my thoughts.

"I am tempted," I muttered, "to go for Atwick and Fleet and Jones, and have a rubber at whist, for it seems I am determined to be at cross purposes with time this evening." I sprang up out of my chair as I concluded, for a heavy thud, sounding like the falling of a human body, struck distinctly on my ear. I glanced hastily around the room, and, as nothing was disturbed, listened for a repetition of the sound from without; but the silence was profound, and I took up my book again. A moment more, and I heard some one walking rapidly down the street. "It is some visitor to me, I hope." But no; the footsteps passed on. Then there came the sound of running feet—one, two, three separate persons going by. Then there was a hasty tread on my steps, and some one came up. I turned quickly as the door was pushed open.

"Ah, Fleet, it is you! I am glad to see you. Come in."

He did come in; and there was a ghostly look upon him, frightful to behold.

"Come, Jerry," he said, while his teeth chattered, "I have been sent to fetch you. A fearful accident has just happened. Dr. Atwick—"

"What?" I asked, while a shudder I thought to be moral ran through and through me.

"Is already dead, and, as I have told you, by an accident as horrible as it was unforeseen. Jones was with him in his office, and they had risen to come up here, when Atwick extinguished his lamp, and turning suddenly stepped out at the window, instead of the door, and fell upon the rocks below. He was a dead man when Jones got down to him."

"My God, how horrible!"

I was at the scene of the catastrophe in a few moments. And there, laid out already with the grim formalities of death. I gazed upon the dead body of my friend Atwick, whom I had beheld but a few moments before in the perfection of health—a mangled, bloody corpse, lying still upon the pavement, with a crowd of people gathered, like ghostly statues, in the twilight about it. Some of the men had already constructed a litter. I was requested, as I knew Mrs. Atwick, perhaps better than any one in the village, to hasten on before, and break the hideous truth to her as gently as I could. I shrank back appalled. Demurring and fearful, I should positively have declined this fearful duty of friendship, but for the temporary absence of our rector, and the necessity of speedy action in some one. The statement of a great writer that there is something not altogether unpleasant to us in the misfortunes of our dearest friends, is a rank libel upon even medium human nature. I should not have been more distressed if Mary Atwick, the woman to whom I was going on such an errand, had been my own sister. And yet my acquaintance with her was very slight. She was anything but a popular woman; she had mingled but little with the people of the village, and had thus remained without friends, while Atwick himself had been a universal favorite. I had visited his house on more social terms than any one else, I believe, and though I had never found her varying from a cold and haughty reserve, I had every reason to believe that Atwick was devotedly attached to her and his children. If, however, I had known it to be otherwise—if they had been to each other objects of mutual indifference, or sometimes even of aversion, should I not still have hesitated to break the quiet of a household with tidings of such death to one of its members? Yet I was so stricken with a dumb sort of amazement that I had realized nothing of my position, and had not a thought of what I was to say—even when I found my hand upon the gate of the yard inclosure. All at once, however, a sense of what I had come to do struck terror to my soul, and the same shudder I had experienced in my office thrilled me from head to foot. There were no lights about the house as I went up the gravel walk. But I thought some one had come on the same errand, as I saw the figure of a man going up the steps before me. I paused an instant on the threshold of the portico, waiting for the figure, with its back towards me, to lift the knocker to strike for admission, when the door flew open without a sound, and the person entering revealed to me—my God! the blood-stained features of Fenton Atwick himself!

"How, how!" I cried, "have you recovered sufficiently to get here before me, and alone?"

It moved toward the door of an inner room, beckoning me with its mutilated, bloody hand. And a voice that I should have known, without the words, belonging to nothing mortal, said slowly: "I am here, in the spirit, before you, Jerry; my body follows on space. Over it I have no further control. But that thou doest, do quickly, or poor Mary's heart will be broken."

I was still looking, when the figure vanished, as I knew it would, and I was again alone in the moonlight. Wandering, amazed, everything but frightened, I paused a moment in dumfounded bewilderment. There was no stronger emotion in heart or mind, than bitter, bitter sorrow for the woman up stairs, as I stepped back and gave a long, loud rap upon the door. A servant came to light the l mp in the hall, and admitted me. Mrs. Atwick came in a moment. Her face was whiter than the gown she wore, as she looked at me.

"I was at my window, up stairs, when I saw you come in the gate, with Dr. Atwick beside you. Tell me where he has gone."

I tried to speak to her, but I could not. My lips were still sealed, when all at once she went down on her knees, crying out that "he was dead." She asked no confirmation from me of the horrible truth that had come upon her. I never saw any creature go on as she did in my life, and I hope, in God's mercy, that I never may. When I spoke to her at last, she railed out at me "to be gone, and leave her alone, for I had murdered him!" I think her mind had entirely lost its balance. I knocked at the door of the next house, and bade the woman go to her, for I could do nothing. They had taken her up stairs when the heavy tramp of the men with the litter was heard without.

"He has shown no symptoms of returning consciousness, I suppose?" I said to Fleet.

"Consciousness! I should say not, when he was dead even before Jones lifted him from the earth," I was answered.

When the body was laid out—in spite of the horror that came over me in its presence—I looked at it. I knew that he was dead—as dead as you or I will be when we have slept under the sod for a thousand years. And yet I could not divest myself of the idea that there was a latent expression of consciousness about the face. I saw it through the congealed blood upon his temple—even after I had touched his brow with my fingers, and found it colder than the marble slab upon the table close at hand. No wonder they should tell me I was white and sick! Men have been as pale with far less cause.

They sent me home with a young fellow named Compton. He and I, and some others were to sit up the next night. I had not slept one wink when the day dawned again; but I was glad to walk about beneath the light of the sun, and be able to talk about the fearful accident with my fellow-townsman, though in so strange and subdued a voice. When the evening came I went back to the widowed house again. The horror of the thing seemed as fresh upon them all as on the evening before; and strong men sat in the shadow of this calamity, with eyes on which the mist of tears had gathered, ever and anon, and talked—if at all—in hushed whispers to each other.

It was the old-fashioned way, and we were sitting in the room with the corpse. It was considerably past midnight when I took a book from the little table, on which a pot of coffee had been placed, and began to read. Soon after this, three of the men proposed a walk; but, as Charley Fleet and Compton were to remain, I said nothing. I was still reading, as wide awake and as free from fear as I ever was in my life, when the same shudder I have spoken of twice before ran over me from head to foot, and froze the blood in my veins. The book dropped from my hands. I looked up, and saw Fleet and Compton both asleep in their chairs. I strove to call them, but my tongue refused to utter a sound. And again the low voice I had heard upon the portico came to me in low but distinct tones: "Hurry to the dispensary, or it will be too late; Mary is there. My spirit can no longer strive with her; it is departing from earth."

I turned my head with a fearful sort of attraction, toward the body. The sheet turned down and the face exposed to v The ghastliness of death was still there; the face looked at me!

"My God, Compton, look, look at that!"

He sprang to his feet in an instant.

"How did it happen? Where are they all? His wife must have been here while we were dozing."

I knew that I had never been further from sleep; but his voice reassured me, though he said he had heard nothing, and I rose hastily.

"Quick, to the dispensary!" He followed me in amazement to the little room in the rear of the house where Fenton Atwick had kept a supply of medicines, which he often distributed, gratis, to the hands of a factory, five miles down the river. I hastily pushed the door open, and beheld Mrs. Atwick standing by a desk.

As I sprang forward, she fell, face downward, on the floor. We lifted her to a sofa, but she was dead!

A phial of prussic acid was upon the desk.

Meridian, Mississippi.

BRO. JONES:—I have read the letter concerning Dr. Slade, which you were pleased to publish in the JOURNAL of the 20th inst. Great was my surprise soon after writing that letter, to learn that the Doctor's name is *Henry*, not Robert, as I understood. Making inquiry at a subsequent circle, I was informed that "Elder Boyd," as we call him, gave his own name as *Robert* Boyd, and Dr. *Henry* Slade.

Priding myself upon accuracy, it is almost impossible to believe that I made such an egregious error, but our spirit friends insist upon it, and I must yield, deeply regretting, however, that the test, as we consider it, was so marred. Respectfully,

JAS. S. HOWE.

Testimonial for Dr. Kayner.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—This is written as a faint expression of the deep gratitude I feel to Dr. Kayner, of St. Charles, Ill., who about one year ago found me in the shadowy regions bordering upon the dark domain of insanity. From excessive mental labor and excitement I was unconsciously sinking away, when the Doctor pointed out the danger ahead, and showed me a way of escape. I have been under his treatment ever since, and am fully restored, so that mental labor is again pleasant and safe.

To a fellow-sufferer I would earnestly say, try the skill of Dr. Kayner.

Respectfully,

REV. S. A. HOLT.

Belvidere, Ill.

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

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Correlational Forces and Evolutions.

SCIENTIFIC—SERIAL NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN.

Let us in keeping with the general range of facts already stated, proceed now to infer something of the natural character of the nature and character of the fundamental rules of action by which our planet has been found, and the self-sustaining forces by which its grand balance relations and reciprocal dependences have been originated and are sustained.

Let us for the purpose of illustration, suppose in our planetary beginning, that our common center, the sun, as a representative of polar power, sent forth its positive electricity through chaotic space, and that this positive electricity in passing out through negative condition, became gradually negative until reaching such a point as caused it to form a compound with all in the negative range of space through which it had passed.

Let us further infer, that the polar nature of such a combination as would necessarily be the result condensed as an ingeneous circle round the sun or positive center. Guided by these electrical law lines of indication, we find that a ring cannot be rendered a magnet, but that when broken, one end becomes positive and the other negative, and thence becomes an individualized magnet of positive and negative extremes. Hence, let us continue the inference, that this ingeneous belt round the sun, thus necessarily parted and became a magnet, the positive end so attracting the negative end as to cause the ingeneous mass to wind itself into a ball or globe, and thus continue its motion in its diurnal form, and correspondingly assume in obedience to a paramount law beyond of the same though more sublimated nature its corresponding position and relation in space.

To simplify, if possible: Is it not reasonable to suppose, that in thus passing out from a positive point, it must become negative at some outward verge, from the loss of virtue expended in the chaotic matter through which it passed? Now, if it did become more negative at its outward verge than at its eliminative source, did not the two extremes present different polar conditions?—and if, as we legitimately infer, these extremes did present radically diverse polar conditions, was not this relation of the two poles an imperious reason for a radical re-action and re-union of these positive and negative extremes of electric condition?

This union must have been more radical than any character of chemical union known to us, because the extremes extended in their radical nature beyond all the polar extremes or condition of earth, by reason of which all the relations of elementary virtue then embodied in a dormant state in the highly magnetic condition of the heated earth, were retained, and successively developed as the temperature of the earth receded, and as the establishment of the grand balance went on.

It appears that, immediately after the first formation of the igneous globe, it was, as a polar individuality, necessarily negative to the positive sun, and therefore gave off negative rays (oxyus) to meet the positive rays (electricity) of the sun. These rays, of opposite magnetic condition, united in the formation of nitrogen, which became the grand balance-relation between the positive rays of the sun, and the negative rays of the earth. This polar union thus established, the remaining excess of oxyus, and electricity assumed an equi-polar relation to the compound (nitrogen) formed by their union. The nitrogen, thus established by polar requisition as a great balance-relation, necessarily assumed a negative condition, and gave out negative rays to meet the positive rays of the sun. These rays united upon polar principles, forming the highly electric, though subtle compound—hydrogen; while, at the same time, the nitrogen assumed a positive condition, and gave out positive rays to unite with the negative rays of the earth, the union forming the compound known as oxygen—the oxygen treated of in our chemical works.

The hydrogen and the oxygen thus formed by the medium relation which the atmosphere sustained to both the sun and the earth, united in the formation of water, the next important grand balance-relation, the progressive and reciprocal establishment of which contributed to the immediate reduction of mundane temperature, and the origination of that polar condition in matter, by which inter-electro-chemical action manifested itself in the production of the ruder kinds of mosses peculiar to the primitive strata, whence dates the progress of Nature manifest to mind outside of spiritual revelation.

By way of order and convenience, we will consider the first planet—Mercury, as the world thus created, and assume that other planets were successfully formed, and their relations and dependencies established, by the same polar force and action.

As to the moon, when the earth was first formed, and revolving with immense velocity in an igneous condition, it is reasonable to infer that a large amount of matter was thrown off and condensed as a magnetic individuality, in an orbit between the positive earth and negative space beyond, in the same manner that the earth itself was condensed into a globe.

Having thus problematically referred to the origin of the planets and satelites, let us advert to the future course of the operative power which formed them, and mark its accomplishment of those formations which stand forth as much the wonder of antiquated ages, as the theme of modern speculation. Let us trace the operations of this force throughout the various strata and the more progressed kingdoms of Nature.

As already suggested, the polar force, by which the formation of the earth was effected, and her grand balance-relations established, contained in itself all those elements or electrical grades given off, in proportion to the decrease of the earth's temperature. Hence, we may consider the earth—in its immensely high temperature, at this remote period, when naught but air and water surrounded it—as a magazine of neutralized architects (or elements,) which could not come in play until a further diminution of temperature was effected. This will explain why the electro-negative gases (fluorine, chlorine, bromine, iodine, etc.,) which were expelled by heat, are not found, like oxygen, combined with the granitic formations. As the temperature of the earth receded, the combination of oxygen with these formations was effected by the most infusible deposits known to geologists as quartz, feldspar, mica, hornblend, sienite, serpentine and porphyry, and the oxides of silicium, calcium, potasium, magnesium, alumium, and iron.

With a further reduction of the earth's temperature, the air and water became purer, and more refined formations were superinduced—such as mark the metamorphic and transitional strata. During the cooling process, the general range of polar relations roes, finer crystallization began; and, at a somewhat later period in the course of the metamorphic and transitional formations, the increasing purity of the atmosphere and water rendering them positive to the cooling earth, they began to have a positive effect upon its negative surface. This, of necessity, produced an inter-electro-chemical action, which resulted in the concentration of carbon, commencing at the cruder mosses, which we find first among the fossil remains of the carboniferous era. This concentration of carbon and production of the carboniferous formations, from the crudest moss to the forest pine, instituted a new character of inter-electro-chemical action, by the zoophite (the first vestige of animal life) was produced.

But let us proceed regularly with our course of observations. We find that air and water, both being warm, were facilitants to that character of inter-electro-chemical action, which concentrated carbon, and produced one of the most marked geological periods, and which subsequently plays a very important part in developing the animal kingdom. The warm water, covering the surface of the earth, was, from the nature of its elements, positive to the earth; and hence resulted the peculiarities of the metamorphic and transitional formations. As the temperature of the earth diminished and these formations progressed, they began to present the oxydes of aluminium, calcium, magnesium, potassium, and other primitive compounds, to the positive action of the superincumbent water, by reason of which that character of polar condition was established, which necessarily resulted in the concentration of the carbon of the carboniferous formation. Carbon, thus necessarily becoming the connecting-link or balance-relation between the negative earth and other more positive elements, give rise to a still higher and more refined character of inter-electro-chemical action; or, in other words, the carboniferous formations were most probably the battery-action between the negative strata and superincumbent positive water.

It is probable, from all the facts manifest in the metamorphic strata, that a slight chemical action may have been instituted during their progressive formation, which, though it may have been a mere thermo-electric current, was sufficiently powerful in its effect to account for many of the more anomalous formations of that period. But, as we observe no vestiges of carbon in the metamorphic strata, except in such cases as prove it to have been subsequently affiliated by circumstances of a transmutative character, we infer that the carboniferous formations date their origin from this period, and may be considered as containing in their nature the electrical impress of all the then surrounding elements and relations. And it is from this period that come those interesting results which serve to teach mankind, most impressively, the true nature and character of those laws and relations with which we are surrounded; for we observe that polar currents thus established are as strict in their philosophic policies as so many mathematicians, and through whose elaborative agency all earth forms must ultimately be perfected.

As already observed, the lowest order of mosses, ferns and sea-weeds appear to have been the first products of the last-named character of inter-electro-chemical action, as evidenced by the fossil remains of the graywacke group in the transitional strata—prior to the formation of which, it seems the inter-electro-chemical action was too imperfect for either germinal organization or development. Hence the term "transitional" is generally applied to these strata, where the electrical current between the positive water and negative earth first began the legitimate labor of its vast system of physical elaborations. This we infer, not only from its being the first field of inter-electro-chemical action, but from the peculiar nature of the fossil remains of that period. It is here that we find the germinal remains of the monocotyledons, or the single-lobed seeds of such inferior mosses, ferns and sea-weeds as grew from without inward, and were originally engendered beneath the water by that character of thermo-electric action already referred to, as going on between the positive water and negative earth. Here are also found some few of the fossil remains of the lowest order of animals, which, like the sponge, attached themselves to foreign bodies.

It now becomes necessary to observe, in reference to the origin of germinal life, that electricity obtains entire control of polarized matter, after a process of physical development, as we have already seen in the case of the magnetism produced by electricity in motion, from which Nature seems to derive the apparently intuitive intelligence manifest in the origin and development of germinal concentrations, which marks, and ever will mark, the progressive foot-prints of the germinal development throughout all time

Owing, however, to the low order of both the vegetable and animal remains of the transitional strata, germination is generally supposed to have been effected either beneath the water, or in low, marshy localities. But, as we approach the secondary, or carboniferous group, we find about three hundred species of plants, all of which are now extinct. Two-thirds we judge, from vestige remains, to have been mosses, ferns, and sea-weeds, and the remainder pines and palms. We also infer, for the same reason, that, though the vegetable kingdom advanced most rapidly during this period, the animal kingdom remained comparatively stationary.

It seems that carbon, which constitutes the basis of these formations, has ever been an object of extreme interest, not only as a chemical element, but as the constituent basis of many apparently anomalous and wonderful organizations. In order, therefore, to place this remarkable element in its proper philosophic position, and to satisfactorily account for its apparently strange formations, let it be remembered that carbon, as an electrolyte, stands forty degrees positive to the negative earth; and, as before suggested, owes its important position, as an element involved in the great elaborations of Nature, to those polar virtues which it derived from the inter-electro-chemical action by which it was concentrated in the form of vegetable productions.

Let us trace the true nature and character of the inter-electro-chemical action going on between the polar conditions of the earth and its surrounding elements. This chemical action eliminated electricity, which, when thus set in motion, involved the objects from and through which it was eliminated, in its circuit supervising or suspending chemical affinities, and thus assimilating, through the inherent intelligence of its magnetism, such elements as were necessary for a prototypical germination—originated, most probably, by virtue of the integral reality, assuming an outward form, and thus establishing that duality in Nature from which we derive the concentration of mind.

As the process of carbonization went on, and the temperature of the earth receded, the oxyds of the developing formations increased, and gave greater force and effect to their inter-electro-chemical action, thus produding vegetable organization. When the carboniferous development was completed; it remained in a stationary condition, because its productions not being conductors, it retained its concentrated polarity, which was disturbed or affected only by such processes of decomposition as rust, decay, or fire—all of which are but the effects of different operations, or different stages of activity, of the same law.

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TRUE ISSUES AND THEIR METHODS.

BY JUDGE EDMUND C. HOLBROOK.

In the confused elements of the world, where truth agonizes to overcome error, and in the dark struggle there are a thousand failures to one success, there is nothing so important to those who would advance her cause, as to select principles and issues that are vital and momentous, and to elucidate and sustain them by reasons sound, fortified and absolutely defensible. This is conceded all along, from the "*Q. E. D.*" of the learned logician, to the "center shot" of the illiterate huntsman. When thus established, each one is a host and a victor; for the weapons of truth are few and simple, and can not be ultimately resisted, while the shafts of error, though they darken the air, must yet fall innocuous in such a contest. I say, *in such a contest;* for if the weapons of truth are not bared and properly used, then the enemy keeps possession of the field.

The learned logician that rightly deduces from certain fixed premises, may properly say "*therefore,*" and the world moves onward; but if both, or even one, of his premises be not true, or his deduction not logically correct, then there is "confusion worse confounded."

The huntsman, with faultless rifle, powder and ball, with true and steady aim, brings down his game; but if there be one defect, the game is simply scared, and runs away, and can not be approached again. The traveler, along the direct road, will gain his point; but if his direction be wrong, the greater his effort and speed, the greater his departure, and the worse his plight. When the youthful David marched against Goliah, one stone planted between the eyes brought down the giant. If he had hurled whole mountains, and not well directed, David would have been weary, and the defier of the armies of the living God unharmed. The great Napoleon marked the commencement of his public career by firing loaded cartridges upon the mob, when his predecessor had fired only blanks. Had he also continued the blanks only, the boys would have been delighted, and the mob would have still derided, unmoved.

There was much of a certain kind of learning in the schools of the dark ages. Premising that angels were immaterial, the church schoolmen questioned, if they occupied space? Could they pass from one point to another, without going through the intermediate space? How many could stand on the point of a needle? and like questions; and filled tomes with elaborate disquisitions and affected answers. Lord Bacon attempted to utilize their learning by converging it upon practical questions, a work not yet fully accomplished. Some one asked Franklin why it was that fish did not weigh anything in water? But the infidel, doubting Franklin, questioned back, if it was a fact that they did not? An example of great value to the cause of truth, but not yet fully effectual to all people.

But what is truth? It may be very difficult, and it may be presumptuous to attempt an answer; but this much I will venture: a truth is a correct statement of *what is*, and since every thing, fact or principle, is related to every other thing, fact or principle in the world, a full statement, to be correct, involves the consideration of both what it is in itself alone—an abstract truth—and of what it is in connection with all other things—a relative truth. I hardly know. I can not now think of any merely absolute truth without limitations, this side of mathematical axioms (and these definitions are man-made, simply for the purposes of the mathematical structure), that are practical truths.

Nature has involved us, and all things, in endless combinations, intricate interlacings and correlations of rights and duties, all and each bearing on, and affected by all others, in various extent and degree; so that what is asserted as an absolute truth is very far from being a relative truth, or a truth considered in its relations to all its surroundings.

A good illustration of the co-ordination of forces and resultant motions is presented by a view of the starry heavens. No star is moving in a straight line, nor in a perfect circle; but as one is affected by every other one, all impulsions and restrictions being the combined effect of an infinite number of influences, which can only be proximately expressed or understood.

What boy has there ever been of considerable brightness but has nursed the idea, and has strongly expected to discover perpetual motion; but yet who has abandoned, on riper years, upon the full consideration of gravity and friction, hindrances that could not be overcome? In like manner, the youthful reformer, a mad, inconsiderate enthusiast, psychologized by one certain, abstract truth—an Aaron's rod that, with him, swallows up all others, in some way blinded as to its relationship to all other truths, plays high fantastic antics with public opinion for a while, but soon impinges on other principles of truth before unseen, and soon subsides from blazing revolution into the unknown.

An ancient fable relates that some inconsiderate youth thought himself capable, and got leave to drive the chariot of the sun for one day; and that, by his rash and inexperienced hands, the heavens were set on fire. A parable which is, to the apprehensive, a vehicle of a great truth.

Government has to deal always with relative truth and principles; with matters not in the abstract, but as they are related to each other, and this is true, though it may nominally affect in terms to do otherwise; for laws are for the whole people as they are related to each other. The work of government is an adjustment of corelated rights, duties and dependencies, a finding of the proper line between different claims, as planetary ellipsis, and to be approximated to, more by experiments and deductions than by any *a priori* reasoning, or seeming axiomatic truths.

Governments are established to compel justice; to compel those to do right who otherwise neglect or refuse. In entering into government, each one surrenders something of his absolute natural right, or what seems to be such, as an individual, for his relative right, as a member of community; the equivalent for what he gives being found in the additional power which he receives. As man now stands in a relative attitude, it is the business of government to sustain his relative right at the expense of the more natural right. A good government aims to impinge upon natural individual rights as little as possible; but it must look to the highest good of all combined, and, as an approximation to this, to the greatest good of the greatest number. It is, therefore, in itself and in its details, a compromise of natural rights—"I will do this if you will do that; I will yield you *this* if you will yield me that." In other words, government is a question of expediencies, as what shall be done under such a combination of conflicting rights, claims and interests? How much here shall we restrain, and how much there, so as to effectuate the greatest ultimate, the highest good of all?

It is well to consider, also, that governments, to be valuable, should propose to deal with men as they are now in fact, not as one might fancy they should be—upon some higher plane of being; nor as they may be in some far off golden age, when they shall have graduated out of their present infirmities and imperfections; nor only with the few, the exalted, the wise and good, that perhaps need no governing, but with all the people as they are, in all their qualities, "good, bad and indifferent," and ever for the purpose of eliminating the highest good to the greatest number.

I would make, Mr. Editor, these remarks applicable to many of the proposed governmental reforms and would-be reformers of the present day, not excepting the woman suffrage movement, that many of the issues now made, and their methods, are false; but for the want of space that belongs to you, I will pass them by, and come directly to what I wish now particularly to notice—the false issues presented by Mrs. Woodhull in her address in Boston, on "Social Freedom," as she calls it, or on Free-Love, as others call it. I mean *false* according to my view; and though it may be deemed late by some, and not called for by others, in that her proposition is so intuitively unreasonable that it has no capacity of life, yet as many in some way suppose, there is much of truth in it, or, at least, see nothing that is untrue. As I think there is a fatal error in it, I will, by your leave, lay it before the readers of your valuable paper, for whatever of their consideration it merits.

An epitome of her allegations as to love, marriage and divorce (for I can not quote at length), is this:

1. That love is natural, and can not be compelled nor resisted by force or restraint.

2. That individuals have an inalienable right to love whom they please, and as long and no longer than they please, without restraint from any source.

3. That marriage should be based upon love, to continue while that continues, and no longer; and,

4. That these are natural rights, and government can do no more than protect one in the full exercise of such rights, by the restraint of all interference on the part of any one.

These propositions are put under the specious phase of self-evident truths and inalienable rights as unquestioned and unquestionable; and are put, too, with such a confidence and such a grandiloquence of language, and have so much of a basic truth in them, a very popular sentiment of freedom, that the minds of many are captivated, and the uncritical fail to see the secret error with which the whole is burdened.

My proposition is this: that government has as much right to interfere with the matter of love and marriage, as with any other right, natural or otherwise, with the principal fact, its preliminaries, incidentals, surroundings and consequences; and no matter how pure and sacred it may be. If this be so, then the Woodhull argument, or government itself, will fall to the ground.

In this connection it may be observed, that it is not with internal sentiments that government interferes, but with conduct and action. This is called a country of religious freedom; but is all conduct that may grow out of religious sentiment, therefore, free? And must it be unrestrained? The Thugs of India secretly slay their fellow man, and do it under the impulse of a religious sentiment; and the Thugs, or their like, may be at our very doors; and shall it be said that we may not restrain the acts that may grow out of their unrestricted religious liberty?

Suppose there were a sect of Gymnosophists who, wise in their own conceit, and enthusiastically mad in the matter of natural rights, should, in the exercise of their religion, imitate King David, and dance in a state of nudity before their Lord; or appear in like plight in the churches, the lecture rooms, the seminaries of learning, and in the market places and public walks; will it be said that government can not restrain, because of their natural abstract rights?

In the first of these cases, the Woodhull would say that the Thug, in slaying his fellow man, gets out of his sphere into that of the one he slays, and should be restrained from doing so. I grant you, but how is it in the second case? Here is no physical violence offered—only personal action and example—on the part of those who are dressing and walking as they please. The answer to this is the criterion in the Woodhull theory. What is it? What answer?

Another fatal error, cognate to the others, in the Woodhull theory is, that there are but two parties to a contract, and so persons can enter upon any contract they choose, and retract and abandon when they choose; whereas I insist there are at least three parties to every contract. The two that contract in their limited sphere, and the great public represented in the government, which either permits, approves or condemns, and will enforce or annul, as it thinks best. This third party is never adverted to in the Woodhull theory, except in a very remote and gingerly way, as simply a force to prevent any interference with the individual contractors. Now, is this so, or not, that government may say, that in this way and manner you may contract, and not otherwise, for it is against public policy, the greatest good of the greatest number that you should so contract?

Take the right of eminent domain, so called, the right of government to take private property for public uses. Does it exist, or not? I have certain property, say a piece of land. My right is to hold and enjoy it as I please. It is my way of seeking happiness; but is my right absolutely inalienable, and subject to no interference? The government—which is the people—wishes it for a road, a common, a market place, a public wharf or a school house, and takes it, giving an equivalent. My right to locomotion at will is natural. The government, having taken this land, builds a road and permits all people to pass upon it freely, and yet says, "When two meet, let each turn to the right; if you do not, I will make you responsible in damages, and perhaps punish you."

Now, can government properly do these things? I take it that no one with unperverted sense will answer in the negative. Then government can interfere, and limit, and restrict the exercise of natural rights; and I beg to know why it may not do it in the matter of love, marriage and divorce, in all their essentials and incidentals, as well as in everything else. Government, in its counsels, which is the ultimate judgment of the whole people, may say that persons under the age of eighteen (or any other age) are inexperienced, passionate, short-sighted and disregardful of consequences, and therefore they shall be under a defined control of parents, guardians and myself, and a great injury may result to them and society, and the State, from their unrestrained action on the subject of love and marriage; therefore they are prohibited from marriage below a certain age, and also below a certain age they shall not contract or enter into the relationships of marriage, without the consent of their parents or guardians, or my own, in a certain way to be made manifest.

Government, in its wisdom, from a consideration of all things, the correlation of all rights and duties, as they exist in society, and the influences that each individual and his conduct may have upon all others, may say that, inasmuch as I have the care and custody of property, and must regulate its descent, and as I have the charge and support of the poor and idiots, and insane, and foundlings, and also the education of people and their morals, and their highest good, and inasmuch as marriage should be based on *permanent* love, and involves the raising of a family, the work of years, and the acquisition of property and its distribution, and inasmuch as temporary marriages, entered upon and ended simply at the will of contracting parties may, on account of their reckless impulses, be highly injurious to them and to society, I therefore command that none shall marry, except with my consent and approval, through my appointed officers, who shall keep a record thereof for public use, and not until the parties are well satisfied that their love is of such a quality, and so deep and strong that they will love through life, and live with and for each other, and provide for each other and for their children, and will promise so to do; and furthermore, inasmuch as marriage, with condition of abandonment and divorce at the will of the parties, or either of them, seems to militate against the object of marriage, and the highest good of all—therefore I ordain that no divorce shall be had, except for certain reasonable cause, and shall be allowed only with my consent and approval after the existence of such causes for a certain period, and the proofs made public, and the decrees of my courts, who shall see that such rules be observed as to the parties, as to children, and as to property, as shall also be for the highest good of the greatest number.

This, Mr. Editor, is the end of my argument at present. The whole theory of *free-love* is based on the assumption that government can not interfere to restrict or limit natural rights or their exercise, of which love is one. Now, if government can restrict a natural right, the whole Woodhull theory falls to the ground. The *premises are false*, and all deductions therefrom must be lame and impotent. But if government can not restrict a natural right, then how utterly powerless it is; how narrow and limited in its operations and functions! Mrs. Woodhull admitted and asserted, to give force to her argument, (and for once she was consistent in her logic), that government has no right to enforce a contract of any kind, which one, without the consent of the other even, refuses to perform.

Oh, what a cause is this free-love, that, in order that it shall triumph, governments shall be stripped of nearly all their power and functions, leaving it mostly an affirmation of negations, and there shall be a new declaration of rights, an aversion of old logic, and in them shall be put a glittering phantasmagoria of words that, with a speciousness of general abstract truths, which are captivating but not practical, conceal the absence of relative truths with which we have to deal mainly, is not entirely, in our relationship with all persons and all things. Government, as it has come to us, and as it is, is the aggregate wisdom of the State in its fullest and best expression at the present attained It is the ultimate of the highest wisdom and best sense of men in regulating the practical affairs of life for the highest good; it is common sense applied to the common affairs of life, and I do not think that extraordinary assertions, that are made in a general and glittering way, should be received with favor, without assaying them at least, in the crucible of common sense; and if they will not bear the test of reason, it must be unwise to deem them practical in government, where a failure would be exceedingly damaging; nor should we be ravished and pushed from our propriety by a seeming bravery, for that may be no more than a reckless daring, more usual in a bad cause than a good one, and worse the more there is of it; nor by the expression of any sentiments because unusual, and given under some divine or other afflatus, while they are not true in fact.

In these days of change and affected improvement, I would propose an emendation of an ancient document, after which it would read, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not *common sense*, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal," and so on to the end of the chapter.

The conclusion, then, is, that all matters pertaining to love and marriage are as much proper subjects of control and restriction by law as any other. And the question, what shall be done for the highest good of all? is one of expediency, as in all other cases. I confess that I feel somewhat offended that this matter of free-love should be so successfully and persistently foisted upon Spiritualism that it can rise only with difficulty, on account of this ill-omened burden; and least of all should it be glorified by certain axiomatic principles, which are found not to be applicable, and thus gain a reputation which a real demon of darkness, clothed as an angel of light, may be able to acquire thereby.

Mrs. Woodhull, in order to give a logical position in the State to her pet scheme, or hobby of free-love—which is love, marriage and divorce at will, without any interference on the part of government, society or individuals—found it necessary to disarm the State of all power to enforce any contract. Such a reform that required such an innovation, it seems, ought to cause alarm to all thinking people. One is reminded how Troy opened her walls to let in the wooden horse, and the consequence thereof; and, also, of the mythological story, that some god promised the children of Meden that if they would destroy their parent, he would revive and clothe with immortal youth, but who, after they had followed his suggestion, failed to perform; which story conveys this moral: that in important matters of State, mere mad-cap theories, without reason and experience for support, should be received with hesitating scrutiny, rather than with unsuspecting enthusiasm.

Chicago, Ill.

In Memoriam.

On the 26th of April last, MRS. FANNIE, wife of LEWIS P. BILLINGS, and daughter of Thomas A. and Sarah Drake, progressed fully into the spiritual sphere. Aged 27 years and 8 months.

The light casket that once contained the mature and seraphic spirit, was buried on the 28th. The funeral was attended by a large concourse.

Her earth-life is her best eulogy, and the only one needed by those who were acquainted with her. Few have lived and done as well. Living most faithfully up to her religious and moral convictions, which were both strong and clearly defined, with large charity and cheerful firmness, it may be truthfully said that she had not an enemy. All who knew her were her friends.

Formerly a member of an orthodox church, her impressive, luminous, loving and cheerful spirit was easily raised, by spiritual and angel influences, whose communings she loved, up to the truth and fruition of Spiritualism. Believing, knowing, realizing, that death was only an incident in our lives, aiding further progress—that it causes no separation of spirits, or spiritual communion, during all of her decline, up to its peaceful close, she showed the sustaining power of this truth, and the buoyancy that this knowledge gives. Calmly, cheerfully, she made known her wishes as to all her temporal affairs, even as to her funeral. One of her requests must not be passed over, and I hope it will not be read lightly by any parent. She earnestly requested that her only child here, a boy about two years old, might not be influenced to attend any Orthodox Sunday school in his young and tender years, to have his unfolding mind darkened, and his young credulity imposed upon by their dark, absurd and cruel dogmas.

One remark of hers, characteristic of her life, will be remembered and noted. She exclaimed, "They talk to me about the *beauties* of the spirit-world. *I want to hear more of its uses.*"

A day or two before her death she became correctly impressed that she was enjoying the last revival of physical strength sufficient to converse, though she would linger some time longer. And one by one she gave to her husband, father, mother, and two sisters that were present and their husbands, counsel, words of cheer and her good-bye, till she should be able to communicate to them through spiritual channels, which she has already done.

Miss Helen Grover, inspirational speaker, conducted the funeral services appropriately, satisfactorily and with ability, speaking with enlightened earnestness from the depths of the soul.

The daily *Leader* of this city gives the following account of the occasion:

"FUNERAL SERVICES OF MRS. BILLINGS.

"The funeral of Mrs Billings was largely attended, only a small portion of the audience finding room in the house. The afternoon was pleasant, and the people were comfortable out doors. The speaker stood near the door, and all could hear. The services were conducted by Miss Helen Grover, who spoke more with respect to the living than the dead. It was *living and doing* that made the character and helped the growth of the human soul. The ministry of spirits, and the welcome to the other shore was feelingly presented, and the glorious reunion was portrayed in original impromptu verse.

"Rev. F. J. Briggs followed with a few remarks, speaking illustrative of the spiritual philosophy, and spoke of his faith in the daily visitations from the spirits, and expressed his determination to live faithful to the doctrines of Spiritualism, through whatever persecution, contempt or scandal that might follow from such a life.

"The remains were followed to the cemetery by a large concourse of people, bearing testimony to the amiable character and worth of the deceased.

"The ceremonies were new to a great many present, and were listened to with seriousness, and really seemed to produce deep impressions."

This is the first out-and-out Spiritualist funeral ever held in this city.

Respectfully,

F. J. BRIGGS.

Bloomington, Ill.

Sixty Consecutive Days Without Food.

[From the Iowa Voter.]

"DIED—On Wednesday, March 27, 1872, MR. GEORGE N. BOYDSTON, after an illness of near three months, occasioned by cancers, which were located in the back, near the shoulder, and on the face.

"Our deceased brother was born in Greene county, Pennsylvania, June 6, 1821. He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at twenty-four years of age, and remained a consistent member until his death. A most remarkable fact connected with his illness almost defies belief. The general opinion has been held that two or three weeks is the utmost limit of a human being's living without food. On the 20th of January last he refused to take any solid food, his stomach rejecting anything in the shape of nutriment, such causing vomiting to such a degree as to create an utter aversion to anything like food. For three or four days a teaspoonful of wine was given occasionally; but this too was rejected, and caused such pain that it was discontinued, except at long intervals. Ice was all he could take for some time, and then water until he died. He lived thus without food for sixty days. All that could be considered an exception to this was that a couple of spoonfuls of coffee, on the Sabbath before he died, were put into his mouth, and caused less distress, but were soon rejected by the stomach. On a few other occasions a little jelly or toast was tried, but likewise caused vomiting. Again a thin bit of dried beef was placed in his mouth, when the same distressing symptoms recurred. A little rice was tried, as the only other attempt; but this resulted as before. If the jelly, rice, dried beef and coffee had all been put together they could have been contained at once in the smallest sized teacup; and had they been taken into the stomach, they could not have been sufficient to support the life of a man for two weeks. As they, on each occasion, excited vomiting, it is more than probable that they shortened, rather than prolonged his life. Thus it is proved that a man, under certain circumstances, may subsist on water alone for more than fifty consecutive days.

"His mind, during all this time, was clear, calm and hopeful to an eminent degree. He often sang several verses together of hymns that interested him in his earlier Cristian life. On several occasions he seemed, as he told the writer, to have visions of 'the other shore.' Once a beautiful ship was seen, whose numerous passengers thronged every portion of its decks, all arrayed in the most splendid and shining garments; and among them his deceased mother, brother and sister in a group, beckoning him to come. The mother was all beautiful and glorious—not wrinkled and gray-haired, as at death. So of the brother and sister, and the whole of the ship's company. The grand sight seemed to fill him with perfect ecstacy.

"Again he seemed to see the 'river of death;' multiudes of decrepit, sick, lame and weary ones were seen descending on the hither bank; but on the other, as they ascended from its waters, all were bright and joyous, and seemingly with renewed life and springing tread, walked forth to the joys of immortal life. Several times he spoke of others of a similar character, which cheered his long and otherwise dreary illness.

"He leaves a widow, a daughter and a son, to struggle a while longer in life's conflicts, cheered, we trust, with the hopes of a happy reunion at last beyond the reign of care and pain.

"Had his perfectly resigned state of mind anything to do with thus prolonging his life to such an astonishing degree? Were his visions real glimpses of the promised land? We may not know certainly; but they were surely some of the first-fruits of a Christian life, while yet lingering on the borders of eternity."

"Respectfully,

E. L. BRIGGS."

"Knoxville, Iowa, March 30, 1872."

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

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Correlational Forces and Evolutions.

SCIENTIFIC—SERIAL NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT.

Carbon, as the controlling element in a stationary condition, assumed a most important character and bearing to surrounding elements—the character and bearing of a new magnetic power, achieved rather by inter-electro-chemical action than by mere polar union—thus indicating and effecting that kind of concentration which has ultimated in all phases of earth mind.

Such is the most probable mode in which germinal matter and mind originated, that nature, in her beautiful teachings, has ever suggested to human reason.

To return, however, to the inter-electro-chemical action which produced the monocotyledons or single-lobed seeds as the duality of the inward spirit and the outward form. We next come to the germinal development of the dicotyledons or double-lobed seeds—prototyping both the inward and outward form of the monocotyledons, at that period, the highest product of inter-electro-chemical action. The dicotyledons, unlike the monocotyledons, are developed from within outward.

But, as we progress, we should observe and remember that, though the transitional formations present us with the humblest character of vegetables and animal life, as inter-electro-chemical results, they seem to have had a remarkable bearing upon the entire nature and character of the carboniferous formations that followed. This influence is probably attributable to the effectual development of that polar condition of carbon which we see continues to advance through the higher degrees of polar concentration, manifest from the crude cactus to the sweetest flower.

As the earth's temperature decreased, and these formations progressed, the whole range of inter-electro- chemical action heightened in character and strengthened in effect. The earth appeared at many points above the water, which had necessarily left on dry land many of its carboniferous formations and oxyds—such as those of silicium, sodium, potassium, calcium, magnesium, aluminum, iron, etc.—whose radical polar conditions (the elements being thus, for the first time, exposed, not only to the pure light of the warm sun, but to the graduated moisture of the alternating dews) were, of themselves, sufficient to develop, by inter-electro-chemical action, an electric current that in its circuit involved the elements eliminating it, and, while thus in motion, displayed that inherent magnetic wisdom manifest in the concentration of germinal life, which was probably effected in the following manner: The electricity thus eliminated from these elements and set in motion, assimilated and controlled such of their properties as were, by its inherent magnetic wisdom, attracted to the germ under process of development through its instrumentality; or, in other words, the polar cause apparent in the elementary diversity referred to, was sufficient to evolve a current of electricity (that great originator of polar condition and result of chemical action), which, in its magnetic circuit, necessarily comprised and controlled, holding in solution, as it were, a sufficiency of inferior radical polar relations out of which to elaborate a proximate electrolyte, and impart to it the high magnetic impress of vital capacity which assumes, in germinal matter, a superior balanced series of relations, and stands positive and distinct in polar conditions. On reaching the maximum of surrounding polar relations, however, the necessity for chemical action ceased, the electric current stopped, and this newly-originated magnetic electrolyte was left as a highly equi-ponderant product of all surrounding relations. It remained in this position until, through the influence of warmth and moisture, it began to yield on the outer surface to oxygenation, which produced an internal motion among all its polar relations, all of which, separately and collectively, sent forth an individual current as a unit of power. Thus, compounded of their several polar natures, this current—as the supervisor of all elementary relations without, and as the representative of the magnetic compact within—included both the source of its development and the object of its mission in its unceasing circuit, thus bearing from the nucleus the polar impress of the compact, and deriving from its elementary source, by the magnetism of its motion, those qualities necessary to its establishment as a germinal power. Hence, from a knowledge of all the facts, relations, and indications in point, we may reasonably infer this to be the most suggestive account of the order of germinal development; nor will the inference lose any of its virtual force when we come to analyze the philosophic nature and character of electrolytes—their supervisive power, and vitalizing capacities. Be the origin of germinal life what it may, however, we know that it did and does exist; and as the proposition in question is as clear of incumbrance as the human mind can present it, it comes up for a further and more mature consideration.

ORDER OF GERMINAL DEVELOPMENT.

The germ now to be developed embodies, in its own inherent nature, an epitome of all those polar elements and elementary relations originally assimilated and organized as before stated, or organically associated together under the magnetism of electricity in motion. The germ, we say, thus conditioned and now to be developed, is placed in the surrounding soil, where it remains until the warmth and moisture of the seasons gradually effect internal motion through the oxydation of its pericarp, which motion sends out the magnetic impress of its high polar condition in a definite and impersative form, which we will call the assimilative intelligence, or magnetism of the electricity thus put in motion. This assimilative intelligence, or magnetism, embodying the respective impress, and being the polar epitome of those internal elementary relations residing in the germ, has, of itself, the inherent power to dissolve all such elements as may contain properties that, through its agency, the germ would assimilate in the process of its development, which properties, when thus liberated, pass on, upon the magnetic tide of electricity in motion, to such points in the germ as, through external elementary influence, conform to their chemical affinity.

Thus, we see that polar condition is really the architect that builds, as it were, by chemico-vital affinity, while the magnetism of electricity in motion is the hewer and drawer at work in the great temple of Nature. And, as we proceed, let it be borne in mind that the magnetism of electricity in motion is the beginning and ending of life in all things, and as the germ progresses in the manner we have indicated until, on coming in contact with the atmosphere, a new era necessarily dawns upon its progressive pathway.

On reaching the atmosphere, the seed-leaves of the germ, as the production of high polar power, and recipient of the magnetism of electric motion within, necessarily give off their excess of oxygen in exchange for those elements in the atmosphere requisite for development—such, for instance, as the carbon exhaled by the animal kingdom.

The question will naturally be asked here, Why is oxygen transferred from the root to the seed-leaf, if it is not wanted there? The answer is, that oxygen is invariably found connected with organic substances, which, as in the case under consideration, on coming in contact with the atmosphere—the internal electric current, as already observed, being impressed with the polar wants of the germ—exchange their excess of oxygen at the surface for carbonic acid and such other elements as best suit their vital wants, which may be more easily assimilated from the atmosphere than from the soil, by polar action.

We here observe not only a policy of convenience subsisting as a relation between the vegetable and gaseous kingdom, but a most useful and abiding reciprocal dependence manifested between all three of the kingdoms. For instance, the carbonic acid gas resulting from the breathing of the animal kingdom would poison the atmosphere. This, gas, however, with all others that would necessarily render the atmosphere poisonous and irrespirable, is absorbed by the vegetable kingdom, which in return gives out oxygen to the animal kingdom. Thus, while the vegetable is laboring for the animal kingdom, the animal labors for the vegetable kingdom; or, to be more simple, that which is useless to the one is vital to the other, as manure is to the plant, and a mutual exchange follows. But this is only one among thousands of the beautiful reciprocal relations which obtain in extenso throughout every department of Nature's universal economy.

To return to the leaves of the plant. By analytic examination, we find that on their absorbing powers depends the constant inter-electro-chemical action manifest in their progressive development; and that their green color is an abiding evidence of their chemico-vegetable affinity as based upon inter-electro-chemical action or the magnetism of electricity in motion, and upon the polar epitome of the magnetic association thus developed through the simple agency of the minutest germ. And thus it is that the color of the leaves depends upon the character of the chemical associations effected in the *rete mucosm* or underskin of the leaf, at which point the electric current, in passing its round, gives off the oxygen and absorbs carbonic acid gas. This reciprocal action is effected in the presence of either light or moisture As a proof of this character of action the stem of the plant will continue green when deprived of its leaves. We have no time, however, to trace this interesting subject further, at present, than merely to remark that light, warmth, and moisture are all necessary to the development of vegetable forms—light, to give force and effect to the external, and heat and moisture to produce internal motion. The roots tend downward because of their magnetic impress and agencies, and the branches tend upward to receive the light and dews of heaven.

Q. Considering the germ and plant as an individual, what constitutes the source of its inherent action?

A. The polar relation it sustains between the negative earth and the positive atmosphere.

Q. Can you explain simply the nature of the polar condition of the plant?

A. The germ, in the first place, when embedded in the soil, is positive to the earth. This relation between the germ and the earth produces a chemical action; electricity is evolved, and in its circuit connects the germ with the earth by the magnetism of electricity in motion, which magnetic tie is the living architect that gives manifest life, form, and individuality to every type in creation. The current thus established, connecting the heart of the germ with the surrounding soil, produces a magnetic condition which has the power to suspend the chemical affinities of such elements of the soil as are necessary for the development of the germ. The elementary want of the germ is made known through the affiliative impress of the circulating current that produces the magnetic power which stands thus ready to perform its true functional duty, as occasion requires. The germinal development goes on until the plant reaches the atmosphere and becomes the connecting-link between it and the negative earth. The current of electricity thus made to revolve between the negative elements of earth and the positive elements of air, produces the magnetic condition that, upon strict polar principles, controls the chemico-vegetable affinities established at the two extremes. Thus the electric current circulating in the germ, coming in contact with the oxyds of the soil, dissolves them and transports their elements through the structure of the plant, upon the tide of its magnetic circuit, to those parts that come in contact with the air, as the leaves, etc. On arriving at these points, the oxygen is given off to the atmosphere in exchange for the carbonic acid gas resulting from combustion, decomposition, exhalation, etc. The carbonic-acid gas unites with the more positive alkalies drawn by the electric current from the earth; and thus it is that the process of vegetable development goes on, the earth being the negative trinity plate, the air the positive trinity plate, and the plant the connecting trinity action.

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Thus while portraying God, *themselves* describe;
And as they each advance in reason's light,
And have more just conceptions of the right,
A god of like improvement then appears,
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Then let us turn from that benighted age,
When God, a jealous God, was fired with rage;
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Yet hath no less decreed that man shall be,
Within a *given sphere*, an agent free;
As fishes well secured in globes of glass,
Are free within, though none without can pass;
While they, like us, look outward all around,
May often wish a larger range was found.
But highest wisdom hath ordained this plan,
To focalize the feeble powers of man;
Where each may freely choose a field of thought—
May grope in darkness or be wisely taught;
Where all *will* learn, as laws are understood,
To harmonize with universal good.
Thus God ordained that every wayward soul
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Creation but one galaxy unfurls—
Jehovah's crown a diadem of pearls!
Each star-lit gem upon the whole depends:
The whole to each a needed influence lends:
Each orb, an aggregate of countless grains;
Each grain a key, a ponderous arch sustains;
Destroy but one, the boundless spheres will fall,
And tumble worlds to chaos, one and all;
Thus all are linked in Nature's endless chain—
The hand that forged them never wrought in vain.

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For every creed declares all hope is vain,
If Christ, the Son of God had not been slain;
And yet I think no creed will dare deny
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Thus it would seem that all who rest in peace,
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MY GRANDFATHER'S GHOST STORY.

[From the Scottish American Journal.]

I have frequently heard the following marvelous story related by my grandfather as an actual episode in his life. I will give it, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words, leaving each reader to form his own opinion upon the incidents, without any commentary upon my part, further than the statement that my grandfather was a man whose veracity I had never any reason to doubt.

It was during a summer vacation that I met Karl Korner. I was reading hard for my degree; for, having been somewhat idle and dissipated during the term, I found it necessary to spend what should have been my holiday among my books. For this purpose I pitched my tent at Bucksleigh, an ancient and romantic village in the New Forest. I was guided by several considerations in my choice of locality: first, it was a reasonable distance, even in those days, from London and Oxford; second, I was bitten about that time by an entomological mania, and here was the spot of all others for rare moths and butterflies; thirdly, a delightful and salubrious climate; and, fourthly, not far away, near Stony Cross, was the family seat of some college chums, whither, if books and butterflies became too monotonous, I could flee for relaxation a day or two.

These friends had very much pressed me to take up my abode wholly with them; but had I done so, I might as well have left Greek and Latin behind me, for all the use I should have of them. So I prudently declined, with the compromise I have mentioned.

The house I lodged in was at least as old as the Tudor days—pointed roof, overhanging stories, latticed windows, painted beams, dark oak staircases, paneled rooms, carved fireplaces, etc. It belonged to a family who had resided abroad for ten years, and was let, during the summer months, in apartments to visitors. I had but one fellow-lodger when I first came to Bucksleigh, Karl Korner, a German, who, with his servant and the old woman who looked after the house, was, besides myself, its only inhabitant. From the first he curiously impressed me. In appearance he was the very beau ideal of the mysterious German of romance. Long, fair hair, blue eyes deeply sunken, pale, hollow cheeks, a moody demeanor, and tall figure—he might have been Charles Moor himself. In his habits he was reserved to moroseness. He had a weird way of talking to himself, and a strange trick of almost every moment casting sharp, fearful glances over his shoulder, as though he fancied some unpleasant object was behind him. No one was suffered to enter his apartment, save his own servant, a dark, saturnine-looking man, as mysterious as himself. I questioned Mrs. Adams, the housekeeper, as to who he was. But she was as much in the dark, and far more curious than myself respecting him. About two months before his arrival she had received a letter from her master, who was then residing in Germany, to say that a foreign gentleman would, in the course of a few weeks, arrive at Bucksleigh. The choice of apartments was to be given him; she was, in all respects, to attend to his wishes, and above all, was to ask no questions. The time of his sojourn was uncertain, but he might leave at any moment. This was all the information she possessed.

There was something about Korner that attracted, and yet repulsed me. The mystery that excited my curiosity may be ascribed to the first feeling; the dark, sinister expression that sometimes mingled with the gloom upon his face, to the second. I frequently saw him wandering about in the forest during my entomological rambles; but both in and out of the house he avoided an actual meeting.

We had been fellow-lodgers about a fortnight, without having previously exchanged a greeting, we became suddenly acquainted. It happened in this way: I had been out in the forest all morning butterfly-hunting, and having captured in my net a splendid red admiral, two peacocks, and some smaller fry, I was lying basking in the shadow of a huge beech, gloating over my prey, when, happening to look up, I saw the German leaning against a tree, with his arms folded, and his eyes bent upon me. I had not heard his footfall upon the soft turf, and his sudden appearance quite startled me. Without a word of introduction, he threw himself upon the grass, and entered into conversation as freely as though we had been old acquaintances. He spoke English fluently, although with a strong foreign accent. I found him to be a man of highly cultivated mind. Our topics were Greek, Latin, poetry, entomology, scenery; and upon all, his remarks were equally just and full of knowledge. He grew warm and eloquent, his cheeks flashed, his eye brightened, the whole man was transformed. Suddenly, without any warning, in the very midst of a speech, he stopped, the color died out of his face, leaving a ghastly pallor in its place, while his face, full of horror, stared wildly upon vacancy. The change was so instantaneous, that for a moment I was struck as speechless as himself, my eyes instinctively following the direction of his. I could see nothing but the waving branches of the trees and the bright sunlight. Before I had recovered my self-possession sufficiently to speak, he sprang to his feet and hurried away; as the trees hid him from my sight, I saw him cast the old fearful look over his shoulder.

There was something about the incident that, instead of the bright sunshine, gave me a strange, superstitious feeling. After a long cogitation, I could come to only one conclusion—that the German was mad, and that his saturnine servant was his keeper.

A week passed away, and I saw no more of Korner, beyond a fleeting glance, as he passed my widow on his way to the forest. In the meantime I had a visit from my college chums of a few miles off, to whom I related my German experiences, and thereby inflamed their imaginations with the most outrageous ideas. He was one of Schiller's robbers: Mephistopheles, a Werter, the wild huntsman, Salathiel, a banished count, and I know not what. Ensconced behind my window curtains, they waited his passing, to catch a glimpse of him, and the sight of his strange, gloomy face made them almost seriously incline to those ideas that had been jests before. The object of their visit was to induce me to go with them to a ball that was to come off in a fortnight at Southampton. But I heroically resisted all entrreaties, so they left me to my studies in disgust.

Great was my surprise one evening, just as the twilight was closing in, at receiving this message from Mrs. Adams:

"Would Mr. Serle honor Mr. Korner by his company, and sup with him that evening?"

The old lady was all in a flutter as she spoke the words. We exchanged looks. My curiosity was aroused to see the sanctum that none had beheld, and instantly accepted.

When I entered the room, I felt almost surprised to find that there was nothing peculiar in it, except that it was peculiarly comfortable. Although the weather was warm, a cheerful fire burned in the grate, and three large lamps illuminated every part of the large sombre room.

"I like plenty of light," he said, after cordially greeting me; "I hate dark corners."

So it seemed, I thought. Our conversation turned upon German literature, which the translations of Scott, Coleridge, and others, and the imitations of a host of English writers, were bringing into fashion. His mind was deeply impregnated with its mystic and metaphysical character. I found him to be a profound believer in the wildest dreams of the Rosicrucian and the demonologist. Our conversation had naturally, although almost imperceptibly, drifted into this channel, and I could not help remarking the strange, forced manner in which he spoke upon the subject, as though compelled to talk of it by some occult power against his will. I ventured to be skeptical, and shall never forget the look with which he turned on me.

"Your philosophy," he said bitterly, "rejects all things that do not come within the scope of its narrow reasonings, regardless of the fact, that every object that exists contains within itself unsolvable mysteries. Of the nature of our own souls, of their condition or destination, after they are freed from their bodies, we know nothing. Can we conceive eternity? Can we conceive illimitable space? Space before matter? The principles of our own being? We know these are, but we can not bring them within the petty circle of our own reason. In the face of these mighty mysteries, and of the yet mightier mysteries of the Christian faith, how dare man arrogantly assert that naught can not be? One of our poets says: 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' Wisdom is usually purchased at a bitter cost."

There was something in his manner that deeply impressed me, and I would have continued the conversation, but he skilfully changed the subject, and we were soon deep in the discussion of the comparative merits of ancient and modern literature. In this agreeable discourse, aided by an excellent supper, some equally good wine and cigars, time glided on almost imperceptibly.

It was just upon the stroke of twelve when I wished him good-night. As I opened the door, I fancied I heard a sound like the rustling of a woman's dress. Thinking it was Mrs. Adams, who was the only female in the house, coming up to speak to me, I turned my head; but there was no one upon the landing or on the staircase. The sound passed me, and there was a flutter in the air, as though it were disturbed by some moving body. Following its supposed direction, my eyes fell upon Korner. In a few seconds a ghastly change had fallen upon him. His face was deadly pale, his eyes fixed with a look of horror, his hands convulsively clutching the arms of the chair upon which he sat. I was advancing to him, thinking he was ill, when a hand, laid upon my shoulder, held me back. I turned, and saw the German servant, who by word and gesture requested my absence. The next moment I found myself outside the door, and heard the key turned in the lock.

A week elapsed, during which Korner and I never once met. I had been hard at my books, had completely shaken off my late superstitious terrors, retaken to skepticism, and had thoroughly made up my mind that the German was the victim of some painful disease, of which I had witnessed the paroxysms.

It was the night of the ball, which I have before mentioned. I had had a letter from my friends that morning, as a last persuader, to meet them at Southampton, and accompany them to the ball. But I heeded not the voice of the charmer, and was farther strengthened in my virtuous resolution by the weather, which, uncertain for several days past, toward the evening in question assumed a most savage aspect—the rain descended in torrents, the wind blew a hurricane, and there were distant mutterings in the air that portended a thunderstorm. As I looked round my gloomy room, in the fading light, I could not help picturing with a sigh the brilliant ball-room at Southampton.

While thus meditating there was a knock at my door. Before I could answer it, Korner stood before me. Even in the twilight I could perceive that his air was excited with a kind of forced gaiety.

"How horribly dull you are here," he cried. "Come up to my room; I have a cheerful fire and plenty of light, a bottle of good wine, an irreproachable cigar, and Mrs. Adams is preparing an appetizing little supper."

Now, after my one experience, I did not much care about passing the evening with Korner, so I began a polite apology about the necessity of study; but he impatiently interrupted me:

"Pshaw, man! it is the last opportunity you will have of refusing me."

"Are you going to leave us then?" I inquired.

"Yes; my release is at hand, and I wish you to join me in celebrating it."

"Your release!" I reiterated.

"Yes; but we will not talk of it to-night; you will hear all about it to-morrow," he answered lightly.

After that I could not refuse his invitation. There was a strangeness in his manner that I could not understand, which impressed me disagreeably. He was as gay as a Frenchman; he laughed, told anecdotes and doubtful adventures, sang German student songs, and was so unlike himself, as I had previously known him, that at times I had serious doubts whether I was waking or dreaming.

"I astonish you," he cried. "I have cast aside what you call blue devils for to-night, and, as Shakspeare says, 'Richard himself again;' what I was in my old student days, the merriest fellow within the walls of Bonn."

But I did not like his merriment—it was to me far more depressing than his gloom. I drank his hock, I smoked his cigars, and I laughed at his stories; but I felt all the time like one oppressed by a nightmare, and would have been delighted to find an excuse to get down quietly to my own room.

In the meantime the storm was raging violently, the rain dashing in shoots against the windows, and we could hear the crash and moan of the forest as the wind rushed through the trees; and the thunder, nearing, though still distant, rolled sullenly though the air.

"A pleasant night for a journey!" he cried, in the light, jesting tone he had assumed throughout the evening.

"You are not going a journey to-night?" I said.

"No; but Fritz has gone. I shall not start upon my journey till to-morrow morning—a far longer one than Fritz's."

I shuddered; I know not why.

"Now, my friend, it is time that we separate," he said suddenly, rising and holding out his hand.

The intimation was sudden, and not strictly polite; but I took the hint with the most cheerful alacrity.

"Pardon my abruptness, but I must now prepare for my journey."

An odd time, I thought, to begin preparations for a journey. As I wished him good-night, I heard the rustling of a woman's dress behind me, felt the movement in the air, and the sensation of a passing body, just as on my previous visit, and on Korner's face fell the same ghastly look. My nervous system was highly wrought, whether by the shadow of coming events, or by the electricity of the atmosphere, I know not; and without another word I hurried out of the room. As before, I heard the key turned in the lock; but, as before, I did not hurry down to my room, for my limbs trembled so violently, and my head felt so dizzy that I was obliged to lean against the wall for a moment, for fear of falling.

The tempest had reached its culminating point. The thunder-clouds were upon us, and sent forth peal upon peal, till the house trembled and shook as though swayed by an earthquake; the lightning flashed in sheets, and in jagged fire, now blue as steel, now luridly red; the rain had abated, but the wind, rushing through the forest leaves, sounded as though a furious mountain torrent or a roaring sea was coming down upon us; while the branches crushed, and groaned, and shrieked, as the hurricane swayed and broke, and hurled them one against another. Never have I heard so awful a contention of the elements. I can never recall the memory of that terrible night without a shudder. And there I stood in the full blaze of the lightning, as it shone through the staircase window, with the fascination of terror upon me.

Suddenly through the din of the storm there rose a sharp, wailing cry, that curded my blood and bristled my hair. It came from the room I had just left. By a sudden impulse, which I could never explain, I resolved to try and solve the awful mystery which was about me. There was but one way. Across the front of the house ran a narrow balcony. The window I was standing against was in a line with those of Korner's room. With the rain beating down upon my bare head, and the wind sweeping around me, and almost lifting me off my feet, I crept on to this balcony, and between an opening in the curtains peered into Korner's room, and this is what I saw:

The room was blazing with light, just as I had left it. With his back toward me, quivering and crouching, was the form of Korner; facing the window, and looking into his face, stood a woman. Her dress was that of a middle-class German life, but her face was the most lovely I ever beheld; the hair was of the brightest, rarest yellow, the complexion faultlessly pure, the eyes large, dreamy, and of a deep violet, the nose and mouth of the most perfect shape. While I gazed, fascinated by her extraordinary beauty, a hideous transformation took place before my eyes. The clothes faded from her form, her beauty melted away like a vapor, and in its place my horrified gaze was fastened on a skeleton, on a grinning, loathsome skull, out of whose mouldering recesses crawled bloated, obscene worms. The vision was but of a second's duration, and then I saw the bones crumble before my eyes, and the skull totter and fall.

I saw no more. A mist gathered before my eyes, and the sickness of death overpowered me; but as I fell I heard a loud explosion, which sounded unlike the thunder that a moment afterward mingled with its echoes.

When sense returned, I found myself lying upon the pavement of the balcony, saturated with rain, and cold as ice. The morning was just breaking, the storm had cleared away, all but the wind, which still blew hard, but in fitful, dying gusts. With a dazed brain, upon which still lingered the dark shadow of the horrors I had witnessed, but no substantial idea, I mechanically sought my own apartments, and in the same automaton fashion swallowed a large glass of brandy, undressed, got into bed, and without any further recollection, fell fast asleep.

I was awakened by a sudden shock, and the sound of loud laughter. When I opened my eyes, I found myself upon the floor, and my friends from Stony Cross standing over me, convulsed with laughter, at, I presume, my ridiculous and sacred appearance. In returning from Southampton, they had come several miles out of the way to pay me a visit. Upon hearing that I had not risen, heated with champagne, and ready for any mischief, they entered my room, lifted me out of bed in my sheet, and bumped me not very gently upon the ground.

We had just sat down to breakfast, when Mrs. Adams put her head in at the door, and beckoned me out mysteriously.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for interrupting you, but I am so uneasy about Mr. Korner that I couldn't contain myself any longer."

"What is the matter?" I asked, in great agitation.

"Well, you know he is an early riser, never in bed after six. It is now ten, and I have neither seen nor heard him. I have knocked at his door, and can get no answer."

"Where is the servant, Fritz?" I inquired.

"He went away yesterday, saying he should not return for some days, and that I was to attend upon his master in the meanwhile."

I told her to wait until after breakfast, and I would see what could be done. All the horrors of the last night came vividly back upon my memory, filling me with evil forebodings. It was impossible to conceal my perturbation from my friends; and after a very little pressing, I told them of the housekeeper's fears, and certain of my own experiences, omitting all mention of what I had seen through the window, which would have excited only their ridicule.

The breakfast table was abandoned; and while I proceeded to the German's chamber, the others waited the result at the far end of the corridor. No answer was returned to my knock, and after a little hesitation, we decided to send for a locksmith and make a forcible entry. No one thought of entering by the windows, and I dared not propose it; I could not for my life have looked through them again.

In a very short time the lock was taken off and the door thrown open. The room was darkened by the curtains, save in one spot, where the sunbeams streamed through an opening, and fell full and brightly upon an awful object—the upturned, blood-bespattered face of the German. He was quite dead; his hand still grasped a charged pistol—he had blown his brains out.

I need scarcely remark that I did not pass another night under that ill-omened roof, but at once accepted the invitation of my friends to return home with them.

Of course you are now anxious to know the explanation of the mysterious spectre and all other mysteries. All that I can tell you upon the subject was gathered more from inferences than from direct information. In Korner's writing-desk was found the miniature of a lovely girl, which I immediately recognized as the face I had seen in my vision, and beside it was a strange and horrible letter, of which I made a copy at the time, and which, as nearly as I can remember, ran thus:

"When you read these lines I shall be no more. Living, I am powerless to avenge your wickedness to me, but if there is a just God, my revenge will reach you from the grave. I have prayed unceasingly to be directed to a retribution as awful as the misery you have brought upon me. My prayer has been heard, and, mark me, scoff as you will in your skeptical conceit, it will come to pass. In my dark hours of despairing agony, this is the vengeance I have engendered, and which I will execute. From the hour in which I draw my last breath I will haunt you. Fly to the furthermost extremities of the world, and my shadow shall still pursue you; alone or in a crowd, in the darkness of the night, or in the brightest sunshine, you shall know no moment of your life in which I may not stand before you. And lest habit should in time dull the horror of my presence to your hard, godless soul, in each visitation you shall behold the progress of the corruption of the buried body as it festers in the earth. As the body is at the moment I stand before you, in that guise shall you see me. And when the last stage is reached, when the bones crumble into dust, then shall thy earthly career close. Pray, then, if you can, that the tortures you will endure in this life may mitigate those prepared for you in the next."

Putting together the little information I gathered at various times, chiefly through Mrs. Adams, I framed this story. At Bonn, there lived one Adeline Sturm, a burgomaster's daughter. She was the beauty of the town, had been educated far above her station, and was as notorious for her haughty and disdainful pride as for her personal charms. All the young men were madly in love with her, but upon all she looked down with equal scorn, Karl Korner was at that time a student at the University. He was a scion of a noble family, strikingly handsome, heir to a fine fortune, and the most heartless libertine in Bonn. The stories he was continually hearing of this girl's unimpressible nature excited his pique, and over a debauch he laid a heavy wager with a fellow-student that he would win her love, degrade her pride, and abandon her. He succeeded too well in all that he proposed. It was an act of monstrous villainy, for he had not even the excuse of passion for accomplishing Adeline's ruin, while she loved him with all the fervor of her proud, powerful nature. Upon discovering the conspiracy of which she had been made the victim, she took poison. From that time Korner was accursed; he wandered from land to land, from one division of the globe to another, but nowhere finding peace or rest.

A skeptical friend has suggested that the letter worked its object without any supernatural intervention. Written under such awful circumstances, under so powerful a conviction that it would be given to her to execute her implacable will, it worked upon the guilty conscience of her betrayer until his diseased imagination, constantly brooding upon its terrible suggestions, created for itself the very horrors threatened. In regard to my share in the illusion, his theory is this: "From the first, Korner impressed your mind with a sense of the abnormal and mysterious. His behavior in the forest gave a form to what had been before intangible, by suggesting the idea that he was haunted by some ghastly vision. The next stage in the mental process was reached on the occasion of your first vision to his apartments. The cold air, rushing through the open door and mingling with the overheated atmosphere within, rustling among some unseen objects, and suggested to your excited imagination that the Thing was about you, and from the nature of a sound, suggested a female apparition. Upon Korner's face you saw your own impressions reflected, but in his case intensified by a visual illusion. On the occasion of your last visit, every circumstance favored the exquisitely sensible condition of your organs. There was a terrible storm raging; the air was charged with electricity—a most important point; when you looked through that window, Reason had entirely vacated her throne. You were utterly under the spell, and by one of those curious mental phenomena of whose occasional occurrence we have undoubted proof, the horrible illusion of Korner, intensified to an immeasurable degree by the agony of coming death, communicated itself to your mind, thus causing your vision to be similarly impressed."

Very ingenious indeed, I tell him, but a good deal of Bishop Berkeley's metaphysics about it. There is a vast difference between dreaming that you are burned and the actual sensation.—*Belgravia.*

Our Little Ones on the Other Side.

Looking at each other across the river, across the valley, are the white stones that mark the sleeping places of our dead. The little brown mounds are more frequent in the village cemeteries, and sad processions have, of late, with mournful frequence, wound up the path to the resting place where the cradles—now without rockers—lie silent and dumb.

The tiny soul-buds, just softening and swelling in the sunshine of parental love, just throwing the dimpled tendrils around our necks, and tumbling sweet-broken syllables in our ears, are, with one gust of snow, swept away and hidden in the ground. There are the empty chairs, the silent playthings, the little dress—limp for the the want of the little form, and the crumpled shoes that will be dented no more with pattering feet; all wreathed with sad remembrances of the happy hours when the closed eyes danced with wonder at each fresh sight of the new creation.

Love for the little ones is, all the world round, the same. The sparrow croons just as tenderly over her little "brownies" as the oriole over hers—clothed in velvet and gold. Hearts are inside of us all, and no costly weaving makes love the less or more. Brown hands can build castles in the air as deftly as white fingers, and all wring with equal sorrow at the wreck. But think how full of pleasantness the little lives have been; the unfinished ring of their tiny years has been plaited all around with love and blossoms, the scent of the lilacs and lillies. The memory of caressings that in after years forget, the dear ones carry with them to heaven. Banished from one paradise to another—from this, where shadows sometimes drive away smiles, to where there are no shadows any more.

Sad it is to die young. Is it not sadder to die old? How many there are that have babies that never grow up; that live life-long in the memory, as the little ones that never wandered till we laid them quietly down beneath that green coverlid that needeth smoothing and softening no more.

Upon that mysterious, unknown sea that rolls all around the world, how many little souls daily drift out! Mothers in every land are crying on the shore of their great loss, in anguish and in tears. But yonder invisible hands welcome the little earth-orphans, and celestial voices shout in glad delight, that another angel is born in heaven!—*Raddi.*

How often is our path crossed by some being whose bright spirit sheds a passing gladness o'er it, but whose course leads down another current, nevermore to blend with ours. Yet far within our souls, midst busy rushings of the world, dwell many secret thoughts which linger still around that being.

I AM now able to see that my sorest disappointments at the time they happened, and my heaviest misfortunes, have always turned out to be my greatest blessings whenever they have been taken as admonitions and warnings, and turned wisely to account.

"UNTO the pure all things are pure."

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

First Appearance of the Fossils of Existing Animal Tribes—First Fossils of Man.

SCIENTIFIC—SERIAL NUMBER TWENTY-NINE.

On turning more especially to the earth we find it compounded of oxyds and alkalies, united upon polar principles with the oxyds in excess; the atmosphere is composed of alkalies and oxyds, so to speak, with the alkalies in excess, and the planet is an inter-electro-chemical concentration of such elements as both the earth and atmosphere have contributed through inter electro-chemical action its development. The elements being so closely assimilated to each other as not to very readily yield up their affinity even after the life-principle has left the form—a most happy instance of that conservatism we so often see manifested in the operations of natural laws, for the benefit of the empire of intelligences they control. Otherwise, vegetable decomposition would often prove destructive to whole sections of country.

Such is the brief reference we have made to the most probable origin and development of germinal life; and, from all the facts observable in the premises, it is reasonable to infer that the lowest order of animal life was originated by the same character of action, though carried on under a more extended series of relations—one of which, it seems, was the introduction of vegetable electro-chemical carbonization, and another was a trace of iron derived from the metamorphic strata, both of which seem to have been necessary for imparting that polarity upon which the sensation of the rudest zoophyte seems to rest. The chief difference, then, in the origin and development of the primitive characters of vegetable and animal life was, that iron (the only native magnet then existent) and the carbon of vegetable organization were first united in the latter, and, being magnetized by inter-electro chemical action, thus became the basis of sensation, or the point to which the nutriment was collected from surrounding relations by the magnetism of electricity in motion, the electricity residing in and controlling the progressive affiliations of the thus established sensation, and the affiliative process going on in strict conformity with the requisitions of polar law. This character of action was the necessary product of the evident circumstances of that period, and inevitably resulted in the development of both the vegetable and animal tribes whose fossil remains mark that era of geological progression. We observe, however, that the progress of the vegetable and animal tribes kept pace with the general reduction of temperature until reaching the iron ores of the graywacke strata, where we find the specimens of shell-fish not only numerous but exceedingly beautiful and distinct, and numbering not only many species but the most singular varieties.

THE EARLIER INDICATIONS OF THE HUMAN ORGANISM IN THE MONSTERS OF PRIMEVAL AGES.

Having passed from the grand scale of radical condensation which gave the earth its magnetic individuality as well as inherent polar condition—having observed the polar unions effecting the grand balance relations of the atmosphere, of water, and of the granite formations, resulting from inter-electro-chemical action and the magnetism of electricity in motion, by which vegetable life was originated and developed—and having thus, in our progressive observations, come to the origin and development of animal life in the carboniferous formations, we will now enter the succeeding era, dwelling upon its formations something more in detail, for the purpose of marking, with more impressive effect, that character of progressive development that leads directly to the concentration of the human mind.

Passing the carboniferous strata, we next come to the red sandstone group, which comprises the red conglomerate, or fragments of earlier rocks thrown and baked together, probably by volcanic action, the zechstein or Germanic limestone, the variegated sandstone, of an argillaceous or clayey nature, and siliceous or primitive graywacke in a crystalline condition, the musclechalk, or species of limestone of variegated texture found in Germany and Poland, and the variegated marl-beds (such as red, blue, gray, etc.), chiefly composed of shell-fish remains, and the rock-salt, in which the oxyd of iron first makes its appearance in this group. The fossil remains of vegetables found here are similar to those of the preceding strata, while those of animal life appear to have received a new impulse during the musclechalk or shell-limestone period. Before proceeding with the enumeration of the then existent reasons for this remarkable change, however, it becomes necessary to refer to the fact that all polar conditions peculiar to matter advanced with its concentrating march towards perfection, thereby becoming more active as well as more extended and energetic in their elaborative operations.

As we advance through the marl-beds of the new red-sandstone group, we observe the fossil remains of the reptile race beginning and progressing, both in numbers and dimensions, on through the oolitic and chalk groups. Many of these reptiles, which were mostly huge lizards, crocodiles, and tortoises, appear to have roamed the earth in swarms, the undisputed sovereigns of the marshy lands and prolific seas, for a much longer period of time than the present dominion of man.

Among others of the reptile tribe, we may mention the ichthyosaurus or fish-lizard, of which the fossil remains of seven species have been found. The head is like that of the crocodile, the two long, slender jaws sometimes containing one hundred and eighty teeth, the eyes measuring fourteen inches cavity, and the nostrils being near the anterior of the angle of the eye; the body resembles that of a fish, comprising a long column, with a broad tail, numbering over one hundred joints, and measuring over thirty feet, being equipped with four paddles, like the whale, and the breast-bone formation and paddles of the aquatic quadruped ornithorhynchus, of New Holland. Thus we find combined in the ichthyosaurus the anatomical structure of several animals—the head, jaws, and teeth of the future crocodile, the body and paddles of the future whale, and the breast and paddles of the future ornithorhynchus—and, like others of its singular character, it strikingly manifests, in its remarkable organism, one of the most rapid grades of progression ever witnessed in the course of nature's transitional elaborations.

The next most remarkable reptile found in these marl-beds, is the one called plesiosaurus, which is of gigantic size, has a long neck like the body of the snake, short tail, and fins and head like the ichthyosaurus. The ribs describe a large circle, and, being formed in four parts, seem designed to contain large quantities of food as well as a capacious set of lungs, and to rise and fall as the lungs were inflated or emptied—resembling, in this latter respect, the ribs of the chameleon, whose changes of color, by which it eludes its enemies or decoys its prey, are known to be the result of its varied depths of inspiration.

This remarkable creature (the plesiosaurus) is not only singular in its outer appearance and probable mode of life—which seems to have been like that of those aquatic birds which swim upon the surface, breathe air and obtain their food from amid the waters—but is most singularly interesting from the fact that one part of its organization is peculiarly striking as foreshadowing, to some extent, the structure of the human anatomy. The paddles, which may be considered an advance or improvement on the fins of fish, are at the same time typical of the legs of the future quadruped race and of the arms and limbs of man. The forepaddle consisted of a shoulder-blade, and of the arm-bones, wrist joint, and fingers, while the hinder paddles consisted of the various bones of the human legs. How singular is the sensation connected with the idea that we here first observe our organism, developing in this frightful monster of the deep! Such, however, is the fact indicating our embryo condition thus originally developed in the reptile tribe.

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It seems that every creed or tribe of earth,
Conceives a god, and gives him form and birth,
Possessing all the traits of every tribe;
Thus while portraying God, *themselves* describe;
And as they each advance in reason's light,
And have more just conceptions of the right,
A god of like improvement then appears,
Reflecting still their passions, loves, and fears;
Then let us turn from that benighted age,
When God, a jealous God, was fired with rage;
And may diviner wisdom from above,
Expand our souls to see a God of love.

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That God ordained the whole is understood
To ultimate in universal good;
Yet hath no less decreed that man shall be,
Within a *given sphere*, an agent free;
As fishes well secured in globes of glass,
Are free within, though none without can pass;
While they, like us, look outward all around,
May often wish a larger range was found.
But highest wisdom hath ordained this plan,
To focalize the feeble powers of man;
Where each may freely choose a field of thought—
May grope in darkness or be wisely taught;
Where all *will* learn, as laws are understood,
To harmonize with universal good.
Thus God ordains that every wayward soul
Should walk in wisdom's ways by *self-control*.
Hence man's free agency is not denied,
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Creation but one galaxy unfurls—
Jehovah's crown a diadem of pearls!
Each star-lit gem upon the whole depends:
The whole to each a needed influence lends:
Each orb, an aggregate of countless grains;
Each grain a key, a ponderous arch sustains;
Destroy but one, the boundless spheres will fall,
And tumble worlds to chaos, one and all;
Thus all are linked in Nature's endless chain—
The hand that forged them never wrought in vain.

The following is of especial interest to orthodox readers:

You must believe that men are all depraved,
And that but few of all mankind are saved:
Yet by God's cruel death, oh, strange to tell,
These few are thus released from endless hell;
For every creed declares all hope is vain,
If Christ, the Son of God had not been slain;
And yet I think no creed will dare deny
That Satan caused the Lord their God to die:
Thus it would seem that all who rest in peace,
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THE MYSTERY OF THE CLOCK.

Reply to Doctor Bond.

BY SAMUEL WATSON.

[From the St. Louis Christian Advocate.]

DEAR DOCTOR BOND:—I find an editorial of two and a half columns in your paper of the 9th, in reply to what I said respecting the striking of an old clock. I fully agree with you as to the importance of discriminating between credulity, superstition and faith. Credulity, Webster says, is "a disposition to believe on slight evidence, or no evidence at all. Superstition has general significations, but that to which you refer I suppose is "the belief of what is absurd, or belief without evidence, or a belief in the direct agency of superior powers in certain extraordinary or singular events." Faith is the assent of the mind to the truth of a proposition advanced by another—belief on probable evidence of any kind." Faith depends upon evidenee—testimony; and according to the character of the testimony will be the strength of our faith. We must not, we can not, ignore human testimony. All the faith we possess depends upon that, except our own experience and consciousness of what we have received through our senses. The foundation of our holy Christianity rests, to a very great extent, upon human testimony.

In reply to your inquiry as to what I think of that clock, I will simply state that at first I attached no importance to it. But when it struck five times only (all that was ever heard), and at each of those times a member of my family died, I was compelled to believe there was something more than "curious coincidences" connected therewith. That there was premonition of an afflictive event is certain; but as to the cause of its thus striking, and the power by which it was done, is the question about which we differ. Let us leave that old clock to do its original work. I am receiving, by letter and verbally, almost every day, as "astonishing coincidences" as its striking under the circumstances. They do not come from the "credulous, superstitious" part of mankind, but from men and women of the very best minds and hearts in the land, embracing ministers of the different churches, physicians of the highest standing, and editors whose testimony could not be questioned. I select one from a prominent minister of the M. E. Church South. He is the father of one of the pastors of the Church in this city:

"FULTON STATION, KY., July 17, 1871.

"OTHER OLD CLOCKS.

"A child died in a family residing in Benton county, Arkansas. An old clock belonging to the family, which had not been in use for many years, struck one the day before the child died. Several years subsequently the father of the child died, and the old clock, which had not struck since the death of the child, struck one, and no more. In Evansville, Illinois, an old clock which had long been silent struck one the day before the death of a member of the family owning the clock. Subsequently another member of the family died, and the same old clock struck one and ceased.

"S. G. PATTERSON,

Father of Rev. Wm. Patterson, of the Memphis Conference."

One more old clock, and I pass on. During the war a Confederate General was at the house of Mr. B., in Aberdeen, Miss. There was quite a number of friends discussing the question of persons returning after death and making themselves known. There was in the room an old clock which had not run or struck for many years. This general told them if he got killed or died during the war, that if he could he would come back and make that old clock strike. It was agreed upon and so understood by all the party. The Confederate General was killed, and soon after the clock struck while some of the party were in the room, which so alarmed them that they fled in haste out of the room, if not out of the house. I give this upon the highest authority in the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

Now, Doctor, if you feel disposed, turn your batteries on some other old clock besides mine. Their theory and mine is the same.

You seem solicitous for my theory, and desirous for me to give you some of the "many ways spirits minister to us." Well, Doctor, I will gratify you in this respect. I believe with St. Paul that there is an "outward man" and an "inward man." The former of the "earth, earthy," the other the intellectual, moral, spiritual man, that is not subject to death. I agree with Dr. Adam Clarke, the most learned commentator that ever wrote, when he says: "I believe there is a supernatural and spiritual world in which human spirits live, and have intercourse with this world, and become visible to mortals." I believe that this "spiritual world" is to spiritual beings as *real* and as *tangible* as the *physical world* is to our *natural bodies;* that this spiritual world surrounds the natural world, and, for aught I know, may extend throughout the immensity of space; that this is the paradise or place of departed spirits, in that intermediate state between death and the resurrection. I agree with Bishop Morris, the senior Bishop of the M. E. Church, when he says:

"There is a clear distinction made in the Sacred Scriptures between the intermediate and final state after the general resurrection." Also with one of our Bishops when he says: "No one has yet been saved in heaven; no one sent to hell. These states and conditions will not be awarded till the judgment, and it will not take place till the resurrection." And with another one of our Bishops, who says: "We labor not only in the sight of mortals, we labor also in the sight of celestial beings. We preach to two congregations at the same moment, one below and the other above us."

Man's *intellectual, moral or spiritual*, is a refined substance, a "spiritual body," which constitutes his individuality, his personality. The real man never dies. The "outward man" does; but the "inner man" passes through the veil which divides the natural from the spiritual world, identically the same being he was here. What we call death does not change the *moral status* of our spiritual nature. He now has employment suitable to his spiritual surroundings and desires. I believe that every Christian has one or more of these "guardian angels," or "ministering spirits," as St. Paul calls them, who watch over us. The affection they had for loved ones is not broken by death; they still love us, and feel a deep interest in all that pertains to our welfare, and do all they can consistently with our moral agency to lead us in the paths of virtue, and ultimately to the better land. Then we, with the same attractions to loved ones left behind, engage in the same glorious work, and thus develop our capacity to enjoy by consecrating it all to the promotion of the Redeemer's kingdom. But I am wandering.

You say: "It is now for Bro. Watson to prove, or at least to give us some reasonable probability for believing: 1. That the spirits of the dead have superior information about human affairs, and superior faculty in communicating it to persons at a distance."

They would certainly be poorly qualified to minister to us if they did not possess those requisites. Mortal vision is, at best, imperfect. St. Paul says, 1 Cor. xiii 14: "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known." I think the Apostle has answered that question satisfactorily to most minds.

2. "That matter is not obstruction to these spirits." "For ourselves we confess that we have no knowledge whatever natural, or revealed, that teaches us any such thing."

Does Dr. Bond suppose that the thousands who have died surrounded by walls of granite and iron, that they (the walls) were any obstruction to the soul's liberty after the death of the body? I will not insult his good sense by even insinuating that he does.

3. "That they do any number of things as hard as handling the hammer of an old clock. We deny it. We know no evidence of it. The Bible gives none. Experience gives none. Bro. Watson must give us proof."

To answer the above I shall be compelled to mention some things that will subject me to the charge of "credulity, superstitution," etc. So be it. I am willing to bear it, for

> "Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
> The eternal years of God are her's."

My maxim is:

> "To seize the truth wherever found,
> On Christian or on heathen ground."

I do not propose, however, to go only on "Christian ground" for the purpose of "giving proof" of what I have seen and heard on this subject. I have been a pastor of the different Methodist churches in this city since 1839. In the course of my pastoral visits I have met with a considerable number of persons, in the proper exercise of their mental faculties, who have assured me that weeks before their dissolution they saw, recognized and conversed with their friends who were in the spiritual world. One of these still lingers upon a bed of affliction. They accord with what Dr. Clarke says: "These spirits have intercourse with this world and become visible to mortals." I select one individual, because of his high position as the head of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Tennessee. Bishop Otey, years before he died, told me that he had always believed in the doctrine of "ministering spirits," but that he now knew they were around him; that he conversed with them, etc., etc. His daughter who had passed away years before, performed on the guitar, or he told me she did when no one was present in the room but himself. Also upon the harp, playing the favorite tunes she played for him while living. Bro. Tippet, long a member of the North Carolina Conference, was sick a long time in this city. I visited him frequently. He used to tell me that his spirit friends came to see him daily. He saw them, not with the natural, but with the spiritual eye.

There are a number of gentlemen and ladies in this city now who have told me that they see and converse with their relatives daily. They are not what are called Spiritualists, but they are influential members of the different churches, with as clear minds and as good hearts as others. Not long since as I was passing along our main thoroughfare to Sabbath school, I stopped to speak with two gentleman friends. One was telling the other he had a brother who had been dead for four years; that he saw and conversed with him often, and that he was more company for him than any other of his relatives. Others have said the same. I fear I shall tire your patience, Doctor, but let me mention one case more, as he is a M. D. of high attainments. He invited me to go with him to see a patient of his that was supposed by some to be deranged, while others thought he was possessed of evil spirits. On our way he took occasion to tell me he did not believe in any future existence. He said there must be a God, but as to man's existence after death, he was a Materialist. Some time after this I met him on the street, when he told me his faith had been very much shaken. Said he: "I saw recently a hand extended through a piece of cloth, and there was no body or arm to which it was attached. I had just lost a patient, and had been handling the corpse. The hand felt just like the dead person's I had just left."

I mention this, ridiculous as it may seem to you, as it comes from one of your profession, and you may be inclined to attach some importance to it. I think it likely that the "man's hand" that wrote Belshazzer's doom on the wall was a fit subject of ridicule by the incredulous of that day. Don't you think, Doctor, that "the man who appeared to Manoah's wife" so frequently, or the men of Macedonia who prayed him (St. Paul), saying, "come over into Macedonia and help us," could have made an old clock strike?

Once more: You say, "If Bro. Watson will give up his familiar ghosts and say that an angel touched his clock, we will discuss that; but as as long as he rejects angelic agency in the matter, we will, with his permission, let the angels alone."

I use the term angel as the Scripures do, as synonymous with man. The term simply means messenger, and is applied to man under every dispensation in the Scriptures. We have not time now to discuss this question. I still maintain that there is nothing miraculous (your opinion to the contrary, notwithstanding) in any of the things I have mentioned. They are in perfect accord with the laws of the spiritual world in which they live, and it is part of their employment and enjoyment thus to "minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation."

One word more: You say, "The spirits knock with wretched telegraphy on the tables."

Now, Doctor, if you have any design to refer to Modern Spiritualism as it is understood, I respectfully decline any further reply to anything you may say. I never go to such places, have nothing to do with such things, and have not the slightest reference to them in what I have said, nor do I know that any of the parties I have mentioned do. Our discussion must be, as I have said before, from a Bible stand-point, the standard authorities of the church, and the testimony of all reliable witnesses.

REMARKABLE MANIFESTATIONS.

Phantom Railway Trains!—A Mysterious Occurrence.

While we are no believer in Spiritualism, that is, in the supernatural origin of the so-called manifestations and revelations of modern times, we are not at liberty to ignore the facts and phenomena, so many of which are so well attested, and upon which the receivers of the doctrine assume to base their convictions of its reality.

Among these are the following statements made in an address delivered by Hon. George W. Woodman, of Portland, and reported in the *Press* of that city, in which he described some of the remarkable spiritual manifestations witnessed by himself and others during the last spring and summer in the sick room of N. M. Woodman.

There were nine witnesses in all; sometimes two or three were present at one time; sometimes more. On the 24th of March, Mr. N. M. Woodman fell through the scuttle of his store on Commercial street, a distance of twenty-three feet, and striking upon a bale of material below, was found in an hour afterwards in an insensible condition. He was taken home, when physicians were called who pronounced the injuries fatal, and death inevitable.

Mr. Woodman stated that Nathan (we call him so to distinguish him from the speaker,) laid in an insensible condition for seven hours, when the physicians arrived at their opinion. His ribs were wrenched from their place, the spine was twisted, but not separated, and one of the large intestines removed from its place, so that there was no passage from the stomach. In this condition he could only live fourteen days. He lay until the evening of the 27th, unable to move in his bed, and part of the time partially unconscious. At seven o'clock on the evening of the 27th, in the presence of Dr. Hopkins, a leading medium, Nathan raised himself upright in bed, and spoke through the spirit which had him in control:—"I am terribly injured, and something must be done. It must be done within fort-eight hours or you will see the necessity of it." This was repeated on the Wednesday following, and the injuries described. And the spirits, speaking through the controlling influence, said—"Now friends, let the powers present handle him," and he was raised from the bed, and the voices prescribed a poultice, which, it was directed, should be placed on a certain point on the system, but it must not remain over an hour and ten minutes. The poultice was applied under the direction of the spirit, the bed tucked up, and the patient left sleeping. The room was vacated, and at the close of two hours the wife entered the room and found the bed undisturbed, her husband sweetly sleeping, and the poultice gone. It was found ten feet distant, nicely pinned up.

The speaker went on to say that the patient was examined, through the medium, by Drs. Wilbur—a Prussian, and Lerow—a Frenchman. The power in charge was a female relative, called Amanda, all of whom are long since dead.

On the third of April the influences said the man must be got up and dressed, and he was raised from the bed, twirled in the air, and stood upon his feet. He was dressed in an incredible short space of time by the spirits, and walked about the room. An unbeliever who was in the room, but who knew the attendant in life, was addressed by her, and circumstances of their childhood recalled. Two days after an examination and exercise like the above, the patient was left standing at the foot of the bed, with his back to the foot-board, when he was seized by invisible hands, lifted horizontally over it, and laid upon the bed.

At another time, those present were put in communication with the patient and medium, and all heard angelic music. The wife left the room, ran down stairs, threw open the piano, and played and sang Italian music, joining with the mysterious voices above, then returned to the room, and immediately recovered her normal state, with no knowledge of what she had done.

The spirits told the attendants that they gave him medicine every night, and applied shower and steam baths, and turned him in bed. (The patient at this time in his normal state, was unable to move at all.) And this, Mr. Woodman went on to say, was verified in the following manner:—

On Sunday, April 16, at mid-day, the patient was much disturbed, he had been raised up in bed, and asked for water, which was given him. Presently a goblet was seen, let down from the ceiling, as if suspended by a thread, and stopped at the sick man's mouth. "Drink Nathan," said his wife, and the contents of the glass were administered by unseen hands. He complained that it was exceedingly bitter, like tanzy, and water was given him several times to remove the unpleasant taste.

At another time Dr. Hopkins, the medium, was taken up and carried three times around the room. The speaker described the appearance of colored lights on one occasion.

Once the speaker himself was taken up and thrown several feet across the room. May 7th, after the usual exercise by the spirits, Mr. Woodman was requested to step across the room and take Mrs. Woodman's hand; she held it about two minutes, when she saw a presence in full costume, with features clearly discernable. This was Mr. B.'s mother. There was another presence in the room, but it was not distinct enough for recognition. The same evening they had the manifestation of the spirit hands. Once the curtain fell down as they were about to close out the strong light, but was replaced by unseen power, before any one could stoop to pick it up. This was on the 8th of May.

The next day, the patient was taken into the hall by the spirits; there were sixteen of them in the room then, they were told, among whom were Rev. Jabez Woodman and Jabez C. Woodman. The last named appeared to them with great distinctness on a previous day, and afterward wrote at a table. He sat by the speaker when he visited the house, and talked to him, through the medium, of matters of which only they two had any knowledge.

On the 13th of May, the patient, after being "exercised" in the usual manner by the spirits, stood at the foot of the bed. In an instant he was lifted into the air, in a horizontal position, and laid across the foot board, and "balanced" there for several minutes; then he was turned over, and the process repeated.

On the 16th of May, while the speaker was rubbing the patient's back, by direction of the spirits, he was suddenly seized and thrown some distance.

Mr. Woodman, in his remarks, described with great minuteness, the progress of the recovery, and the gradual withdrawal of the unnatural support. We have not followed him very closely, selecting some of the most remarkable incidents to which he and other equally reliable gentlemen were witnesses.—*Maine Farmer.*

THE PHANTOM TRAINS.

The Columbia *Courant* is responsible for the following:

The "debble am out on a big rampage," along the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He is seen at various places along the road, and in different shapes. One night last week, after the Philadelphia express left Tyrone Station, his satanic majesty got on the engine with Sol. Hoffmaster. He looked around for a moment, then taking the poker from the fireman, opened the fire door and stirred the fire, at the same time sticking his feet in. He then sat down, stretching out his immense legs, and bringing his tail around, laid it between his cloven hoofs. Sometimes, wings could be seen about his shoulders. He was very particular about the fire; sometimes he would put his head in the fire box and look around, and then throw in his tail, stirring the fire at a rapid rate. By this time he got warmed up, and so had the engineer and fireman, who were nearly scared to death.

The engine was making about thirty-five miles an hour, when the devil picked up the oil can, went out and oiled the locomotive in all its parts. He then returned, and requested Mr. Hoffmaster to slack up and let him off at Bridge No. 5; but Mr. H. told him he might get off the same way he got on. The engine was then running at a fearful rate of speed, and Mr. Devil stepped to one side and disappeared.

We learn since that a phantom train was seen in the vicinity of the Gap. Some nights ago, David Wayde, engineer of 447, had stopped for some purpose, when a train was heard approaching at a rapid rate. Knowing there was no train due at that hour, schedules were examined carefully; but the stranger could not be made out. At length it came thundering around the curve, with an immense headlight and other equipments. The conductor, (H. Bell) engineer, fireman, and brakeman, all saw and heard the train coming. The flagman, (John K. Newell,) immediately went back with a light, and placed caps upon the rails. The phantom train came, making the usual noise, and lighting up the whole track with its lurid glare, when in a twinkling, the whole thing disappeared. Some say it was old Adam Clenson's train—the notorious leader of the Gap gang, who died several years ago—and that he was aboard swinging a red light furiously.

John Eilbert, engineer of the Lancaster train, informs us that when approaching Pequea Bridge, some nights ago, he saw the devil on the cowcatcher of his engine. He was running at the rate of thirty miles an hour. He quickly shut off the steam and slackened up, but could not see anything more of the strange object. These stories are creating a great deal of comment among the railroad men. We give them as they are told to us, and leave the readers to draw their own conclusions.

A MYSTERY.

A Toledo *Blade* reporter has been for some weeks in possession of the facts relating to the following mysterious occurrence, and gave them to his readers in the issue of February 14. We have in our possession, and fully authenticated by responsible witnesses, facts similar to the accompanying, which we may give in a future issue of the *Sun*:

"For some time we have been in possession of the circumstances of a most singular manifestation which took place in this city, and which, while it looks inexplicable by any known laws of natural phenomena, it is yet fully attested by the statement of a man who is a firm disbeliever in all that bears the name or wears the guise of Modern Spiritualism. Regard for the feelings of the family soon afterward so sorely bereaved, has kept us silent concerning a matter, the mention of which at this time, we trust may not grate harshly on stricken hearts.

For several days, the family in question had been watching by the bedside of an only daughter, an unusually bright and attractive child, and the unyielding grasp of the disease from which she suffered, one of malignant character, had left them little hope for her life. As the little heart grew feebler, the child became partly unconscious, and as she lay thus one morning shortly before her death, the father stood over her, and after doing all that he could do to make the bed comfortable on which she lay, seated himself on a sofa on the opposite side of the room. He had hardly done so, when some invisible power lifted the child from the bed on which she lay, and placed her in the middle of the floor! So gently was this done, that it did not even disturb her sleep, and the father was so startled by the sight, that he was almost too weak to lift her back again. All this was in broad daylight, with no one in the room save the father and child, and there was no possible opportunity for deception or illusion of any kind. As before intimated, the gentleman in question is skeptical on all points of spiritual belief, and at such a time would hardly be liable to be made the victim of a cheat. His well-known character and standing in the community is such as to place his word beyond question, even did the peculiar circumstances of the case render a fabrication well nigh impossible.

It would seem that the occurrence must be left on that mysterious boundary where the known laws meet the unknown, and leave all human intelligence at a loss."

A Literary Treasure.

The Manchester *Examiner* calls attention to a charming little book entitled "The Sight of Hell." It is by the Rev. Father Furniss, C.SS.R., is printed *permissu superiorum*, and is recommended to be used along with the Catechism in the Sunday schools as part of a course of religious instruction. It is one of a series of "Books for children and young persons." From the following extracts it will be seen that the work is not of an inspiring character. The Rev. Father is supposed to be taking his young charges on a little tour of inspection, during which he acts as *cicerone*. Among many things too disagreeable to mention he points out the Striking Devil:

Little child, if you go to hell there will be a devil at your side to strike you. He will go on striking you from minute to minute for ever and ever without stopping. The first stroke will make your body as bad as the body of Job, covered from head to foot with sores and ulcers. The second stroke will make your body twice as bad as the body of Job. The third stroke will make your body three times as bad as the body of Job. The fourth stroke will make your body four times as bad as the body of Job. How, then, will your body be after the devil has been striking it every moment for a hundred millions of years without stopping?

He then shows them a "Dress of Fire:"

Job xxxviii.—Are not thy garments hot? Come into this room. You see it is very small. But see in the midst of it there is a gir, perhaps about eighteen years old. What a terrible dress she has on—her dress is made of fire! On her head she wears a bonnet of fire. It is pressed down all over her head; it burns her head; it burns into the skin; it scorches the bone of her skull, and makes it smole. The red-hot fiery heat goes into the brain, and melts it.

Ezek. xxii.—I will burn you in the ire of my wrath; you shall be melted in the midst thereof as silver is melted in the fire. You do not, perhaps, like a headache. Think what a headache the girl must have. But see more. She is wrapped up in flames, for her frock is on fire. If she were on earth she would be burned to a cinder in a moment. But she is in hell, where fire burns nothing away There she stands burning and scorched; there she will stand forever, burned and scorched.

The children are favored with the sight of a boiling boy. "But listen! there is a sound just like that of a kettle boiling. Is it really a kettle boiling? No. Then what is it? Hear what it is. The blood is boiling in the scalded veins of that boy. The brain is boiling and bubbling in his head. The marrow is boiling in his bones."

What a dear, nice, excellent (?) teacher of little children this Father Furniss must make. How nobly he inculcates the doctrine of God being Love in this interesting little work of his!

Original Essays.

CLASSIFICATION OF THE GODS.

Circumstantial Testimony and Personal Tests in Support of Spirit Phenomena.

[From John Brown Smith, Our Traveling Correspondent.]

The ideal and visionary conceptions of a God in the past, were in complete harmony with the civilization, or development of individuals and races, and must soon give way before the enlightened and comprehensive intellect of this century, which is gradually approaching a recognition of the universal brotherhood of God.

We will endeavor, by a brief analysis of a few of the many fundamental principles and phenomena of nature, to throw sufficient light upon this supposed incomprehensible mystery, to enable the reason, intuition, instinct and common sense of liberal minds, to grasp a firm hold of higher and enlarged conceptions of the God of nature.

We will briefly classify in three distinct and well defined divisions, the prevailing conceptions of men in relation to an ideal or real God:

THE GOD OF THEOLOGY

is defined as an all-powerful principle, personal being, or spirit, which fills all space, and is above and beyond the ultimate destiny of man; also that the spirit of both God and man can not be recognized by the tests employed by science.

THE GOD OF MATERIALISM

is defined as the eternal principles, laws and phenomena of nature; and that God and matter are synonymous terms, and of eternal duration, whose creations are finite, and lose their individual identity at the moment of physical dissolution.

THE GOD OF SPIRITUALISTS, OR BELIEVERS IN THE SCIENCE OF LIFE,

is defined as an infinite congress or conglomeration of individualized spirit, which has inherent in the constitution of each individual identity, power, motion, intelligence, instinct, love and purity, and that the ultimate destiny of spirit is to vibrate in continuous change through a series of successive evolutions or re-incarnations from the infinite to finite, thence back again to the infinite, and who recognize the Fatherhood and Motherhood of God in all material creations, and who believe that perfection of being and equality of rights are inherent in the constitution or spirit of every atom of matter, cell of plant, or animal life in space. Hence the highest possible conception of a republican congress of universal spirit is its eternal brotherhood.

THE ANALYSIS.

We will proceed to a brief analysis of these conceptions of a God, in their regular order, and endeavor to give a fair consideration to a few of the week points in Theology and Materialism:

First, in relation to the God of Orthodox Theology, we will say that if it is an all-powerful principle, there is not any power left for any other principle; and since the Theological devil, or principle of evil, has an acknowledged power, therefore the all-powerful God and the principle of evil are a combined unity of the all-powerful principle. Where, then, do you find sufficient power left to enable man to be a free-will agent, when these two man-made *dictators* absorb all power?

Again, if it is admitted that God is a personal being, or spirit, who is omnipresent, or fills all space, where do you find room for a personal devil, or principle of evil, unless they are both one? And if admitted to be both one, where, then, do you find room in space for the billions of spirits of men and the lower animals?

Again, let us analysize the proposition that God is above the ultimate destiny of man:

It has been shown that if God fills all space, there is not room left for any other material to make man of. Hence he must, of necessity, have been made of part of himself. By what rule of logic or common sense can it be shown that if man was made of part of God, and that part can not return at some time in eternity, that of necessity creations must cease through the inevitable exhaustion of creative power, consequently God is not above the ultimate destiny of man, because it is impossible to conceive of a whole, if a single part is permanently detached.

Let us briefly trace the results of these divine supremacy dogmas, as illustrated in the actual history of man.

Men, from the earliest traditions of the race, made their form of government conform to their conceptions of the divine will, as illustrated in heads of families, chiefs, governors, kings and emperors, who all claim a right to rule by the grace and divine right of a despotic God.

The intuitions and natural instincts of the Quaker and Puritan fathers prompted them to sail forth to the liberty-inspiring air of the new world, and establish a government which explodes the doctrine of divine right in government, under the renewed vigor and inspiration of civil liberty, their descendents will not cease the good work until these principles of republicanism are introduced into the governments of the whole earth; yes, and even the whole universe shall yet be recognized in the conceptions of men, as the grandest living exponent of the brotherhood of God.

We will now proceed to the analysis of the docrines of Materialism:

In the evolutions of plant life, we find that the common ferns of to-day (which grow to the height of a foot, more or less) grew at the formation of the coal beds of Pennsylvania to seventy or eighty feet in height, also one of the small trees and shrubs of to-day are found in the coal formations of the earth as prodigious large trees. These facts have equal significance, when it is observed that many species of animals and plants have become extinct, but they ever leave their history written in the earth's crust.

Many species of animals and plants are gradually becoming extinct; and the different races of men are no exception to this inexorable law of physical organization, which determines that as soon as earth conditions have progressed too far (for that prolific multification of species which is inherent in primary organizations of life), that a gradual extinction is the inevitable fault, which is in complete harmony with the physical laws which control all growth and decay.

Astronomy informs us that this same law applies to every world in space. Thus we find dead worlds, the moon for instance, which will not sustain the ordinary animals of earth.

The moment that this earth becomes unfit for man (or his successors, if any), and its dissolution is carried on in the chemical laboratory of nature, until the last atom has been resolved back to its primal basic elements, ready for use in building other worlds, it loses its history and identity as a world. As change in matter is only obtainable by adding or subtracting primary elements and conditions, hence matter in its primal properties and elements is eternal and unchangeable. Therefore all the intelligence of man and animals acquired through countless centuries is forever, because there is no element of personal identity in dissolving worlds to perpetuate their history.

The inexorable deductions of these facts are that the principles and laws of nature, as exhibited in the evolution of matter, are limited by physical organization in every phase of development. Hence it is impossible to have eternal progression in matter a demonstrated fact, unless personal identity and the power to retain intelligence is recognized as an inherent principle in every individualization in nature; to acknowledge this principle in nature is equivalent to denying Materialism and acknowledging Spiritualism, because it is the spirit-principle of identity claimed by them. Hence we find that reason will not sustain their exposition of the principles of nature.

We will now examine what foundation they have in the phenomenon of nature to sustain their doctrines.

Prof. Crookes & Co., three of England's eminent men of science, have recently acknowledged and demonstrated by actual experiment, that Home, the physical medium, exhibited on various occasions an intelligent power, or force, which would move physical matter without personal contact, which they designated as psychic force. They further affirmed that no methods yet known to science can test the nature of this intelligent force. If physical science can not find means to grapple with these phenomena, common sense comes to the rescue, and finds means independent of the ignorance of so-called science.

I have in my possession a copy of a manuscript which was written by myself. And a few days afterward, in company with another person, we were in the room of a trance medium in Philadelphia, who was entirely ignorant of the fact that the article had been written. She was controlled by an intelligence purporting to be Thomas Paine, who said that he had impressed my brain with the leading ideas of said article, which was entitled "The Science of Human Life," and has been forwarded to the JOURNAL for publication. He also informed me that he had impressed my brain with the leading ideas of an article entitled "God in the Science of Human Life," and published in the issue of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of April 6th, 1872. I will not make a statement to oppose these claims, but will say that said articles were developed in my brain, and seemed to come exactly as though the ideas were my own.

I was brought up a strict Old School Presbyterian, and never even read one of Paine's works. I have been a believer in Modern Spiritualism only three years, although a radical in other reforms for fifteen years. I will leave the reader who is familiar with Paine's writings to judge whether circumstantial evidence will determine the greatest similarity of the ideas to Paine, or the Presbyterians. I am convinced from past experience that the Presbyterians will not claim them; hence abased Paine will have to father them.

I take the liberty of weaving in these personal incidents in my life, to give a brief idea of who and what the JOURNAL has secured for a "correspondent," and further, because they are needed to prove the correctness of my arguments.

The important facts are yet to be told, viz: Paine informed me that said article was written on five pages of manuscript, which was literally true.

He also informed me that on the second page there were three mistakes—not of grammar, but of phraseology. He said that the ideas were not brought out bold enough. He also indicated the precise localities on the page where these corrections ought to be made; and further stated that if I would read over the article when at home that he would impress me where to make the necessary changes. These statement were all true, and verified afterward by the person present with me at the seance, as well as by myself.

The medium was uneducated, and not competent to make the criticisms in her normal condition. It can not be ascribed to mind reading, because I had no knowledge of the fact that the ideas were not brought out boldly.

I could give other demonstrations to my mind that persons who have lived in the body retain their identity and intelligence, which settles the question with very many minds that Materialism has not even the phenomenon of nature for its support.

812 N. Tenth St., Philadelphia.

"The Play of Hamlet," with Hamlet Left Out.

BY P. B. BRISTOL.

BRO. JONES:—We have been not a little puzzled with Dr. Fahnestock's letters and position on statuvolence, somnambulism and anti-animal magnetism. We will not venture to comment on statuvolence, as we are not clear as to its meaning. Does it signify, sit still and fly? Will the Doctor be pleased to enlighten us on this point? If it is a coined title to an imaginary hobby, then we should know better how to treat it.

But we leave statuvolence, *statusquo*, and briefly consider the principles and a few of the beauties and achievements of animal magnetism. Its intelligent adherents are numbered by tens of thousands, whose belief rests upon the same class of evidence as does that of the sun light. But to delineate in detail the infinite variations and conditions under all the diversified temperaments and shades of temperaments, under the action of this subtle, all pervading agent, would require time and paper not at our present command.

The Doctor's theory and practice of magnetism, with magnetism left out, is the puzzle. We can not understand how one could be long associated with clairvoyance, and fail to discover the facts of animal magnetism. In all due deference to the Doctor's "thirty years' experience," we are impelled to adopt widely different conclusions. In our experiments, running through twenty-five years, about ten years closely devoted to magnetism, magnetizing hundreds of different persons, meeting a great variety of phases and phenomena, developing a number of clairvoyants, becoming clairvoyant ourself, at times, and being the recipient of magnetic aid and power from our fellow co-workers in the mundane, as well as from those in the spirit spheres; we have treated thousands magnetically, and effected many sudden, and, to us, wonderful cures. In many of these experiments we have felt and *seen* the *animal magnetic element*, often in such vivid, life-invigorating streams, as would eradicate the last vestige of a doubt, even from the mind of a "statuvolic Thomas." Hence we testify of the animal magnetism that we have felt and seen, realized and enjoyed its effects, and *do know*. Yet with all this very interesting experience we have never written a book. Had we written what we did not know, it would have made a very large volume.

Positive as we are of the existence and power of animal magnetism, which constantly permeates all animal bodies, constituting the medium of animal life, motion, commerce of motion, and emotions, and on which depends all human action and progress, we can not bear it traduced in the house of its friends, without moving our protest. We have no fears for its safety. It has withstood many a hard pummeling; has been the "scape-goat" for spiritual manifestations, and all manner of sin against Orthodoxy. But like gold, brushing increases its lustre.

While Dr. F. disowns and calls it absurd, yet he seems to be obliged to own, use, and even acknowledge it in many places in his different letters, viz: in the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of April 23d, 1871, he says: "But aside from all this, the question is, 'If you fill a magnetic person with magnetism, were it possible, would he not become positive?'"

Most certainly not. If he were filled with negative magnetism, such a proposition is at once palpably "absurd" and unphilosophical; and taken in conjunction with many others equally unsound, issued at various times, shows conclusively that Bro. F. does not understand the laws of magnetism, and therefore can not in reason be expected to believe in its agency; and the whole subject looks to him just as "absurd" as did the revolution of the earth to the old Dutchman, while his mill-pond did not spill out.

Again: "If animal magnetism had an existence, and produced a result at all, it should be the same in all cases, and necessarily would be devoid of intelligence."

Here, again, he evidently fails to recognize the infinitely various conditions of beings and substances, which necessarily give variation and character to results in all electrical phenomena, while no one, as I am aware, ever claimed that it possessed intelligence, it being only the vehicle, or medium, by and through which mind transmits intelligence.

Again: What does the Doctor mean by "aura?" Might he not just as well say magnetism, or nerve force?—all one, and the same.

Again: "Susceptible condition." What does that imply? Call it what you please, and it is the same—animal magnetic condition. Thus he virtually owns that which he denies.

Again: "The fact that spirits can not control any part of the body that is not in passive somnambulism." What does he mean by "control?" In this connection it can mean nothing, unless it be animal magnetism. Was Saul in a "passive somnambulic" condition when the spirits knocked him *hors de combat* and closed his eyes? Was Balaam's ass in a "passive state of somnambulism" when the spirits opened its mouth? If so, the beast must have been an exceeding dull one, to be somnambulent under the terrible lashing given just at that moment, by its vexed rider. (This was undoubtedly a case of "*animal*" statuvolence). Was Balaam in a "passive somnambulic" state when the spirits opened his eyes so he could see the angel? History shows that he was "fighting mad" at his statuvolent ass.

Once more: "I accounted for it by stating that it *certainly* was caused by the *influence* of some spirit that always accompanied him." What influence? How did the spirit influence him? Did ever any being influence another by any other means than by and through animal magnetism? Somnambulism is only one magnetic condition—one letter in the alphabet. Statuvolism, we suppose, is another letter. Whatever it is, it is evident that it blinds its possessor, so that he is unable to discover his own self-contradictions, and that many facts, conditions and laws are lost sight of, as an atom held close to the eye will obscure an orb. If somnolence were a remedial agent, all might be cured, as all sleep. The same may be said of walking. While both are aids, neither are curatives.

All the forces or functions of the systems, body or mind, great or small, world of universe, are magnetically conducted. Health or harmony is a perfect magnetic equilibrium, or distribution of forces through the whole system, disease or discord being an unequal or disturbed condition of the magnetic medium of motion, in some part or parts. The *cure* must of necessity address itself to the diseased part or organ magnetically. To cure some cases, it is only requisite to equalize the magnetic forces; others, quickened in certain parts or the whole; others rendered more positive, or stronger in one part or organ, or group of organs. Other cases require some element removed and new material added, and directed to particular organs. Some only need proper nutriment or raiment, or sleep, or action, hotter or colder, conditions of parts or the whole; or water, cool or hot, internal or external; and it may be drugs (with great caution), but by far the more effectual and available mode in my experience, is *animal magnetism*, under the guidance of clairvoyance, applied with a gentle hand, forced to the diseased organ by a kind, powerful will. Electricity, in its various modifications, being the first substance below mind, and the only substance which mind can touch, and lay hold of, and move in the execution and manifestations of its will, necessarily becomes the medium of motion, throughout the human system and all vast realms of animate matter. By magnetic expansion and contraction, repulsion and attraction, all the movements of the universe are performed. The human system, every atom and world are self generators, electors and distributors of magnetism, and throughout all substances and beings there exists a reciprocal commerce and interchange of magnetic element, controlled (of course) by their respective conditions and inherent laws. In these principles exist inherent animal magnetism; and he who opposes it is in opposition to immutable law.

By magnetic expansion and contraction, repulsion and attraction, the brain, the arm, the eye, are moved, the lungs expanded, the air inhaled; the blood receives a positive electric charge, and is propelled through the arteries, where the positive magnetism is given off to the system; the blood becoming negative is attracted through the veins. Thus all the forces and functions of the human system, voluntary and involuntary, are conducted by the positive and negative element: every organ, glan, nerve and muscle, reciprocally generating and dispensing the electric force. Therefore commercial reciprocity or interchange of magnetic element is an inherent constitutional principle in the human organism; and when proper magnetic connection is effected, holds equally true and operative in all organs and atoms in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, and when understood will scientifically explain all the "mysterious" phenomena, from the thunder clap to the "small, still voice;" from the tornado to the gentle zephyr; from the upheaval of the mountain to the explosion of the Westfield, and the bursting of the pop corn; from the rolling of the stone from the door of the sepulchre to the tiny "spirit rap;" from the "flood" to the dewdrop; from the ancient visit of the "angel of the Lord" to the modern presentation of the spirit form, and all phenomena, *ad infinitum*.

Two beings, perfectly equal (if such exist), would have no occasion for interchange; nor could any occur under the laws, excepting such a case. No two beings can come into magnetic contact without the one or the other giving or taking magnetic element, effecting one or both in part or whole rendering more positive or less negative in one or more organs in greater or less degrees, resulting in more or less good or evil, according to the various temperaments, affinity, wisdom and persistency engaged.

Two systems favorably constituted may so blend in magnetism as to become in part or in whole, nearly one system in physical force, the one contrary, the other passive, when the magnetic forces of the negative system may be controlled to any extent within the laws of magnetism. The sense of feeling, taste, seeing—all the external, and indeed the sense of pain, in any part, and even consciousness itself, may be suspended and revived at the will of the one holding the positive power, if aided by proper manifestations with the hands, which are the great magnetic poles. As the external senses are suspended, the mind of the negative (if properly influenced) will be enlivened or quickened, and may, by the sense of feeling or perception, take cognizance of the internal condition and action of its own system, and even that of other systems.

There are many persons who, with proper instructions, may partially de-magnetize themselves, so as to suspend the external senses, and even become more or less clairvoyant, and by their own will so control the magnetism of their own system, as to effect a cure of many diseases. To give instructions in this particular field may be Dr. F.'s mission, for which there is doubtless much need. But self-induced magnetism is no new feature of animal magnetism, and we fail to see where the "statuvolence" comes in.

By proper training and development, a few favorably constituted persons may become clairvoyant, when electricity, instead of light, becomes the vehicle of perception. To them, all substances become transparent (as electricity pervades all substances), and the inner life, workings and elements become visible, thereby opening to the light a new field of knowledge of the forces of the system, and of cures, as the clairvoyant vision is enabled to trace effects to causes, and the relation of substances. Still higher it wings its flight of observation, until the bright faces of the departed loved ones become visible, all aglow with joyous greetings. And finally the mortal vision is enabled to behold the realms of the spirit-world, with its overwhelming beauty and grandeur; while the mortal mind in this semi-spiritual elevation spans the hitherto dark gulf between the earth and spirit sphere, and really visits the "glorified mansions above," and holds sweet converse with those who have gone before; and return to the fearing and doubting of earth, with the "glad tidings of great joy."

MESMERISM.

Interesting Facts and Plain Talk to Dr. Fahnestock.

BY RICHARD WALKER.

BRO. JONES:—Permit me to intrude myself in the columns of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, by this communication, as I feel prompted by a sense of duty, and also a desire to aid the blessed cause of the Spiritual Philosophy.

I know that the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is published solely for the object to spread broad cast those glorious truths, and I know also that all such papers are likely to be crowded upon by persons that have some peculiar hobby that they wish to connect with Spiritualism, and will take ten times the space in such papers as belong to them, to the exclusion of other communications that would be much more interesting and profitable to the public at large. This I think to be the case with the long-continued communications of Dr. Fahnestock, on what he calls Artificial Somnambulism or Statuvolence. If his theory and book has such overwhelming evidence and arguments to convince all who read his work as he seems to think, why can not he be content to publish his book or books, and advertise them in all the Spiritual papers, so that all can have them that wish, and not crowd his ideas into the valuable space in the JOURNAL, and deprive its readers of better subject-matter—reasonable and truthful.

Now, if I understand the subject, as anyone must, by reading his positive statements, the main gist of his theory is, that the somnambulistic state can only be produced in a person by that person's own will, and that no disembodied spirit, or spirit in the body, can produce it in another. This I know to be false, and I shall show in this article how I know it by relating a few items of my own experience in the Science of Mesmerism.

And now I ask, supposing the Doctor's theory may be true, of what advantage would it be to the cause of Spiritualism to have it known or meddled with?

If I could be made to believe in the Doctor's theory in spite of the knowledge I have to the contrary, I should lose seventy-five per cent of my belief that spirits of the departed ever communicated to those in the body.

The Doctor, by heading his article "drowning men will catch at a straw," when he speaks of Doctor Towle at the Circle, in the *Banner of Light* room, and the answer of the spirit, through Mrs. Conant, seems to insinuate that men are so overwhelmed with his views and writings, that they are as drowning from all other ideas, and such answers as are derogatory to his views are but straws thrown out for them to catch at; and he rates the very sensible and truthful answer given through Mrs. Conant, as not worth the paper it was written on—because, forsooth, Doctor Hare has told him, through several of the best of mediums, that his views are correct.

Question.—How does he know that it was Doctor Hare?

Now, from my long experience in witnessing spirit communications, I will venture to assure Doctor Fahnestock that if he is determined to ride his hobby to the death, that he will attract the attendance of many spirits who will be ready to assume the name of Doctor Hare, Socrates, or Jesus Christ, as best may suit him, and thus hold his stirrups; and this through the media (if they will sit for him) as long as he has such an ardent desire to carry his point against evidence, no matter how many, or who he has got to believe as he does. Nor would I insinuate but what he is honest, and is useful in developing mediums, but how does he know but what spirits of the departed help him, and produce the somnambulic state?

The Doctor asserts that no medium can be controlled by spirits, unless they are in a somnambulic state.

I assert that I have been controlled by spirits, and forced to leave a comfortable seat in the cars, and traverse the whole length of the train—much against my will, and not knowing any object in view—until I arrived at the last car, where I was brought in contact with an old acquaintance who was suffering from mental anxiety, and before I knew it, I discovered two spirits attendant on the person, who were own sisters, and from them I delivered a message that I afterward found was most needed to help their case; and yet I was never statuvolized, nor did I ever for one moment; lose my consciousness to the outer world, except in natural sleep in hours of rest.

Now for the proof in my experience to the contrary of Doctor Fahnestock's theory or statements. And here let me say that I never had the title of Professor or "Doctor" attached to my name; I am only a mechanic, and am now in the seventy sixth year of my age.

Between thirty and forty years ago I began to practice the Science of Mesmerism in the city of Portsmouth, N. H., and was very successful in curing disease when I could get the person entranced in the mesmeric sleep, and this was almost instantly, some of which the Alopathic Doctor had tried a long time, and failed to cure. For instance—Chorea, or St. Vitas' Dance. My subjects would be insensible to pain, so that surgical operations could be performed on the body, without pain; and yet, their life so blended in mine, that the prick of a pin on me, or the pulling of a lock of my hair would operate on them more than on me, and I verily believe that should a ball, at such a time, pass through my heart, the subject would die as quick as I should. I could give them a glass of water, which would taste like sweet wine to them, and direct them to let it operate as a lobelia emetic, at some given hour the next day, and the thing would take place at the precise hour, when they were in their normal state, but they would be entirely ignorant of the cause; and many such things have I done. But this is not the evidence I shall bring against the Doctor's statement, that no person can produce the somnambulic sleep upon another.

I had a kind of instinct that would give me to understand, when I looked on a person's countenance, whether I could mesmerize them or not; and sometimes I felt so interested in the subject, that I could not keep my eyes away from a person that looked like an easy subject to entrance, and have operated on such ones at times without their knowing my intentions, merely for curiosity.

I once put a young man in a profound somnambulic sleep while riding in a stage from Milton to Great Falls, N. H.—he being an utter stranger to me, and not a word passed between us on any such subject, and but very few words on any subject. At another time while riding in the cars from Philadelphia to New York, there was a well-dressed and well looking man with gold bowed glasses sat opposite me, that I thought he must be a good subject by his looks; so I fixed my attention on him, to try what I could do without saying a word, or giving him a hint about mesmerism, and I found he soon began to falter and show signs of sleep. He would turn and look toward me, but when his eyes fell on me I would be looking out of the window; suffice it to say that he went into a profound sleep, and remained so for more than an hour. The Conductor came to him at three different times, and shook him violently, in order to see his ticket, but could get no sense in him, and I could have kept him so into New York, but at a proper time I willed him to wake up and he did. I then said to him, "you seem to be sleepy to-day." He replied, "yes, I never was so sleepy in the cars before in my life." I then informed him that he had a long, sound nap, and I hoped he would excuse me, for I was a Mesmerizer, and had helped him into his sleep. He laughed heartily, and said he knew he was a mesmeric subject, and gave me his card—inviting me to call on him in New York.

Question.—Did this man put himself into such a profound sleep that the Conductor could not awake him?

At another time, I came home to my house on a dark night, and found the curtain of the window a little one side, so that I could just look in by one side of it without being seen, and with my family was sitting a lady visitor, working with her needle, a vine, with leaves, on some part of a female's dress. So I concluded to try my power on her. I soon perceived that she began to look around the room, and at last she inquired of some of the family, if they were trying to mesmerize her? They replied, no—they had not thought of such a thing. Well, said she, "somebody is;" but soon a rapport began to be established, and she saw me through the window, and made an effort to rise to close the curtain but could not leave the chair. On examining her work it was found that while I was looking through the window, she had made a leaf on her vine about half the size of any other. This lady had been mesmerized some time previously; this was why she knew the sensation.

One more case, and I close. A young lady once came to my house, anxious to be entranced for some purpose, and I, thinking she looked like an easy subject to mesmerize, gave her a sitting, but could produce no effect; so I agreed to give her a series of trials at stated hours on different days, which was attended to half an hour at each time—I think to the number of five times, with no effect that I could discover. I then said to her, "you can't be mesmerized;" she replied, "she did not think she could," but on rising from my seat—hating to give the matter up, I made the last effort, and she fell into a perfect trance in less than two minutes.

Question.—If the Doctor's theory is true, why did she not produce this by her own will, while I was trying to help her?

Again, I have quite a number of times produced this somnambulic or abnormal condition in subjects that had previously been under my influence, when I have been separated from them at various distances—from half a mile to (in one case) fourteen miles, and that without any previous calculation or understanding by either party; and all such things as I have stated are well known and practiced by scientific mesmerizers the world over, and such will bear me up in asserting that Doctor Fahnestock's theory is without foundation.

And now I ask, has not mesmerism ever been practiced as a science since Mesmer first brought it to light at Vienna, about the year 1776? And has it not flourished since that time, and become adopted as an interesting science the world over, and used as a healing agent by eminent men, from Dr. Townsend to the present day? How often has it been used to put persons in a state to have surgical operations performed without pain? And has not most of well informed Spiritualists hailed this science as the handmaid of Spiritualism, like *John the Baptist*, coming in advance of modern Spiritualism, showing to the world how persons could be entranced by other persons, and made to think and speak what the mesmerizer willed; so that persons could understand how spirits out of the body could entrance persons, and make them do the same things and more? And must all this science, and the experience and practice of thousands of scientific as well as unscientific men like myself, be pronounced bosh, and be brought to naught by one, or one dozen men? If so, well may we exclaim—"How are the mighty fallen!"

O tell it not in Gath, nor publish it in Cincinnati, that even the angel could not communicate with Balaam until Balaam's ass had, by the power of his own will, thrown himself into Doctor Fahnestock's state of statuvolence, for the accommodation of the angel.

Hopedale, Mass., March 15, 1872.

BEHIND THE TIMES.—A clergyman, on exchange, found a note in the Bible to the effect that Brother A. requested the prayers of the Church that the loss of his wife might be blessed to him, etc. The preacher prayed most fervently. To his amazement and mortification, he found that the note had lain in the pulpit a year, while the bereaved gentleman was on this Sabbath sitting with a new wife in the congregation.

CONSIDERABLE difficulty was recently apprehended in a county in Alabama on the discovery that a Judge had for several months been swearing witnesses on a dictionary instead of a Bible.

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and Subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

Corelational Forces and Evolutions.

SCIENTIFIC—SERIAL NUMBER TWENTY-SIX.

The analytic investigation of Spiritualism should begin at the highest point of understanding to which any given measure of comparative appreciation has led it. With the chemist, that point is polar condition (or electrical measures of individuality). The ordinary term "God," conveys a vague overpowering idea to the dogmatist, (of revealed *ipse dixits*) around which self-complacent assumptions revolve as spasmodically as the candle-flies around the lamp-lights of time and occasion. Let us, as true Spiritualists, profit by our observations in this direction, and learn to be governed by the "God-principle" in our own minds, which governs all ouside of us, though this "God-principle," or motion, sequent upon the electrical measure of ever varied polar condition, may not investigate itself, it may learn more and more to appreciate itself, as measured out, in our ultimated measure of progressed condition. Truth is principle; principle is light; and light is light, so far as its positive impress goes unto itself, illuming all things as from a common source, as yet beyond the utmost reach of human reason.

A philosophic conception of the polar condition by which mind and the spirit of the spheres are brought into communion, can be arrived at only by a most patient and critical analysis of physical laws, coupled with such light as our progressed reason receives as living truth or light from the upper spheres.

But, enquires the more thoughtful reader, will you try and give me a still more definite idea of this all-important polar condition of which you speak? Yes.—In every act of composition or decomposition you will find an example. The *cause* is the *physical representative of "God,"* or the God-power thrown to the world as *Electricity*.

This subtle, permeable, diffusible, elastic, equillibrio-tending spirit, peculiar to all matter, exists in greater or less quantities in the various *elements* known to chemists.

Asstated on former occasions, these elements range from the negative to the positive, according to the increased amount of electricity they sustain, which is modified in character only by the conducting quality of the different menstrums, measures, or elements containing it. The diversity of polar condition is the basis of affinity, which affinity can be suspended by the supervising presence of a greater amount of electricity in motion than the amount of electricity stationary, in the individualized conditions undergoing decomposition.

To instance a case—say gunpowder, which contains next to the largest amount of electric measure within the non-conducting confines of its thus isolated granules. If we apply by contact fire, or a temperature of a thousand degrees of heat, the granules become instant conductors, and give off their electrical excess in the form of explosion, and the electricity contained in the nitrogen, carbon, and sulphur of the granules passes into the ethereal sensorium commune. This presents the cause of chemical affinity, and the rationale of its suspension, by the magnetism resulting from electrical motion in the grosser forms of the material, the magnetism of the motion in the more subtle ranges of the ethereal, and the magnetism of ever-restive union in the spiritual spheres.

In the *material*, the combustion of a candle is a simple instance in point. The carbon of the candle contains some 40 parts or measures of electricity more than the oxygen of the atmosphere; this is retained in carbon, as a non-conductor in its static state, until overcome and rendered a conductor, by the presence of a given amount of electricity in motion—in the form of a temperature of a thousand degrees of heat, when the excess of electricity contained by carbon, or any other electro-positive measure is given out in the form of combustion.

In the ethereal, we find the sensorium magnetism of electricity in motion, encircling and controlling all the chemical forces forming, suspending, ever changing and reproducing in the ever varied grades or measures of diversified forms, all we find seggregated, aggregated, or assimilated by repulsion, cohesion, affinity, or attraction of gravitation.

In fact, electricity in motion is the the great magnetic lever of progression, and as it is the connecting link between the material and spiritual worlds, should constitute the paramount study of our lives.

In the *ever restive union of the spiritual*, we find, spiritually speaking, mentality as the ultimate Holy Ghost, or ultimate sum total of a terrestrial Trinity—the hypothanuse of all triangular action, on its outward and upward progress toward the ultimate harmonies of the ever extending infinitude beyond our finite conception.

Mind, in this earth-sense, is the progressive concentration or union of matter with the soul of matter, (electricity) by which it has been evolved through ever restive change, and rendered a link between the spirit-world and the earth, or outward objective condition or subjective relation. Mind being one of the virtual trinity, is maintained by the spiritual magnetic effect of the source producing it. Such is the inward of all outward trinities—the "God" of nature. Thus it is that the trinities of the universe make up the great inward trinity, and thus it is that every outward form has its internal reality.

Let us accept the sun as an outward, though positive representative of the inward power that originally, by the requisition of polar law, sent out its positive power (electricity) through the nagative chaotic matter surrounding space, until on reaching a certain polar limit in space, it necessarily condensed the negative matter it pervaded, into igneous belt, so formed by the peculiar motion of the sun. This belt necessarily parted, in order that it might become a magnetic individuality, containing all elements of a mundane nature, between the polar extremes of the electricity, and the chaotic matter entering into the radical compound thus individualized and put in motion as an earth, and also containing, by a necessity in the very nature of the union forming it, that inherent polar motion we now observe effecting all of nature's great philosophic purposes and elaborations.

In order that we may consult nature, rather than soaring genius or abstract revelation, let us go into your chemical laboratory and observe the incense as it rises from the outward to the inward form. Here, over the galvanic battery, we see electricity giving a polar condition to everything—we see it effecting every combination, and given out by every character of decomposition; and under the impress of its magnetic motion, we see it dissolving the most radical compounds; we see it producing water from the principles of fire, and fire from the principles of water; we see it arraying, taming, controlling, and harmonizing all elementary and proximate constitutions under the magnetism of its motion; we see it passing acids through alkalies, and colors through colorless fluids; we see it creating and suspending chemical affinity or cohesive attraction, as well as attraction of gravitation; in brief, we see it holding the wildest wilderness of chaos in plastic solution, and preparing its inherent elements to advance onward by their native allegiance to that unity of polar purpose, or that mighty polar brotherhood of life-giving power, whose influence extends throughout and effects every progressive pulsation in all the kingdoms of nature's illimitable empire. Here it is, in the incense of the battery, that we see electricity, in obedience to its reciprocal relations in space, achieving the universal mission thus imparted through it to matter by the source from which it springs, the mission of polarizing, concentrating, and individualizing matter into mind; which individuality can, by virtue of its past relations with all below and future tendencies toward all above, look back through its own affiliative vista of the past and onward to its hopeful future, through the magnetic light of its own reason, reflection and sensation.

Thus conditioned, the mind may turn within upon the labyrinth of its own polar relations; perceive through their media; recall their affiliations; reason by their impress, and judge by the polar light of their magnetic union. It is here, over the battery, that we, in our course through nature up to nature's God, come to contemplate the human mind, thus concentrated as a beacon-light within the portals of "paradise," ready to plume its pinions, and embark on its great mission of discovery through the realms of the past, where it may revel in the shade and sunshine of progressive life, drink deep of its refreshing fountains, and scan, in its eternal flight, the great empire of eternal principle, truth, and light hidden to the material sense by the outward form. And it is thus we see the mind, by its own intuition, reaching the more refined medium, constituting the primer page of spirit-life—the inward star; the leader of that fond hope which, like an infant's smiles, shines out by its polarity to meet the joyous greeting of its mother's kindred love; that hope leading on to the eternal sunshine of the spirit-spheres.

Such is the language and the teaching; such is the power, and such the simple truths by which we are taught a correct knowledge of the motion, and its source of action, by which the vast elaborations of nature are daily effected under the magnetic impress of this universal mainspring of her operative philosophy—which moves all, from the purest depths of infinity, to the less perfected regions of polar stagnation.

New Mexico.

BRO. JONES:—I would like to say something about Spiritualism in Colorado, where you have many warm friends, true and brave men and women, who have borne the brunt of the battle, and are coming out victorious; where the pioneers of this grand philosophy have been, such women as Laura DeForce Gordon, Miss Brown, and Lois Waisbrooker,—each presenting the new truths from the summer land in a different dress, but all attractive. Mrs. Waisbrooker's best work though is in writing. I see she has a new work on "May-Weed Blossoms," and that her "Hellen Harlow's Vow" has passed a third edition. My copies I left in circulation in Denver, where they are extensively read and much liked. Here everything is too new, and society in too crude a state to expect much else than sturdy toil and such thought as will tend to convert these stores of chlorides and sulphurets into shining silver, and I think that many a man will find a silver lining to the dark cloud of a life of poverty and toil. Quein Sabe, as these Mexicans say, who are patterns for the most orthodox Christians, inflict punishment on themselves, to pay the penalty for sins. They set up a cross at the mouth of the pit where they are mining, and do many other things that reminds one of the practices of the early Christians. They have the reputation of being a great set of thieves and liars, and why not! when they can so easily obtain forgiveness. Whether the early Fathers of the Church were the first, I do not know that they were the last; we have abundant proof in the mutilated records they have left us. It is a quality that seems to adhere to them well, or to these representatives.

I find that I have written more than I intended, and not said what I wished to say about Spiritualism in Colorado. I shall have to defer that (for want of time) to another letter, if you wish to hear from me again, when I shall hall have been here longer, and can write you more definitely. Yours,

JOHN WOOD.

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It is a lamentable fact that some mediums so far forget their self-respect as to speak evil of other mediums, not unfrequently even of those who are far their superiors. The names of such persons will be dropped from this Register so soon as we have evidence conclusive of their indulging in such unkindness.

It should be borne in mind that individuals visiting mediums carry conditions with them—so to speak—which aid or destroy the power of spirits to control the medium visited; hence it is that one medium gives satisfaction to certain persons, another better to others—all having their friends, and justly so, too, and all equally honest and useful in their place.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1872.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

The Different Conditions of Life—A Retrospective View—The Commencement of Time—The First Cause—The Second Cause.

(NUMBER LXXXV.)

There are various currents to life. Some of them are freighted with the widow's cry and orphan's moan, and they are impelled onward by the tears of the sad, sorrowing ones of earth. On its current, bleak and dismal, saturated with the blood of wars, murders and religious persecutions, it resembles, in appearance, the fabulous river Styk. Entering into all conditions of society, invading every clime, permeating the hills and valleys alike, it moves along like a poisonous reptile, endangering the life of all who come in contact with it. Humanity marching in one immense phalanx from the cradle to the grave, seem to take the different currents of life, and nestled thereon, they proceed until they are landed at the last depot,—"death."

The cradle is the first depot; the grave the last. Between these two extremes, each one is wafted along, impelled forward by forces seemingly as irresistible as those which maintain a planet in its orbit.

That child is beautiful. Innocence glistens in its eyes; peeps forth in radiant smiles from its little face; sounds sweetly in the joyous laugh and prattle, and it is lovely in its artless, mischievous pranks. But inexorable law brought it forth,—landed it in the cradle, and now it is on one of the many currents of life. It is, perhaps, compelled to take the emigrant train! No sleeping cars there; no soft beds; no comfortable seats; and the air is pestilential with the foul tobacco smoke. This train starts at the cradle; it sounds forth the plaintive song,—"Rattle his bones over the stones; he is nothing but a pauper whom nobody owns."

As we glance at the various conditions of life—at the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the joyous, the sad—we are inclined to ask why this diversity, and our mind suddenly becomes illuminated,—the Lamp of Reason seems suspended in every nook and corner of space, and the scintillating rays thereof speak a divine language. The Universe, with its countless currents of life, with its myriads of living souls, seems to be spread out before us. How grand, how beautiful! With no obstruction to our vision, no apparent limit to our sight, and with a mind that seems to reflect to the understanding the meaning of all things, we stand in breathless suspense! The stars, radiant with beauty, deck the firmament. The planets go thundering along through space, while around them, numberless moons send forth a halo of silvery light! The comets, mighty engines, chariots of fire, frisk along as if coquetting with the magnificent worlds among which they circulate, and with their long train of translucent light, they seem to have a mission not well understood by man. Empire of Creation! Stupendous Universe! The eye glances along those currents, and gazes at the varied hues of light that illuminate all things, and then wonders where is the architect thereof? The ear listens to the music of moving worlds. How sweet the music! Each planet of the different systems sounding a different note, and all interblending, they produce the most enrapturing music! The scenes that greet us surpass the loftiest imagination of the children of earth; but they soon change. Our emotions are on an elevated plain of existence. Back, back, back! The light fades away, followed by a darkness that seems tinged with the vanishing rays of some feeble luminary. Strange sounds strike upon our ears, and vanish on the breeze in strains of sadness! The cry of poverty,—how heart rending! How tremulous the emotions that it seems to start on the waves of sound that proceed from the lone, damp cellar, and the falling tears of the sorrowing and mourning impart a dreary aspect to all creation.

Life has its dark side—its side of tears, of groans and anguish—and we often wonder, Why all this? These scenes soon vanish, and the world seems locked in one profound slumber. The rivers have ceased to run, the clouds to move, the fire to burn, the plants to grow, and the very earth seems to totter beneath our feet. What a change! Gradually all things around us disappear from our sight. Commercial cities, tall mountains, the vast bodies of water—all things have vanished; nothing in its strictest sense remains of which the senses can take cognizance.

Time is to commence again An infinite God—omnipresent, omniscient, and omnipotent still exists, and he is to commence Creation again,—we alone remaining to witness the work.

He makes man; he is the culmination of his own creative power. Has he anything but God-like attributes? Tell me that, please, for here is an *important* point that we wish to impress upon your mind. Can he be anything but God-like? Can he act opposite to the power of those attributes given him? Can he change their nature? As God is unchangable, would not these attributes be precisely like him in essential qualities? Could they by any process be different from their original nature? How, Scientist? How, Philosopher? How, profound thinker? Tell us how it would be possible for that child of God to step outside of his own inherent powers or attributes just given him? God made him! He possesses nothing but God-like attributes, for those are the only ones in existence, and he cannot step outside of them. He can't change them, for they originated from unchangable attributes. He can't sin! He can't fall! He can't introduce into his organism one new faculty If he could one, why not more? Here is the first man of the new era. We saw God make him; no mistake. He also made woman. With the two are connected certain laws. They have children. Their two children represented the third generation,—God the first. God imparted to the first pair his attributes alone—simply, a culmination of himself. *How*, *when*, and *where* can those attributes or faculties be changed? To say they can be changed so as to destroy their original qualities, would be an insult to God.

Again, we find space assuming its natural, active appearance. The universe is teeming with life; the ocean is dotted with the ships of commerce; the railroad trains connect different countries; the magnetic telegraph conveys its news with the speed of thought, and all things are moving on as before our vision.

But, then, admitting a First Cause,—God, who made the first man, will some learned professor tell us when, where, and how he lost his God-like attributes or faculties, and *where* he found others to put in their place? Tell us, please, how he was changed, and would not that change be as miraculous as creation? If a First Cause made man, tell us when the Second Cause changed him from the nature that the First Cause gave him. If a First Cause,—God, made the first pair then to-day, all humanity are just what he intended them. If the first pair possessed the only God-like attributes, could their children possess anything else? If a First Cause,—God, then he who murders does so in accordance with God-like attributes and emotions that he possesses? His emotions and attributes originated from God? If not from God, then an addition must have been made to his original faculties, or powers of mind and body. This would bring in a Second Cause, and that alone would be responsible, and not the man who murdered.

Glancing at this question on all sides, we deny the existence of an Intelligent First Cause—God, with attributes common to humanity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Is it True?—If so, Why Ignore it?

In previous articles in this series we have shown, to some extent, the pernicious influence imposed by Christianity in restraining free inquiry into truths developed upon the physical and mental planes, and into the arts and sciences, when they are supposed to conflict in the least with the fundamental principles of popular church dogmas.

That pernicious influence is exerted far beyond the so-called Evangelical church devotees. It extends to the more liberal sects: to the Universalists, the Unitarians, to the free religionists; indeed, there is not a sect of religionists on the face of the globe who are not *idolaters and cowardly slaves.*

The very idea of *religion*, when properly understood, and legitimately applied to man, implies cowardice and slavery—idolatry; a veneration and worship of a myth; a mere creature of the imagination.

Mind and matter are subject to immutable laws and are as certain of being developed in degree, as appropriate and proper conditions are evolved to that end as the blade, the stalk, and the ear is the result of proper agricultural appliances to the kernel of corn deposited in the proper and congenial soil. As intelligence is, to a certain extent, required to develop and mature the ripened ear of corn, so intelligent appliances are necessary to develop and mature infantile minds to the highest degree of nobility—true manhood.

All phases of religion in effect deny this proposition. In that denial sectarians are united. The light that is dawning upon the world has to encounter that spirit. The *Philosophy of Life*, commonly called *Spiritualism*, is demonstrating very many important truths, which militate diametrically against all religious formulas. It day by day demonstrates the fact that spirit is the inner and moving principle of all development, be it in mind or matter; that morals grow out of intelligence, and are the result of the development of mind.

Most astonishing facts are performed by spirit power, contrary to all *known* laws. The savans of the age are compelled to admit the truth of the phenomena, and attempt to account for the same upon the most stupid, shallow, and inconsistent hypotheses rather than to concede the fact that it is simply what the phenomena intelligently claims it to be.

Religion in its multitudinous phases is responsible for such stupidity.

Rather than admit a great truth, which necessarily conflicts with the absurdity of a religious fallacy, sectarians, who are at antipodes upon all other questions, will unite in their denouncements and sneers at a great and palpable truth to all sincere investigators.

In the midst of church devotees they either deny in toto Spiritual phenomena, or attribute it to a mythological devil. When but two or three are confronted with obvious facts, they are non-committal, lest they might differ with each other. When but one engages in conversation with a person free from all religious thralldom, but who has abundance of facts to demonstrate spirit power, the listener gives respectful attention, and declares "there *is something in it, despite all that is said against it.*"

A few days since, when coming in to Chicago, from our home in St. Charles, two gentlemen whom we had known for many years, one an ex-judge, who had practiced law before the same courts with ourself from early manhood; the other a *Doctor of Divinity* of the Universalist denomination, into which order we were born and educated, and which we advocated until we grew out of it by the natural law of development, to an appreciation of the Philosophy of Life, took seats near us. Having several years before, in a conversation with one friend—the Judge—predicted that but a few years would elapse before the likenesses of "departed friends" would be taken through and by the science of photography, we took from our pocket a very good common photograph likeness of Mrs. President Lincoln, on which photograph was also, standing behind her, the likeness of the lamented President, her husband, and her two son's in spirit-life, Thaddeus and Willie. As an evidence that it was no fraud, we called the attention of our friend the Judge to the apparent fact that the spirits stood back of Mrs. Lincoln when the likeness was taken, and yet Mr. Lincoln's hands were placed upon her shoulders, in front of her, so as to show conclusively that while Mrs. Lincoln's likeness was being taken, he occupied precisely the position that a mortal would standing behind her, with his hands on her shoulders in front.

These gentlemen, both of more than ordinary ability in their respective professions, looked at the photograph—*looked grave*—did not attempt to question its genuineness—that was too apparent; hence, for fear what might be the opinion of each other, kept silent.

That case is but a specimen of many others which transpire daily. Cowardice, inspired by old Theology, slavery to popular fallacies, imposes a servitude more to be abhorred than the bonds that bound the Africans of the South.

Either of these gentlemen would have freely entered into conversation with us and examined the photograph as a work of art had it not been for the presence of the other, of whose opinion each was uncertain. Both were of the liberal school—one a Unitarian, the other a Universalist. It was not a subject for their *contempt*. Neither manifested that which is so frequently the case with ignorant bigots. It was not out of pity for ourself, for we feel that our mutual friends will accord that we are their peers in intelligence.

It was simply that servitude that is ever manifested among religionists—a fear of what some one will think of it and say about it if I express an opinion.

Reader, think of it for a moment! Here was presented to the scrutiny of two intelligent men—peers of the most intelligent in the land—a photograph on which was imprinted four likenesses—three of them distinct, the fourth only a shadowy outline. One of these the widow of the lamented Abraham Lincoln; the two others, which were plain and distinct, perfect likenesses of the deceased President Lincoln and their son Willie; the fourth the shadowy outline of the recently deceased Thaddeus; and yet sufficiently plain to be at once recognized by Mrs. Lincoln the moment she saw it. And yet these men dare not express an opinion upon it!

Mrs. Lincoln but a few weeks since made the journey to Boston to visit Mr. Mumler,—whom old Theology indicted in New York as an impostor because he took spirit likenesses, and whom an hundred years ago they would have hung as a sorcerer,—for the sole purpose of getting Mr. Lincoln's spirit picture, if it were possible. She went disguised, and under an assumed name, and to her surprise and great joy she not only got the likeness of her lamented husband, but the whole family group of loved ones now in spirit-life.

The courage of this woman to brave the prejudice of religionists, for the purpose of demonstrating immortality and the love of those who were so dear to her in this life, but who have gone before, is worthy of all commendation, and *favorably* contrasts with the timidity of those who dare not express an opinion upon the subject.

Naught but kind thoughts, feelings of the utmost respect, should ever find place in the mind of the true Spiritualist for this lady.

Copies of these likenesses will go broadcast throughout the world. They will do more to convince the men and women who have independence of character enough to look at and closely scrutinize them, of the truth of immortality than all the theological sermons ever preached. We will keep an abundance of them to supply all demands, as the most efficient missionaries sent out into all parts of the world, to convert it to the truth of man's immortality, and a knowledge of the *Philosophy of Life* as demonstrated by spirit communion.

We have been impelled to impart the foregoing facts in illustration of the truths of our position: that all phases of religion tend to abject servitude.

That the angelic world is exerting a potent influence for the overthrow of all systems of religion, by the ushering in of light and true, knowledge—supreme wisdom—as the Savior of the world, is apparent to the careful observer.

Why was Abraham Lincoln and his two sons on hand at the opportune moment to have the camera catch their likenesses at the same moment it did that of Mrs. Lincoln who alone was visible to the operator? The answer is apparent to the student of Spiritual philsophy. The lady's spirit husband inspired her to take the journey, watched over her during the same, and had their two children on hand at the auspicious moment to produce the desired effect upon the sensitized plate, from which thousands of photographs will be printed; and probably an angelic *host* were lending their *magnetic powers* to aid in the *materialization for the occasion.*

He who could conduct, under angelic inspiration, our government through its terrible rebellion was equally qualified to aid in a proper manner in executing a mental revolution among men.

When we contemplate the truths involved in this matter, how puerile appears the sagacious reservedness of judicial and ecclesiastical sages upon so momentous a question!

A Recognition of Right.

In our last week's issue we published the vindication of Bro. Henry Slade over his own signature. Ere this the two articles by Bro. Henry Slade will have been carefully perused by the many thousand readers of the JOURNAL; and we predict that there is not a sensible man or woman among them that will not, upon calm consideration of the subject, thank us for having frankly published the *Sun's* so-called expose, and for *emphatically* calling upon Dr. Slade to deny or explain.

Now his case is undoubtedly cleared up in the minds of every *impartial* reader. Bigots we do not expect will see it. They have no eyes to see, no ears to hear, no tongues to speak *the truth*, no heads for *honest thoughts*. Let the cowardly who would have us shrink from publishing the *Sun's so-claimed expose*, and judged us as cruel to demand an explanation, after perusing the criticisms below, read Dr. Slade's own statements in his letter in this article, and also the letter from Mr. Kimball.

The following is copied from the *American Spiritualist* of April 20th:

"DR. SLADE, THE MEDIUM.—A correspondent inquires 'whether the Spiritualists uphold Dr. Slade now, that his trickery has been exposed?' Some of them do not, or at least they are waiting for him to explain the charges made against his mediumship. Mr. E. V. Wilson, a prominent Spiritualist, has an article in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, entitled 'Plain talk to Dr. Slade,' which closes thus:

"'Are you the villain the New York *Sun* represents you to be, or can you clear your skirts of its charges? If you can, do it without delay.'—*Investigator*, *April* 10.

"The above, which we find in the Boston *Investigator*, shows how fully Bros. S. S. Jones and E. V. Wilson have played into the hands of the enemies of Spiritualism, in their recent and unjustifiable attack on Dr. Henry Slade! We hope they will feel proud of their work. It is quite questionable in our mind if any other Spiritualist in the country can be found, when they understand the facts, who would be willing to express any admiration for the course they have pursued in this matter. So they can have the glory all to themselves.

"But we commiserate our friend Seaver, in his fruitless efforts to get something against Spiritualism! Evidently the *Investigator* was in high glee when it saw that 'expose' of Dr. Slade in the New York *Sun*, but when the same batch of falsehoods and slanders were copied almost entire in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, a Spiritualist paper, the delight of those sturdy old infidels must have been boundless!

"It is too bad for our friends, that with such fine prospects of a good time in general rejoicing over the 'exposure' of such a noted medium—the certainty of having a Spiritualist paper, like the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, and such notable persons as S. S. Jones and E. V. Wilson, as faithful, volunteer *allies*, to assist in retailing the vile slander—that it should so soon be changed, and their *innocent amusement* so soon interrupted by the publication of the facts in THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, *Banner of Light*, and other papers, showing the whole story of Dr. Slade's 'exposure' to have been a malicious, wanton, tissue of lies from beginning to end.

"This having been *proved*, by abundant evidence from most competent, reliable witnesses, and published, not only in the two leading Spiritualist journals of the country, *Banner of Light* and AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST ["see how we apples swim"], what, we ask, in the name of common honesty, can Horace Seaver mean, when 'a correspondent enquires,' in his own paper, 'whether the Spiritualists uphold Dr. H. Slade, now that his trickery has been exposed,' that he does not state the truth as it has been proven?"

* * * * * * * * *

"We call special attention to the able editorial, which we copy from *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*, setting forth in plain terms, the infamous manner in which S. S. Jones and E. V. Wilson have, without cause, assailed the character and mediumship of Dr. Slade. If these Brothers have the courage to stand up before that mirror, they will see themselves for once, in the language of Burns, "as ithers see us." We hope they will have the courage and the good sense to take a good square look."

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"Bro. George White, of Washington, has mixed a small dose for Jones, Wilson & Co. It may cause some wry faces, still we suspect they had better take it. It is *intended* for their good, of course."

"A. A. W."

As very appropriate to show the amiable feeling of A. A. Wheelock, the managing editor of the *American Spiritualist*, we publish the foregoing extracts from articles in the last number of that "leading Spiritual journal," *The American Spiritualist*. One would suppose, on reading his article at length, and the other articles in that issue, that he had not only the *Woodhull excrescence*, but the *whole of Spiritualism in charge*, and that when speaking of the *Banner of Light* in italics, and the *American Spiritualist* in small caps, as the "leading Spiritualist journals," it truly deemed itself the veritable "apple" of "the two leading Spiritual journals of the country."

The love of the editors of that delectable "leading Spiritual journal" toward the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and its editor, has been so often manifested in similar chaste and affectionate language, both in and out of the columns of that "leading Spiritual journal," that we have got used to it, and rather like it.

Bros. Wheelock & Co., won't you, at your convenience, try it again—that is, when you have time? We would not wish to ask you to spare your valuable time and space in that "leading Spiritual journal," which is now devoted to Col. Dorus M. Fox, but suit your own convenience. When you and the Pilgrim get through giving Fox fits, will be time enough for another onslaught on the JOURNAL. But if you should happen to *read* the following letter from Dr. Henry Slade, which our readers will do, you will be very likely to find yourself feeling like the "darkey" when he followed the coon up a tree and "heard something *drap*:"

DR. HENRY SLADE'S LETTER.

S. S. JONES—My Dear Friend and Brother—I am *sure* you are right. Your good letter is duly received, and I am truly blessed by its coming, for my soul has been so troubled, and I have been so unjustly accused. I see your course *is right*. I do not care for what *others* may say; I know you are for the right, and I shall stand by all such, and do all I can in my power to help show that you stand by the truth. I *know*, and so do the good spirits, that I have been honest in all I have done. I shall continue to work until my spirit friends call me home, and I hope that may be *soon*.

I hope my article will please you, as it is the truth. My health has been so poor that I could do no better.

Truly Your Friend,
DR. H. SLADE.

New York, April 17, 1872.

That we feel proud of our work and have sufficient cause for exultation, and that if "It is (still) quite questionable in our (your) mind if *any other* Spiritualist in the country can be found, when they understand the facts, who would be willing to express any admiration for the course they (we) have pursued," we publish for your information the following

LETTER FROM MR. KIMBALL.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee." These words were very suggestive to me on reading Mrs. Woodhull's remarks, recently, relating to yourself and E. V. Wilson, and very forcibly reminded me of the first settlement of this country by the Puritans, who left the old country on account of religious intoleration and persecutions to intolerate and persecute in turn, the poor harmless Quakers and others not exactly of their belief, and hinder them from the enjoyment of their religion by hanging them for witchcraft.

E. V. Wilson, in his truly valuable lectures and wonderful tests (all of which, save the last, in this section, I listened to with marked attention), has taken occasion to refer to and endorse the wonderful manifestations witnessed at Dr. Slade's rooms, and after such full and repeated endorsements, one can readily imagine, not only his surprise and chagrin, but, as an honorable man, indignation at being so dishonestly imposed upon, on seeing such an *apparently* well authenticated expose of them as appeared in the New York *Sun*. As honorable men, I believe, no persons would more readily join in discountenancing and exposing impostors than Spiritualists and Mr. Wilson, as such, and as was his bounden duty, first to publicly commend was first to publicly call upon Dr. Slade to come forward and clear himself, and Mr. Wilson's endorsement of him, and sustain the reputation he had aided in giving him, or stand branded and discountenanced as an impostor unworthy of recognition by Spiritualists. What is there so very wrong in this! Did not Mr. Wilson say he could not believe him the impostor represented, and believed he would come out clear? And does not Mr. Jones say he too was constantly taunted by persons coming in with copies of the *Sun* containing this *malicious* expose? Would the JOURNAL be considered a fair and candid publication without it? We think not.

As the sequel shows, he may have been too hasty in the eyes of some; but to me it shows his eager desire and honesty for *truth*, as well as readiness to expose error "where'er it may be found—on Christian or on Spiritual ground; among her friends, among her foes, the plant's divine where'er it grows."

Instead of such bitterness as manifested by Mrs. Woodhull for this act, it is commendable, and Mrs. W. would much better show her smartness in our common cause. Is it Christ-like or Spiritualistic for her to cast reflections or insinuous suspicions at Mr. Wilson's mediumship and the wonderful tests given by him! In doing so does she not exhibit a taint of the Puritans and their treatment of the Quakers and others differing from her? Dr. Slade, *being innocent*, is able to defend and sustain himself, and, like all others falsely accused, will shine the brighter for it, for he is thus more extensively advertised. If guilty, he ought not to be sustained by any one.

Let all, then, "pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love *it*."

Yours Respectfully,
D. S. KIMBALL.

Sacketts Harbor, N. Y., April 17, 1872.

The foregoing letter from Mr. Kimball is but a specimen of over three hundred letters we have received since we published the *Sun's* article and called upon Bro. Slade for an explanation; while on the other hand we have just four letters from the tender-footed, *who fear* clear daylight.

The *American Spiritualist* and *Woodhull & Claflin* have been in continued spasms, caused by excessive virtue, ever since. That was to be expected. They are *very weakly!* but then they *have a right* to do so at any time and in any place they may mutually agree upon.

Corruption Being Wiped Out.

That most contemptible of all religious excrescences that ever disgraced the *ermine* of the judiciary has lately been overhauled by the Supreme Court of the United States, and his judicial acts declared void. Judge McKoon was sent to Utah to do the dirty work of the Methodist church, whose reputation, *fifty years ago*, were not a whit more admired than the Mormons of to-day are by all other sects.

The cultivation of the moral nature in man is the grand means for the improvement in society.

Story of a Haunted House.

BY I. M. STACKHOUSE.

Did you ever live in a haunted house? No. Well I have, and propose to briefly give you my experience in it, conceding to you the editor's privilege, of doing what you please with what I write. But I will say that every word I pen can be proven by many witnesses yet living.

First, let me describe the house. It is three miles south of west from Lafayette, Ind., on the west bank of the Wabash river. It was a log house, about 17x25 feet, 1½ stories high, the upper floor or *loft*, being laid loosely with poplar planks; in each side a door near the centre. Forty yards west of the house are two springs, one used for water, the other having a house built over it, widened out, a brick floor laid in it, with four inches of water over the bricks, and used as a milk house. Ten yards north of west from the house is a log cabin—used for a summer kitchen; on the north, an orchard, with post and rail fence dividing it from the yard. That is sufficient to give the locality for all the phenomena I wish to present.

In the spring of 1837, we moved into this house,—*We* being my mother, three sisters, my brother aged ten years, and myself aged seven years. We located furniture as follows:—In the north end, we placed two beds lengthwise of the building; between them stood a bureau. In the south end was an old fashioned fire place,—very large and commodious. In the milk house we placed the milk in pans in the water, with a lock upon the door,—the only means of ingress or egress. In the cabin was our cupboard, dishes, table, and everything belonging to the kitchen,—the cupboard being an old-fashioned square one, set up loose.

We had but just got settled in our quarters, when, shortly after retiring, we heard the cupboard fall upon the floor,—heard plates rolling around, and pieces of dishes flying in every direction. We supposed the cupboard had fallen, and that our dishes were all broken. All of us, children included, repaired to the aforessid kitchen. The dishes continued rattling, plates rolling, pieces flying, until we were ready to open the door, when all noise suddenly ceased. Upon opening the door we found everything in its place—nothing disturbed—nothing broken! While we were wondering what could have caused the noise, a terrible rattling of tin pans suddenly commenced in the milk house. It seemed that a hundred pans were being thrown up and caught by one juggler. A greater din could not possibly have been made by one man or ten men with one hundred tin pans; it was perfectly deafening.

We all immediately repaired to the scene of confusion, expecting to find the milk house full of hogs, and all the milk destroyed. The noise, the *infernal din*, continued until my mother turned the key in the lock, when it ceased as suddenly, and as inexplicably as did the noise of the dishes in the kitchen. We walked in, to find everything in its place,—not a thing disturbed,—not a cover removed. We returned to the house; the children frightened,—our mother consoling us!

Again we retired, but scarce had we done so when *crash* came something on the loose boards above us. It fell as if it weighed two hundred pounds, jarring the entire house, and rattling the glass in the windows. This again startled us out of bed; but we had scarcely gained our feet when the same sound was produced upon the floor where we stood, accompanied by the same jarring of furniture, and rattling of windows. All this time, the room was lighted by a brisk fire in the fire-place.

Mother then said we would sit up awhile, so we all congregated around the fire—waiting "with fear and trembling" for the next manifestation. Soon it came,—a tremendous crash on the loose boards above, at the rear end of the house, at the same point as the other; but this was different. While the first fell dead and soft like a bag of sand, this was sharp and elastic, and gave a rebound. No sooner had it re-lighted after the rebound than it commenced rolling slowly toward the front end of the house where we were sitting—though on the loose floor above us. When it had arrived directly over us, it paused for a moment, then came thundering down upon the floor amongst us. There was nothing visible, though the room was now lighted with candles,—only a tremendous *crash*. Slowly it then rolled the full length of the room, each of us keeping our eyes intently fixed upon the point where the noise was at the time, but there was nothing visible to any of us.

It rolled with a jarring sound, as though it was ridged, and when it reached the north end of the room, fell over on its side with the same sound of rocking and swaying that a plate makes when having been rapidly spun upon its edge—the momentum being overcome, it falls.

Wearied out, again we retired, covering our heads with the blankets, for fear a "ghost would catch us." A half hour passed away, everything being quiet. Our confidence was restored by our mother telling us that it was "imagination, rats, &c." When suddenly out came our brilliant fire into the floor; we heard the andirons ring on the hearth; heard the coals fall, and the sparks fly, and clearly heard the great back-log roll out upon the floor. Again we all sprang up, supposing the house would be consumed, but the fire burned on as quietly and innocently as though no "ghost" had ever disturbed it or us.

The varied sounds, together with many others, continued for two years, without visible intermission. They were heard by more than twenty persons, scarcely ever by less than six, and sometimes by as many as ten at a time, and them six or ten persons always heard the same sounds at the same time, proving conclusively that there was no deception.

But at last came the close. My elder brothers, residing in the city of Lafayette, had bought a heifer and sent it out to us to fatten for beef. She was in the orchard which you will remember was adjoining the yard, and divided from it by a post and rail fence. One of my elder brothers was staying with us that night. A slight snow had fallen—probably an inch deep. My brother had gone to bed, when suddenly we all heard the fence between the yard and garden broken down, all the sounds of a heavy animal jumping upon the fence and breaking the rails being distinctly heard by all of us. We then heard the animal slowly and heavily walk toward the house. The heavy sound of the foot-falls being accompanied by the creaking sound peculiar to snow when cold. When it reached the house it commenced circumambulating it. My sisters went out—supposing it to be the heifer. They went around the house in an opposite direction to that taken by the sounds, so as to meet it. But suddenly it turned and went the other way, of which we notified them. Then they divided—one returning, and the other going ahead. We could distinctly hear their steps creaking in the snow; and when they arrived at the corners of the house from which they could easily see its sides, and could hear the heavy footfalls, they suddenly ceased.

When the morning came, we investigated carefully. The fence was undisturbed; the heifer was in the orchard, and there was no foot prints of any kind in the yard, except those made by my sisters. This was the last we ever heard of it. Afterward we learned from our neighbors that two or three families had been haunted out of the house before we came into it.

I write you this history now, while there are still some six living witnesses.

Now allow me to ask some of your well posted correspondents how the spirits produced these sounds?

I refrain from repeating the story related to us by our neighbors assigning the cause of disturbances, but can vouch for, and can prove the above statements.

Rensalear, Indiana.

ANOTHER BLACK SHEEP.

The Baptist Minister at Orange Leads a Member of His Flock Astray. His Guilt Being Discovered He Deserts His Family and Flies the State.

[From the Sabine Pass (Tex.) Beacon.]

The usually quiet town of Orange was last week thrown into a fever of excitement over divers reports concerning the conduct of the Rev. Frederick Burton, Baptist minister at that place. Mr. Burton has for some time past been officiating in a ministerial capacity to the people of Orange county, and with his wife and family, consisting of several children resided some three or four miles from the town of Orange. His nearest neighbor was a Mr. John Jett, a well-to-do farmer of Orange county, who rejoiced in the possession of a loving wife and two little children. The Rev. Frederick Burton when he moved to this neighborhood met with the kindest treatment from Mr. Jett and family. The house of the farmer was thrown open to him, and from the position he occupied as a minister of the gospel, when he called he was ever looked upon as an honored guest.

The visits of the minister to the home of the farmer in the last few months became more numerous, but so strong was the faith of the latter in the sacred calling of the Rev. Burton that he only sought by increased hospitality to make his home more pleasant to the one whom he looked upon as a "man of God." The opportunities thus afforded the Rev. Burton of inculcating himself into the affections of the wife of Mr. Jett were not lost. The wily serpent had entered this once happy home and therein happiness was to be known no more forever. Slowly yet surely did he encircle the once loving, faithful wife within his folds and by wily machinations draw her from the one she had sworn to love, honor and obey.

The first intimation of the relations existing between the minister and his wife was conveyed to Mr. Jett by a friend some few weeks since. This friend had received a letter from Mrs. Jett stating it to be her intention to elope with the minister at the first favorable opportunity, and asking that the matter could be so arranged as for herself and the Rev. Frederick to start from the house of the party to whom she wrote. The letter was immediately carried and placed in Mr. Jett's hands. A close watch was now placed upon the proceedings of the two and last week Mr. Jett fully satified himself as to the criminal intimacy existing between them.

The reports we have received as to the conduct of the husband upon discovering the criminality of his wife differ somewhat—one is to the effect, that he called up the Rev. Burton, told him that he knew all and gave him a certain time in which to leave the State. Another states that he called his wife and her paramour to him at the time of discovering their criminality and asked the minister: "Burton! do you love my wife? Do you want her?" To which Burton replied: "As I have been detected I must confess that I love your wife." Mr. Jett then asked his wife, "Do you want this parson? Do you love him better than you do me?" To which Mrs. Jett replied: "I want him and I am going to have him." Mr. Jett then said, "Burton, you say you love my wife, she says she loves and intends to have you; you love one another; you can take her and I will give her money and a horse to go away with, but you both must leave the State at once. You cannot and shall not live in the same State with me. I give you so many hours in which to prepare and leave; if you remain over that time you do so at your peril." Whether Mrs. Jett has left the vicinity of Orange as yet, we were unable definitely to ascertain, but the Rev. Frederick delayed not the order of his going but left at once. So afraid was he that the injured husband or indignant citizens would visit upon him punishment for his heinous crime, that he only remained a few moments at his home, bid his wife and children farewell, mounted a horse and as he rode off stated it to be his determination never to return to this section of country.

This whole community when the first report in regard to the scandal was received were astounded and could scarcely believe it to be true, so rare are such instances of deep and dark depravity on the part of ministers of the gospel in this portion of the country. With us the publication of this matter has been a duty not a pleasure, a matter of sorrow not rejoicing. We have the kindest feelings for the Baptist Church, and for each and every one of its ministers, but we know it to be their wish that the sins of its members should not be hidden for the "sake of the Church" but that the sinners no matter whom they are, should be brought forward for the just condemnation of all mankind.

The above-named piously inclined journal says "the whole community were astounded," *so rare are such cases in Texas.* Happy Texas! There is not a *wide-awake* daily paper published in one of the large cities of the Union, that does not contain a report of similar case as often as three times a week.

The reverend gentlemen of all religious denominations, preach against *free-love*, and charge Spiritualists with being *free-lovers*, while it is a notorious fact that both *Orthodox* and Protestant priests are the most licentious men, in proportion to their numbers, of any class of people living, and have been so in all ages of the world. A black coat, a sepulchral voice, an elongated visage, and a hypocritical cant has heretofore caused them to be venerated and their obloquy to be concealed.

Times are changing since the ushering in of Modern Spiritualism—hypocritical charges of being free-lovers, against Spiritualists, are proving to be a brood of chickens that go home to roost.

Manifestations at the Rooms of Dr. Henry Slade.

[From the Rochester (N. Y.) Express, April 9th.]

I feel an obligation to make an exact statement of facts as seen by me when in the city of New York some three weeks since, at the rooms of the spiritual medium, Henry Slade. Though exposed by the reporter of that bright luminary, the New York *Sun*, some time previous to the facts which I will now relate. With a friend I visited the medium in the day time, and each one of us received a communication through what is called the slate manifestation. To be more explicit, Slade gave me a slate, also a small bit of pencil, which was placed on the slate. I placed the slate under the table and pressed it upward against the table leaf—the small bit of pencil being between the slate and the leaf. Slade's hands in the meantime were on top of the table and he did not touch the slate. One long since dead gave me a communication in writing. The friend with me also received a communication from his wife while he held the slate beneath the leaf of the table. Satisfied with the results of our meeting in the day time, we left. In the evening I visited the rooms of the doctor the second time for the purpose of seeing spirit faces. Dr. Slade gave me every facility for close scrutiny, and that which took place should forever silence those who have tried to expose Mr. Slade—at least with every man and woman laying claims to common honesty, and who will not ignore the testimony of their own senses. Every part of the room I examined, moved every article of furniture, and I know that there was not a wire, neither any paste-board face, as stated by one Mrs. Case. I had the management of preparing the room for the manifestations. The same table used for the slate manifestations was used in the evening. Let me state that the room was not dark. It was lighted with gas, and I could see to read. At Moravin Mrs. Andrews retires into what is called a cabinet. Mr. Slade sits at the table. I took a piece of black cloth, about a yard long and three-fourths of a yard in width, and suspended it in the center of the room by a narrow tape. The position in which I placed it enabled me to see under, over and both sides of the cloth. Out of the center of the cloth was a piece removed about sixteen inches square. After sitting down at the table with Dr. Slade, I took hold of both his hands and very soon something about the size of my hand appeared at the opening. Dr. Slade, very much excited, released his hands from mine, and tore away the curtain with this remark, "See if any one is behind the counter." I knew no one was there, for I took the precaution to lock the only door in the room when I examined it. For the second time we took our seats at the table as before. Soon a full sized face appeared and as soon vanished. A second time the face appeared at the opening in the cloth, and I recognized it at once as Mr. Moses Bronner, late a merchant of the city of Rochester. Being well acquainted with him, I know I was not mistaken. I even saw a mole on his face. The face vanished, and then a third time made its appearance. This time, to be more positive, I asked if he was not such a one, and he shook his head. I asked: "Are you Moses Bronner?" and bending the head forward three times I was satisfied, and will take my oath to-day in any court that the facts as stated are true. In conclusion, let me say that whoever says I was deceived, and that Dr. Slade used trickery—wires, pasteboard faces, or had the assistance of others—they do what the boy did when he lied.—M. G.

A RAILROAD HORROR.

A Young Man Crushed to Death.

About ten o'clock yesterday morning, a young man named Walter Welch, employed as a brakeman and swicth-tender on the St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad, was instantly killed while endeavoring to jump on a locomotive while in motion.

It appears that young Welch had been discharging some duty, and seeing the engine backing toward him, determined to jump upon it for the purpose of going to some other portion of the yard. Failing to catch the edge of the engine he was thrown partially underneath, and grasping the rod of the brake in rear he cried out, but the engineer did not hear him. He was dragged a short distance, and the body coming in contact with a frog, or some other stationary part of the track, a part of the head was torn away, and the remainder of the body terribly broken and mangled. Death must have followed in an instant. The horror-stricken spectators rushed to his assistance, but all that remained of the bright and promising young man of a few moments before, was a mangled corpse with almost every semblance of humanity crushed out of it.

The body was cared for by those near the spot at the time of the accident, and subsequently taken to the freight depot, where a coroner's inquest was held, and a verdict rendered mainly in accordance with the facts above stated.

His father is the master repairer in the shops of the Milwaukee and St. Paul company, the family residing in the brick building adjoining the Empire Block. The father and mother are almost overwhelmed by the awful calamity which has befallen them, and they have the sincere sympathy of all in their great affliction.

Young Welch was highly esteemed by the officers and employes of the road, for his energy, industry and many good qualities; and he was uniformly pronounced a young man of more than ordinary promise.

After the remains had been properly cared for, they were placed in a coffin and taken to the residence of his parents.

His sudden death, from the frightful accident described, casts a gloom of sorrow upon the large circle of his friends and acquaintances in this city. He was a young man who had not quite reached his majority, but had held important positions of trust while in the employ of the St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad Company, and had been, on the very day of his death, promoted for his exemplary conduct and trustworthiness in the discharge of his duties.

His genial nature and generous impulses had endeared him to the hearts of all who knew him, while his sterling integrity and true worth gave promise of a life of usefulness and honor.—*St. Paul Paper.*

We condole with the bereaved family of Brother and Sister Welch. With heartfelt sympathy, we tender to them the consolation of the *Philosophy of Life.*

Walter is not dead. In fulfilling the destiny of a never *ending life*, at an early age and in a violent manner, he passed from the Natural to the Spiritual plane of life. A *philosopher in Spiritualism;* which fact is of unspeakable consolation to his parents in this terrible hour of trial. They, too, are Spiritualists.

Seek for communion with him, my dear brother and sister, through proper media, and in due time your departed and beloved son will give you unmistakable evidence that he not only lives, but loves the dear ones of earth even more intensely than before he experienced the great change which awaits all mankind. Change is common to all things, A glorious thought—our loved ones go on before us, and in due time will, with outstretched arms and love ineffable, greet us from the other shore, and beckon us with beacon lights to their homes, where death and separation will be known no more.

The *mortal remains* of our young brother were brought to Chicago and interred in Rose Hill Cemetery.

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

Doctor Henry Slade.

These are the Eden birds,
That soar and sing while all the world is dark,
Raining from heaven their sweet and holy words;
But few as yet the deathless music hark,
Being enthralled in sleep. Alas! they sing
Too oft with bruised breast and broken wing.

These are the pioneers,
Treading the unknown path that leads the race
From midnight gloom to morn's eternal years,—
From the deep graveyard up to God's own face;
The champions of the race; though bearing shame,
Yet bringing good tidings in the Father's name.

The above lines in reference to mediums, were dictated to us by Bro. T. L. Harris, in November, 1854.

Every Spiritualist must realize that mediumship is the most sacred power that can be possessed; and anything that would soil this sacred thing in the shape of fraud or deception, is vile sacrilege, and should be promptly exposed. We cannot give any encouragement to such a misdirection of the highest and holiest attributes of our nature. At the same time it is of the utmost importance, that we, as Spiritualists, should be guarded, lest, in our endeavors to do justice, we trample upon the most tender and sensitive feelings of humanity.

Of all classes, mediums are most keenly sensitive to unjust, and consequently, unkind reproofs; and it is especially important that we do not join hands with those who, in their cold and unfeeling skepticism, would delight to crush out all mediumistic feelings, no matter how much the individuals may suffer.

The highest toned Spiritualism, and the best manifestations, will only come to us when we have learned to protect and kindly care for our mediums, who, of all others, need the sympathy and love of their friends.

More than a month since, when prostrated upon our bed with sickness, from which many of our friends had little hope we should ever rise, our vision was opened to see many conditions of humanity; and especially were we attracted to our brother and sister mediums all over the country. Among these the brother whose name heads this article, whom we have loved and honored, was clearly presented to us, and in that vision we saw the entire programme which has since been presented, the charges which have been made, the causes which have operated to produce deep and painful suffering to him, and also the grand and beautiful triumph which awaits him in the full vindication of his integrity, and the genuineness of his mediumship.

We had not been with Bro. Slade since the new phenomena of materialization of spirit forms has taken place in his presence. And on the 9th of April, we invited our friend Dr. C. Noble, of this city, a gentleman whose integrity and capacity will be vouched for by all who know him, to accompany us to New York, where we visited Dr. Slade at his rooms, No. 210 W. 43d street.

We found the doctor looking rather pale and somewhat nervous, but not more so than we have seen him.

He has been deeply tried at the course of some Spiritualists whom he had supposed to be his friends. But his mediumship speaks for itself.

We, Dr. Noble, Dr. Slade and ourself sat at three sides of a square table, without any cover, and loud and continuous raps were heard under our chairs, and on the table, causing them to move. Our attention was soon called by Dr. Slade to a large picture frame, hanging upon the wall about eight feet from us. There was one gas burner lighted, with a full head, so that we could see everything in the room. This frame was moved out and back at the top, and also raised several times from a quarter to half an inch. We could note this by the figures on the paper of the wall.

Dr. Slade held a slate under the table, with a piece of pencil, about the size of a grain of rice, laid upon it. We could plainly hear the friction of the pencil on the slate, and when brought out, these words were written: "You shall see wonders." The slate was held in the right hand of the doctor, the left hand being upon ours on the table. A pencil four or five inches long was laid upon the edge of the slate, and it was held partially under the edge of the table—the pencil was in sight. We saw it lifted up and thrown about eighteen inches high from whence it fell upon the table. The slate was laid upon the table, not in contact with either of our hands. The small pencil was laying upon the slate, and we saw it move and write these words: "Say to Bro. Jones, I am doing all I can to drive away these clouds of superstition and misunderstanding. A. C. W." The initials of Alcinda W. Slade. The chair on which we were sitting was drawn about six inches diagonally from Dr. Slade, and also raised up. Dr. Noble felt hands on his limbs, and one took hold of his pantaloons at the bottom and drew them down with considerable force. The long pencil was again thrown from the slate, which was held entirely under the table this time, and it came up and fell upon the opposite side of the table and then rolled upon the floor. We held the slate ourself alone under the table, and these words were written: "The world must believe; we shall bring the evidence. A. W. S." Holding the slate, with the long pencil on it, under the table with one hand, the other five hands being upon the table, the slate was violently shaken, the pencil struck our knuckles, and was then brought up by a hand, which was plainly visible, between our vest and the table; after being shaken for a time, it was drawn back.

Dr. Noble sat opposite Dr. Slade, we sat at the end of the table between them. Exchanging places with Dr. Noble, a similar shaking of the slate and a pushing up of the pencil between his vest and the table occurred; a hand being plainly visible several times.

An accordeon was held under the table by Dr. Slade with the keys entirely in view. It soon began to play notes, and afterwards played "The Last Rose of Summer" very correctly. It was afterwards held in the right hand by Dr. Noble first, and then by ourself, and for both of us it played notes, the other five hands being on the table in the bright light.

Two small bells were set upon the floor under and near the center of the table; in a few moments one of them began to ring and was afterwards raised up some eighteen inches above the top of the table and then fell upon it. A similar movement took place with the second bell.

The table was raised from the floor about two feet and required very considerable pressure to force it down, as we all stood around it.

We have been very careful and minute in our description of everything which took place during our sitting,—not because any of these manifestations, except the appearance of the hands, have ever been questioned by any of the thousands that have visited Dr. Slade during the last fifteen years, but because there are many who are very desirous to know of all the phenomena that occur.

The remainder of our sitting was devoted to the phenomena of "materialization." Dr. Slade not only invited us, but insisted that we should examine everything in the room. He drew out the sofa bed, opened the wardrobe, and then requested us to hang a shawl across the white-painted folding doors to make it darker. Then there was a chord tied across the room from the joint of a chimney on one side and attached to a nail on the opposite side, about two feet distant from, and parallel with the folding doors. Upon this chord was a curtain of black glazed muslin, about one and a half yards square, with an aperture about eight by ten inches. Here the muslin was cut upon the sides and across the bottom, and pinned up, leaving it as a curtain—if it was desirable to close the opening. The light was now turned down so that we could just distinguish objects in the room. One end of the table, which is about four feet long, was placed near to the curtain, and we three sat at the opposite end of it. In a few moments a beautiful white hand appeared in the opening of the curtain, it was a lady's hand, had a lace sleeve around the wrist. We were sitting holding hands. Ten or twelve hands appeared at different times, some in front of the curtain coming up from below, presenting the palm and the back, and moving the fingers, so that they were as distinctly seen as we could see anything. They were all white and quite luminous. Three of them were hands of small children—all the hands seen, were smaller than either of ours. Owasso entranced Dr. Slade and said the light had better be turned down lower, and they would then be able to materialize one spirit for us. After a short pause the outlines of a woman's face were seen, with a plain cap on. It remained only a moment and then disappeared. She soon appeared again, rather plainer, and now there was an entire bust of a large woman with a plain muslin handkerchief folded down over the breast. The outline of the form was plain, the whole being of white light. This appeared five times, but at no time were the features sufficiently distinct for us to recognize them. At the last appearance which was the plainest and remained the longest. A voice was heard saying, "Henry, I have done the best I could for thee, my son."

If you ask, do we believe? We say emphatically no! We know that was our mother. She had promised us that she would appear, though Dr. Slade knew nothing of that.

We were directed to turn the light up, as they could do no more for us, and examine everything about the curtain and room, as we had before, Dr. Slade retaining his seat as he had during the whole manifestation, for we had his hands in ours.

A Challenge.

Resolved, That modern Spiritualism is true according to the best evidences, both ancient and modern. The undersigned affirms, and will be glad to discuss the above question with any one acting as a regular minister of any church within one hundred miles of this place. Now, come to time or own up. S. A. THOMAS.

Penville, Indiana.

Passed to Spirit Life.

[*Notices sent us for insertion in this department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty. Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously.*]

Brother A. R. Norris, of Brooklyn, New York, passed to spirit-life, April 11th, 1872, after a brief but painful sickness.

Brother Norris and his amiable companion greeted us with heartfelt sympathy on our visit to New York, immediately after the great Chicago fire. It made an impression upon our mind which will not soon be effaced.

In Amesbury, Mass., on the 23d day of March, 1872, our elder brother, Abel Jones, passed from this to the immortal plane of life, aged seventy-two years on the 25th of August last, leaving a wife, children, grandchildren, still older brother, the writer, many relations and dear friends to mourn his departure.

While we mourn we rejoice that in his demise he is freed from a diseased physical body which has caused him great suffering for many months We know that he has passed to that blissful sphere toward which we are all rapidly tending, and in which the happy recognition of the dear ones gone before, and a rejuvinated life, will compensate for all pain endured in consummating the change.

Our brother had been a resident of Amesbury from youth to old age. It was emphatically his home; and although he had remained until the generations of his prime of life had passed away, he will be missed by the citizens of Amesbury.

Gone to live with the angels from the home of Julia A. and A. S. Hoadley, in Rochelle, Ill., January 17th, 1872, an infant son, and on January 23d Nettie, born November 22d, 1859.

We miss thee, dear Nettie, thou, too, hast left us,
To join our loved ones in their bright spirit home.
Although we may weep, yet soft angel voices
Now tell of glad meetings 'neath heaven's clear dome.

Thy beautiful life from our earth home has faded;
Thy sweet face has gone from the bright ones still left;
Thy fair, girlish form the cold earth has shrouded;
But our circle's unbroken,—we are not bereft.

Too pure for this earth;—like an angel of light
Has thy ministry been in our home life here;
Too frail was thy spirit for pain's rude embrace,
So loving hands bore it to their own bright sphere.

Although thy dear form we miss from our circle,
With those of the loved who have passed on before,
We know that each one in spirit will linger
Until we shall meet on Eternity's shore.

H. M. COMSTOCK.

Passed away, at Melrose (Highlands) Mass., on the morning of the 13th inst., of consumption, Mrs. P. Mendum, wife of J. P. Mendum, publisher of the Boston *Investigator*.

"Mrs. Mendum was a patient and uncomplaining sufferer for many years, and possessing as she did the most sterling qualities of mind and heart, everything that the truest affection and best medical skill could suggest was adopted for her recovery, but all in vain. Her insidious disease baffled all endeavors to avert it, and after years of painful suspense, her family alternating between hope and fear, the calm and tranquil sufferer is released and now at rest.

"It is common, we know, to eulogize the departed, and when it is deserved, it is not less a fitting tribute to the dead than a good incentive to the living. Mrs. Mendum was a very worthy woman; a devoted wife, and an affectionate and most careful mother, whose constant assiduity for the welfare of her family, and continually pleasant and happy disposition always made sunshine throughout her household. As a neighbor she was kind and obliging; good to the poor and unfortunate; greatly interested in all reform movements; a thoughtful, reflecting, intelligent, and liberal-minded woman, who early saw the path of duty and faithfully followed it to the last hour of her existence. Her numerous friends and acquaintances greatly esteemed her for the many virtues she possessed, and while they deeply regret her loss, sincerely sympathize with her bereaved companion and family in their severe grief and painful separation.

"'She has left a name with never a stain
For our tears to wash away.'"—*Investigator.*

Spence's Positive and Negative Powders are for sale, wholesale and retail, at the office of the Re-

Our Correspondence.

[JOHN BROWN SMITH is open for engagements to give a course of independent lectures on the "Science of Human Life," in Pennsylvania (or adjacent States), during the spring and summer, West during the fall, and South in the winter season. Engagements only made for one week in which eight lectures will be given, viz: "The Science of Human Life"; "Republican Government—its True Principles"; "Universal Suffrage"; "Temperance—its Moral, Legal, Physical, and Medical Aspects"; "Labor and Capital—their True Relations"; "Vegetarianism—in the Evolution of Man"; "Man—his Spiritual, Moral, Physical, and Social Nature"; "God—in the Science of Life." The First, Seventh, and Eighth Lectures embrace the subject of Spiritualism. Permanent address, 812 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.]

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Its Author not Jefferson, but Junius.

MR. EDITOR:—New and important evidence has of late been obtained in regard to the authorship of the Declaration of Independence. In the work entitled "Junius Unmasked," an argument has been made in favor of Thomas Paine, by a rigid adherence to the laws of *comparitive analysis*. No one has yet attempted to answer this argument. I now propose to prove from Jefferson's own statements and further comparative analysis that he cannot be the author of our famous *Magna Charta*.

More than forty years after the Declaration of Independence was written, Jefferson says in regard to it:—"Whether I had gathered my ideas from reading I do not know. I know only that I turned to neither book nor pamphlet while writing it."—Works vol. vii, p. 305. Upon this evidence Bancroft says: "From the fullness of his own mind without consulting one single book, he drafted the Declaration," etc. But this statement cannot be true, for parts of the Declaration of Independence were taken from parts of another declaration adopted by Congress in 1775, and which parts Jefferson unqualifiedly disowns. The facts are as follows:

On the 26th of June, 1775, just five days after Mr. Jefferson took his seat in Congress for the first time, he was placed with Mr. Dickinson on the committee to draft a "Declaration of the causes and necessity of taking up arms." Now mark what Mr. Jefferson says in regard to the authorship of this instrument: "I prepared a draft of the declaration committed to us. It was too strong for Mr. Dickinson. We therefore requested him to take the paper and put it into a form he could approve. He did so, preparing an entire new statement and preserving of the former only the last four paragraphs and half of the preceding one. We approved and reported it to Congress who accepted it."—Works vol. I, pp. 10, 11.

Mr. Jefferson is very explicit in regard to the part which he disclaims, and by confining ourselves to this we will find it to be the parent of the one which was born just one year thereafter. To show this, I will now present a few parallels from both declarations. The subject-matter of the parallels will be the same; but when there is the same phraseology I will indicate it by putting it in italics.

DECLARATION OF 1776—PARAGRAPH 15.

(1) "He has combined with others to subject us to a *subjection* foreign to our constitutions [illegible] acknowledged by our laws, giving his assent [illegible] acts of pretended legislation;—(2) for *quartering* [illegible] bodies of armed troops among us;—(3) for protecting by a mock trial *from punishment* for *murders* which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States;—(4) for cutting off our trade with all parts of the world;—(5) for imposing taxes on us *without our consent*;—(6) *for depriving us of the* benefits *of trial by jury*;—(7) for *transporting* us beyond seas *to be tried* for pretended offenses;—(8) for abolishing the free system of English laws *in a neighboring province* establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule in these States;—(9) for taking away our *charters*, abolishing our most valuable laws, and *altering fundamentally the forms of our governments*;—(10) *for suspending our legislatures*;—and (11) declaring themselves invested with full power to legislate *for us in all cases whatsoever*."

I now subjoin the part of another declaration from which the above was taken. The figures in parenthesis below refer back to their parallels above.

DECLARATION OF 1775—PARAGRAPH 3.

1 (5) "They have undertaken to give and grant our money *without our consent*, though we have ever exercised an exclusive right to dispose of our own property;—2 (1) statutes have been passed for extending the *jurisdiction* of the courts of admiralty and vice-admiralty beyond their ancient limits;—3 (6) *for depriving us of the* accustomed and inestimable privilege *of trial by jury* in cases effecting both life and property;—4 (10) *for suspending the legislation* of one of our colonies;—5 (4) for interdicting all commerce of another;—6 (9) and *for altering fundamentally the form of government* established by *charter* and secured by acts of its own legislation solemnly confirmed by the crown;—7 (3) for exempting the murderers of colonists from legal tribunal, and in effect *from punishment*;—8 (8) for erecting *in a neighboring province* acquired by the joint arms of Great Britain and America, a despotism dangerous to our very existence;—9 (2) and for *quartering* soldiers upon the colonists in time of profound peace;—10 (7) It has also been resolved in Parliament that colonists charged with committing certain *offenses* shall be *transported* to England *to be tried*. 11 (11) By one statute it is declared that Parliament can of right make laws *to bind us in all cases whatsoever*."

Here are eleven consecutive coincidences. I have given them word for word as they stand in the two instruments. Each charge of the one parallels with one in the other, and there are just eleven, neither less nor more. But Jefferson owns the one and disowns the other.

But again: the prominent sentiments of the introduction to both declarations parallel. The one of 1775 after alluding to the British legislature says: "Yet, however blinded that assembly may be by their intemperate rage for unlimited dominion, so as to slight justice and *the opinion of mankind*, we esteem ourselves bound by the obligations of *respect* to the rest of the world to make known the justice of our *cause*." One year afterward this sentiment was put in the Declaration of Independence thus: "A decent *respect* for *the opinions of mankind* requires that they should declare the *causes* which impel them to the separation.

Again: take from paragraph 9 of the Declaration of 1775 as follows: "His troops have butchered our countrymen, have wantonly burned Charlestown, besides a considerable number of horses in other places, our ships and vessels are seized," etc. Now, compare with this from the Declaration of 1776 as follows: "He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burned our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people."

Again: take from paragraph 2 of the Declaration of 1775 as follows: "Our forefathers, inhabitants of the island of *Great Britain* left their native land to seek on these shores a residence for civil and religious freedom; *at the expense of their blood, at the hazard of their fortune, without the least charge to the country from which they removed*, by unceasing labor and an unconquerable spirit they *effected settlement* in the distant and inhospitable wilds of America." Now, compare with this, the following from the Declaration of 1776: "We have reminded them [the British brethren] of the circumstances of our emigration and *settlement* here no one of which would warrant so strange a pretention. *These were effected at the expense of our own blood and treasure unassisted by the wrath or strength of Great Britain.*"

I wish now to bring Junius into this comparison. Speaking of the *American colonists* in Let. 35 he says: "*They left their native land in search of freedom, and found it in a desert.*" But this is much the same language as above in the Declaration of 1775: "Our forefathers *left their native land to seek* a residence for *freedom* in the *inhospitable wilds* of America."

All of which I submit without comment to a reading and reasoning public.

Very Respectfully, the Author of

JUNIUS UNMASKED.

Letter from Judge J. W. Edmonds.

S. S. JONES—Dear Sir: I have read your reply to Mrs. Woodhull, published in your emission of the 13th inst., with great pleasure, and beg leave to tender you my thanks. By the same mail I received a letter from Mr. Owen, inclosing me his lecture delivered at Terre Haute, which also gave me pleasure; for both of these articles aim at shaking off from our sacred cause the "isms" which the injudicious among us are seeking to fasten upon it.

My correspondence, which is pretty extensive in the United States, on the subject of Spiritualism, has brought me a number of letters of the same tenor as your views, and asking mine on the subject. I have had no hesitation in expressing them fully. One of my correspondents in Virginia asked my permission to publish my reply in your paper. I advised against it, because I thought I had spoken too strongly, that is, in terms calculated to wound when my object was to cure.

Observing that some of our papers were rather coinciding with Mrs. Woodhull's idea of a political organization, and the amalgamation of Spiritualism with other topics, I cut from *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly* what purports to be a Spiritual communication approving prostitution, and sent it to the *Banner of Light*, for its editor to see where the Association was bringing us. I received from its editor an article on the same subject, written by the Rev. Allen Putnam. I returned the article to the editor, with a letter in which I deprecated the discussion of the question in connection with Spiritualism. I thought it possible he might publish it. He has not yet done so, but I send you a copy from which you will see more fully my views. You will exercise your own judgment about publishing it.

My only desire in the matter is to do my part in protecting Spiritualism from the harm which its association with immature if not impure topics is sure to produce.

The constant injunction of Spiritualism to us is for us to progress in purity. How can we do that when we are constantly called upon to contemplate the indulgence of passions and propensities the very breath of whose nostrils is utter and undisguised selfishness?

COPY OF LETTER TO THE BANNER OF LIGHT:

"DEAR COLBY: I have read Mr. Putnam's article on Prostitution, and return it to you.

I am sorry to see that my object in sending you the extract from Mrs. Woodhull's paper was so much misunderstood.

I saw that she was using the position which she had unfortunately acquired at Troy so as to connect our sacred cause with various "isms" of the day, such as the Labor Movement, Woman's Rights, Free Love, etc., thus rendering it more difficult than ever for us to reach the masses with our phenomena and our philosophy, and I sent you the article in order to show you that she was doing so, not doubting at all that you would agree with me in deprecating such union.

My idea is to teach Spiritualism purely and by itself, and not have it connected with or be held responsible for any of the ordinary topics of the day. Whatever might be the opinion of individual Spiritualists upon any of such topics—Republicanism or Democracy—Free Love or San Domingo—Free Trade or Protection—Monarchy or Communism, etc., etc.,—let every one enjoy his own opinion with the utmost freedom, but not mingle Spiritualism with any of them, so as to make it, in any one's view, responsible either for the good or ill there might be in them.

Our cause has hard work enough to go ahead without being burdened with the additional weight of any of these ephemeral and unmatured topics. And my object was to prevent, if possible, the use of Spiritualism or any of its organs of work, for the advancement of such topics. But it seems that I was misunderstood, for Mr. Putnam's article proposes to continue—and in connection with Spiritualism—the discussion of the very topic which I thought we ought to avoid, and therefore it is that I think the publication of his article would be a misfortune. It would in many minds connect Spiritualism and Prostitution, and no explanation or disavowal by you or him could prevent it; whereas, what we are bound to teach as the grand and overruling principles of our faith are purity and unselfishness.

How can we reconcile them with either the doctrines of the Woodhull article or this of Mr. Putnam? I confess I cannot see; and if I cannot, how can we expect others to do so, who have not had the advantages that I have had in learning what is the true end and aim of spiritual intercourse?

The time seems to be approaching which I anticipated some eighteen years ago would come, when Spiritualism would become so prevalent that all sorts of "notions" would seek to avail themselves of its popularity to spread their impurities and follies broad-cast among the people. We must be on our guard against this, or Spiritualism will, like Christianity, go down to posterity so overloaded with what is vile and crude as to be shorn of the blessing to man which in its undefiled state it might possess. I am brief in this matter from necessity. I hope, however, not so brief as not to be understood."

Truly yours,

J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, April 11th, 1872.

Gonzales, Texas.

S. S. JONES—Dear Sir: I am so very anxious to inform all my dear old acquaintances of the Spiritual belief, through the medium of the JOURNAL, where we are, and of the good thing we have got in Texas, away down here in Dixie's Land, that I have finally concluded to venture upon your good nature with this letter.

Two years ago I visited Texas to investigate the inducements there for a future home, and, by chance, was in Gonzales at the time our good and working sister, Mrs. Wilcoxson, was to commence a course of lectures in the town, and had the pleasure of hearing her first lecture; but on the next evening I fell from a stairway and was dangerously injured; consequently that was the first and last time I heard or met the good sister, but I hope she will visit Gonzales again. She will find one family of eleven members, all Spiritualists, to welcome her, and many others also. We started last November from our old home, by steamboat, from St. Louis to mouth of Red River; thence by wagon to this place.

Four months in Texas; and so far we think the change in locality a good investment. A land of flowers and song-birds in winter, and yet cold enough to occasionally produce frost and a little ice. A climate of all zones so interblended and tempered down that the disagreeable only capacitates us to fully appreciate the agreeable, which is eight tenths of the time. So very many things to please, and but few to displease. The maker of this part of our earth-home must have had an eye to good health, as the natural causes of disease are all wanting; the atmosphere is rendered pure by the northern and sea breezes that are most of the time prevailing. Pure air and bright skies give a clear head. I do think this is the country for Spiritualists, and that all the population would be Spiritualists if their churches and surroundings had been good.

There is a singular beauty in the landscape that cannot be described to one who never has looked upon a Texan scene.

We are at what is called Easter Sunday by the Almanac-makers, and potatoes are in blossom; corn six and eight inches high; peaches as large as musket-balls; strawberries ripe; forest trees in full foliage, and so on; cattle thriving at a rapid rate on the natural pasturage.

Spiritualists, come to Texas, where all natural things are pleasing; where the best of lands can be purchased at from twenty-five cents to one dollar per acre. Come down and possess the land. Come, lecturers and mediums, and convert the present inhabitants, and let us make Texas a spiritual paradise as it is almost a natural, or earthly one.

DR. D. BEACH.

That Mysterious Man—Charles H. Read.

BRO. S. S. JONES:—My dear sir, knowing that your readers would be interested in the progress of Spiritualistic ideas, and the general awakening of the people of the south in regard to the wonderful manifestations given through the media, who are in the hands of our departed friends, I am glad to be able to write to you—informing you of the success of Mr. Charles H. Read—admitted to be one of the best mediums for physical manifestations, who has ever visited the Crescent City.

Arriving in the city about three weeks ago, he gave several seances at Dr. Allen's parlors, to some of the first citizens of the community; they were all astounded, and came away happily disappointed. In fact, several went there to expose a "humbug," and came away convinced—declaring that there was some outside and unseen power.

Your readers are, doubtless, acquainted with Mr. Read's manifestations, still, a rehearsel of a few feats that "astonished the natives," may not be uninteresting. After being firmly tied with three ropes, each about fifteen feet long, so that he could not move in his chair, the committee pronounced him secure, for one rope was passed around his neck, and each arm tied to the back of the chair; another firmly bound each leg and ankle to the chair leg, while the last secured his wrists, (his hands being filled with rice), which were firmly drawn down, and the rope tied to the chair round.

In this condition, with a stand on one side, on which were two solid steel rings, three-linked ropes, guitar, bells, &c., and a chair on the other side, the manifestations all occurred in the incredulous short space of two or three seconds, while the light was out, it being quickly re-lighted, and the knots thoroughly examined. The chair, rings, and ropes passed on and off his arms, on to his head and back to the table. The instruments floated in the air; his coat was taken off; rings put on his fingers; the table lifted to his head, and many other startling performances—all occurring while he was securely tied.

He was then held by several in the audience, while the same manifestations were going on. Rings passed on their arms; the guitar and table were laid across their arms, and his coat taken off.

The persons holding him with myself declare he did not move, while they experienced the sensations of hands touching their faces and hands.

Mr. Read will hold a series of seances at the Academy of Music—one of the finest theatres in the city—commencing Wednesday noon, April 17th. He will undoubtedly draw crouded houses, as he has become well known throughout the city, and many who have not had an opportunity, express a desire to see him.

Mr. Read will visit Mobile—giving three seances in one of the best halls in the city. Leaving there, he will travel through the State of Texas. (The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will bespeak good houses for him to its south-western friends.) He then contemplates giving exhibitions, and making an extensive tour through Europe.

Mr. Read informs us that while at Grand Junction, Tenn., the minister of the Colored Church gave him the use of the building for seances. He crowded the building two nights so, that standing room could not be had. The audiences were exclusively colored, who expressed the wildest enthusiasm over the manifestations. He says there are thousands of Spiritualists among the colored people, and some very sensible ones too.

C. H. SANDERSON.

New Orleans, La., April 17th, 1872.

Paola, Kansas.

BROTHER JONES: To subserve the ends of justice, and that the many friends of Mother Rachel Hawkins may know that she is still in the flesh, although separated from them for many years through spirit-agency, I have decided to furnish your numerous readers with a simple statement of facts that were manifested in our family circle, in broad daylight and with no one present except my own family and the medium, Mother Hawkins, and for the truth of these statements I hereby pledge my veracity.

This lady came to us an entire stranger, she knowing nothing of our family history, and we, knowing nothing of her, only that we had heard of her as a medium of extraordinary powers.

For the sake of her white locks we gave her a cordial greeting; my wife and I both meeting her at the hall door and bidding her welcome. Before taking her seat she says, "Well, seven—yes, seven children; but two have passed over the river." True.

She says, "A little boy belonging here is seriously afflicted with a gathering in his head, with disagreeable earache." True, but the little boy was down town and she had not seen him.

After sitting and resting a few minutes, she became very much affected, her muscular system convulsed, and the death scene of my wife's mother came faithfully and fully before us, even to the words of cheer she gave us at parting. She told us of the terrible cancer that ate up her vitals, but that she now had peace and sweet rest in the Summer Land. All faithfully delineated.

She passed out of the seeming trance state, and, after awhile, said to me, "My brother, there is a spirit friend named Mary. She is by your side. She is a prim, cosy old body. She sits by the fire-place and warms her feet, and she takes her Scotch snuff." Here I mentally said, "Its Aunt Polly W." "Yes, Polly or Mary—it's all the same."

And now my former wife, with her death agony, and all the symptoms carefully and accurately delineated, giving dates and cause of death. Then a sister, also true to life. Then came an old man who was once my teacher (a good old sympathetic soul, who never preached a discourse or gave an exhortation but he shed tears), and after reading a few lines directed to my wife (and which was turned to without thought or search) commencing with 2d John, 1st chapter and 5th verse, a devout prayer was given in which the very words and manner of expression of my former teacher was faithfully portrayed.

As the medium was somewhat fatigued, she chose to lie down and rest, and she was left to repose; but after a very few minutes she rose hastily, and in an excited manner said to my wife that an intimate friend of hers had been shot—that she saw him throw up his hands and fall dead. See then described Captain B., my wife's former husband; that he was dressed in soldier's garb with epaulets. She also described the man who shot him (yet not the one on whom suspicion rested), and portrayed all the incidents connected with his assassination, truly, as far as we know of the facts, but gave facts that no one could know in the ordinary way of getting knowledge. She told my wife that the little daughter of Captain B. was at school. All true to the letter.

Now remember this was all in the full light of day, and in my sitting-room in the presence of my family, and there is no "humbug" about it, but plain, unvarnished truth.

This lady, Mrs. Hawkins, lives at the town of Peculiar, in Cass county, Missouri, and is truly a wonderful personage, not subject to her own will, but entirely at the control of the angel world.

And now, Brother Jones, have I a right to believe what mine eyes have seen, or shall I take the advice of the clergy, backed up by an infallible Bible: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live?"

Should this meet the eye of good old Mother Hawkins, here is a hearty welcome to come at any time, and the hospitalities of our home are extended by two loving hearts to you, and we will wish you all the holy influences of heaven's brightest angels to lighten your earthly pathway.

J. T. HOUGHEY.

Danville, Illinois.

I have just closed a course of five lectures, last evening, here, in the court-house. Fair audiences and considerable interest. A Baptist D.D. came to the rescue of the Orthodox God and creed, last evening. Rather late in the discussion, but adding interest and force to my work. I only regret that he or some other champion of effete theology, had not attended to their defense at the opening of my course. The friends of our cause are few here, but mostly of the right stamp. They would be much pleased if the "Davenport Boys" would pay this city of about 8,000 inhabitants a visit. I feel sure that such a visit would do the cause much good, and be found remunerative to the mediums. Any good test medium would do well here. Daniel Gurley may be addressed upon the subject. He is a stanch Spiritualist, as also are his family, and is an honest and an upright man.

Others are equally entitled to the above credit, but I have not room or time to enumerate them by name.

Roll on the car of truth, friends, until error shall be crushed beneath its ponderous wheels.

Truly thine in the good work,

J. K. BAILEY.

Delphi, Ind.

S. S. JONES—Dear Sir: What happened to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, that it failed to reach Delphi, Indiana, for April 6th? If you have any surplus copies of that number please send them. We regret very much to have a gap made in the Search after God, notwithstanding we know that the theological God has long since disappeared from the realm of truth. Allow us to say that over this way we heartily endorse the course of the JOURNAL toward the Woodhull & Co. movements, and we do not want an "Aaron's calf" to lead us.

Yours truly, ISAAC JACKSON.

We regret that the JOURNAL failed to find its way to Delphi. Uncle Sam's mail institution is a magnificent affair, and yet, like all other institutions and mortals, subject to mistakes. Our friends will oblige by advising us whenever a like mistake is discovered. We desire every subscriber to get every number of the JOURNAL. We print enough extras to supply in all cases, if called for in due time.—ED. JOURNAL.

Explanatory.

EDITOR RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: Please allow me to explain that I did not intend any injustice to Mrs. Waisbroker by my neglect to review her book. She has guessed why I was *slow* to do so, but uncontrolable circumstances are my reasons for not having done so at all.

In the first place I left Cleveland to fill an engagement, and soon after gave up my position on the paper. The book being worthless to me, I did not feel that I ought to send the money for it after Mrs. Waisbroker neglected to get it from the office, and as it was packed at Cleveland, and my goods have not been opened yet, I could not have sent it to her without much trouble.

Yours, E. S. WHEELER.

Which the Human and which the Brute?

The Dubuque (Iowa) *Telegraph* vouches for the following horse story: On Monday evening last, a man, whose name we could not learn, was seen wending his way up Julien avenue, leading a mare by the bridle. He was badly intoxicated, so much so that he staggered, and it was sometimes more than he could do to maintain his equilibrium. The mare kept a close watch on his motions, and whenever he came near falling the mare would grab his coat collar between her teeth and hold him up. She did so no less than a dozen times in the presence of several interested spectators. The drunken man fell down in the street once, but no sooner had he done so than the animal grabbed the back of his coat and set him on his feet again. When a little beyond McNulty's house, the owner of the mare met an acquaintance of his who was also drunk. They engaged in conversation, and while talking bumped against each other, and the man first alluded to fell. He was immediately picked up by the mare, and, just as soon as she had finished her job, she turned around and let her heels fly in a savage manner at the man who knocked her master down. Fortunately her heels missed the mark.

Some think horses have no immortal souls. The *Philosophy of Life* tends to a different conclusion.—[ED. RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Voices from the People.

NEW YORK.—Bro. John W. Orr, managing editor of the "American Odd Fellow," writing says: "I trust you are doing well. You certainly get up a good readable paper, and deserve a liberal patronage."

SALAMANCA, MICH.—L. Woolman writes.—If you know of any medium coming out this way be sure and have them stop here at Price's hall, and he or she will be paid well for services rendered.

FREEMONT, OHIO.—J. C. Gill writes.—Spiritualism is just waking up here. A Mrs. Shaw is lecturing every other Sabbath. She is an eloquent speaker, and is creating quite an interest in Spiritualism here.

SABINE PASS, TEXAS.—C. C. Ketchem writes.—Why don't some of the good mediums come to Texas and travel through eastern Texas? I think they would do good. I would give much to hear E. V. Wilson lecture and give tests.

ORAMEL, N. Y.—G. W. Carpenter writes.—I wish some good test medium would come along here and enlighten the people, for they are truly in darkness. E. V. Wilson came within twelve miles of us, and wife and I went to hear him at Friendship. I like him much.

FORT PLAIN, N. Y.—D. Potter writes.—I have recently found a few copies of your paper, and I frankly confess, my entire train of thought religiously, has been changed. It opens up new and important fields for thought, and an intuitive desire for further research, and investigation presents itself.

W. MITCHELL, IOWA.—A. L. Clark writes.—Having occasion to visit my friends, I found with their list of papers the JOURNAL, and after examining its contents, I pronounced it to be very interesting. It is the first spiritual paper I ever saw that claimed my attention enough at least to induce my subscription.

OSAGE, IOWA.—B. F. Akin writes.—All praise and honor to the glorious enlightenment found on the pages of your good JOURNAL, Bro. Jones, and may all who help fill it continue in its blessed work, like beacon lights in the storms of superstition, guiding poor drifting souls into a safe harbor, is the earnest soul-prayers of one who is with you heart and soul in this work.

NEW ALBANY, IND.—M. T. Edwards writes.—It may not be uninteresting to you to say to all candid investigators, that the truths of Spiritualism exist for all who may go about it earnestly, and honestly seeking for facts, and facts only. I am most happy to say, that I am developing into a very good medium—without the aid or association of mortals, having obtained my knowledge at my own house—at home, and entirely alone.

Your example is worthy of imitation. Let people hold circles—say from four to twelve—twice a week regularly, and as nearly the same persons as possible, the result will be the development of fine mediums through whom *dear ones in spirit-life* will give you communications of rare merit and consolation.—[ED. JOURNAL.

KEELER, MICH.—J. Reamer writes.—We are to have a meeting the first Saturday and Sunday in May, at Hartford Center, then I shall try and do something for the JOURNAL. I think it the best paper in the world, and will not do without it so long as I can pay for it. I cannot do without soul food, and the JOURNAL is always filled with that which feeds the soul, and encourages us to work for the good there is within us. God bless you Bro. Jones, for your boldness in advocating the truth. May the angels bless you, is my earnest prayer.

HORICON, MINN.—A. R. Town writing says.—We have borrowed the JOURNAL this last winter from Cyrus Simons, and I never have heard or read anything that settled my disturbed mind to equal it. But there is still one more great question in my mind: I have yet got to see or hear the first spirit that is out of the body. I don't know anything about how many it is going to take to form a circle. If it wants more than three or four, I doubt if we can get enough to form one around here.

One alone with patience and perseverance will be developed to a fine phase of mediumship. Our Associate Editor, J. R. Francis, was developed in that way. For more than eighteen months he sat alone two evenings in each week for that purpose. He is now an excellent *inspirational* medium. Three, four, and up to a dozen, if all equally intent for development, betters the magnetic conditions for spirit control.—[ED. JOURNAL.

DECATUR, MICH.—H. Brown writes.—The JOURNAL failed to make its appearance last week, and I feel as though some member of the family was missing. Please send the first number for April. We have a goodly number here that have accepted the glorious truths of our philosophy, and many more are beginning to appreciate its sublimity and its elevating influences. We are not quite strong enough to keep up meetings, so we patronize the Universalist society—and hear many noble truths proclaimed by that people, with occasionally a lean streak of orthodoxy interspersed, but we hope soon to have meetings of our own.

N. BENNINGTON, VT.—E. A. Walbridge writes.—Here comes another hungry soul rapping at your door for admittance, and asking a share in the feast of fat things with which your table is spread. She is tired of peeping through the watery bars through which she entered the soul-prison of the old church; tired of the old musty rations dealt out to her there. She has been, for some time, feeding surreptitiously upon the rich fruits and viands sent all over the land from your table, and now she wants a seat, a plate and cup all her own. It needs but a very little of our royal food to develop her already pure and beautiful spirit into an angel this side of the "Evergreen Shore."

We welcome the hungry one, and trust that the energizing mental food of the JOURNAL may be the nourishment most desired for the growth and development of her spirit into lovely attainments of angelhood. Thank you, sister.—[ED. JOURNAL.

MORELEY, MO.—B. S. Curd writes.—I hope that Spiritualism is not all a humbug, for I have been deeply interested in it, and have come to the conclusion that if there is no religion in it, that we have none on earth. We would like to have some man that is pure, true, and honest, to come to our town to lecture; and if Spiritualism is what your paper has said it was, and the lecturer could prove it to be so, it would be a great many dollars in your favor. The people here have never had a lecture from any person on that subject, and a good lecturer could do a great good by coming here—that is, if it is no humbug; but if there is no truth in it, we, as a matter of course, would rather he would stay away.

My brother, we take no exceptions to your desire for truth, purity, and honesty. But remember that the aspirations, *unaccompanied with positive doubt and incredulity* will prepare conditions for *spirit communion*. Of the Nazarene it is said: "He did there no mighty works because of their unbelief."—[ED. JOURNAL.

BOWLING GREEN, Ky.—Col. W. D. Given writes.—The JOURNAL is an excellent paper. Its eclectic contents do much to promote the welfare and improvement of humanity, and arouse aspirations which shall go forth toward all that is true, beautiful and good. My idea of Spiritualism is, that it is *true holiness*. True Spiritualism establishes the fact that marriage is the holiest union,—the most sacred blending of *souls*, and inviolate relationship of life, and reveals the underlying and important facts of the physiology of marriage, by which the true reformation of the world is to, and can only, be accomplished; untrammelled souls, grander attainments, and more perfect physical beauty, through the divine instrumentality of purer birth. Honor to you, Bro. Jones, for your defense of truth against the Woodhull faction and the sensualists who would fain cover their nefarious indulgences and wicked inclinations with the stainless mantle of Spiritualism.

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LORENZO MEEKER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

I hereby certify that I have used tobacco over twenty years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has effectually destroyed my appetite or desire for tobacco.

DAVID O'HARRA.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 15th, 1871.

I have used tobacco between fourteen and fifteen years. About two months since, I procured a box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. It has cured me, and I feel perfectly free from its use. Have no desire for it.

F. H. SPARKS.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 25th, 1871.

I have used tobacco, both chewing and smoking, about twelve years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has cured me and left me free, with no desire or hankering for it.

GEORGE A. BARKER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

Mr. R. T. Wyman, of Waukau, informs me that he has used one box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. Inclosed find two dollars. Please send me a box,

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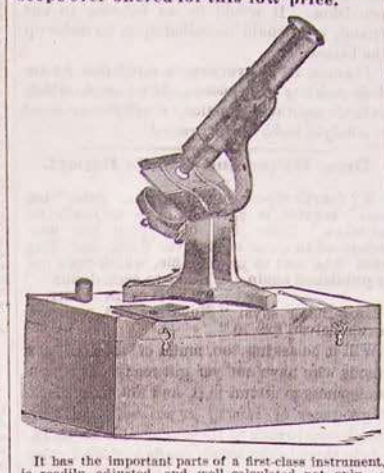
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Neuralgia, P, 2,137: Dyspepsia, P, 2,974; Asthma, P, 2,215; Catarrh, P, 967; Chills and Fever, P & N, 2,418; Rheumatism, P, 1,578; Painful Menstruation, P, 1,497; Suppressed Menstruation, P, 934; Female Weaknesses, P, 1,561; Fever, P, 2,986; Amaurosis (Blindness), N, 63; Coughs and Colds, P, 1,779; Heart Disease, P, 483; Diarrhea, P, 1,114; Headache, P, 1,841; Dysentery, P, 1,246; Liver Complaint, P, 760; Pains and Aches, P, 961; Deafness, N, 83; Bronchitis, P, 325; Piles, P, 218; Cholic, P, 112; Worms, P, 380; Inflammations, P, 971; Paralysis, P, 74; Acidity of the Stomach, P, 324; Earache, P, 406; Toothache, P, 375; Flatulence, P, 265; Hysteria, P, 84; Diptheria, P, 98; Spermatorrhœa (Seminal Weakness), P, 1,461; Erysipelas, P, 962; Constipation, P, 296; Loss of Taste and Loss of Smell, N, 32; Nervousness, P, 872; St. Vitus' Dance, P, 23; Disease of Prostrate Gland, P, 63; Sciatica, P, 32; Sleeplessness, P, 1,469; Tumors and Cancers, P, 28; Failing of Womb, P, 317; Involuntary Urination, N, 18; Influenza, P, 276; Dumb Ague, P & N, 581; Scrofula and Scrofulous Sore Eyes, P, 875; Typhoid and Typhus Fever, N, 434; Kidney Disease, P, 571; Miscellaneous Diseases, such as Fever Sores, P; Sore Eyes, P; Convulsions, P; Fits, P; Diabetes, P; Cholera, P; Cramps, P; Consumption P; Croup, P; Diseases of the Skin, P; Gout, P; Insanity, P; Jaundice, P; Threatened Abortion, P; Quinsy, &c.—823.

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and that it was composed by Samuel, Jeremiah, and other prophets, from 1100 to 624 B. C.

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The Lyceum Guide.

A COLLECTION OF

SONGS, HYMNS, AND CHANTS,

LESSONS, READINGS, AND RECITATIONS,

Items of Interest.

—Brother W. N. Bryant, of Austin, Texas, called on us this week.

—Ben Todd can be addressed, for a short time, at Elgin, Illinois.

—Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook is engaged to lecture in Louisville, Ky., during May and June.

—Prof. Owen, in a recent article, says: "Physiology can affirm no other than that bipeds enjoying(?) 800 years of life could not belong to our species."

—W. W. Broom, recommended by Wendell Phillips, offers his services to lecture on "Woman's Rights." Address, Rochester, Loraine Co., Ohio.

—Dr. Kayner, of St. Charles, although not entirely recovered from the effects of his railroad accident, is able to practice his profession and lecture.

—"Helen Harlow's Vow," by Lois Walsbrooker, is incomparably superior to "Hedged In," which has had a sale of many thousand copies.

—We are much gratified to notice the increased demand for that very entertaining and instructive work, "The Voices." Each season shows a larger sale than the one preceding.

—The insane in the Surrey County Asylum, England, have been treated to a course of private theatricals, with excellent results. The patients were spectators, not performers.

—James Foran, M.D., of the Hygeian Home health institution of Florence Heights, New Jersey, is now lecturing on Spiritualism. Permanent Address: Hygeian Home, Florence Heights, N. J.

—Charlotte E. Ray, graduate of the Howard University Law School, has been admitted to practice in the courts of the District of Columbia, and is the first female lawyer admitted to the bar of Washington City.

—R. Augusta Whiting, sister of our lamented brother, A. B. Whiting, lectures during May in Albany, New York. She is a most estimable lady, and a good inspirational speaker.

—Thos. Doney, Jr., of Elgin, Ill., son of Thos. Doney, the well known artist, met with a terrible accident in Iowa, last week by being drawn under a locomotive tender, losing one hand, and possibly both, beside other injuries.

—Bro. Morgan: If you will read the "Bible in India," "The Question Settled," "The Science of Evil," by Joel Moody, "Criticism on the Theological Idea of Deity," and Pattie's "Arcana of Nature," you will be able to discuss with credit to yourself all the questions you mention.

—The *Chronicle*, published at Elmwood, Illinois thus sums up the net results of the winter's revival at Bateman's Schoolhouse: Five supposed "converts," sixty-three bad colds, nineteen young ladies refuse any longer to obey their mothers, the minds of fourteen boys more or less corrupted, and one hundred and twenty-three flirtations.

—Stringer, once a Radical Senator in the Georgia Legislature, now living at Gainesville, lost his wife recently, and married again, six days after her death. He commenced the honeymoon by chastising his better-half, who thereupon returned to her *pater*. Stringer now has a board on which the words "Come home, come home, dear wife!" are painted, nailed to his front fence, but Mrs. Stringer "can't see it."

—An incident occurred at the residence of John House, near Marshall, Ill., last Thursday, that almost equals the days of supernatural events. A small child of Mr. House was lying at the point of death, when he suddenly revived. Directly after the child revived, a flash of lightning passed through the room and was immediately followed by a bright or whitish object, about the size and shape of a dove with expanded wings. It moved to the bed on which the child was lying, and for a few moments hovered over the child, and then disappeared. In about fifteen minutes the child expired.

—The attention of our Chicago readers is especially invited to the advertisement of the Illinois Humane Society. Its object all will commend. The Society merits and should receive the earnest active, co-operation of every citizen. Mr. Sharp is a noble-hearted, energetic man, who devotes much time and talent to render the society efficient, receiving no pecuniary consideration therefor. All should esteem it a duty and pleasure to aid him in every way to do away with the cruelty that is constantly practiced in this city upon dumb brutes, and particularly on that noblest and most useful of them all, the horse.

—The twenty-fourth anniversary of modern Spiritualism has come and gone—celebrated with appropriate exercises at Apollo Hall in this city. One year more, and Father Time will have rounded out a quarter century from the date of the Rochester knockings. Of course *that* anniversary will be garnished with a festival. We suggest, in advance of the celebration, that a number of representative Spiritualists, who have the prosperity of their religion at heart, should use the occasion for giving to the world a valuable historical and scientific report of previous and existing phenomena, accompanied with testimony, explanation, and elucidation, all put together in such a shape as to challenge the world's attention and judgment. The scientific men of England are doing something on *their* side of the water to get at the truth of this singular and mystical subject. Why not compel their learned brethren on *our* side to do the same? Let us have an investigation that shall be worth something—"an opinion as *is* an opinion.—*Golden Age.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Galaxy, for May, opens with a touching story by Katharine S. Macquoid, the author of "Patty," one of the most delightful of recent English novels.

"Historic Lovers," by Junius Henri Browne, presents to us the loves of prominent characters in history, and incidentally shatters the popular version of the story of Abelard and Heloise.

"The Arabs at Home," is another of the sharp and incisive characterizations of foreign peoples which Albert Rhodes is furnishing the *Galaxy*.

Space forbids further mention of many articles worthy of note.

Littell's Living Age, for April 13th, contains many articles of deep interest, taken from standard English periodicals. We can only mention "The Secret Policy of the Vatican"; "The Story of the Tichborne Case"; "Sir W. Gull on Physiological Intervention."

The Michigan Freemason, published monthly at Kalamazoo, Mich., is a valuable periodical for members of the fraternity, and of interest to all.

Wood's Household Magazine claims to have more than doubled its circulation under the editorial management of Gail Hamilton. The last number is full of fine reading.

The Eclectic Magazine for May is at hand, and presents the usual valuable selections from the leading foreign periodicals. It is embellished with a fine steel portrait of Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State.

Scribner's Monthly. The May number is a superb one, and commences the fourth volume. We cannot show our appreciation better than by endorsing the following extract from the publishers' notice:

"With this number of the monthly we begin the fourth volume; and while it would be pardonable to refer to the past, and call the attention of our readers to the steady improvement of the magazine since it appeared, a year and a half ago, we shall not do so further than to offer the past as a pledge for the future. To the great multitude who have learned to greet the coming of every number of the monthly with loving interest, it is pleasant to say that it was never so prosperous as now, and is surely winning its way to a success that will equal its ambitions and answer their own kind wishes. Even its present position, so suddenly won, is recognized as an achievement unprecedented in the history of magazine literature in this country."

Scribner & Co., New York.

Spiritual Convention.

The second quarterly convention of the New Jersey State Association of Spiritualists and friends of progress will be held in Jersey City, on Wednesday, May 8th, commencing at 10 o'clock A.M., and holding three sessions.

A cordial invitation is extended to all interested in the great reforms of the day, especially those designing to attend the People's Reform Convention in New York, May 9th and 10th. Name and place of hall, and names of speakers, will be given next week, and bills posted in Jersey City at the proper time.

ELLEN DICKINSON.

Understand Distinctly

That we do not discontinue sending this paper to subscribers when the time is up for which payment has been made.

If any one wants to have it discontinued, let him or her give distinct notice to that effect, and if anything is due remit the same along with the notice. These are the terms on which subscriptions are taken, and we are thus emphatic that there may be no misunderstanding upon the subject.

Justice demands that renewals shall be made as soon after prepayments have expired as subscribers can without great inconvenience do so.

Three months trial subscribers *are not* entitled to come in for a renewal under the $1.50 provision. It would be an *injustice* to our friend, who would be called upon to make up the balance.

Friends, let us ever bear in mind that we are *daily painting a life-picture.* If we are so selfish as to do another injustice, *it will forever stand as a baleful blotch on life's record.*

Bros. Baker and Kent's Report.

My fourth report on the result of your "ten cent" request is $27.55 if I have made no mistakes. Your ten cent plan has now amounted to some cents over $136, including what was sent to you for me, which need not be published again. Thanks to each donor.

AUSTIN KENT.

Bro. Baker says: "Since my last report I have received $29.10."

Will it be asking too much of those of our friends who have not yet got ready (only from carelessness to attend to it, and not from a lack of goodness of heart,) to do so, enclosing a *single dime* to each of these venerable brothers, to help them to the *simple comforts of life during their few remaining weary days?* Both are unable to do the least thing for their support. Both are veterans in the cause of Spiritualism. Both have done noble work in the field of reform, for the last forty years. Address Austin Kent, Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y. Joseph Baker, Janesville, Wis.

Just *now* is the time to do a good deed—just *now* when you read this—no matter if you don't write a word—just enclose the dime in an envelope and address one to each. Pardon us for being so much in earnest. We would not ask you to do so if the best impulses of our nature did not prompt us.

A Good Head of Hair Restored by Spirit Prescription.

A few weeks since we published a letter from M. K. Smith, Esq., one of the most prominent men of Springfield, Mo., giving an account of his long continued baldness, his trials with restoratives and failures, until at last, seeing the advertisement of Mrs. A. H. Robinson, the great healing medium, he thought he would try the power of the spirits in the case of baldness. He did so. He got a prescription and remedy from her, which in less than one year gave him a full, fine head of dark brown hair, a sample of which he sent to this office. Being so elated at the result of his first trial of *spirit-power*, he concluded to answer all correspondents upon the subject. Here is what he says in regard to the letters of inquiry he receives upon the subject:

SPRINGFIELD, MO., April 16, 1872.

S. S. JONES—Dear Sir:—I am receiving letters from all quarters in regard the restoration of my hair, and nearly all fail to enclose stamps, but so far I have answered them all, and advised them to write at once to Mrs. A. H. Robinson, 148 Fourth avenue, Chicago, Ill., telling them that the prescription for my case would, in all probability, not suit their cases.

My case (my new head of hair) is preaching an important sermon to skeptics here.

Yours Truly,
M. K. SMITH.

Mrs. Robinson desires us to say that Mr. Smith's statement is true. Each case must be diagnosed by a lock of hair, or in case the hair has all fallen off, by a letter, or other writing, or something worn by the person desiring treatment. Her remedies in such cases *never fail when perseveringly followed*, no matter how long the person may have been bald. Those whose hair is getting thin will find immediate relief from her remedies. Terms, diagnosing and remedy, five dollars.

One of Thousands of Cures.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON—Dear Friend: I am a Spiritualist, and a reader of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Have noticed your advertisement for diagnosing and healing diseases. I am very much troubled at times, and have been for several weeks, with an affection of the throat and lungs. Respiration is very much suppressed. Cough a good deal and raise nothing.

I am a farmer by occupation. My age is fifty-eight years.

And now, if you can see more fully what ails me, and the cause of my complaint, and send to my address a prescription that will cure me, I shall be very grateful to you. Inclosed find $3 00.

Yours Respectfully,
WILLIAM STACKHOUSE.

East Cambridge, Ill., March 22, 1872.

Mrs. Robinson diagnosed and prescribed for the case and here follows a report of the result:

MRS. ROBINSON—Dear Sister: Your letter, prescription and directions for my treatment, were received in due time. And it is now two weeks since I commenced taking your prescription, and I am happy to say that it has worked on me like a charm. I commenced to get better as soon as I began to take it—my cough stopped, the soreness in my throat was healed, and my appetite for food became good, and I gained strength right along. And to-day I am well. Please accept my thanks and gratitude to yourself, and the angels that control you, for my speedy recovery.

Yours Fraternally,
WM. STACKHOUSE.

East Cambridge, Ill., April 18, 1872.

R. BOLTON, Magnetic Healer, will visit Morris, Ill., April 30th, and will cure disease by electro-magnetism. Will answer calls to lecture.

THE DAYS OF MIRACLES
Not Yet Passed.

To the Editor of the Patriot:

We have been convinced for a long time that Atchison was taking many strides ahead of her sister towns in many things, and that success was written upon her banner, and our hearts have been made glad at her prosperity. And now it seems, among her other good things, such as good *ministers*, good doctors and lawyers, we have a good Electro-Magnetic Doctor and *healer* whose success in this place is beyond doubt or dispute, and we hope a generous public and a free and enlightened press will do him justice; not because he is a stranger to us turn a cold shoulder to him. Remember how our pattern Judge commanded us to treat those who come in that sacred name. We learn that Dr. P. B. Jones has in his possession several affidavits of persons whose cases were considered hopeless. Let the sick and afflicted give him fair treatment, as he has already given the public sufficient evidence of his skill as a healer of the sick. So says a citizen of Atchison.

Here is a copy of the original affidavit:

No. 1.

Testimony of Mrs. Elizabeth Starr, of Atchison City, Kansas.

This is to certify that my daughter, Martha D. Starr, seventeen years of age, was violently attacked last December by the St. Vitus' Dance. I called in one of our best physicians in the city, who treated her about four weeks, my daughter meanwhile sinking to a worse condition, till she was so frightfully afflicted that we began to lose all hope of her recovery. She seemed to have lost all control of her limbs, muscles, and mind, her brain being paralyzed.

She could neither stand, nor sit, nor lie in bed without being watched, her jerking was so severe. Her extremities were constantly cold. The muscles of her body were rigid and stiff, and those on the side of the neck were terribly swollen. She frantically rolled her eyes in every direction, ground and gritted her teeth, and bit her tongue into bloody slips; no action of the bowels. The surface of her body was as rough to the touch as a piece of sand-paper. Such was the fearful condition of my daughter on the 21st of February, 1872, when I took her, as our last hope, to consult with Dr. P. B. Jones, the Electro-Magnetic Healer, who had just arrived in Atchison. Upon a diagnosis of her case, Dr. Jones ascertained that not only was her brain paralyzed, but that she had the lock-jaw, and that there was a conjuted state of the stomach, liver, and intestines, with severe inflammation of the kidneys and bladder, and gave us no hope, but if requested he would make the effort to help her, but promised nothing. I at once put her under his treatment; it is now only six weeks since he took her in charge, and I consider my daughter entirely cured, and am deeply grateful to Dr. Jones, the Electro-Magnetic Healer, for sympathizing with the afflicted everywhere, I make this my affidavit, hoping that the suffering and diseased will call upon the doctor and be healed likewise. ELIZABETH STARR.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of April, 1872. W. MILLS, Notary Public.

No. 2.

Testimony of M. D. Sarritte.

CITY OF ATCHISON, State of Kansas.

This is to certify that I, M. D. Sarritte, have been an invalid for the last four years, suffering severely from a disease called by some physicians Liver Complaint, by others Heart Disease. I have been treated almost constantly by the regular medical professors, but received no benefit from their treatment, but sinking to a more feeble state of health all the while, till I had lost all hope of recovery. My suffering has been so intense for the last two years that I was too feeble to earn my daily bread, or even to do a slight day's work of any kind. But when Dr. P. B. Jones, the Electro-Magnetic Healer, came to Atchison, I called on him for consultation. He pronounced my disease Dropsy of the Heart, and said he could cure me. My health commenced improving with the first day's treatment. I have been under his care now only five weeks. All fullness and depression, that has given me so much trouble about the region of my heart for the last four years, has entirely left me, and I can breathe as full and free as ever I could, and sleep soundly, which has not been the case since I was first attacked by my disease. My general health I find so much improved every way that the last week I have been hard at work; I can now earn my own living, and can do as good a day's work as any man; and for the restoration of my health, I must give credit to Dr. P. B. Jones, the Electro-Magnetic Healer. M. D. SARRITTE.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1872. W. MILLS, Notary Public.

No. 3.

Testimony of Mrs. Mary Craycraft.

CITY OF ATCHISON, Kansas.

This is to certify that I, Mary Craycraft, have been suffering for the last three years from Pulmonary Disorders and Liver Complaint. I have been treated at different times by two or three of our best physicians, but with comparatively no success. I had a terrible cough, and both my breast and lungs were so sore that I could scarcely breathe. In the early part of last winter my other attending physician told me that I could not live six months. I was in this hopeless condition up to February, 1872, when Dr. Jones, the Electro-Magnetic Healer, came to Atchison City. After reading his advertisement, I resolved to make one more effort to regain my health. Upon consultation with Dr. Jones, and a careful diagnosis of my disease, he decided that I was laboring under Pulmonary Consumption, and said he could cure me. I at once put myself under his care, and commenced improving with the first day's treatment. It is now just six weeks since I placed myself under his charge, and my general health is better than since my first attack. The soreness in my chest has left me, my cough ceased, and my whole system is so far renovated that I can do all my own housework, though unable to do so for the last two years. MARY CRAYCRAFT.

Sworn to and subscribed before me the 4th day of April, 1872. W. MILLS,
Justice of the Peace and Notary Public.

The above affidavits were copied from the originals in this office.—*Atchison (Kansas) Patriot, April* 11th.

Those desirous of corresponding with this wonderful Healer should address *DR. P. B. JONES*, Box 315, ATCHISON CITY, KANSAS.

For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

ILLINOIS HUMANE SOCIETY,
599 Wabash Ave.,

WM. H. SHARP, *Secretary.* **Chicago.**

[CHAPTER 25, SECTION 7, OF CITY ORDINANCES.]

"If any person shall inhumanly, unnecessarily, or cruelly beat, injure, or otherwise abuse any dumb animal, or overload any team, or expose any calves or sheep upon the streets or sidewalks with their legs tied, he shall be subject to a fine of not less than five dollars nor exceeding twenty dollars in any case."

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Wealthy Spiritualists sympathizing with this movement are hereby earnestly solicited to contribute donations, or take shares in this project.

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v12n1-13t

Hark! Everybody Should Listen to

THE VOICES;
Three Poems,

VOICE OF NATURE, VOICE OF A PEBBLE,

VOICE OF SUPERSTITION.

WITH A FINELY EXECUTED STEEL-PLATE PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR,

WARREN SUMNER BARLOW.

It would be difficult to speak too highly of this work, which is passing through the fourth large edition with every prospect of becoming a standard work which every intelligent reader must own and be familiar with. The work contains food for all. The Philosopher peruses page after page with increasing zest and wonderment, finding therein new ideas, sound logic, and the most elevated reason, dressed in elegant and beautiful or sharp and pungent language, as the theme requires. The devout Religionist can here find new and sublime ideas of his "Heavenly Father," while the fabulous God of Old Theology is held up in all his hideous deformity.

The work clearly shows MAN has ever made a GOD in HIS image, and has conceived him to be in harmony with his (man's) own development. Hence, when man saw only through his own nature, his God was bloodthirsty and combative. These ideas are best expressed on page 165.

It seems that every creed or tribe of earth,
Conceives a god, and gives him form and birth,
Possessing all the traits of every tribe;
Thus while portraying God, *themselves* describe;
And as they each advance in reason's light,
And have more just conceptions of the right,
A god of like improvement then appears,
Reflecting still their passions, loves, and fears;
Then let us turn from that benighted age,
When God, a jealous God, was fired with rage;
And may diviner wisdom from above,
Expand our souls to see a God of love.

High authorities assert that some of the most difficult questions have been rendered plain in this remarkable book. For instance, the sovereignty of God and the free agency of man are for the first time reconciled. Read the following, on pages 25 and 26:

That God ordained the whole is understood
To ultimate in universal good;
Yet hath no less decreed that man shall be,
Within a *given sphere*, an agent free;
As fishes well secured in globes of glass,
Are free within, though none without can pass;
While they, like us, look outward all around,
May often wish a larger range was found.
But highest wisdom hath ordained this plan,
To focalize the feeble powers of man;
Where each may freely choose a field of thought—
May grope in darkness or be wisely taught;
Where all *will* learn, as laws are understood,
To harmonize with universal good.
Thus God ordained that every wayward soul
Should walk in wisdom's ways by *self-control.*
Hence man's free agency is not denied,
While God's grand purposes are glorified.

The sublimity of the first ten lines on page 16 has seldom been equalled:

Creation but one galaxy unfurls—
Jehovah's crown a diadem of pearls!
Each star-lit gem upon the whole depends:
The whole to each a needed influence lends:
Each orb, an aggregate of countless grains;
Each grain a key, a ponderous arch sustains;
Destroy but one, the boundless spheres will fall,
And tumble worlds to chaos, one and all;
Thus all are linked in Nature's endless chain—
The hand that forged them never wrought in vain.

The following is of especial interest to orthodox readers:

You must believe that men are all depraved,
And that but few of all mankind are saved;
Yet by God's cruel death, oh, strange to tell,
These few are thus released from endless hell;
For every creed declares all hope is vain,
If Christ, the Son of God had not been slain;
And yet I think no creed will dare deny
That Satan caused the Lord their God to die:
Thus it would seem that all who rest in peace,
May thank the Devil for their kind release!

From the above extracts a faint idea may be had of the merits of this work. But no advertisement or extracts can do it justice.

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BY HENRY GIBBONS, M.D.

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VOLUME XII. | S. S. JONES, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. | CHICAGO, MAY 11, 1872. | $3.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS. | NUMBER 8.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

Another Painting Medium.

[From Human Nature, (England.)]

Some forms of artistic mediumship are so extraordinary, that they cannot be credited without personal observation, or corroborative instances. But, when a number of similar results proceed from persons of different ages, positions, and degrees of culture, then the cumulative evidence becomes overwhelming, and those who may not have the opportunity of witnessing the phenomena, can, with safety, believe in the facts recorded.

The great interest which has been excited by Mr. Duguid's trance paintings, has recently been supplemented in the most extraordinary manner, by the performances of Charles Swan, a boy, fourteen years of age, nephew of Mr. Thomas Wilson, ironmonger, Market Square, Aylesbury. We shall allow Mr. Wilson to give an account of the developmet and history of the medium in his own words:—

The mediumship of my nephew commenced about six years ago in the following accidental manner:—He was suffering very much from toothache, and having read something of spiritualism, and healing mediumship, I said, in sport, to my wife, that I would try my healing powers on the boy. I accordingly placed one hand on his head, and with the other commenced stroking down his face on the side where the aching tooth was located. In a few minutes he dropped off to sleep, and I laid him on the sofa. In a short time I perceived his hand moving about in an extraordinary manner; but, having read Barkas' "Outlines of Spiritualism," (given me by a relative from Newcastle-on-Tyne,) I had made myself acquainted with some of the phases of mediumship—that of writing among the rest. I accordingly put a pencil into the boy's hands, and immediately there was written, "Let the boy alone; he is all right—Mary." I asked the lad what he meant, when he replied, through the pencil: "It is not the boy who is writing, but I, your sister, dead now about twenty-two years!" After he had lain on the sofa about two hours, his hand again wrote, giving me instructions how to awake him. I did so, and the first question the boy asked was, "Where is that lady who has been laying hold of my hand?" I desired to know what he meant; and he described the form, features, and every particular of outline, height and size of my deceased sister, as accurately as I could have done myself. The toothache had also vanished. Since that time, he describes the particular controlling spirit who influences his hand, as standing by his side, and placing one hand upon his. Though entranced, he knows that his hand moves about, but he cannot tell afterward whether he has been writing, drawing, or painting. After discovering his mediumship, I got a few friends to assist me from time to time in sitting at the table. One of these friends (Mr. Parker) has continued to sit with us very regularly from the first up to the present time. In this way, nearly all the various phases of mediumship have been produced—table moving, rapping, seeing spirits in the trance, and so on.

When his mediumship had continued about two years, he began to see spirits as he went about the house or town. I have known him to describe as many as six different spirits on his passage from the shop to the bedroom. I have seen a table in the parlor dance about very considerably, no one being nearer it than, at least, six feet. About two years ago he commenced to draw with the lead pencil, and produced very crude sketches, regularly for some time. Then strange-looking animals, with short descriptions, stating that they belonged to one or other of the planets. He attended school at Bexley Heath, for twelve months—part of 1870 and 1871. In the early part of last year he again sat at the table, and the drawing proceeded as before. Water-colors were then asked for, and a great many little things were done, getting better from day to day, until about May last, when oil colors were required. Since then, a list of pictures, fifty-one in number, have been produced.

A VISIT TO THE MEDIUM.

We visited Mr. Wilson during the early part of last month, and saw his collection. The sitting room is literally smothered with drawings and paintings in various styles, handsomely framed, in massive frames, and hung upon the walls in a very peculiar manner. This work has been all done by the boy while in a trance, and while the door was locked upon him. Some of the paintings are large, Turner's "Childe Harold" being four feet by two feet four; and no single person would like to take the task of hanging them unassisted. A painting of the human foot hangs horizontally close to the ceiling, ten feet high, and without any steps to reach it, except the furniture of the room. It is supposed to have been painted in that position, as it occupied several nights, and was seen in various stages, from day to day, in the same place in the ceiling. Some of the pictures are very striking—indicating great power of conception, though the treatment cannot be expected to be of the highest order.

At nine o'clock in the evening the medium puts on his painting costume, and prepares himself for the trance. We saw him entranced on our visit. He simply sits down in a chair before the easel, and leans his head back on a cushion, which is supported from behind. Mr. Wilson then places both his hands upon the medium's head, and with a few convulsive twitchings, he becomes at once unconscious. He cannot paint when strangers are present, and even not well in Mr. Wilson's presence, although he has seen the work going on. He can even write with difficulty while there is any stranger in the room. He wrote a few short sentences, one of which was to request us to leave the room. As soon as we did so, the door was locked from within, and the medium and the spirits were left to themselves, with a comfortable fire and a lamp. The principal controlling spirits say "good night," by raps of different degrees of loudness. John Wilson, who does the carpentering and framing of the pictures, gives three knocks, while Hogarth gives a whistle. Hogarth is a very jolly fellow, and, in concert with his fellow-spirit, John Wilson, often makes merry, far into the night. The thumpings and dancings are sometimes tremendous, and the tin whistle and concertina are sometimes played both together, showing that some powers are at work on the instruments beside the hands of the boy.

A number of pictures are in progress, by Sir Charles Eastlake and W. Hogarth. The former is engaged on portraits, and the latter is very characteristic in pen and ink sketches—one of which is a beadle. Others are equally comic in their treatment.

The medium comes out of the trance about four o'clock in the morntng, after which, he goes to bed, and sleeps until he has had sufficient rest. His leisure time is spent out of doors, in the open air; but, occasionally he goes into the trance again, during the day, for a short time. All his movements in this respect, are dictated by the spirits, who give instructions as to when he is to be entranced, and for how long. The spirits can entrance him themselves, by sitting for, perhaps, twenty minutes; but as it exhausts the power to do so, they requested Mr. Wilson to operate as described above.

Several spirits control the medium besides the painters; and their autographs have been given, as well as sketches—indicating their identity. (Lithographed illustration.)

Mary Wilson is the writing spirit, who gives all the instructions. William Wilson was a doctor, and used to carry a skull and crossbones depicted on a card, and fixed in the top of his hat. John Wilson was a carpenter, and does the framing, fixing, and other mechanical operations. H. Seymour was the son of a former employer of Mr. Wilson, who thus describes the symbol opposite that name:—"The £5 note in front of H. Seymour's signature, I consider an excellent proof of identity. The writer of that signature went to reside at Brighton for a time, and during his residence there he wrote to me to loan him £5. I did so, and the first time I saw him afterward he honorably returned it. I had forgotten the transaction until I read the meaning of the symbol drawn opposite his name, for I could not understand the meaning of it myself. The boy knew nothing of the transaction, as it had never been mentioned before him, or even brought to my mind, as the money was honorably paid to me, and I had therefore no longer need to entertain thoughts of the transaction."

Henry Argus was a relative of Mr. Wilson's, who used to tease him for a tin teapot, and in memory of the joke, he had it placed opposite his name. William Argus, another relative, was an undertaker, and proves his identity by the coffin. However, all of these signatures are recognized by Mr. Wilson and others, as genuine, and fac-similes of the writing produced while in earth-life, by the persons whom they represent.

Mr. Wilson has also had the signature of William E. Channing, who frequently writes lengthy communications; also, those of J. Wedgewood, Dr. Gall, Sir Isaac Newton, Cuvier, and Robert Hare. That of the latter is an exact fac-simile of Professor Hare's signature as appended to his engraved portrait; hence, it is not such a good test as the others, of which neither the boy nor Mr. Wilson had seen or known anything. On our visit to Mr. Wilson, we read communications in Cuvier's peculiar hand-writing; also, messages from Professor Hare, and essays on Phrenology and Mental culture by Dr. Gall. Sometimes during the night, as much as fifteen pages of foolscap of this writing will be given, in addition to the painting. At present, this writing has been so abundant that it has somewhat interfered with the painting. On the occasion of our visit, Mr. Wilson wrote some questions on a piece of paper, and in the morning they were answered by the spirit. They were kind enoagh to allude to our visit in pleasing terms, and added, that success would attend all our enterprises for the extension of Spiritualism.

The set of portraits of inhabitants of the planets are described at great length. Perhaps we may be permitted to give a special article on them at another time. Indeed, a great deal of explanation has been given at various times, which is all carefully preserved in a series of books.

On the morning after the little copy of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage was produced, it was found written, "Mr. Turner has been doing a little painting. When you go to London, he wishes you to take it with you to the National Gallery, and compare it with one which is on view there."

Mr. Wilson tried in vain to get the name of the picture, but no further information was afforded him, so he had no alternative but to take his picture to London, and see whether his spirit communications were a hoax or the truth. At that time he had not received so many tests as now, and his faith was necessarily not so strong. Accordingly, he came to London, and brought the small picture with him, and on looking over the Turner collection, he at once found the original, the copy of which, done by the medium, was found to correspond with it exactly in every particular, even to a dead branch that appears among the foliage of the tree in the foreground.

Whilst Mr. Wilson was verifying this picture, he discovered another, entiled "Crossing the Brook," which the boy medium had faithfully reproduced in like manner. Thus, Mr. Wilson thoroughly confirmed the truthfulness of the spirit communications as he was entirely ignorant of the existence of such pictures until he verified the statement of the spirits by examining the originals in the National Gallery.

Such is only a slight view of this wonderful instance of mediumship. Quite a number of pieces are now on hand, but the spirits do not permit the paintings in progress to be looked at. At one stage of development, a number of chalk and crayon drawings were produced. The portrait of Dr. Robert Ceeley, a gentleman living in Alesbury, has also been painted, and is at once recognized by the greater proportion of those who see it, and know the gentleman. The medium is now engaged painting the spirit Mary Wilson, who departed this life upward of a quarter of a century ago.

Mr. Wilson states that he has had one instance of direct spirit writing, and about four years ago the boy wrote about twenty pages of poetry.

A great number of people have seen these paintings, and two eminent artists have likewise inspected them, and say they manifest many points of excellence.

The composition of the pieces are considered of a kind far beyond a school boy's conceptions, or, indeed, any but a painter of considerable ability.

Mr. Wilson begins to see spirit lights about the adjoining room, in the dark, and he told us of a great number of instances of psychological power, which are gradually manifesting themselves.

The works are done in quick time. The large copy of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage—four feet by two feet four inches, (half the size of the original in Turner's collection,) was done between the 14th and 24th of December last; and eight other smaller ones were done in the same time. Turner said he painted them to use the paint on his brushes after working on the large picture.

A REAL GHOST STORY.

It is not worth while to tell me that the spirits of the dead never walk this earth, to be seen by mortal eyes, after they have taken leave of their clayey tenements—I know better. Robert Dale Owen may write in favor of dead men coming back to visit the scenes of their mortal toils, and a thousand others may write against it; it's all one to me. I shall have my own opinion, until I try to come back myself, and can't, and it is proved to me, by the best authority of the spiritual world, that no one else can. You will say, I make no doubt, as my friends have always done, that my fears alarmed me, and that my excited imagination caused me to fancy I saw the person of my old friend, Dr. Fenton Atwick, and I heard his voice speaking to me, when I knew he was a crushed and mangled corpse, or you will conclude that I had been asleep. You will be equally mistaken in either hypothesis. In the first place, I was not a timid man. I never had been afraid of anything in the earth, air or sea. I had walked through lone burying-grounds, and by old churches, hundreds of times, in the dead of night, and no "Tam o' Shanter" visions had ever yet caused me to quicken my pace. I had been, all my life, a sturdy, hard-working person; so, no sick, puling fancies had haunted me through long, weary days of idleness. Working for twelve hours on a stretch, until you are wearied almost to death, and sleeping like a log for ten hours, is not conducive to romancing, nor did I wish it to be. I had no thought of writing novels, or even "ghost stories," in those days. I was a plodding chancery lawyer, never venturing to make a speech, but drudging, as I have said, for the clothes I wore, and the food by which life was kept in my body.

Dr. Fenton Atwick had moved to Darbytown ten years before. It was well he had an annuity to fall back upon, for there was no need of his diploma, or of any science here. He had had a case or so of "ague and fever," and sometimes in the autumn a few chills—nothing more. Strange that Dr. Atwick's should have been the first death. Alas, poor physician, thou wast "unable to heal thyself!" Our salubrious climate and bracing mountain air might brave every effort of miasma to find a victim amongst us. But accident—the creature of fate—how unforeseen, how impossible to guard against his treacherous dealings! The veriest invalid on earth was safer from that than hale, hearty Fenton Atwick.

I don't know how I got into a sort of reverie one evening—thinking of all our lives, and the popular idea that we all have a "mission" to perform. I was not given to such things. I should as soon have thought of joining an opera troupe—having no more idea of music than a steam engine—as turning metaphysician. But there I sat, looking out at my window on the giant mountains, which were ablaze with the golden aureola of the setting sun, with my pen behind my ear, and ponderous volumes of Coke all unheeded before me, asking myself, over and over again, of what avail my life had been to myself or others, and whither it was tending, until the light died too from the western sky, and the shadows of night or of death crept, darker and darker, into the room. "Pshaw!" I exclaimed, "I am as visionary as a child emerging from, or an old man going into, the realms of the unknown. Very soon we too will be dust, as our ancestors are—perhaps a part of that which the young man, who was galloping madly by but a few moments ago, sent curling into my window here, over my books into my very nostrils. And then our children (not mine, of course, as I am a bachelor, but other people's) will look out of this very window, as I am doing now, and wonder what they were made for, and whitherward they are tending. And they will find themselves—in the dark, as I am." I struck myself a sharp blow on the forehead, as if by this means I should effectually floor the goblin thoughts that were bewitching me; and drawing a parlor match across the green serge that covered my table, I lit my lamp and reopened my book. But, strange to say, I could not collect my thoughts.

"I am tempted," I muttered, "to go for Atwick and Fleet and Jones, and have a rubber at whist, for it seems I am determined to be at cross purposes with time this evening." I sprang up out of my chair as I concluded, for a heavy thud, sounding like the falling of a human body, struck distinctly on my ear. I glanced hastily around the room, and, as nothing was disturbed, listened for a repetition of the sound from without; but the silence was profound, and I took up my book again. A moment more, and I heard some one walking rapidly down the street. "It is some visitor to me, I hope." But no; the footsteps passed on. Then there came the sound of running feet—one, two, three separate persons going by. Then there was a hasty tread on my steps, and some one came up. I turned quickly as the door was pushed open.

"Ah, Fleet, it is you! I am glad to see you. Come in."

He did come in; and there was a ghostly look upon him, frightful to behold.

"Come, Jerry," he said, while his teeth chattered, "I have been sent to fetch you. A fearful accident has just happened. Dr. Atwick—"

"What?" I asked, while a shudder I thought to be moral ran through and through me.

"Is already dead, and, as I have told you, by an accident as horrible as it was unforeseen. Jones was with him in his office, and they had risen to come up here, when Atwick extinguished his lamp, and turning suddenly stepped out at the window, instead of the door, and fell upon the rocks below. He was a dead man when Jones got down to him."

"My God, how horrible!"

I was at the scene of the catastrophe in a few moments. And there, laid out already with the grim formalities of death. I gazed upon the dead body of my friend Atwick, whom I had beheld but a few moments before in the perfection of health—a mangled, bloody corpse, lying still upon the pavement, with a crowd of people gathered, like ghostly statues, in the twilight about it. Some of the men had already constructed a litter. I was requested, as I knew Mrs. Atwick, perhaps better than any one in the village, to hasten on before, and break the hideous truth to her as gently as I could. I shrank back appalled. Demurring and fearful, I should positively have declined this fearful duty of friendship, but for the temporary absence of our rector, and the necessity of speedy action in some one. The statement of a great writer that there is something not altogether unpleasant to us in the misfortunes of our dearest friends, is a rank libel upon even medium human nature. I should not have been more distressed if Mary Atwick, the woman to whom I was going on such an errand, had been my own sister. And yet my acquaintance with her was very slight. She was anything but a popular woman; she had mingled but little with the people of the village, and had thus remained without friends, while Atwick himself had been a universal favorite. I had visited his house on more social terms than any one else, I believe, and though I had never found her varying from a cold and haughty reserve, I had every reason to believe that Atwick was devotedly attached to her and his children. If, however, I had known it to be otherwise—if they had been to each other objects of mutual indifference, or sometimes even of aversion, should I not still have hesitated to break the quiet of a household with tidings of such death to one of its members? Yet I was so stricken with a dumb sort of amazement that I had realized nothing of my position, and had not a thought of what I was to say—even when I found my hand upon the gate of the yard inclosure. All at once, however, a sense of what I had come to do struck terror to my soul, and the same shudder I had experienced in my office thrilled me from head to foot. There were no lights about the house as I went up the gravel walk. But I thought some one had come on the same errand, as I saw the figure of a man going up the steps before me. I paused an instant on the threshold of the portico, waiting for the figure, with its back towards me, to lift the knocker to strike for admission, when the door flew open without a sound, and the person entering revealed to me—my God! the blood-stained features of Fenton Atwick himself!

"How, how!" I cried, "have you recovered sufficiently to get here before me, and alone?"

It moved toward the door of an inner room, beckoning me with its mutilated, bloody hand. And a voice that I should have known, without the words, belonging to nothing mortal, said slowly: "I am here, in the spirit, before you, Jerry; my body follows on space. Over it I have no further control. But that thou doest, do quickly, or poor Mary's heart will be broken."

I was still looking, when the figure vanished, as I knew it would, and I was again alone in the moonlight. Wandering, amazed, everything but frightened, I paused a moment in dumfounded bewilderment. There was no stronger emotion in heart or mind, than bitter, bitter sorrow for the woman up stairs, as I stepped back and gave a long, loud rap upon the door. A servant came to light the l mp in the hall, and admitted me. Mrs. Atwick came in a moment. Her face was whiter than the gown she wore, as she looked at me.

"I was at my window, up stairs, when I saw you come in the gate, with Dr. Atwick beside you. Tell me where he has gone."

I tried to speak to her, but I could not. My lips were still sealed, when all at once she went down on her knees, crying out that "he was dead." She asked no confirmation from me of the horrible truth that had come upon her. I never saw any creature go on as she did in my life, and I hope, in God's mercy, that I never may. When I spoke to her at last, she railed out at me "to be gone, and leave her alone, for I had murdered him!" I think her mind had entirely lost its balance. I knocked at the door of the next house, and bade the woman go to her, for I could do nothing. They had taken her up stairs when the heavy tramp of the men with the litter was heard without.

"He has shown no symptoms of returning consciousness, I suppose?" I said to Fleet.

"Consciousness! I should say not, when he was dead even before Jones lifted him from the earth," I was answered.

When the body was laid out—in spite of the horror that came over me in its presence—I looked at it. I knew that he was dead—as dead as you or I will be when we have slept under the sod for a thousand years. And yet I could not divest myself of the idea that there was a latent expression of consciousness about the face. I saw it through the congealed blood upon his temple—even after I had touched his brow with my fingers, and found it colder than the marble slab upon the table close at hand. No wonder they should tell me I was white and sick! Men have been as pale with far less cause.

They sent me home with a young fellow named Compton. He and I, and some others were to sit up the next night. I had not slept one wink when the day dawned again; but I was glad to walk about beneath the light of the sun, and be able to talk about the fearful accident with my fellow-townsman, though in so strange and subdued a voice. When the evening came I went back to the widowed house again. The horror of the thing seemed as fresh upon them all as on the evening before; and strong men sat in the shadow of this calamity, with eyes on which the mist of tears had gathered, ever and anon, and talked—if at all—in hushed whispers to each other.

It was the old-fashioned way, and we were sitting in the room with the corpse. It was considerably past midnight when I took a book from the little table, on which a pot of coffee had been placed, and began to read. Soon after this, three of the men proposed a walk; but, as Charley Fleet and Compton were to remain, I said nothing. I was still reading, as wide awake and as free from fear as I ever was in my life, when the same shudder I have spoken of twice before ran over me from head to foot, and froze the blood in my veins. The book dropped from my hands. I looked up, and saw Fleet and Compton both asleep in their chairs. I strove to call them, but my tongue refused to utter a sound. And again the low voice I had heard upon the portico came to me in low but distinct tones: "Hurry to the dispensary, or it will be too late; Mary is there. My spirit can no longer strive with her; it is departing from earth."

I turned my head with a fearful sort of attraction, toward the body. The sheet turned down and the face exposed to v The ghastliness of death was still there; the face looked at me!

"My God, Compton, look, look at that!"

He sprang to his feet in an instant.

"How did it happen? Where are they all? His wife must have been here while we were dozing."

I knew that I had never been further from sleep; but his voice reassured me, though he said he had heard nothing, and I rose hastily.

"Quick, to the dispensary!" He followed me in amazement to the little room in the rear of the house where Fenton Atwick had kept a supply of medicines, which he often distributed, gratis, to the hands of a factory, five miles down the river. I hastily pushed the door open, and beheld Mrs. Atwick standing by a desk.

As I sprang forward, she fell, face downward, on the floor. We lifted her to a sofa, but she was dead!

A phial of prussic acid was upon the desk.

Meridian, Mississippi.

BRO. JONES:—I have read the letter concerning Dr. Slade, which you were pleased to publish in the JOURNAL of the 20th inst. Great was my surprise soon after writing that letter, to learn that the Doctor's name is *Henry*, not Robert, as I understood. Making inquiry at a subsequent circle, I was informed that "Elder Boyd," as we call him, gave his own name as *Robert* Boyd, and Dr. *Henry* Slade.

Priding myself upon accuracy, it is almost impossible to believe that I made such an egregious error, but our spirit friends insist upon it, and I must yield, deeply regretting, however, that the test, as we consider it, was so marred. Respectfully,

JAS. S. HOWE.

Testimonial for Dr. Kayner.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—This is written as a faint expression of the deep gratitude I feel to Dr. Kayner, of St. Charles, Ill., who about one year ago found me in the shadowy regions bordering upon the dark domain of insanity. From excessive mental labor and excitement I was unconsciously sinking away, when the Doctor pointed out the danger ahead, and showed me a way of escape. I have been under his treatment ever since, and am fully restored, so that mental labor is again pleasant and safe.

To a fellow-sufferer I would earnestly say, try the skill of Dr. Kayner.

Respectfully,

REV. S. A. HOLT.

Belvidere, Ill.

Original Essays.

[John Brown Smith is open for engagements to give a course of independent lectures on the "Science of Human Life," in Pennsylvania or adjacent States, during the spring and summer. West during the fall, and South in the winter season. Engagements only made for one week in which eight lectures will be given, viz: "The Science of Human Life"; "Republican Government—its True Principles"; "Universal Suffrage"; "Temperance—its Moral, Legal, Physical, and Medical Aspects"; "Labor and Capital—their True Relations"; "Vegetarianism—in the Evolution of Man"; "Man—his Spiritual, Moral, Physical, and Social Nature"; "God—in the Science of Life." The First, Seventh, and Eighth Lectures embrace the subject of Spiritualism. Permanent address, 812 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.]

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF LIBERTY.

Philadelphia, The Spiritual Cause Here--Lectures, Their Strong Points--Mrs. Middlebrook, C. Fannie Allyn, E. V. Wilson, Nellie T. Brigham, Dr. Fairfield, Dr. H. T. Child, Mrs. Woodhull, Andrew Jackson Davis.

[From John Brown Smith, Our Traveling Correspondent.]

When the old bell of Independence Hall in this city, whose circumference is encircled by the prophetic and now famous motto, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof," pealed forth in solemn sepulchral tones, that the doctrine of Divine Right of Kings had been exploded, a magnetic thrill went up to heaven from the hearts of the people.

When Thomas Paine, inspired by the world of spirits, penned that immortal document, the "Declaration of Independence," which recognized the natural inherent rights of all mankind to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and its presentation before the old Continental Congress, caused a tremor of hesitation to palsy the stoutest hearts, until that immortal orator, Patrick Henry, with a sudden outburst of heaven's magnetic battery, carried everything by storm, when the child of liberty was born, which is destined by example to dethrone every monarch on earth, and trample under foot the Theology of popes and priests, until the whole universe shall be recognized in the conceptions of men as the grandest living exponent of republican principles.

The Spiritual movement was not first proclaimed from this city of Brotherly Love, but who of us in this age of innovations dare say that Spiritual science may not yet be wedded to all the sciences, and entirely divorced from religion, and that the despotic, aristocratic, Male-God of Theology will be dethroned and exploded, while men only shall recognize the father, mother, brother and sisterhoods of God, as exhibited in the benevolent, loving and sympathetic evolution of spirit through matter.

The divorce of Theological religion and self-government was consummated here, and would it not be prophetic, as well as eminently proper, that the divorce of Theological religion and science should be proclaimed throughout the universe unto all the inhabitants thereof, from this same sacred spot? If the signs of these liberal times mean anything, I have no hesitation in stating my repudiation as a prophet in making the statement that before the centennial anniversary of the divorce of Theology and government, a movement will be inaugurated in this city proclaiming that there is no religion in nature outside and independent of science.

SPIRITUALISM.

The society here, through the indefatigable and persevering efforts of Dr. H. T. Child and the working committee, has been successful financially, as well as in securing the best talent for the speaker's stand. They have lectures twice every Sunday, and occasionally throughout the week, at the hall, north-east corner of Broad and Springarden streets, and have almost always very large audiences. A very useful feature has been a free mediums' meeting every Sunday at 3 o'clock P. M. It is of common occurrence to have several meetings of mediums or speakers in various parts of the city. They are all doing a useful and much needed work.

As *lecturers* are public property as far as their services are concerned, I will give a brief synopsis of the strong points of each speaker who has filled our rostrum this season, in order to prompt societies to make a selection of speakers who have opposite and diverse elements of strength, and thus satisfy the developments of promiscuous audiences—an item too often overlooked in making selections.

Mrs. Kingman gave us a course of lectures of marked originality of expression and boldness of thought. She possesses a comprehensive mind that has the power of grasping more than one "hobby," and she infuses a startling magnetic halo into the minds of those who can appreciate her plane of thought; but to the recent investigator or those grappling with a few of the rudimental principles of the science of life she may seem vague, because she strikes out boldly beyond their depth.

Mrs. Middlebrook gave us a course of brilliant, effective and appreciative lectures. She has ability and magnetic power to hold an audience in wrapt attention, and will either strike while the iron is hot, or make it hot by the force of her persuasive powers.

C Fannie Allyn steps upon the stage with the appearance and actions of youth; but when speaking under control in the trance condition her whole demeanor is changed, and she gives a spice, breadth and grasp of mind to her subject equal to any of them, while she infuses her whole soul and earnestness into her discourse in a way to completely captivate the audience. An exceedingly interesting feature is her extempore rhyme upon subjects given by the audience; in fact she gives most of her lectures from subjects sent up by the audience.

E. V. Wilson, that positive iconoclast, who so well understands the frame-work of the Orthodox Bible that they do not relish his familiarity in the way of *center shots*. He is the very personification of indomitable will and pluck—a grand exponent of the doctrine of love as made manifest through might. A warm, generous soul ever shines out through the lion in his nature. His sharp, positive manner of giving tests or clairvoyant delineations of remarkable changes in life gives effect to his work in this direction. Hope that you may have more of such material in the West, as the hard blows are not all struck yet. Orthodoxy did not relish his style here, because he persisted in punching them in the tender places. He draws large audiences, and will insure financial success for a society.

Nellie T. Brigham is too well known for her quiet, modest manners, which always commends her to the audience, as well as the general satisfaction evinced by her effective arguments, yet so very tender about treading harshly on weak places that you are silently compelled to be your own surgeon, to cut away your own moral excrescences, while she stands by as a loving assistant. She is thorough in her analysis of a subject, and very effective as a speaker—a favorite with a Philadelphia audience.

H. T. Child, M. D., is the inspiring genius of the society here; and its present financial success is largely due to his persevering efforts and special adaptation for that position. He is the right man in the right place. He frequently lectures in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and is a sensible, effective speaker and writer for the Harmonial Philosophy.

Andrew Jackson Davis and wife made a visit of a few weeks to the city this winter and paid a visit to our "radical club" here, as well as other reformatory places. He is a young man to have written such a host of books on the Harmonial Philosophy, and his quiet, retiring, unobtrusive manner commends him as a fair, practical illustration of the philosophy he expounds. His literature has had a great influence in moulding the status of the Spiritual movement. If he could infuse more of science and less of the ideal into his writings in the future, he would hold a stronger place in reform literature. Mrs. Davis, his wife, is known as a very able advocate of woman's enfranchisement, as well as other reformatory movements of the day.

Dr. Fairfield is filling the rostrum for the society during April, and exhibits a wonderful power in the *mirthful* darts he shoots at the inconsistencies of Orthodoxy. He will request the audience to "go straight ahead for their own sake, and zigzag like Christians for Christ's sake," while action and expression gives an electrical effect not describable on paper, and the result is that the audience is frequently convulsed at his excellent hits. He spoke yesterday under the control of Lorenzo Dow upon the "He-God, the he-ministry, and the he-religion," making some excellent points against the "He-Principle" in the Bible.

Victoria C. Woodhull, President of the American Association of Spiritualists, also paid us several visits, speaking both here and in Camden, N. J., to immense audiences in her usual effective manner.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Progressive Communities.

BY J. W. EVARTS.

CHAPTER III.—SOCIOLOGY.

Sociology is that science which treats of the inter-affinity of mankind. In the abstract it reaches farther; it forms one continuous chain of dual relations from crystalized granite to the brightest seraphim of celestial life; every sensate and insensate form being a connecting link in life's social gradations, on its spiral pathway, from darkness into light.

If we take our alchemy, and go down into the crude realms of matter, we find every element with its fated counterpart, inherently indued with the momentum of attraction and repulsion. Take botany, zoology, and mythology, and the perfection in which the principles of duality exists, in all forms, is definite to the mind of every student. The principles of propagation, for certain special ends, is fixed with as careful precision in plants as in animals. Take the grape, as a test, and if you desire a variety combining certain qualities, seek two varieties—collectively containing the elements required, and by hybrication the results are certain. These facts are well sustained by natural science, and need no further proof.

It is on the dual relations of human souls, in their connection with vitalized matter, that I propose to throw light in this essay; and first, let me say, that while I may clear up some of the vagaries of both the past and the present, whatever credit or discredit I may give to individuals, or combinations of individuals, my single idea is to arrive at truthful deductions.

To be better understood, I will premise, by dividing the social problem into seven duplexions, representing Love and Wisdom, on the spiral path of progress, viz:

THE SOCIAL DUALITY.

1.—Self love,.....1.—Me-mentor.
2.—Sexual love,.....2.—Ami-mentor.
3.—Conjugal love,.....3.—Nupti-mentor.
4.—Parental love,.....4.—Philo-mentor.
5.—Filial love,.....5.—Fili-mentor.
6.—Fraternal love,.....6.—Frater-mentor.
7.—Celestial love,.....7.—Uni-mentor.

Man's social condition, *in esse, proceeds from* the predominant element, in relation with the subservient elements of his affectional structure, *in subserviency to* the predominant element in relation with the subservient elements of his intellectual structure; and these in relation with the affectional and intellectual standard of surrounding minds.

Men and women must be taken as we find them, and not as we fancy they should be. To seek for perfectly balanced affections or thoughts, in our present stage of planetary progress, would be an overreach of the designs of infinite wisdom, and leave us chasing shadows, while substances decide our folly. Then let me take the ruling passion, and the dominant thought, and follow them in their tendencies. To avoid complication, I will first analyze the affectional in relation to the intellectual; and in another chapter, the power of the intellectual over the affectional.

Man's affectional nature is readily divided into seven distinct elements, combining what is commonly termed the love-principle, or Love. To say "free-love," in present progress, or in any stage of progress where general harmony does not prevail in social and civil life, is simply supererogation of terms, and has no applicable meaning, so long as one of the seven elements of love is in anywise dominant over the others, or antithetical to a soul of harmonious proportions. In this age of the world, with the damp fogs of the lower propensities enveloping the earth, and with but few faint gleams of fraternal and celestial light penetrating the clammy darkness, while our planet is dripping with the baptism of wars, tumults, and famines of the centuries, "free-love" would signify freedom from restraint to the dominant passion, and to the dominant element of an undeveloped, unbalanced, selfish, calculating and conspiring intellect,—to advance, to shield, and to gratify, whichever of the first five elements of man's duality that may be predominant with the millions.

The seven elements of love, viz:—Self love, sexual love, conjugal love, parental love, filial love, fraternal love, and celestial love, truly and typically represent seven distinct periods of human history, viz: the granite age, the alluvial age, the herbial age, the sensate age, the human age, the spiritual age, and the harmonial age.

In a general sense, the first five of these periods are still in dominant existence, and eternally will be, somewhere, through the evolution of the universe, on the road from animal to man, from savage to civilized; and they only lose power as the human enters the spiritual, as the filial enters the threshhold of the fraternal.

Now let me trace the record of a characteristic race of people, the Hebrew, in its migrations up the mountains of progress, as far as it shows evidence of advancement, and follow the line through the Anglican nations:

1st.—From the dimmest trace of Hebraw history, to the birth of Moses, we behold the dark mantle of self-interest enwrapping every movement of this race. For self, a brother was killed, a world was drowned, cities were destroyed, a wife prostituted to intent, wars were waged, captives were outraged, plunder divided, babes murdered, and nations seized of their lands, and placed in bondage; the God of the period is the type of the jealous, hateful, grasping, conspiring, thieving, overbearing, and unrelenting instincts of self-love.

2d.—From the birth of Moses to the dawn of prophesy, we find another link added to the chain of social life—the dominance of sexual love is unabated, it becomes the sycophant to a master passion. We trace its steps through pools of blood; through war, and famine, and pestilence; through hatred and malice, and revenge, to subserve the interests of lust. Husbands are put to death for their fair wives; brethren are doomed to writhe in seething fire, or be torn in shreds by furious beasts, and fairest women are sacrificed on the altar of lust. Mediums are put to death, lying spirits of God run rampant, and male incontinence is not only common, but popular. The God of the period is the Lord of Moses, Joshua, David, Solomon, and of Elijah, who killed the prophets of Baal.

3d.—From the dawn of prophesy to the birth of Jesus we find a deep moan against the ruthless "man of sin." The element of kindness between man and woman assumes a dominant position, and self and sense become its ministers, though unabated in their power. Man's religious nature improves; poetry, art, philosophy and science, begin to lead the races into the light of the true and the beautiful, though still stained with lust and selfishness.

4th.—With Jesus, dawns the silver light of parental affection; love of children is breathed in every breath of angelic inspiration. This element outgrows Jewish nationality; and primitive Western Europe makes record of its dominant power.

Fathers and mothers shield their babes from Herodic danger, the infinite possibilies of human attainment are portrayed to them, and Copernicus, Angelo, Luther, Galileo, Faust, and Gutenberg, are among the post-natal developments. The God of the period becomes softened down by loving-kindness and mercy to the bonded, the scourged, the persecuted and the reviled, for kindred's sake. The seeds of hereditary descent were carefully planted during the early centuries of the Christian era, and were already deep-rooted when the Prince of Orange bore the starry banner of empire westward into Britainny. The stress of British history teems with inscribed thousands of immortalized witnesses to the genius of parental love.

Men and women labored and stored for the born and unborn, transmitting forever, in fee-simple, the ripe fruit of exhausted energy—to whom?—To children that might, could, or would be born. In this centralization of the fourth degree of love, in the cost, and by the law controlling this cost, there lies a latent compensation, which, when quickened into being, assumes the form of filial love, and

5th.—Social progress, with the four accessories attained, all-powerful, with the fourth dominant, receives a new impetus, by the rising sun of Western Europe, when, by the magic power of the growing element of filial love, worthy sires become the praise of noble sons. Great adventures and deeds of daring, may well take their date from the birth of Columbus, when filial reverence fully dawned upon the great encampment of humanity. Adventure filled the world with the record of heroic deeds; fathers were emulated by their sons, and mothers by their daughters; the family tie attained an air of sacredness, and the first five loves sought their level in monogamic marriage, with filial love as the ruling element, and the preceding four as accessories.

6th.—The last half of the nineteenth century, with the advent of Spiritualism, brings us to the dividing line, where the filial gives dominion to a brighter, purer, and more powerful element—fraternal love—whose innate power lay dormant through the tumults of the ages; but when awakened, gleams up in streams of golden light, and the ascending path of our social being becomes wreathed in new beauty, new truth, new hope, new aspiration, inspiration, and destiny; new cost, and new compensation.

7th.—All that can be said of celestial life is in hope and prophesy. In hope, when all are as the emanations of light; in wisdom's selection, and love's attraction. In prophesy, when, as a thousand years, the lion of the intellect has laid down with the lamb of the affections, in fraternal unity; when association is made by soul-attraction, and not by the material bonded relations of kith or kin; when souls revel in the glory of their own attractive beauty—washed from the stains or granite, alluvia, and mineral and animal pollutions, and when one grand harmonic unity rules all terrestrial conditions.

The millions are yet in the first stages of social development; the thousands are yet in the intermediate, and the hundreds are gaining the altitude of the higher planes of life.

It is for the hundreds that I write,—those who are ready to meet life's issue on that level where fraternal love will be the governing element, in conjunction with its mate-element of the soul.

In the application of this social problem to unitary homes, it is not designed to designate progessed but progressive communities; and in view of this, the marital relations take shape according to degree of progress. Howbeit, the inspecting genius of this unitary movement raises the standard of pure monogamic marriage,—not as it is practiced under present law, —as the only marriage where reproduction walks in consonance with the laws of progress. All marriage being governed measurably by the existing usages and customs of nations, for *the protection of the inborn rights of offspring*, whatever progress is made in this relation, is necessarily made in harmony therewith. Bible-communion stands as a mystical fungi of an eflete age; and complex marriage, on the one hand, as a doctor of the excrescence of sexual misdirection, and on the other hand, as a safeguard against conjugal infidelity; and as such, it has its merits. It is better than either of the evils it shuns, though it fails to meet the higher demands of the dual relations of individualized souls. Thus it stands upon expediency, and not upon principle.

Spiritualism v. Religion.—No. 2.

BY J. R. BACKUS.

We are glad to find that our introductory article on this subject has provoked a lively criticism from the pen of Bro. T. S. Givan. This is as it should be, as by agitation of thought and the *conflict of ideas*, truth is certain to be developed.

In the course of these articles we shall endeavor to advance such thoughts as accord with our highest conceptions of truth; not claiming, however, to have discovered the philosopher's touch-stone of infallibility, we earnestly solicit from our brethren in the progressive movement such friendly criticism and discussion of our thoughts as any may feel disposed to indulge in.

In our first article we only attempted to state our position, leaving the *proofs* to be brought forward in subsequent communications, and we shall now proceed to give some of the *reasons* why we accept Spiritualism as a *science*, but reject *in toto* the *religious* character which many well-meaning Spiritualists seem so intent upon clothing it, and we respectfully request of Bro. Givan and others who differ with us, to excuse us from pausing to review their criticisms until we shall have presented our argument in full. Please give us a careful and candid hearing first, then we shall be ready to debate the question, and if unable to meet your objections, we will acknowledge our error, come forward to the anxious seat, sue for membership into your Spiritualist *church*, that we may have "shed abroad" in our infidel heart that true religion "which can give sweetest pleasures while we live;" that holy religion "which must supply solid comfort when we die" (?).

But until we are thus convinced, we prefer to cling to the anchor of demonstrated, scientific fact, rather than trust our bark to float without rudder or compass, upon the open sea of religious fiction.

In pursuing a systematic investigation of this subject, it will be necessary first to inquire, What is religion? second, What is science? and thirdly, What is Spiritualism? After which, by comparing the results of our investigation, it will not be difficult to ascertain the affinities or antagonisms of the ideas peculiar to each, by which we will be enabled to classify each in its proper order.

If we shall find, as some claim, that science and religion are merely different modes of expression, clothing the same central idea or thought, and that all that is known of the one harmonizes with the developments of the other, then we can not avoid viewing them as identical. And further, if we find that the *real* element of Spiritualism comes en rapport with the other two, then we must receive and acknowledge its religio-scientific character—accept it as a *scientific religion*.

But if we shall find that science and religion can not be made to harmonize—that the elements of each repels the other, the absurdity of attempting to classify them together will certainly become apparent, and also the still greater absurdity of attempting to compel Spiritualism to coalesce with two antagonistte ideas at the same time, but following the natural order, we must allow this heaven-born idea to classify itself according to its true affinity.

Religion! What is it? Who can tell? Put this question to each one of the six hundred distinct religious sects, whose central thought and cohesive power is that venerable time-honored something, supposed to be embodied in the term religion, and in all probability out of this vast number no two would be found to give you the same answer; and for the simple reason that this is the point from which each radiates in his disagreement from the others. Each would, no doubt, tell you that religion is a rare and precious gem—indeed so very rare, that in all the whole habitable globe there is only one *true* and *genuine* religion, not forgetting to add that "ours is the self-same 'Simon pure' article, and that all else are base imitations, frauds and counterfeits."

The Musselman will tell you that Allah is God, and Mohammed is his prophet; and that through this prophet God has most gloriously revealed his will in the Koran, a book which contains the only true religion, vouchsafed to man, and that without its sacred influence all mankind would certainly go to perdition, as there is no true religion outside of its teachings.

Ask the Jew. Moses, he will tell you, was the great law-giver, who received direct from the hand of God, the whole divine law written on twelve tables of stone by the finger of "Jehovah" himself; thus revealing his will to man—to his chosen people, confiding to their sacred keeping the only true religion whereby the human family may escape the wrath of an angry God, which will certainly be visited upon all who reject the saving ordinances of his holy religion.

The Christian will point to the teachings of Jesus, the Man-God, if you wish to find the "pearl of great price," for they say "there is no other name given under heaven by which men may be saved." Embrace the religion of Jesus, or "go away into everlsating torments prepared for the devil and his angels, where there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

The Heathen Chinee knows no true religion outside the teachings of Confucius. And the Latter-Day Saints, or Mormons, find the true religion revealed by "God, the Father of us all," (?) through his prophet, Joe Smith, as contained in the book of Mormon.

Thus, were we to go on through the whole catalogue of sects, and even press our questions to the most minute details of their religious faith, we must certainly despair of ever arriving at a settled definition of this so much revered and sacred "What is it?" ycleped religion.

Terre Haute, Ind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lyle Station, Minnesota.

Dear Journal:—We have been having quite an exciting time here for about two months. First came J. L. Potter with words of cheer to our little flock and of condemnation to all hypocrites. He gave earnest counsel to all. Met with some abuse, no real opposition, however. At the same time, at a small town some three miles from here, a Campbellite preacher held forth. He continued his ministrations some two weeks after Mr. Potter had left us, and, Christian-like, no sooner was the field clear, than he commenced a most shameful tirade of abuse against all Spiritualists; not one escaped the venom of his tongue. He went on to say that "the Iowa State Association of Spiritualists, at one of their former meetings, had denounced this Potter who was traveling through your country, as 'a low-lived blackguard and a liar.'" Naturally the Spiritualists present were somewhat roused, having the utmost confidence in the gentlemanly qualities and the perfect veracity of our State agent, and mind you, all this after Mr. Potter had left us.

After Mr. Nichols had ceased his tirade for the evening, I secured an introduction, and asked him ,first, if he was acquainted with our Mr. Potter.

"No, he did not know as he was."

"Well, sir, I wish to know particularly if you had reference to J. L. Potter when you said he had been denounced as a low-lived blackguard and liar by an Iowa Association of Spiritualists."

"No, oh no, nothing of the kind. I know nothing of this man's *character*, whatever."

"Well, sir, he is the only Potter who has traveled through these parts lecturing to the people on Spiritualism."

"Yes, madam, but I do not know this man at all. It was another Mr. Potter—in fact, a Dr. Potter" (of whom I had never heard, nor in fact has any one else as far as I can learn).

Well, now to business. Would he discuss this terrible question with J. L. Potter? I told him I was anxious for the truth, and the light of which he declared I had it not. I told him I should be very glad to be enlightened, so would he discuss?

"Oh, yes, madam, but you must know there will be very much hard talk—always is in discussions of this sort; and, madam, I will not be obliged to confine myself to King Jame's version of the Bible, as there are so *very many mistranslations*."

"Oh, then," said I, "if that is your style, there is no use of a discussion, as, of course, the common people will not understand your dead language," and took my leave.

Well, no sooner is he gone, than along comes an Advent divine, who tells us that this Spiritualism is not all a delusion and a humbug, as Mr. Nichols has assured us it most certainly is, but is all of the Devil, and is a terrible reality, that is to deceive the very *elect* if it were possible. He says it is more terribly true than the most radical Spiritualists proclaim it to be. He tells us the time will come, and soon too, when these spirits will walk bodily and boldly in broad daylight, and proclaim themselves our departed friends gone on before (oh, hasten, hasten the time say I), but he adds: "If my dear father were to come to me, and stretching out his arms say, 'O my son, I am not dead but alive, and am come to earth to show you that he that was dead is alive; that the soul is indeed immortal,' I would say to him, 'Get thee behind me Satan; I know thee not.'" "Do you think," he adds triumphantly, "that he would ever trouble me again?" and we answer sadly, we do not believe he would. But this believer in demons seems to have some of the disposition of the God he worships, for last Sunday he was discoursing certain theories with a Campbellite preacher, and as the debate waxed warm and warmer, both seemed to forget they were in the house of God, and "pitched into it," as the boys say, assailing the private character of each other mercilessly. Of course it was a most disgraceful scene, but what can you expect of persons who believe in an angry God, devils, and demons, whose name is legion, and of a hell-fire, where we poor souls must ever live in eternal, conscious misery if we can not be brought to believe in this very angry God and this hell.

But my letter is already too long, and with an earnest prayer that the dear, bright angels may ever inspire you, I am, fraternally,

Yours,

Addie Whitford.

April 3, 1872.

Letter from Benjamin Todd.

Brother Jones: It is well known to you and all Spiritualists that are acquainted with me, that for many years I have been a bitter opposer to an organization among our people with a pronounced creed that would, in any sense, constitute them a church, to take in, proscribe, or turn out its members. Not that I do not believe in a church, for I do; but I would have every one have a church alone. I have one of my own, and no one belongs to it but me; nor would I consent for any consideration to allow any other person to join my church, knowing (and rejoicing at the fact) that no other person in the wide world entertains precisely the same ideas that I do. I am fully convinced that if any addition should be made to my church, quarreling would be the result, and that possibly I might get turned out of my own church, and then what a fix I should be in!

I am resolved that no one shall come into my church, and then I shall have no fears of getting turned out, but shall live in peace and die in the church at last.

But some people are over-sensitive in the matter of organization, and will not consent to one of any kind; hence, they unwisely fritter away their strength in individual action, and the cause languishes in many places, when if they had concentrated their efforts they would have carried forward the cause with commendable speed.

What harm can there possibly be in an organization on a purely financial basis. I am well aware that thus far, to a great extent, the workings of Spiritualism have tended to disintegration of organized institutions, and individualization of the masses; hence individualism has been carried to extremes by those who are naturally ultra in their make-up. The result of this extreme individualism has been to create a sort of egotism that has proved the bane of organization in any form; and that, too, on the part of those least qualified to take the lead in matters generally. It has, to a certain extent, created a rule or ruin spirit. In other words, be the biggest toad in the puddle or spatter mud in the other ones' eyes.

The result of all this is that those who are really capable of directing affairs become disgusted and relinquish all effort whatever. But let me inquire of those individuals if they think such a course a commendable one. On the other hand, from the standpoint of a true philosopher, is it widely open to criticism?

If we truly have the cause of Spiritualism and the welfare of mankind at heart we shall not easily be driven from the path of duty by moralizers and villifiers. We should remember that there is a class of individuals in the world whose criticisms of our conduct would constitute our highest mead of praise.

But I will stop my moralizing. When I took up my pen it was for the purpose of saying that just before I left Denver in Colorado, some twenty or more of the Spiritualists in that place met and organized a society on a financial basis by electing the Hon. D. D. Belden, President, Mrs. W. H. Bright, Secretary, and W. H. Fisher, Corresponding Secretary. They would be glad to have speakers traveling that way give them a call.

April 20th, 1872.

Waterbury, Connecticut.

Mr. S. S. Jones—Dear Sir:—I have read with interest Dr. Slades defense. All will say that, of course, there would be a denial; but the statement of Mr. Simmons seems to be truthful. You probably have been flooded with evidence in his (Slade's) favor. Now, if the *Sun* has got any rebutting to do, let him come on. You may be blamed by Dr. Slade's friends, but considering the position you occupy, your course was the correct one. I was not aware that there was any Spiritualist that did not believe in physical manifestations of some kind, but I know that many are apt to be suspicious of all mediums, except their particular friends. Mediums, as a class, are not any more honest than any other class of good citizens, yet we condemn them for not being more honest than we are. Is any man strictly honest with himself? Do we not all try more or less to satisfy or please those with whom we are brought in contact? The man in court whose testimony is colored by his friendship for the prisoner; the man who hides his troubles so as not to wound a sensitive friend; the editor who writes what he does not believe to please a portion of his subscribers; the clergyman who appears to be all holiness on the Sabbath before his congregation; the man who puts on a false bosom to cover his dirty shirt; one-half of the manufacturers, and those whose occupation is the adulteration of the necessaries of life; the followers of fashionable mediums who so try to please, that they unconsciously at times, do assist in producing the manifestations, and those who, when conditions are right, can produce genuine manifestations, and under unfavorable conditions are strongly tempted to manufacture them, and often yield to that temptation. All the above can be put in the same class as far as motive is concerned. Yet in the above you will find the best men and women that we have, all demanding that others shall be strictly honest, yet forget to look into the mirror of life to see what reflections there may be seen in it. W.

A negro preacher at a Georgia camp-meeting told his hearers that they could never enter Heaven with whisky bottles in their pockets, and urged them to "bring 'em right up to de pulpit, and he would offer 'em a sacrifice to de Lord." The consequence was that the good shephrd was in the evening so overcome by the spirit as to be unable to preach.

Arts and Sciences.

.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

Correlational Forces and Evolutions.

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Let us in keeping with the general range of facts already stated, proceed now to infer something of the natural character of the nature and character of the fundamental rules of action by which our planet has been found, and the self-sustaining forces by which its grand balance relations and reciprocal dependences have been originated and are sustained.

Let us for the purpose of illustration, suppose in our planetary beginning, that our common center, the sun, as a representative of polar power, sent forth its positive electricity through chaotic space, and that this positive electricity in passing out through negative condition, became gradually negative until reaching such a point as caused it to form a compound with all in the negative range of space through which it had passed.

Let us further infer, that the polar nature of such a combination as would necessarily be the result condensed as an ingeneous circle round the sun or positive center. Guided by these electrical law lines of indication, we find that a ring cannot be rendered a magnet, but that when broken, one end becomes positive and the other negative, and thence becomes an individualized magnet of positive and negative extremes. Hence, let us continue the inference, that this ingeneous belt round the sun, thus necessarily parted and became a magnet, the positive end so attracting the negative end as to cause the ingeneous mass to wind itself into a ball or globe, and thus continue its motion in its diurnal form, and correspondingly assume in obedience to a paramount law beyond of the same though more sublimated nature its corresponding position and relation in space.

To simplify, if possible: Is it not reasonable to suppose, that in thus passing out from a positive point, it must become negative at some outward verge, from the loss of virtue expended in the chaotic matter through which it passed? Now, if it did become more negative at its outward verge than at its eliminative source, did not the two extremes present different polar conditions?—and if, as we legitimately infer, these extremes did present radically diverse polar conditions, was not this relation of the two poles an imperious reason for a radical re-action and re-union of these positive and negative extremes of electric condition?

This union must have been more radical than any character of chemical union known to us, because the extremes extended in their radical nature beyond all the polar extremes or condition of earth, by reason of which all the relations of elementary virtue then embodied in a dormant state in the highly magnetic condition of the heated earth, were retained, and successively developed as the temperature of the earth receded, and as the establishment of the grand balance went on.

It appears that, immediately after the first formation of the igneous globe, it was, as a polar individuality, necessarily negative to the positive sun, and therefore gave off negative rays (oxyus) to meet the positive rays (electricity) of the sun. These rays, of opposite magnetic condition, united in the formation of nitrogen, which became the grand balance-relation between the positive rays of the sun, and the negative rays of the earth. This polar union thus established, the remaining excess of oxyus, and electricity assumed an equi-polar relation to the compound (nitrogen) formed by their union. The nitrogen, thus established by polar requisition as a great balance-relation, necessarily assumed a negative condition, and gave out negative rays to meet the positive rays of the sun. These rays united upon polar principles, forming the highly electric, though subtle compound—hydrogen; while, at the same time, the nitrogen assumed a positive condition, and gave out positive rays to unite with the negative rays of the earth, the union forming the compound known as oxygen—the oxygen treated of in our chemical works.

The hydrogen and the oxygen thus formed by the medium relation which the atmosphere sustained to both the sun and the earth, united in the formation of water, the next important grand balance-relation, the progressive and reciprocal establishment of which contributed to the immediate reduction of mundane temperature, and the origination of that polar condition in matter, by which inter-electro-chemical action manifested itself in the production of the ruder kinds of mosses peculiar to the primitive strata, whence dates the progress of Nature manifest to mind outside of spiritual revelation.

By way of order and convenience, we will consider the first planet—Mercury, as the world thus created, and assume that other planets were successfully formed, and their relations and dependencies established, by the same polar force and action.

As to the moon, when the earth was first formed, and revolving with immense velocity in an igneous condition, it is reasonable to infer that a large amount of matter was thrown off and condensed as a magnetic individuality, in an orbit between the positive earth and negative space beyond, in the same manner that the earth itself was condensed into a globe.

Having thus problematically referred to the origin of the planets and satelites, let us advert to the future course of the operative power which formed them, and mark its accomplishment of those formations which stand forth as much the wonder of antiquated ages, as the theme of modern speculation. Let us trace the operations of this force throughout the various strata and the more progressed kingdoms of Nature.

As already suggested, the polar force, by which the formation of the earth was effected, and her grand balance-relations established, contained in itself all those elements or electrical grades given off, in proportion to the decrease of the earth's temperature. Hence, we may consider the earth—in its immensely high temperature, at this remote period, when naught but air and water surrounded it—as a magazine of neutralized architects (or elements,) which could not come in play until a further diminution of temperature was effected. This will explain why the electro-negative gases (fluorine, chlorine, bromine, iodine, etc.,) which were expelled by heat, are not found, like oxygen, combined with the granitic formations. As the temperature of the earth receded, the combination of oxygen with these formations was effected by the most infusible deposits known to geologists as quartz, feldspar, mica, hornblend, sienite, serpentine and porphyry, and the oxides of silicium, calcium, potasium, magnesium, alumium, and iron.

With a further reduction of the earth's temperature, the air and water became purer, and more refined formations were superinduced—such as mark the metamorphic and transitional strata. During the cooling process, the general range of polar relations roes, finer crystallization began; and, at a somewhat later period in the course of the metamorphic and transitional formations, the increasing purity of the atmosphere and water rendering them positive to the cooling earth, they began to have a positive effect upon its negative surface. This, of necessity, produced an inter-electro-chemical action, which resulted in the concentration of carbon, commencing at the cruder mosses, which we find first among the fossil remains of the carboniferous era. This concentration of carbon and production of the carboniferous formations, from the crudest moss to the forest pine, instituted a new character of inter-electro-chemical action, by the zoophite (the first vestige of animal life) was produced.

But let us proceed regularly with our course of observations. We find that air and water, both being warm, were facilitants to that character of inter-electro-chemical action, which concentrated carbon, and produced one of the most marked geological periods, and which subsequently plays a very important part in developing the animal kingdom. The warm water, covering the surface of the earth, was, from the nature of its elements, positive to the earth; and hence resulted the peculiarities of the metamorphic and transitional formations. As the temperature of the earth diminished and these formations progressed, they began to present the oxydes of aluminium, calcium, magnesium, potassium, and other primitive compounds, to the positive action of the superincumbent water, by reason of which that character of polar condition was established, which necessarily resulted in the concentration of the carbon of the carboniferous formation. Carbon, thus necessarily becoming the connecting-link or balance-relation between the negative earth and other more positive elements, give rise to a still higher and more refined character of inter-electro-chemical action; or, in other words, the carboniferous formations were most probably the battery-action between the negative strata and superincumbent positive water.

It is probable, from all the facts manifest in the metamorphic strata, that a slight chemical action may have been instituted during their progressive formation, which, though it may have been a mere thermo-electric current, was sufficiently powerful in its effect to account for many of the more anomalous formations of that period. But, as we observe no vestiges of carbon in the metamorphic strata, except in such cases as prove it to have been subsequently affiliated by circumstances of a transmutative character, we infer that the carboniferous formations date their origin from this period, and may be considered as containing in their nature the electrical impress of all the then surrounding elements and relations. And it is from this period that come those interesting results which serve to teach mankind, most impressively, the true nature and character of those laws and relations with which we are surrounded; for we observe that polar currents thus established are as strict in their philosophic policies as so many mathematicians, and through whose elaborative agency all earth forms must ultimately be perfected.

As already observed, the lowest order of mosses, ferns and sea-weeds appear to have been the first products of the last-named character of inter-electro-chemical action, as evidenced by the fossil remains of the graywacke group in the transitional strata—prior to the formation of which, it seems the inter-electro-chemical action was too imperfect for either germinal organization or development. Hence the term "transitional" is generally applied to these strata, where the electrical current between the positive water and negative earth first began the legitimate labor of its vast system of physical elaborations. This we infer, not only from its being the first field of inter-electro-chemical action, but from the peculiar nature of the fossil remains of that period. It is here that we find the germinal remains of the monocotyledons, or the single-lobed seeds of such inferior mosses, ferns and sea-weeds as grew from without inward, and were originally engendered beneath the water by that character of thermo-electric action already referred to, as going on between the positive water and negative earth. Here are also found some few of the fossil remains of the lowest order of animals, which, like the sponge, attached themselves to foreign bodies.

It now becomes necessary to observe, in reference to the origin of germinal life, that electricity obtains entire control of polarized matter, after a process of physical development, as we have already seen in the case of the magnetism produced by electricity in motion, from which Nature seems to derive the apparently intuitive intelligence manifest in the origin and development of germinal concentrations, which marks, and ever will mark, the progressive foot-prints of the germinal development throughout all time

Owing, however, to the low order of both the vegetable and animal remains of the transitional strata, germination is generally supposed to have been effected either beneath the water, or in low, marshy localities. But, as we approach the secondary, or carboniferous group, we find about three hundred species of plants, all of which are now extinct. Two-thirds we judge, from vestige remains, to have been mosses, ferns, and sea-weeds, and the remainder pines and palms. We also infer, for the same reason, that, though the vegetable kingdom advanced most rapidly during this period, the animal kingdom remained comparatively stationary.

It seems that carbon, which constitutes the basis of these formations, has ever been an object of extreme interest, not only as a chemical element, but as the constituent basis of many apparently anomalous and wonderful organizations. In order, therefore, to place this remarkable element in its proper philosophic position, and to satisfactorily account for its apparently strange formations, let it be remembered that carbon, as an electrolyte, stands forty degrees positive to the negative earth; and, as before suggested, owes its important position, as an element involved in the great elaborations of Nature, to those polar virtues which it derived from the inter-electro-chemical action by which it was concentrated in the form of vegetable productions.

Let us trace the true nature and character of the inter-electro-chemical action going on between the polar conditions of the earth and its surrounding elements. This chemical action eliminated electricity, which, when thus set in motion, involved the objects from and through which it was eliminated, in its circuit supervising or suspending chemical affinities, and thus assimilating, through the inherent intelligence of its magnetism, such elements as were necessary for a prototypical germination—originated, most probably, by virtue of the integral reality, assuming an outward form, and thus establishing that duality in Nature from which we derive the concentration of mind.

As the process of carbonization went on, and the temperature of the earth receded, the oxyds of the developing formations increased, and gave greater force and effect to their inter-electro-chemical action, thus produding vegetable organization. When the carboniferous development was completed; it remained in a stationary condition, because its productions not being conductors, it retained its concentrated polarity, which was disturbed or affected only by such processes of decomposition as rust, decay, or fire—all of which are but the effects of different operations, or different stages of activity, of the same law.

Mediums' Directory.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, being an especial friend to all true mediums, will hereafter publish a complete Directory, giving the place of residence of all professional mediums, so far as advised upon the subject. This will afford better facilities for investigators to learn of the location of mediums, and at the same time increase their patronage. Mediums will do well to advise us from time to time, that we may keep their place of residence correctly registered.

It is a lamentable fact that some mediums so far forget their self-respect as to speak evil of other mediums, not unfrequently even of those who are far their superiors. The names of such persons will be dropped from this Register so soon as we have evidence conclusive of their indulging in such unkindness.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1872.

The Search after God.

Mr. Francis, our associate editor, and the medium through whom the above-named series of articles are given, was unexpectedly detained at his home in Kansas, where he went a few days since, on business; hence, the omission to publish, this week, a chapter in the series. We expect him back to his post before the next issue.

Objections Discussed.

Why are there so many phases of spirit manifestations?

This inquiry often arises in the mind of the investigator. And why, say they, were the first demonstrations of Modern Spiritualism so *low*, so disgusting to refined people? And why is it that mediums are eccentric in their motions and manners, and why are they contorted in countenance and nervously unbalanced, as is often evinced by their being jerked about in an unseemly way? And why in the early stages of their development are they compelled to clap their hands, dance, and talk all manner of gibberish? Why do they sit in circles, and even in dark circles, greatly to the disgust of refined Christians? In a word, why can not spirits come and talk and show themselves to their friends in broad daylight, and face to face, without the interposition of low, disgusting, immoral, unchristian people called mediums?

Why need Spiritualists and Spiritualistic newspapers say anything against religious people, religious books, religious newspapers? Why not let everybody believe in church dogmas, the infallibility of the Pope and the holy Bible?

If they would only be like Christians, it would be so much better, and then we would believe in Spiritualism. Such a kind of Spiritualism would not be so repulsive. Good *Christian Spiritualists* we could endure; but "oh, my!" who that have any respect for themselves can endure these queer people? Who can bear to sit in circles with them? Who believes that their dead friends who have gone to their home in heaven, or are asleep in their graves, will willingly come to such places? They would not do so when they were alive, and now they are dead and gone to God, I know they won't. It is all the work of the Devil, and all mediums are impostors, or worse—bewitched by the Devil! I tell you I wouldn't go to seances even if I *knew* that all my friends who have gone to heaven would come and talk to me. No: I wouldn't go to such low places and mix up with such low folks if I knew my mother would come right down out of heaven to meet and talk with me there. No, I wouldn't.

Such in substance are the inquiries made and the declarations uttered every day in the week in different parts of the country. And yet, despite such queries and declarations, more or less of the self-same people are, day by day, from a train of unforeseen circumstances, led to do the very things they protest against and avow they would not do.

Would not go to such a circle if you knew that by so doing you could meet a loving departed mother!

Such a declaration is only uttered when the mind is under the influence of prejudice or a slavish fear of what some friend or acquaintance might say who was equally prejudiced.

Conditions and circumstances alter cases. Scarcely a day passes in which many of the class referred to are not converted to the truth of spirit communion. A dear friend who stands high in public estimation incidentally refers to his or her experience,—mentions the fact that sweet communion had been held by him or her with a beloved friend or relative,—that a darling child had materialized its little fingers and its little mouth, so as to caress and kiss, and speak words of affection even as before the monster death divested it of its mortal body. Or perhaps a loving companion, a sainted mother, a dear brother or sister had returned to the family circle through an honest medium, with similar touches of tenderness and words of true affection.

How quick prejudice ceases when such truths are communicated by a dear friend without any attempt at dogmatic imposition of religious theories.

The simple truth when thus communicated by a friend finds a listening ear. The philosophy of spirit communion, when divested of all dogmatic religious theorizing, is more congenial to the mourner than any other consolation that can be administered.

But for the prejudice that exists—a prejudice that is fostered to the utmost of theological power—every soul would hope that spirit communion was true. But for prejudice every one would not only hope that it is true, but they would seek for such communion and test its truth.

Indeed the bitter prejudice that has heretofore existed is rapidly yielding to a potent force that is gaining in power irresistible. The best men and women in enlightened countries are quietly investigating for themselves. Once having engaged in the investigation and received kind words of comfort and encouragement from loved ones in spirit life all prejudice against mediums and against investigation of the subject yield, and every opportunity for obtaining more light and more communion with departed friends is improved.

There is a soul satisfaction in communion with a loved one in spirit life that nothing else can give. It robs death of its terrors. It relieves the mind from that painful uncertainty in regard to the condition of the loved ones gone before, as no power on earth has ever before done.

However prejudiced the mind may be, there are moments when the horrors of the after life as contemplated by the light (?) of *old Theology*, are most terrific—if believed. If true, who knows what may be the final destiny of any soul?

Under such painful suspense, what would give peace of mind and satisfaction to the soul like words of consolation and affectionate caresses from the re-materialized lips of the loved one who was the subject of so much anxiety?

Reflect upon the subject and the foregoing inquiry. Ponder it well, O blinded, prejudiced devotee of a mythological religion. Tell us, we pray thee, in the light of this presentation of the truth of spirit communion why you indulge in such rank prejudice against the most holy faith that was ever revealed to mankind.

We ask you not to believe in a dogmatic creed. We invite you to no church formula for a pledge. We ask not your assent to any law or sectarian code. We ask you not to lend your influence to build up this or that "ism" or movement in society. The Philosophy of Life has no pet objects involved. Its aim is simply to enlighten the minds of the people; to demonstrate great truths by facts well established. It claims no right to restrict your honest convictions. It asks not that you should do or leave undone a single thing that your highest convictions of right urge you to or not to do.

Spiritualism in its legitimate sense, invites the world to witness a truth. It leaves every one to be governed by that and all other truths in proportion to the impression made. The *Philosophy of Life* recognizes the principle of progression and eternal development; hence it seeks not to sectarianize. Light and knowledge are the pulverizers of fossilizations; wisdom reconstructs and builds up the waste places.

We will now in a few words attempt to answer the inquiries so often made and which were incorporated into the introductory part of this article.

There are multitudinous phases of spirit manifestations because it is a demonstration that all is done in accordance with the law of life, whose manifestations are *infinite in variety.* There is not an object in existence which does not contain a living and ever active Spiritual principle. Every object is a demonstration of spirit power.

Special manifestations, superinduced by individual intelligences on the spiritual plane, is strictly in accordance with natural laws. Our ignorance makes us deem them marvelous and limited in number. No sooner does a so-called wise man suppose that he is capable of demonstrating such manifestations to be the result of something different from what the intelligence producing it claims it to be than, like the ever-changing kaleidoscope, it presents a new phase. Intelligent men and women on the spiritual plane desire to agitate thought among men for the development of mind. Hence new phases of spirit power are being continually developed.

The early demonstrations of Modern Spiritualism were of the so-called low order because the minds of the people were so low and sensuous upon the subject of spirit communion they could receive none higher. The trance medium, the writing medium, the artistic medium, would have been persecuted even unto death as necromancers and witches, even down to the last quarter century. Such is the power of superstition and religious intolerance. Wisdom dictated that it should be ushered in by the tiny raps—that no bigot could reach to persecute. By degrees the minds of the people became used to the raps, and the wise doctors of medicine (who are own brothers in simplicity and assumption to the doctors of divinity) having accounted for them upon the hypothesis of the snapping of the toe-joints of the Fox girls, the moving power gave another phase of manifestations. And so, step by step, a multitude of phases of spirit communion has been demonstrated.

Persons upon the negative plane of life are more easily controlled, as it requires a positive effort of a spirit to control a medium, even as a positive effort is required by us to accomplish any effect; and the medium through which we accumplish any work is subjective or negative to us. As we are capable of positively controlling or handling a thing, so are the motions induced harmonious and agreeable to the beholder or eccentric and fanciful.

Mediums sit in circles for development, just as we perform any other task to any definite end for the purpose of development in any line of duty.

We will discuss this subject more at length in a future article. This is already far too lengthy.

Questions and Answers.

A Professor propounds the following inquiries:

Q. How can I become a medium?

A. We don't know that you can ever become a medium. You can try in this way. Devote two evenings in each week—one hour and a half at each sitting—for that purpose, either alone or with a few friends.

If you sit with friends, have none in the circle but those who are fully devoted to the experiment and will meet with you regularly each evening agreed upon for experimenting, and such as are of a temperament to spend the requisite time without becoming impatient. About an equal number of ladies and gentlemen are preferable. If you have over a dozen persons in the circle you will be liable to introduce a discordant element that might render your efforts abortive. It is well for those who are present to be seated in a circle around a table, sitting as near to each other as they can and be comfortable, uniting their hands, with the palms resting on the table. On first sitting down let all who can unite in singing some lively songs or in chanting something pleasant and agreeable. The object of this is to harmonize the minds of all present upon a similar train of thought, and to render all negative, freeing each from cares and anxiety. Indications of an electric or magnetic current will be manifest to all in a short time, by an apparently cool current of air passing over the hands. Some of the hands usually are spasmodically moved, sometimes with astonishing rapidity, which frequently results in the hand thus moved being developed to write mechanically or subjectively to the will of a disembodied spirit. No resistance should be made in such cases, but pencil and paper or a slate and pencil should be furnished and placed on the table before forming the circle when thus required.

Frequently the raps are heard upon the table, or the table is tipped. In such cases a conversation can be held with the spirits manifesting. One rap or one tip of the table is used to indicate No; two, Don't Know; three, Yes. Instructions for further conducting the circle will thus be given. Some may be developed in such circles to the phase of trance mediums; some very perfectly, others to a phase but little above their normal condition. Others may be raised to such a plane of sensitiveness that they simply reflect the opinion of the members of the circle, or of some one who asks questions. By pursuing substantially the course indicated good mediums are often developed. One or two, or any number, will meet with success if they manage judiciously, as directed. If a promiscuous running conversation is kept up, the minds of those present are made to assume the positive condition, in which their own active brains consume the element used by spirits in getting *en rapport* with individuals who can be used as mediums. To the end that a negative condition may obtain, it is better to have a little light only in the room. Light is positive; darkness negative. If it is the desire of the investigators to develop mediums for physical manifestations, let them sit in a room of *absolute, total darkness*, and let the hands of all be firmly joined, with some light musical instruments lying upon the table. In these circles all who can should join in singing lively pieces—familiar songs, with animating choruses in which the entire company can unite. The result, in due time, will be most palpable and agreeable communion with the loved ones in spirit-life,—as tangible to the senses as when in earth-life.

In these circles the elements eliminated from the brains and bodies of those forming the circle are chemically combined by spirit friends so as to *re-materialize* their spirit bodies, rendering their touch palpable to our material senses.

The truth of this proposition is demonstrable to those who will patiently investigate. We have attempted nothing but a plain outline of a reply to our friend's inquiry. As it was made in a spirit of honesty, so we have answered, and we cannot refrain from asking our readers to experiment thoroughly for themselves.

Our querist secondly inquires why seances are often held in darkened rooms. This we made clear in the foregoing reply to question first.

Q. Where is the good of spirit communion?

A. This question is often asked, but as often betrays extreme ignorance on the part of the questioner. It demonstrates immortality. It proves that our friends, when apparently separated from us by death, are really as near to us as before that change;—so near that they can take cognizance of our every act, and respond to our calls when we make proper conditions for communion with them. It explains the nature of the next sphere of existence,—the geography, the appearance of that other world, the condition of the inhabitants thereof, etc., etc. Through spirit communion we get wisdom—we get knowledge, which is the true savior of sinners.

Q. Do the spirits of mortals ever leave their bodies and return to them before the final death of the body?

A. There are well-authenticated facts that convince many that such is the case.

Q. Why do some people on awaking from sleep in a perfectly dark room, see the furniture and everything in the room?

A. Because they are clairvoyant to a certain extent.

Q. Being a musician, would my development as a medium weaken my musical powers or would it bring me *en rapport* with musicians in spirit-life?

A. Spirits always operate through brains adapted to the work in hand. Hence it follows that the law of sympathy or affinity would bring you *en rapport* with the class of spirits referred to, and they would intensify your musical powers.

Q. Do Spiritualists generally believe in the Bible?

A. We know of no Spiritualists who do not believe that there is a book called by that name, and that in that book are recorded many things which are known to exist at the present day, as well as many things that are untrue and improbable in the nature of things.

Q. Was Thomas Paine a Spiritualist?

A. Not in the sense in which that term is accepted at the present day.

Mrs. Blair, the Spirit Artist.

Mrs. Blair and her husband contemplate taking a trip west the present summer.

Her spirit guides have marked out a programme to this effect. To the end of doing all the good during the journey that can be done, they will stop for a few days at points twenty miles or so apart, on one of the main railroad lines from Boston to Chicago.

During the time she is stopping at such points, she will paint for all who patronize her, and give tests of the highest and most convincing character of spirit communion.

Not only that, but she will give one public *seance for painting and tests* to the Spiritualist society, if there be any in such towns and cities, free, which often netts the society an hundred dollars, as she executes the most intricate paintings blindfolded before such audiences as may be assembled; be they many or few.

Such seances are always a success, and are attended by all classes of people, to witness such marvelous works of art through the hand of a person that they know is most securely blindfolded.

We state these facts in regard to this most remarkable medium, that our friends may avail themselves of the privilege of seeing the beautiful works of art executed by spirits through her hand, and the benefits of the tests given through her.

Those of our friends who feel that they would like to give Sister Blair and her husband a home for a few days, and allow their neighbors to call for the benefit of her mediumship, will be fully compensated for so doing out of her earnings, and need we say it, be blessed by the angels, who are using every means in their power to convince mankind not only of the immortality of the soul, but of the nearness of the spirit world, and of their powers to commune with and impart knowledge and happiness to loved ones of earth.

We have one of Mrs. Blair's symbolic paintings in our reception room, that we value almost beyond price. Her exquisite work astonishes everybody that sees it executed.

She will start on this visiting tour so soon as she can get a sufficient number of responses to indicate to her what route it is best for her to take.

Let all who desire to extend to her the invitation indicated as acceptable, respond at once, as the route she will determine to take will depend upon the feeling manifested by those who write her upon the subject.

Address Mrs. E. A. Blair, 34 Atlantic Block, Lawrence, Mass.

Spirit Likenesses.

We are in receipt of a number of photographic spirit pictures, executed by Mr. Mumler, the spirit artist, of Boston. They are very distinct, and are recognized by their relatives as true likenesses.

Our friends, Spiritualists and others, are respectfully invited to call at our reception room and examine them at their convenience. We invite artists especially to call and see them, and our columns are open to their criticism against the fact of their being truly spirit likenesses, executed in the manner claimed. Tell us, Mr. Artist, just how you can do the same thing, and we will be most happy to put your work on exhibition. But until you can do something more than to blow "humbug," we shall be compelled to believe that there is more being done in the arts and sciences by spirit power than you ever dreamed of in your protestations that spirit portraiture is a fraud.

Of the fact of Mr. Mumler's being a medium through whom spirit likenesses are given, there is no more doubt than there is of any other demonstrated truth. All who desire a test of the matter should patronize him.

A Good Institution.

The seventh annual report of the "Illinois Institution for the Education of Feeble-Minded Children" is on our table. Its object is to promote, by all proper and feasible means, the intellectual, moral and physical culture of that unfortunate portion of the community who have been born, or by disease have become idiotic, imbecile or feeble-minded, and by a judicious and well-adapted course of instruction, training and management, to ameliorate their condition, and to develope, as much as possible, their intellectual faculties, to reclaim them from their hopeless condition, and fit them, as far as possible, for future usefulness in society.

It is for children between the ages of ten and eighteen years of age who are idiotic, or so deficient in intelligence as to be incapable of being educated at any ordinary school.

The detailed statement of the expenditures show that the cost of their custody and care in the State Institution is no greater than it would be elsewhere, while they are elevated from a condition of misery and idleness, to that of comparative happiness and productive usefulness, by judicious training.

A Touching Incident.

S. S. JONES—Dear Sir:—I clipped the following article from an Iowa paper. Thinking it might not have come under your notice, I take the liberty of sending it to you, believing that it should have as wide a circulation as possible, that those who believe in murder in the first degree may take courage therefrom. The article speaks for itself, and to me there is a volume of the most cruel bigotry in it.

Very Truly Yours, S. SAVERY.

Des Moines, Iowa, April 19, 1872.

"One week ago last Sunday night, Miss Cornelia Maccaw, a young lady of eighteen years, arose from our altar for the third or fourth night. She went away, still seeking with all her heart, and was made happy in her Savior at home. She was suddenly taken ill with congestion, and on last Monday morning she died triumphant, saying, "Sweet Jesus, take me!"

I preached her funeral sermon January 20th, four miles north-west of the city, at the Baptist church, to a large company of friends; and we buried the white flower under the cold snow. One in heaven from our revival already. Bless God!"—*Indiana Christian Advocate.*

Yes, she went away with a brain fever, which speedily terminated her earthly existence; and *Old Theology* is the assassin that is responsible. Religious excitements have caused more insanity than all other things combined.

These religious devotees accuse Spiritualism of making people insane. Never. If a Spiritualist becomes insane, it is one who has been trained to believe in church dogmas. No *philosophical thinker* was ever made insane by the *demonstration of immortality*, and the truths of spirit communion.—[ED. JOURNAL.

Immortality of the Soul.

While my mind was being exercised on the weight of reasoning of "Cato" and "Rationalist" on the above subject,, I felt relieved by another over the signature of "A Believer," of whom I expected much to remove my skeptical clouds. But, alas! I have been much disappointed.

The most fatal result to ever so good a cause is a weak or unwise advocate, and I am fearful "A Believer" stands in this position. I think it fair to admit that a universal and natural desire and longing in man exists for immortality—a continuation of existence after death. But of its absolute assurance, beyond a strong hope and a tradition of faith, what do we really know? "A Believer" talks about faith and ignores reason. Now, faith is a good thing, but a natural question arises—faith in what? If there is merit, the Mahomedan, the Brahmin, the Hindoo, the Mormon and the Catholic far exceed the Protestant Christian in its abundance. But I think I hear "A Believer" exclaim, "But these are heathens." Well, what of that? "But our reason teaches us they are ignorant, benighted and contradictory, and what is contradictory our reason tells us can not be true." Ah, our reason teaches us! Thus even in matters of faith we are to refer everything to our reason. So "A Believer" will stultify himself, and in spite of the much vilified Paine, has to call this apostle of reason to his rescue.

Now, I am earnestly in search of proofs of man's immortality, and am not captious, but can not, in matters of faith, "go it blind," but must, like my friend "A Believer," refer everything to my reason, for if he did not, he might be a Mormon, or something else. I want something reasonable to base a faith upon. My kind-hearted friend, "A Believer," would refer me to the venerable Scriptures. Here again I am annoyed by my reason. I seize the Divine word, and open to Ecclesiastes iii, 19, 20, 21, and read:

19. For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no pre eminence over a beast; for all is vanity.

20. All go to one place; all are of the dust, and all return to dust again.

21. Who knoweth the spirit that goeth upwards, and the spirit of the beast that goeth to the earth.

Here is cold comfort for an unwilling skeptic.

I turn to the New Testament, hoping to find some sure foundation for an assurance of immortality. True, much is written upon the faith of a spiritual state, and much sound, moral teaching enunciated, and the primitive Christians doubtless suffered persecution in a thousand various forms, implying a living faith in miracles they had witnessed. Oh, that I had lived in those days!

We are assured by Jesus after he had risen from the grave—Luke xvi, 17: "And these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hand on the sick, and they shall recover."

I ask my religious teachers, only to give me some of these promised signs. They shake their heads and talk of faith—faith in the Lamb—of great missionary work among the heathens; but the promised signs, the evidences of a Christian's faith, where are they? What am I to infer? That all our devout Christian teachers are bogus; that preaching has merely become a trade, a mere fashionable means of livelihood, a mere repetition of cant, as it were, "like sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal?" God forbid! The truth is, from want of these promised signs of Jesus I am fast settling down into a condition of indifference. I have heard from time to time of the wonders of Spiritualism; of absolute intercourse with departed friends, and have many worthy, sensible friends who are converts to this faith. My religious friends counsel me by all means to avoid this Satanic snare; that although it may demonstrate immortality, it is sheer diabolism, and will most assuredly lead me into trouble.

Now, the caution of my friends I highly respect; but, as in everything else I refer to the guidance of my reason, which, thank God, has never deserted me, I am almost inclined, in spite of the denunciations of the Church, to give this subject an investigation.—*Skeptic*, in *N. Y. Herald.*

A Card from N. B. Starr.

I am in receipt, and have been for years, of scores of letters, making inquiries in regard to Spirit Portraits. A very large portion of those letters have no postage stamp enclosed. I have ceased, long since, to reply to such. I cannot afford it; therefore, those who have written such letters and received no reply, will know the reason.

As I do not control the spirit influences, (they are supposed to control me) those who order Spirit Paintings are expected to take just what comes and pay for on delivery; and any person who is not willing to comply with these conditions, it is useless for them to write to me on the subject, as my time is fully occupied with orders right here where I live.

Port Huron, April 25, 1872.

BY I. A. MELLVILLE FRASER.

"And God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light."—Gen. 1, 3.

In the beginning the mandate of creation's great architect went forth, "Let there be light." Each atom rejoiced in its new-born attribute; each pebble, each huge mountain mass, recognized the all-potent glory of the beauteous change; the fleeting shadows glided across the valleys, where hitherto no shadows came; but all was an impenetrable deep of darkness.

The vasty chaos of murky night was superceded by the brilliant corruscations of the "sun to rule by day," and the "moon to rule the night." Vegetation came smilingly forth, bedecking valley, plain and mountain side with living verdure; vast forests of every shade and tint, sent forth their refreshing shadows of shelter. Animal life was brought into being, and developed through the various forms of vegetation, which preceded. Man steps upon the theatre of those magnificent transformations and developments, the ultimate of all. He beholds the all-conglomerating glory of the solar day, and meditates in silent admiration upon the solemn beauty and grandeur of the lunar night.

Not only did the mandate of the Infinite come to man's admirably adapted physical organism, but to his intellectual and spiritual, it came in words like these: "*Let there be light within the temple of the human soul!*"

The physical body has its orbs of vision, through which the genial sunshine of nature glows, and shall we not judge that the spiritual body has its orbs of mental vision, through which the genial sunshine of heaven glows? Its windows through which the glorious sunlight of truth may penetrate, to brighten with its streaming light the temple of the Infinite?

The window of our spiritual being is the reason-principle, and when we find this stained and obscured by bigotry, superstition and false dogmas, how dark and uncertain must the interior consciousness become! How dark and contracted the path-way of the soul's thoughts; how cold and gloomy the tabernacle of the holy spirit!

The reason-principle may be compared to a diamond of the first water, a star of the first magnitude, set in the human intellect to give lustre and utility to the other gems therein. Without it, man stands little superior to the animal creation; with it, he stands the crowning apex of creation, in the image of the Infinite, the noblest manifestation of God on earth. And yet how terribly fettered do we find this supreme attribute, even in the midst of progressive civilization and religious liberty. How comparatively few of our brethren do we find, who think for themselves, and can fearlessly state their opinion, agreeing with reason, upon the subject of those doctrines which old Theology is continually heralding forth as infallible. Probably not less than three-fourths of the entire human race are morally and spiritually blind as to the true import of the spiritual revelations of the past and present. In the past, these have been received as wholly supernatural, contrary to the laws of nature, special interventions of the Divine Power, miraculous; and the result of this is superstition. A certain class of revelations have been received as coming directly from God. As such they are classed as infallible, as containing all of inspiration necessary for all people, that with them inspiration ceased to visit our earth, that the volume of God's love, wisdom and truth to man, was closed forever, when John finished writing his "Revelations." 'This causeth bigotry, which begetteth persecution."

The window of the soul is thus sadly stained and obscured by the past systems of priestcraft, and present misrepresentations of Theology; the reason-principle with which we are endowed to judge right from wrong, truth from error, is circumscribed; the searching sunlight of "truth from the Eternal" is not permitted to reflect itself upon the pages deemed by priests and bigots as infallible. If reason was allowed to illume those pages of myth, mystery and miracle, well does crippled Theology know the consequence. Infallibility would forever cease to be the signature of their favorite creeds and pet dogmas.

To-day we all know that all over our country meetings and conferences are being held for the purpose of attempting to unite Church and State. Can we look for anything else but persecutions, wars and revolutions, when we read those words which form the proposed religious amendment to the Constitution of the United States? They read as follows:

"Acknowledging Almighty God as the source of all power and authority in the civil government; the Lord Jesus Christ as ruler among nations, and his will as revealed in the holy (?) Scriptures as of supreme authority," etc.

Friends, this is nothing short of an attempt to establish a system of Churchal despotism, similar to that which exists in European governments. A system which has led innumerable martyrs to the stake and Christs to the cross; a system which has spread death, desolation and slavery all around us.

The means are being taken to suppress the eternal tide of progress, which is slowly but surely sweeping errors from our religions and philosophies. The adoption of such measures can be for no other purpose than to abrogate all free thought and untrammeled truth, and establish in its place a system of priestcraft that circumscribes us within the narrow limits of a creed, which has proved itself fallible and contradictory in thousands of instances as a creed that fails to supply the soul's most urgent needs. And while these are facts, who will we find to exclaim that we have no need of a continued and present revelation; that there is no necessity for a continuance of the angel ministry that blessed our earth in ages past? Who will say there is no utility in the mission of our loved ones departed back to earth, with their messages of love, inspiring import to lead us out of the house of bondage nearer to our God, into closer communion with our own souls? Who will say we have no need to hear the mandate of the Infinite thundered once more in our ears, "Let there be light within the human soul?"

The world of spirits is not dead, nor does its inhabitants slumber, awaiting a resurrection of the just and unjust. No, as long as they perceive the fruits of this spiritual and mental darkness, pervading almost every condition of society and system of theology, we know they will lend to us a helping hand to abrogate error, and dispel the dark clouds of superstition with which priest-craft now threatens our fair land. Each soul that passes in darkness and doubt to the other shore, is but an invitation of deep significance to the good angels to "come over and help us," and say shall the invitation be unheeded, when we know that death changes not the love of our loved ones? We think not, for they still claim the fraternal relationship of all earth's children. They acknowledge our material plane as their birthplace; as the scenes of their first experiences upon the grand theatre of life; it was here they first felt the blessed influence of material love; 'twas here here they first gazed up through the limitless expanse of space, and wrought out the first idea of the Infinite Father. Earth they claim as the mother, who kindly cradled them in wisdom and love; who taught them to lisp their morning and evening aspirations; and

Can the ascended immortals forget such a mother? Must they not cherish for her an affection still deeper than they did while with her in the form. And if they love earth, with all her earlier associations of joy and happiness, may we not justly infer that they love her children also? Do they not stand, an angel band, linked in one common brotherhood, with our elder brother, Jesus, an endless fraternity of immortals?

Friends, the light of truth and freedom is gradually breaking in upon us, the first wave of light sent forth in the beginning, illumined little more than the material senses; so we find in earlier ages, that all worship was expressed through forms, ceremonies, and the mediumship of a chosen few, who were considered wiser than their fellows. As the race grew stronger—passed from its infancy—a greater capacity for light was developed, the aspiration drew forth the inspiration, and wave after wave rolled over the shores of ignorance, then began to arise prophets who foretold a new dispensation, and of a "light" which should "lighten the Gentiles.

The light came, and with the advent of Jesus, came the Christ, who inaugurated a spiritual worship, and so great was its brightness, that some were blinded to its beauty, and sought to destroy it by the cry of "Devil!—Devil!!" Though destroying the outward form, the glass through which the light came, the light still remained, and gave the promise of a greater light ("and greater things shall ye do") which should follow to beautify, with love and wisdom, the whole earth.

Onward through the ages, just as man's mind was prepared to admit it, flowed this light. Wave after wave sweeping over the dark beach of ignorance, washing away in its course, boulders of bigotry and error.

The wave that floods our souls to-day with light from heaven; the wave of light upon whose crested top we almost reach the heavens; the wave that bears the bark of individual spirit-communion, broke over our continent just twenty-four years ago, and to-day we bask in its myriad wavelets of light. Humbly, and peacefully it came, yet persecuted with bitter sneers of scorn; with the cry of "Crucify them! Crucfy them!" and yet it has chased the shadows from ten million hearts in this fair land.

In the manger of childhood it was cradled, its outward manifestations were nailed time and again to the cross of a blind Theology. It has grown and will grow, and bless every soul that stoops by the wayside, to pluck a flower from the foot of its cross. Still a greater promise is given. The time is at hand when we shall all worship God, not only through the material—not alone in mignty buildings, whose gilded spires tower proudly to the clouds; but within the recesses of our conscious spirits, in "spirit and in truth."

In these days are the prophecies of the Nazarene fulfilled; in these days the spiritual gifts are shed down, and the promised signs do follow them that believe; the sick are healed; the lame walk; the deaf hear; the blind see, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them.

The illumined mind fears no devil standing by the death-bed with attendant imps, ready and anxious to toss the liberated soul into the unquenchable abyss of material fire. No, those who have passed over, can and do return, and tell us of a *reasonable hell*, where the souls of sinners are purified by suffering; a hell from which they can progress, if they listen to those who go as Jesus went, to preach to the spirits, in prison. Our loved ones tell us of the joys that await the pure in heart, and the welcome of well known voices that shall greet us when we gain the other shore—not as strangers in a strange land, but as angels with an angel band—dwelling in the light of the Father's glory; dwelling in the light of Love.

To-day we remember with joy and gratitude, the twenty-fourth anniversary of our new dispensation of Light from the angel-world, and we would still pray "O send thy light forth, and thy truth, and let them guide us."

We have the promise of a time, when men shall walk with angels, and commune with them face to face. With some, that time now is, and as surely as we seek wisdom and knowledge, and bring love and harmony into our hearts and homes, so surely do we open the doors and windows of the soul, that the sunlight of truth, and the messengers of the Infinite, the good angels, may come in and dwell with us.

Let each soul send forth its highest aspirations for light, and the whole earth may be filled with the glory of God. Curb not the almighty rein of conscientious reason. Leave Theology to fight her own battles. Let us establish a religion which does credit to the ensign of liberty under which we breathe the atmosphere of Heaven's free air; a religion which will be found under the most searching criticism, to harmonize with natural law, and all-powerful science.

To-day we rejoice in the manhood of Modern Spiritunlism. Many who watched it in its infant growth, prophesied a premature death; but to-day we see them deceived. It has calmly and perseveringly withstood all the slurs, taunts and vile intrigues heaped upon it by its Christian (?) brethren. It has baffled all the experiments and endeavors of modern science to account for its manifstations in any other way than by the influence of a spirit-world.

It has proved itself ot God for "if this thing come not from God, it will surely come to naught." But Spiritualism is a *power* in the world to-day; it numbers its adherents, not by hundreds, but by millions. The good angels of guardianship watched over and strengthened it through many difficulties in its infancy; and having attained its majority, it will become more and more respected, and call forth the investigations of many who previously deemed it unnoticeable.

Friends, let us then show by our actions that we have, indeed, been blessed with the light, and under the influence of this new dispensation.

Bedford Co., Va., March 22d, 1872.

A Problem for the Clergy to Solve.

As it is evident God made all worlds with the same motive in view, and as all stars are supposed to be planets, inhabited by human beings, and according to Dr. Dick "80,000,000 of heavenly bodies had been discovered with the telescope then in use, and that each of them represented a solar system, and were consequently suns around which planets revolved"; then, supposing each system has thirty planets, this makes 2,400,000,000 planetary worlds within the reach of telescopic vision, but late astronomers go so far as to swell the number of worlds within the scope of telescopic vision to 20,000,000,000, and suppose these to be but a small part of what exists in endless space; then if God had a plan of salvation for each of these planets to be introduced by his *only* son, and it takes this only son 33 years to introduce the plan of salvation upon this world, how long will it take to finish the job provided this was the first one on the endless list of worlds?

J. I. M.

BY AGNES W. MONTROSS.

We gaze upon them wrapped in their mysterious stillness, and like beautiful statuary they seem unto our inner senses. But to the lovenature what agony as we look, in vain, for the sweet smile that greeted us in days gone by. We look into the once bright eye, now lustreless and unsympathizing. What return do we receive? The limped love-light has fled; the golden glory that adorned that young head is now no more. The dream is past, and all of life's hopes are laid away with our beautiful dead.

We wait for the quick footsteps that were wont to meet us at the door, listening for the rippling laughter, whose merry music is now hushed. No consolation anywhere. The ghost of our departed dreams haunt our footsteps like some demon of unrest. We read, but before us flits a vision of bright eyes, and a head crowned with a halo of golden hair. We essay to clasp the shadow; it vanishes, and we see naught but empty air and white, cold walls.

We remember the moonlight walks; see again the smile, but we know it is but a dream, cheating our senses with its weird fancy. Then we go forth among men, seeking for something to fill the aching void. We find it not, but return to our cheerless home as night comes on—until all its weird fascinations is upon us, and we are alone; all alone, since she, our darling, has left us. But a strong thrill goes throughout our system; a soft and mellow light pervades the room, as if some angel had caught from heaven the golden cloud, shook from its inner folds the limped light, and poured its wealth at our feet. Out from its lovely beams comes a voice—the voice and form of our lost one. We gaze in awe upon the vision; it stands smiling before us. Then with a mighty effort we stretch forth our arms and clasp—what? Empty air! The vision has gone! Was it real, or but the dream of a distracted mind? Was it not the midnight's power over the physical senses, or did I behold the evanescent glory that comes from the spirit-world? Was the aromatic perfume, with its entrancing sweets, the breeze that is wafted from the isles of Asphodel? Was it not the scintillization of the hidden gems that lie buried deep within the mystic chalice of every human soul?

Oh, God, give us light; make thy teachings plain to our weary hearts; pour over us the balm of Gilead; float out from the sunny isles of the blest the snowy bark of hope, and let the oarsmen be our beautiful dead.

Reedsburg, Wis.

Spirit Communication.

The following was communicated by Emma, a young lady in the spirit-world, for Enoch Root, an artist in Rome, Italy, with the request that it be printed in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. His name was not given until the letter was finished, and I am not acquainted with the gentleman.

DR. ABBA LORD PALMER.

DEAR BROTHER-FRIEND:—Thy footsteps seem to be in foreign lands, and not in thine own loved clime, yet they are guided and guarded by the one great Father's hand, and he sends ministering angels to cheer and bless, and whisper words of peace to the hungry and tired, and world-weary soul. Often when faint with life's burdens, and the spirit longs to fly to other scenes, duties and loves, gently hands are laid within yours, as much as to say, "You are safe; grow not weary in well doing; ultimately the true life and light will come to thy life."

Out of the depths came forth worlds, so out of the depths of darkness, of wearisome waitings in all truly great lives, comes forth beautiful truths, holy thoughts, sublime patience—ultimately peace and rest.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dews,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

For thy future it appears that the pinnacle of fame is difficult of ascent, but step firmly, and slowly, and surely will thy future become bright, and success will crown thy efforts. Study seems still necessary, and within one year and six months you will be conscious of spirit aid in your work. *Labor on*, and let hope cheer you, and when returned all the years of toil and waiting will only beautify and enhance the new and higher sphere, in which you will live.

"He is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the power within himself to suffer, and still possess the quality to 'learn to labor and to wait.'"

"He that would enjoy the sweets of spring, or obtain the honeycomb of Mount Hybla, must not dread his face being stung, or annoyed by briars;" for is not the rose guarded by thorns, the honey defended by the bee? So when in the lonely walk, remember that when the time comes that duty can allow of thy return to thine own land, warm hearts, bright eyes and loving hands will bid you welcome and be glad.

Give heed to caring for thy health, because only in perfect health there can be a perfect mind.

March 12, 1872.

Items of Interest.

—Gosport, Indiana, has a man who hears through his mouth, external auricular organs being wanting.

—Ten thousand dollars is a pretty good salary for preaching, but there are fourteen clergymen in New York city who receive it.

—Dr. R. P. Fellows, healer, intends traveling through New Jersey this summer. He will remain in Salem until May 15th. He has met with excellent success recently in Bridgeton.

—The people of Nashville are amazed at the performance of a boy who plays one tune on the piano with his left hand, another tune with his right, whistles a third, and beats the base drum with his toes.

—A musical prodigy has appeared in Wurtlsboro, New York,—a little German girl named Paulina Korn, four years old, who plays any air on the piano or organ, after having once heard it. She plays everything off hand, and her execution is superior to that of many experienced players.

—Certain church-goers in Norwich, Conn., are puzzled. A month ago a clergyman from Meriden preached a very fine sermon to them. Last Sunday a clergyman from Eagleville preached eloquently to them, but it was the same sermon. Now they are anxious to know who wrote it.

—A. E. Doty asks us to "Please state in the JOURNAL that I am stopping at Wilkes Barre, Penn., for a few weeks, and am at liberty on Sundays, and will answer calls to speak on Spiritualism within any reasonable distance. May be within the bounds of the State for some months to come, and would be happy to make the acquaintance of our friends here."

—Laura Fair is to have another trial in June, and the public sentiment in San Francisco has so changed in favor of the fair prisoner that her friends feel quite sure of her acquital. There is no question that Mrs. Fair is a victim of a state of things which the laws take no cognizance of, as well as a violator of the laws, and what she has already suffered should be taken into account in deciding what more she should be made to suffer. That she was sinned against is no excuse for her crime; but when a man voluntarily plays with fire-arms he does not deserve much sympathy if he gets shot.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

The following poem was improvised and given through Nellie J. T. Brigham, at the close of one of her lectures in Philadelphia, in March. It was in response to a question sent to the desk:

"WEARY OF LIFE."

"Weary of life, oh! so weary;
When the soul looketh up to its God.
Shall the flower be weary of growing
As it rises from earth's heavy clod?
Weary of life, oh! thou spirit,
Why rests this shadow below?
Why doth thy voice say, oh weary?
Though the darkness enfolds thee with woe.

"Why art thou weary of living?
Because of the darkness around,
Because of the sin and sorrow,
Which thy spirit in earth-life has found?
Cease weary soul from repining,
Cease from thy sadness and tears,
For around thee are loving arms twining,
From the light in the heavenly spheres.

"Weary of life, oh! so weary,
Doth no shadow come from within?
Thine eyes are so dim with weeping
They see not where sunbeams have been.
A part of the griefs that oppress thee,
A part of the burden of pain,
From thy heart's human weakness confess thee
Is of darkness in which you remain.

"You say that your hopes have been blighted,
That your loved ones have faded away,
That death so relentless has gathered
All the blossoms that grew by your way.
Oh! soul thou art sad, and so selfish,
To *mourn* when *their* life is the day,
Whilst thou art here waiting in sorrow,
The morning grows bright o'er their way.

"Oh list to the song they are singing—
The shadows are fading afar,
So bright is the light, life is bringing,
That pale seems the light of the stars;
Life in its joy is a blessing,
Its path by the angels still trod,
And through all its griefs is possessing
The tenderest love of its God.

"Think not of this life, thou art weary,
'Tis the school where earth's labor is done,
Where the spirit prepares for existence
Beyond the bright realm of the sun;
Then grow like the flowers—never weary,
Through lingering shadows of night,
Through the dust of many afflictions,
Yet shall thy garments grow white."

The Materialization of Spirits.

A Communication from Dr. Hare.

Few subjects are exciting more interest than this, and I propose to give, through you, my views and experiences in relation to it.

If the position presented by me in a former article, that matter is the result of the decussation, or crossing of the lines of force, be accepted and comprehended, you will more readily understand the phenomena under consideration. Thus, not only each human being, but every atomic body has its peculiar rates of motion which distinguish it from every other one.

The spirit world and all its scenery and conditions, as well as spirits themselves, are material; that is, they are composed of refined forms or expressions, which result from the more refined and progressed movements of the currents of life-force.

This world and its inhabitants are, and ever must be, invisible to human beings, except, as provisions may be made for precipitating them into the conditions peculiar to the mundane sphere, which is closely allied to the lower conditions of spirit-life. So much so, that certain individual spirits on coming out of the earth-life are so nearly on its plane, that they have, under favoring circumstances in all ages, been at times made visible to mortals. One of these circumstances is the absence of light; hence, most of the spirits that have been seen of men, or that have produced marked physical phenomena, in the various ages of the world, have done so in the night, and all history confirms this fact.

It is obvious that the nearer a spirit approaches to external materiality the more power it will have upon such substances. The raps and the movement of physical bodies belongs appropriately to this class of spirits, and they are mediums for spirits of more refined spiritual organizations whose knowledge is greater. We are just as dependent upon this class as they are upon their mediums in the earthly form.

These coarser organizations are not any more attractive to those who have more refined ones here, than on earth, and they would not be brought together except for the uses they perform in the manifestations, and for the beneficial influences that advanced spirits feel that they can bring to bear upon those who are less developed, so as to enable them to progress to higher conditions.

Upon the lower planes of this life, spirits are often very crude and undeveloped, and at times quite mischievous and unruly; just as certain classes of workers on earth are, who are very necessary in their places, and to whom the more refined classes are under continued obligations for the performance of a great amount of labor which is essential for their comfort and happiness. You have recognized that we have similar grades here to those of earth, all of which are represented here; while there are some more advanced than any of earth's children, and yet in the divine economy, here as with you, all are essential to the perfection of the whole and none could be spared.

Those spirits whose conditions approach the nearest to the materiality of earth are constantly around individuals still on that plane and draw largely from them for their sustenance. The drunkard and the glutton feed this class of spirits, and to a certain extent, satisfy a morbid appetite which they have brought with them from the haunts of vice and crime on earth. The debauchee of both sexes is surrounded by a low class of spirits who find gratification in their vicious habits. This class of spirits draw largely from the physical systems of certain mediumistic persons, and they often suffer intensely, although they may be entirely ignorant of the causes which produce this. The elements which they draw from these earthly associates enable them to maintain their peculiar form of materiality. I would not have you infer that these spirits are always on a low, moral plane and vicious, their conditions depend very much upon those of the physical system when they leave the form.

Among this class of practical workers on the material plane, there are a large number of the aborigines of our country—strong and powerful Indians who are, here as with you, generally susceptible to kindness, and who, when thus treated become valuable aids to us, not only in producing physical manifestations, but in the practice of healing, and by their influence here we are enabled to restrain those of our race who would otherwise be quite unmanageable. When these Indian spirits become attached, as they do very generally, to spirits on a more advanced plane they are capable of producing very beneficial results to mankind. In the healing art they are selected first, because they have greater strength than any other race. Second, their systems have not been contaminated by the diseases of civilization, and they are therefore purer.

I have made these remarks preliminary to the subject of materialization of spirits, in order that you may understand it better.

There are two kinds of materialization which occur in the presence of certain mediums; one occurs mostly in close proximity to the medium, where the elements are drawn from his or her form, out of which hands, faces and other portions of bodies are formed which are not really vitalized as living bodies, but are instruments which are used by the spirits that form them. These often have the appearance of natural flesh, and can scarcely be distinguished from this. They are used by spirits to touch persons and handle them as they would with a pair of tongs or any other

them they dissolve and disappear. This is generally kept within a short distance of the medium, but sometime they may be used by certain spirits at a considerable distance from the medium. It is probable such a hand as this was used in producing the handwriting on the wall of a temple in the olden time.

There have been many instances in which such hands have been presented in bright gas light or day light. They have been set up on a table and appear as though they had come up through the table. The elements of which such hands or other portions of the body are formed, are in part borrowed from the medium's organization and will be returned to the corresponding part after they disappear. As a proof of this, if they be blackened, the corresponding part of the medium's body will present this color after the experiment. By the superficial observer this is taken as positive proof that these are portions of the medium's body who is practicing deception. I know that the above explanation is the true one, and careful experiments will prove this.

The other form of materialization is that in which a spirit is really present in the form presented, and differs very much from the above. The spirit is here made visible by a covering of material substance which is applied to it by other spirits. This covering varies from a thin, misty-like substance which only renders them dimly visible, to a very dense material substance which may be clearly discerned by all present, and may be photographed as plainly as the physical body itself, though in all cases of spirit photographs this is not essential. They may be made sufficiently material to act upon the sensitive plate of the photographer and not be visible to the human eye.

This form of materialization is becoming much more common, and would be still more so if it were not for the fear that mankind have of seeing spirits, or ghosts, as they call them.

It requires a peculiar form of mediumship, though not a very uncommon one, and considerable skill on the part of the spirits operating to produce this manifestation. The process is this: In a darkened room or behind a dark curtain—and this distinguishes this form of materialization from the former, at present at least—a spirit occupies the position designed to be exhibited, and is covered more or less thickly with material substance, which is obtained, by the operating spirits, from the medium and the circle or party assembled to witness the phenomena, and from the atmosphere of certain rooms, which are adapted for this. Any disturbance in the process may be attended with painful results to the spirits thus covered, and hence the utmost care should be taken, by those who witness such scenes, not to become excited, or in any way disturb the operation. You should wait patiently for the process to be carried through all its phases.

As soon as mankind learn the philosophy of this, and are prepared to witness it without fear or excitement, it will become much more common. The time is coming when spirits will be able thus to materialize some one of their friends in circles, and speak audibly to mortals. The dawn of a new era in Spiritualism is upon you and this is to be one of the phases of it.

I will now recapitulate this subject.

1 Spirits are material and real. The difference between their materiality and yours is in the degree of refinement, the one being intangible and invisible to mortal eyes, and the other being tangible and visible.

2 Spirits vary in their materiality, some being much nearer to tangible matter than others, and hence, more capable of influencing this matter directly.

3 These physical spirits, as we term them, are used by the more intelligent and advanced spirits to produce the various manifestations which are now awakening mankind to a knowledge of the after life and its conditions.

4 This class of spirits can and do manufacture hands and other organs out of the material elements of physical beings and the atmosphere, bearing a very striking resemblance to the physical body from which they are taken.

5 These which are really inanimate forms are generally confined to a limited space around the medium from whom they are taken.

6 They are not luminous but present a very marked resemblance to the physical body from which they are in part taken and to which a portion of them must be returned.

7 A second form of materialization exists, differing essentially from the former, being the covering, more or less densely of a real living spirit, presenting the entire form or parts of it for identification.

8 These may be able, under favorable circumstances, to move and give various signs, and at times speak in an audible voice.

9 Such materialization can only be produced under a very moderate or subdued light.

10 Being luminous they are seen much better in the dark.

11 Both these forms of materialization are destined to become much more common, when the laws governing them are better understood.

12 We consider these as the most important and complete means of convincing the world of our continued existence and identity, and hence, there is a desire on our part, that you should do all you can to promote this form of manifestation.

Passed to Spirit Life.

Passed to the Better Land, from his residence in West Aurora, Ill., April 8th, Samuel Swift, aged 67 years.

The subject of this notice was for nineteen years a firm and sincere believer in spirit communion, and a temperate, honest man.

Services were conducted by Brother Wickiser, at the house.

Passed to the higher life, March 29th, Charles E., son of E. K. and T. A. Eversol, aged 29 years 11 months, of consumption.

For nearly two years he was a great sufferer; yet with a cheerful and unfaltering spirit, he walked down the shadowy vale, and crossed the silent river, confident to greet the loved ones left behind, in the beautiful world above.

Passed to spirit-life, from Belle Plaine, Iowa, on Friday morning, April 5th, at nine o'clock, after a brief illness, of cerebro-spinal meningitis, Carrie B. wife of Amos Stone, aged 58 years, 8 months, and 25 days.

"Our mother was a woman of fine intellect and culture. She toook a lively interest in the reform measures of the day. For many years she has been an avowed Spiritualist. The last few years of her life were a grand triumph over the fear of death. To her the change is a blessed one. Rest in peace, dear companion and mother. Thy memory is precious, and the example of thy good deeds will cheer us in hours of trial, and we will look forward to meet thee in thy blessed home above. Farewell to the worn-out casket, and God and good angels bless the spirit now set free. As we lay away that venerable form we feel that it is hard to part with the casket that we have so long loved, though the gem is gone. We know that those welcome footfalls shall no more be heard; that the music of that pleasant voice can no more fall upon our outward ears; and so as we place the form away we drop tears of affection. Oh! could you see the bright shining face in its beauty you would realize it as a joy forever. We see our risen mother standing on the mountain peaks of the Summer Land, and as she looks down upon us a shade comes over her face—not for herself, not for the loved ones who have welcomed her with joy-beaming faces, but for those who are left to toil and struggle amid the mists and fogs of earth, and the echoing notes of her voice come to us now, saying: "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world. Stand fast in your integrity, without wavering, unto the end." She was born in Groton, Massachusetts, on the 10th of July, 1813, and was married at the same place, on the 1st day of May, 1838. In June, 1839, she emigrated with her companion to St. Charles, Kane County, Ill., and from thence to Belle Plaine, Iowa, in 1866. She leaves a companion and four children to mourn her loss,—one having passed to the spirit world one year ago. She lived to see her children all arrive at the age of maturity, and was prepared for the higher and better life to which she has gone."—*Belle Plaine Union.*

Brother and sister Stone we have been personally acquainted with for nearly thirty-four years.

They, as well as ourself, came to St. Charles among the early settlers. They occupied an honorable position among the intelligent and good people of the West. At an early day in Modern Spiritualism they became investigators, and soon after believers in the truth of spirit communion.

They have reared a family of children to fill places of honor and usefulness. We tender to them in this hour of trial the *Philosophy of Life*, as the only true consolation. That philosophy teaches that the loving mother is not dead. She lives upon a real, tangible plain of life, a beautiful angel who will ever watch over the loved ones of earth with guardian care, and by and by welcome all to her home on the other shore.

Our Correspondence.

Letter from Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Your many readers may be interested in the following items, which go to prove the strength of our common cause; for with the alternating states of prosperity and adversity, of hospitality and opposition, our course is surely "upward and onward."

On the lower road I found mostly a missionary field, but had fine audiences and increasing interest.

In Springfield the few friends of the cause very quietly and honorably discharged their duties to me as a speaker, and left no blot upon their record as far as the public work is concerned—a testimony I can not bear in every case; for it is well known by speakers that utter apathy, indifference and party maneuvering, with other baneful vices, lack of integrity and true fellowship, etc., are sometimes found in official Boards of Spiritual societies. Men who should be held responsible, as in all other business matters, take the liberty of engaging speakers months in advance. The correspondence, by which exact terms are stated, is never laid before the Board. The nominal Secretary constitutes himself vicegerent of the Board. The Board submits; often unwillingly, but as securing the smiles and co-operation (?) of the Secretary. The time of service arrives. Local matters are all chaotic. No hall positively secured at proper rates. No notices properly circulated. Changes made just at the hour of meeting to another hall, and all printed notices thus made worse than useless. No concert of action; no harmony. "Can't pay expenses," and speaker loses the amount of a half dozen lectures, because other engagements have necessarily been lost by this prior engagement of several months. Traveling expenses fall upon the speaker. Speaker don't take stock in the "New Departure." Secretary coldly says: "She is behind the age;" and never once apologizes for his unwarrantable conduct to either speaker or official Board.

I am happy to say that such experiences befall me only about once a year, or less; and that I find a compensation in the honor and integrity, the kindness and hospitality of other societies; but my views of "Association" have grown most beautifully less.

When the Presidential organ of any Association is thrust in my face, as a litany or rule which I should both accept and propagate, to the repudiation of my own private right and honest choice, and my success as a speaker is to be secured in any place, or by any person, from the betrayal of my *Christ*, I beg to say I hurl far from me the paltry pittance which would rob me of my selfhood, and reduce me to the level of a servile dependent. Let us, then, hold ourselves prepared for all selfish, political intriguing and Jesuitical schemes, which threaten to undermine public and private confidence, and be bold enough to assail the danger, even when found in Spiritual "Associations."

But to my report. In Lebanon, Mo., I gave a course of lectures, with good audiences and fine interest, which closed with a discussion in the local paper.

Thus the seed is sown. In Mt. Vernon, the court-house was well filled, though it was the most inclement week of the entire winter.

In Pierce City, a pious landlord demurred to my entering his hotel, though any number of landsharks, his boon companions, were housed and fed by him, and he could do the agreeable to other "unfortunates" with the utmost suavity. If it were not for the more gentlemanly conduct of his partner, I would give this sprout of an inn-keeper a gratuitous notice in full, that the public might know where *Orthodox* travelers, gamblers and railroad thieves may find hotel accommodations in Pierce City, Mo. Let the *people* of these United States, these *Republican* States, take notes of such insolence in landlords, and shun them accordingly. Really, is this not a "free country," when landlords make religious distinctions?

With the most violent opposition, and the *meanest* I have ever met, I remained in Pierce City till I conquered a victory, and left with many converted from their prejudices. There are true souls there who would now stand by me in my work, with confidence and respect. On this line of railroad are many places open to the brave and true missionary, but the expense of travel and hotel fare, the scarcity of money and the rage for speculation, makes it at present truly a starving field for the worker. The only compensation is in finding occasional service on better ground. I must here express my sorrow, too, in finding some "Spiritualists" perfectly infatuated with promises of fortunes, which are to be dug out of some Kidd's hiding-place, and pleading inability to help on the cause of republican reform by a truly humane religion; and at this crisis, too, when our precious liberties are in such danger, these mistaken souls verily think immense fortunes may be unearthed to them, from lead mines, oil wells and Kidd's pocket; till at last their little competency is frittered away, and they find themselves reduced to poverty. Thus hundreds of dollars are sunk in these experiments, when they are too poor to support the angel-gospel with an occasional subscription. Do they not pay dearly for their schooling?

In Kansas City I found the friends alive and determined. Our young Bro. Eccles had won laurels there, and prepared a warm welcome for me, like a true brother in the work. The friends speak very highly of him, and we all wish him "God speed" as one of the fearless and faithful in our cause. Our lectures were attended with overflowing houses and great harmony of feeling. No finer class of faces can be seen than those which have greeted us on this line, and truly there is great enthusiasm, and a zeal that must triumph, both in Kansas City and this place.

Our Anniversary ball at Kansas City, held on Thursday evening preceding the 31st of March, was a happy re-union to all attending; and the fine collation, dance and short speech, with the pleasant chats which enlivened the occasion, all seemed to be hugely enjoyed. The affair was every way a success. Kansas City has some noble and brave workers, and a high-toned, honorable Board.

Coming out to Lawrence, I found the revivalist, Rev. Hammond, had made a famous lift here, and his name was in the mouths of all the churches. Little children had been frightened into "conversion" by being told that they had "helped to kill Jesus," and could only be saved by "confessing" him, etc., while the old "sinners" had been caught by his "looking them in the eye," a psychological art he appears to understand well. Our meetings began in the Unitarian church, which was well filled, and now our evening lectures are attended in Frazer's hall, with an increasing congregation. The liberal element is fairly alive here, and the importance of the Spiritual work as advocating our republican principles, and as a check to Theological despotism, seems to have taken possession of the thinking minds.

I am now engaged here till the last of May. From my temporary home here, which is indeed a little paradise of peace and rest to me, I daily hear the voices of hundreds of children, in whose hands have been placed the orthodox and sectarian hymns to be sung by them in our public schools. Now that the Catholic Bible question is disposed of, is not here another as dangerous? Shall orthodox sectarianism be suffered to proselyte in our common schools?

More anon.

Yours Respectfully,

M. J. WILCOXSON.

Lawrence, Kan., April 17, 1872.

To Hon. Robert Dale Owen.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have no thought of comparing either my talents or learning with yours. I certainly regard you as a profound thinker; and I say it, not for flattery, but simply because it is true, that I never read the thoughts of any other man on the subject of Spiritualism, that so deeply impressed me, and went down into the depths of my soul as yours. But, next to yours, I regard Paul as the great doctrinal teacher in the New Testament. I am truly glad to read your declarations that you now believe that "Jesus performed the wonderful works ascribed to him." You also say, "I regard Christ—I say it with a reverence—as the great FOUNDER OF SPIRITUALISM. He gave to the world its highest phenomena. He taught the world every one of its noble lessons. In attestation of its most sublime truth, the doctrine of immortality, he appeared after death to his disciples." Thus, it seems to me, that you stand on the Christian ground.

I felt sorry that a great mind like yours should so far misapprehend what I regard as the teaching of the great apostle to the Gentiles, as to suppose, for a moment, by the influence of early training, that he taught the Calvanistic dogmas of "election and reprobation," the natural, total depravity of all mankind as a consequence of Adam's sin, as it is called, and the idea of minds standing good in the sight of God *for* their belief or faith in Christ, on the ground of a vicarious atonement, and without personal righteousness or good works.

On reading your reply to my article, I find that you come so nearly to my own views, that I have but little desire to make any reply. It may be true, for aught that I know, that, if Paul had not left on record certain passages in his letters to the Romans and Galatians, that Augustine and Luther and Calvin would have been unable to make out any kind of a show of people of ther peculiar tenets; but it does not follow from this that he taught these dogmas. And, you allow, that if we take his teachings as a *whole*, and compare one part of his writings with another, and each with all, there will be no need of supposing that he meant or designed to teach either of these unreasonable doctrines. Is it not a fair way to interpret any man's writings to consider them as a whole? Is not this a just and proper method in interpreting or understanding the Constitution of the United States?

1. Paul undoubtedly teaches that it is the "will" and "purpose" of God to save all men finally, by the use of means, and influencing them to comply with the conditions requisite to their salvation.—Tim. ii. 3-6, and Eph. i. 8-11.

2. He never says anything with reference to any being "elected, and others reprobated," as it regards their final, or ultimate destiny. He undoubtedly teaches the idea of a sovereign election, or rather *selection* of some persons and nations to hold certain positions, and to enjoy certain privileges, *in the progress* of the governments in this world, and the non-election of other persons and nations to these positions and privileges, for the time being; and all these elections and non-elections were made in the sovereign foresight and wisdom of God—not on account of merits or demerits—not as rewards of good or bad works, at all, but simply in pursuance of his plan of advancing the interests and welfare of the whole. For, as a grand result, "he hath concluded all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all."—Rom. xi. 32.

God had also chosen certain Gentiles, instead of Jews, to be "the first fruits" of the Christian ministry, and Christian missionaries to the rest of the world. As the apostle says in Eph. i. 4, 5—"According as he hath chosen us in Christ before the foundation of the world, that we *should be holy*, [not that he foresaw that they *would be holy*] and without blame before him in love—having predestinated us into the adoption of children, according to the good pleasure of his will," &c. Thus, he makes their *election* the *cause* of their being set apart to become holy, instead of their foreseen holiness being the cause why God elected them to be the first-fruits unto Christ.

This, forever refutes the Arminian notion, that God is *moved* by the foreseen actions, repentance, and holiness of his creatures to elect them to be saved.

The Methodist erroneously places the effect for the cause, and the cause for the effect in this matter. But, there is no reprobation to endless death; for the apostle, in Eph. i, goes directly on in verses 8, 9, 10, and 11, to speak of the final ingathering of all things, *or* all persons into Christ, in the fullness of time."

In Romans ix, Paul teaches the sovereign election of God, of the Jews, as the posterity of Jacob, to certain positions in the divine government, to which the Gentiles were not elected. Afterward, with reference to propagation of the gospel in the world, the Gentiles were the "elect," and the Jews were the non-elect. The American people are "God's elect," to take the lead in spreading Republican government over the earth.

Jesus was "God's elect" as a saviour, and none other was ever elected to fill his place. He is greater than all, except the Father. Confucius, Mann, Sakya-muni, Zoroaster, and Mohammed were elected to fill their respective places. So were Luther, Calvin, Zwingle, and Melancthon.

All great reformers in the world, in religion, science, morals and politics, have been elected and raised up to fill certain places in the world. Others have not been elected to fill these places. All is planned in the Divine administration. But, "the elect" are never elected for their own separate good, but for the good of the non-elect, as well—for the good of all. This, as it seems to me, is clearly, Paul's doctrine of election and non-election.

Luther taught a most wicked and unreasonable doctrine of justification, by faith, without good works; by belief and the appropriation of of a vicarious atonement. Paul talks of being saved and justified by or through faith; not *for* faith, because in his view, *faith* in the soul of man is *the living power* that produces a pure heart, and a righteous life, in which state alone we can be justified in the sight of God. The impure can be justified only when they become pure *through faith*; the unrighteous only by becoming righteous; the disobedient only when they become obedient to the law; the bad when they become good; the unholy when they become holy, or as far as they practice good works. Thus, Paul and James are perfectly harmonized.

ELI BALLOU.

Chandlerville, Illinois.

S. S. JONES—Dear Sir:—In the emission of the JOURNAL of the 13th inst., Dr. D. P. Kayner, of St. Charles, Ill., gives an account of his visit to this place, and were it not that he makes use of my name in such an unwarranted manner, I should not ask to be heard.

"Every statement the Doctor makes about me is *untrue*, except one, viz: "He has not yet decided to take the affirmative of this question."

That is true. The correspondence is correct so far as it appears in the JOURNAL, but *he did not* publish the correspondence entire. Why he did not, perhaps he can tell. If he had done me the justice to publish the entire correspondence, he would have shown more of the *true man* than in doing as he did.

Yours Respectfully,

JOHN A. RAINES.

Golden City, Colorado Territory.

DEAR JOURNAL:—You will remember during my short stay in Chicago, last January, I promised to drop you a few lines from this quarter. To fulfill that promise, is to me, a pleasure, indeed, even at this late hour. To-day is Sunday, April 6th, and with it comes cold drifting snows from the Northwest. Having been a resident of this territory from its earliest settlement (now nearly thirteen years,) it is but just for me to state that this past winter and present spring surpasses anything I ever saw, so far as cold weather and snow is concerned. The suffering of our domestic animals must be intense. Go out to-day, my brothers, in this unmerciful storm and behold those poor, shivering, starved brutes—pass close beside them and observe their suffering condition. They ask you for food, for shelter and protection. Can you give it to them? Nay, verily you cannot! Seven-eighths of the dumb brutes in this territory must suffer on, on, and then die for want of that protection you justly owe them. As Bro. Jones of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL says, "There is a Compensation," remember, then, this great and grand truth in your future actions toward the brute.

It was not my intention at the commencement of this article, to write a sermon on the cruelty toward animals, but my soul seems to go out in sympathy for them, for I, too, must suffer when they do.

Oh! can it be true, that injustice done to any of God's creatures, in either kingdom of animated matter, all must suffer for such injustice, differing only in degree? Let us see to it, then, and make such recompense for our past injustice toward the animal kingdom, that their rights in the future may be better cared for.

To-day closes the nine months' engagement with Bro. Benjamin Todd, with the Spiritualists of Golden and Boulder Cities. His stay with us has been the cause of opening up many avenues of thought in the minds of the opposers of Spiritualism, as well as in the minds of Spiritualists themselves. His good wife should not be forgotten, by any means. It is almost the height of presumption on my part, to attempt to do Sister Todd justice, as regards her abilities, as a lecturer and reformer. Possessing a vast amount of moral courage, and a self-consciousness of right—well trained in the school of thought and history. I do most cheerfully recommend her to those who admire those traits in women.

It may not be out of place for me to mention here, the slanderous reports freely circulated here, against Bro. Todd and wife, on their arrival here last July. It was done by a designing, ungrateful, uncharitable man expecting to build for himself a mansion that the orthodox world and himself might truly worship their God in, with great credit to themselves. But credit to the powers that be, their mansion fell, crushing them beneath. Bro. Todd and wife, by the order of the society's secretary here, soon received letters from the Pacific coast where both had been known for years—letters from some of California's noblest men and women, that such reports were false and without any foundation in the least. So, Bro. Ben., you and your good wife leave us with the same good wishes and kind feelings for your future wellfare, ever ready to give our signature as a guarantee of fidelity, honesty of purpose, as did your California friends. Success go with you.

I fear that I have already intruded too far on your valuable time and space; but forgive me this time. I feel it but just that I should make mention of a sermon preached by Rev. W. E. Copeland, Unitarian minister of Emporia, Kansas. It seldom occurs that such honest, heart-felt words escape the lips of our Christian ministers. Would to God that the world had more Copelands—men that are willing to acknowledge truth, even if much-loved theories fall thereby. There is so much truth, philosophy and honesty in the last two paragraphs of the sermon in question, corresponds so perfectly with my past twenty-two years experience and investigations of Spiritualism, that it is of untold worth to me. Quoting from paragraph referred to, "Spiritualism, with all its absurdities and vagaries, is doing more than all the sects put together, to establish a rational religion," etc. The objections of most of our best minds to Spiritualism is, that every conceivable side-issue under the cloak of reform, the utter abolition of individual rights cloaked over again with that worst of all stumbling blocks known to the human family, "conscience," running stark mad after anything or everything that purports to come from the spirit world, allowing their reason to be smothered by supposed spirit promptings and with the "right bower" of conscience "don't care!"

Philosophy and science entirely ignored for the sake of conscience and don't care. Beware, oh! beware of these stumbling blocks, lest you find out your sad mistake too late. That there is such an attribute belonging to the human soul as "conscience" and intuition, I will not deny. But when allowed to get the advantage of reason, philosophy, science and facts you must suffer for such short-sightedness.

To such as would become acquainted with concise, close reasoning, read the articles in the JOURNAL, commencing where Bro. Francis leaves off. "The Search After God" has awakened more thought and done more good toward settling this great enigma in the minds of thousands, than the slimsy twaddle that has been palmed on this country for centuries. Let those that would become educated, enlightened, and made better men and women, read the JOURNAL, which to day stands at the head front of all the spiritual periodicals of the day. Long may it live; and forever may such men as W. E. Copeland preach sermons for its columns. Should Bro. Copeland ever come to Colorado, I will extend the hand of welcome to him—should I be so favored. Go on, noble worker, may angels assist you.

The real merits of the JOURNAL is a sufficient guarantee of success. In the future I shall do all I can to place it before the public as an honest, philosophical exponent of Spiritualism proper. May success crown your efforts in doing good, is the prayer of

GILBERT N. BELCHER.

Golden City, Col. Ter., April 7, 1872.

Thomas Paine in Congress.

For the first time, since the first Congress, Thomas Paine has been quoted approvingly in an *official* document. So the world moves, though slowly. We refer to the Minority Congressional Report on Woman Suffrage. The report quotes from Paine's "Dissertation on the First Principles of Government." It is one of Paine's small and pithy works,—a work that in these days of political looseness should be read with care. What will the bigots say to see Paine introduced to our august M.C.s?

Thus the *slandered* Father of American Republicanism is avenged. W. W. B.

Hopedale, Massachusetts.

S. S. JONES—Dear Sir: I have often thought I would write you, thanking you for your JOURNAL, which still visits me from week to week. I have thought, too, that I would send you occasionally an article for its columns, but on a second reflection have concluded you might say to me as Horace Greeley once said to a lady who suggested to him that if he would send her his *Tribune*, she would write for it. The plain-spoken Horace wrote back to her that if she would *not* write for the *Tribune* he would send it to her.

Your paper is taken by a number of persons in this rural village, which, by the way, is mostly composed of Spiritualists. Some of them seem to have outgrown the desire for physical manifestations, and accept the doctrine of spirit communion as an established fact. In the centre of the town of Milford is a Spiritual organization and a Progressive Lyceum. Meetings are held in the town hall twice a month. A number of able speakers have occupied the desk the past winter, among whom were Miss Lizzie Doten, Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, and Miss Jennie Leys. The close proximity of Hopedale village to that of Milford gives our people the privilege of hearing those talented expounders of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Rev. Adin Ballou, who has for many years embraced the doctrine of Spirit Communion, preaches in the church here every Sunday. He has been the accepted pastor of this people for thirty years or more, and has been an earnest advocate of all the great reforms of the day. His book, written in the early days of Spiritualism, entitled "Spirit Manifestations," has probably been read by many of your subscribers.

Your RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL appears destined to live, and is now before the world "purified as by fire."

Life is grand and beautiful in proportion as we fill it up with loving deeds, and shower blessings, as we journey down the steep of time. It is better to scatter flowers than thorns; better to create love than hate. When men and women have learned the great secret of making each other happy, the era of millennial glory will have dawned upon us.

H. N. GREENE BUTTS.

Vine Cottage.

Our readers may rest assured that H. G. would never have made such a response to the author of the "Vine Cottage Stories" and other interesting works.—[ED. JOURNAL.

Explanation Called for.

BROTHER JONES: Will some admirer of Mrs. Woodhull's views on the social question harmonize the two following expressions in her reply to A. E. Newton:

"How can our finite minds measure the wisdom of creation, so as to be competent to decide that a very low and promiscuous exhibition of sexualism is wrong—is even to be deprecated? Who are we that are wiser than God?"

Second:

"I did show the various degrees of love, and deprecated the lower as ultimate conditions."

I cannot impeach her motives, neither can I understand her language. She says: "It matters little to me what I am understood to say." Then she may as well talk in some unknown tongue, for we are decidedly a practical people, and intend to cut, divide, subdivide, analyze, masticate, and thoroughly digest what ideas and thoughts are found to feed and nourish the soul. If she cares not to make her theories understood, then how can she expect us to become converts to her principles?

It seems to me that her language indicates a muddled brain, and teaches us to closely analyze every thought, and know where we stand, politically and socially, or we may jump from the frying-pan into the fire. How a delicate, refined, and intelligent woman can advocate free promiscuous sexualism, is to me a wonder. She may believe that what already exists is a stepping-stone to something higher, but how she can advocate its universality is what I am unable to comprehend.

If libertinism is to be advocated because the two are agreed, and female innocence and confidence betrayed by the supposed lover and friend, then Spiritualism has a bigger pack than Bunyan's Pilgrim attempted to carry, and the quicker it cuts the ropes the better.

Spiritualism may include the lowest forms and practices of life, but will opening the flood-gates of the latter tend to purify or flood the former? Will the lesson well learned by the multitude, that no sexual relations are to be deprecated where any two are agreed to hold such relations, tend to purify, ennoble, elevate, and spiritualize humanity? What says history? What says human experience? What says the finer and purer instincts, or, more properly speaking, intuitions of our natures? Let us as Spiritualists remember that "Carnal-mindedness is death, but spiritual-mindedness is life, joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost." S. L. RUGGLES.

Salina, Kan.

Appreciative Letter.

DEAR BRO. JONES:—Your kind letter of sympathy and brotherly feeling has come to me, and I can not tell how grateful I am to you for it. I assure you that the JOURNAL will be doubly precious to me after this, and what little I can do to aid in its circulation shall be done.

I am a Spiritualist without any sectarian predilections that I am aware of, and I do all I can to disseminate the light of our blessed gospel among the people; and I have never found a better method of doing so than circulating the journals devoted to the truth of spirit intercourse. I know that you will be doubly blessed in the good you are seeking to do, and I believe that the angels will see that you succeed in the glorious work.

Sincerely Your Brother,

A. E. CARPENTER.

Boston, Mass., April 17, 1872.

REMARKS:—It is gratifying to us to be appreciated. Those who are laboring in the great work of unfolding the Philosophy of Life to their fellow men are deserving and shall receive through the columns of this paper that encouragement so much needed to sustain them in their many hours of trials. No man or woman that has treated us with kindness has ever received any other treatment at our hands.

We combat error wherever we find it. A *persistent vilification* of our acts and motives ever has and ever will receive its deserved rebuke, no matter from whom it may come.

NURTURE your mind with great thoughts. To believe in the heroic makes heroes.

Voices from the People.

ARMSTRONG, IOWA.—H. Brooks writes.—I am going West and I want one friend with me, and I consider the JOURNAL a dear friend.

MT. VERNON, MO.—Z. H. writes.—Your JOURNAL is worth its weight in gold, and I am always glad to see it come.

Fahnestock's work on *Statuvolism* is for sale at this office. Price $1 50; postage 16 cents.—[ED. JOURNAL.

VOLNEY, IOWA.—J. H. Butts writes.—I cannot do without the glorious old JOURNAL. I would get you subscribers if I possibly could, but I am surrounded by bigots, who think it a sin to read your paper.

CHIPPEWA FALLS, WIS.—E. Pound writes.—I have been a constant reader of your paper from its commencement; and having passed seventy winters, I can't think of doing without it the rest of my pilgrimage in this sphere. Spiritualism is my meat and my drink, and the older I get the more I crave to be fed by its divine teachings.

MORRIS, ILL.—H. Tripp writes.—Last evening I attended the Baptist church and listened to the Rev. I. Breckenridge. He said much about the retrograde of the churches, and said that now there were more believers in Spiritualism in this country, than all other denominations put together; and even the infidels outnumbered the true Christians; and he urged them (his hearers) to come up to the scratch, etc.

WORCESTER, MASS.—R. K. Lane writes.—I think there never has been a time in the history of this country, when the people were as eager to investigate with so much freedom the ideas of religious liberty and other vital questions of the day as now, which must be a matter of great encouragement to you who are engaged in the great work of developing the future great and glorious "Religious Democracy" of her people.

CHAPIN, IOWA.—D. P. Maxson writing says—I came near being annihilated for offering the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL to an old veteran of Christ, whose head is white with age, and ripe in years for the next sphere. He drove me from his house and told me not to come there again, for I was a *devil and doing the work of the Devil*. He said he would not have such abominable things in his house. Poor old *priest-ridden* soul, he will soon begin to learn wisdom.

LEROY, MINN.—G. P. Colby writes —Although I have not been authorized to act as agent for the JOURNAL, yet I have announced myself as such. And instead of "Searching After God," I have been searching after men who would be willing to pay for, and read the JOURNAL, and have succeeded in obtaining several new subscribers. Enclosed you will find their remittances and addresses. May God and his ministering angels bless you and Bro. Francis, in your struggle against superstition, incomprehensible theology, and the strange infatuations of misguided minds, is my prayer.

SPARTA, WIS.—H. C. Walker writes.—The cause of Spiritualism is somewhat dull here at present, not having had any lectures here of late, we are nearly starving for the bread of life. As it is not considered a popular cause here, the starving few must hope and wait for a progression that will surely come, sooner or later. The only food we get is from the pages of the good old JOURNAL. Long may it circulate and bring glad tidings of great joy. I deeply sympathize with you in your great loss by the fire, but trust the angels will assist and bless you, that you may feel doubly rewarded in the future.

AURORA, IND.—S. HOWE writes.—The people down here are afraid of Spiritualism. They think it almost an unpardonable sin to allow a spiritual paper in their house. They seem to think if they join a church, and go to meeting every Sunday, or often enough so they wont turn them out, and ask a blessing at the table, they are as safe as Noah in his ark, notwithstanding they do all manner of meanness to which humanity is prone. If I ask them how they expect to get to heaven? They say, "Through the merits of the Savior. Join the church and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; his blood will wash us clean."

KEITHESBURG, ILL.—A subscriber writes.—We wish to hold circles at home in our own family, but do not know how to proceed. We are trying to become Spiritualists, and if we could only hold circles, I should be better satisfied. Will you be kind enough to answer this through the columns of your JOURNAL? A book has been sent to us entitled, "The Spirits Exposed," published by Jesse Haney & Co. We don't believe one word in it, but the Methodists here think that it is all true. They say no spirits ever come back to earth. We like the JOURNAL very much. We are more eager to read that than any other paper we take.

Your Methodist neighbors must be very benighted. Please refer them to John Wesley's Life—the father of Methodism. He was in communion with departed spirits for years before his demise.

Statuvolism is a very good book to give you instructions how to hold circles. By a careful perusal of the JOURNAL you will often find instructions to the end desired.

TOLEDO, IOWA.—A. W. Harbaugh writes.—It has been but a few weeks since the first RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL made its appearance in this place. It is causing quite a stir, especially among the Orthodox. And all who have read it are becoming interested—so much so, that that their priest had to give it a blowing up. But he has not quite satisfied them with his splendid reason which ran thus: "It is all a humbug; there is nothing of it; it is only a cloak for infidelity," etc. But the time for such reason is about past, the people are beginning to think for themselves, and I think before the summer is over the JOURNAL will be read and much and appreciated by many in this place, if its philosophy is not accepted as true.

GREEN SPRING, OHIO.—M. S. Curtiss writes. Are the vast fields you explore real—and is your philosophy true? or must the world wait an hundred years or more for the truths and the beauties contained in Spiritualism, to be sifted and purified from all excrescences which have clung to it from the dark side of human nature? One world at a time is, may be, enough. But oh! could we look beyond the vail, knowing that what we should see was no mirage, no delusion or illusion, how satisfactory it would be. I am wishing to know of these things. Conjecture is not sufficient. I want light!—more than words of mine can tell. I saw a copy of your JOURNAL today for the first time ever. I have read much upon the subject, yet in doubt always of much that I read. For one in the dark, will any of your bright coterie tell me of the light?

NEW LONDON, MINN.—M. E. Chandler writes. It don't seem now as if we could do without the JOURNAL; we like it much better than we expected, especially the fearlessness with which it attacks all humbugs within, as well as without the ranks of Spiritualism. As we are the only Spiritualists in the neighborhood, shall be unable to obtain any new subscribers at present, but will watch our chances and do what we can for you. The pamphlets you sent us, (some of Wm. Denton's works,) have been freely circulated among the Orthodox, and have created considerable excitement. The result is, that many are reading their Bibles in a different light. May the angels bless you in the good work you are doing toward the redemption of the human race.

ST. PAUL, MINN.—M. T. C. Flower writes.—Enclosed find remittance on subscription for the best paper published, viz: the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. The cause we love is quietly but steadily progressing in St. Paul and throughout the State. I am credibly informed, that, during Prof. Denton's course of lectures at Minneapolis, he was greeted with an audience of not less than two thousand persons on each evening of the course. This speaks well for the religious sentiment of our sister city. We have a very good test medium here, a Mrs. Carlton, who describes and gives names of spirits in attendance at the circles. We also have a lady here who is engaged in sculpture business, under spirit direction and influence, who is succeeding admirably. I will at some future time write you more fully in regard to her. Our State Convention meets in Minneapolis in June, when I intend to try and secure some new subscribers for the JOURNAL.

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Neuralgia, P, 2,137; Dyspepsia, P, 2,974; Asthma, P, 2,215; Catarrh, P, 987; Chills and Fever, P & N, 2,418; Rheumatism, P, 1,378; Painful Menstruation, P, 1,497; Suppressed Menstruation, P, 934; Female Weaknesses, P 1,561; Fever, P, 2,886; Amaurosis (blindness), N, 63; Coughs and Colds, P, 1,709; Heart Disease, P, 483; Diarrhœa, P, 1,114; Headache, P, 1,841; Dysentery, P, 1,246; Liver Complaint, P, 760; Pains and aches, P, 981; Deafness, N, 83; Bronchitis, P, 325; Piles, P, 216; Cholic, P, 152; Worms, P, 280; Inflammations, P, 971; Paralysis, N, 94; Acidity of the Stomach, P, 852; Earache, P, 456; Toothache, P, 325; Flatulence, P, 265; Hysteria, P, 84; Diptheria, P, 98; Spermatorrhœa (Seminal Weakness), P, 1,484; Erysipelas, P, 862; Constipation, P, 596; Loss of Taste and Loss of Smell, N, 32. Nervousness, P, 472; St. Vitus' Dance, P, 231; Disease of Prostrate Gland, P, 63; Sciatica, P, 22; Sleeplessness, P, 1,843; Tumors and Cancers, P, 28; Failing of Womb, P, 317; Involuntary Urination, N, 18; Influenza, P, 276; Dumb Ague, P & N, 581; Scrofula and Scrofulous Sore Eyes, P, 875; Typhoid and Typhus Fever, N, 434; Kidney Disease, P, 571; Miscellaneous Diseases, such as Fever Sores, P; Sore Eyes, P; Convulsions, P; Fits, P; Diabetes, P; Cholera, P; Cramps, P; Consumption P; Croup, P; Diseases of the Skin, P; Gout, P; Insanity, P; Jaundice, P; Threatened Abortion, P; Quinsy, &c.—823.

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STRANGE VISITORS:

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BY..... E. V. WILSON.

From Whence Cometh these Things?

We clip from No. 4, Vol. 5 of *The Recorder*, published at Gouvenuer, N. Y., the following notice. It cheers us. And what a contrast between that journal and the would-be spiritual (*Woodhull Claflin* and *American Spiritualist*, published by New York wasps and sore heads,) weeklies:

"E. V. Wilson, the well-known lecturer and test medium, visited Ogdensburg March 2d and delivered a course of four lectures. He gave fifty tests or more, and relying upon the audience for a corroboration of his statements, all but two were promptly responded to by the persons addressed as being correct. As a stranger and seeker after truth I was led to ask, from whence proceedeth these things? Mr. Wilson's respect for the Bible, his clear and logical way of presenting facts, cannot fail to elicit a high appreciation for both the speaker and the subject he advocates. * * * If the community are disposed to carp at two failures out of fifty genuine tests from spirits, what have they to say of Christ's efforts to identify himself to the Jews as the Messiah. But as years pass away his teachings became better understood, and what was then repudiated the churches now endorse. Thus is it with Spiritualism, and to that source may not the world reasonably look for a fulfillment of Christ's words when he says 'all these things that I do, shall ye do and even greater.' * S. E. P."

A Call Convention.

To the Spiritualists of DuPage Co, Ill., greeting: We, the undersigned, call on you to meet us in council, at Wheaton, DuPage Co., Ill., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 17th, 18th, and 19th of May, 1872, for the purpose of organizing a conference meeting, to be known by such name as in the wisdom of the Convention may be determined on.

This meeting will be called to order on Friday evening, at 7½ o'clock, the 17th of May, 1872, in the Universalist church in Wheaton, situated twenty-four miles west of Chicago, on the Galena Branch of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, and will continue its sessions through Saturday and Sunday, closing Sunday evening.

We invite all liberal-minded people to meet with us in council, thus taking council one with the other for the good of all humanity.

Let us come together in truth, taking council with each other, asking the angels to be our helpers. Let us know each other here, that we may know our own hereafter.

We especially invite the Spiritualists of McHenry, Kane, and DeKalb counties, to join us. Arrangements have been made with the friends of free thought in Wheaton to entertain as many guests as possible, and at hotels at reduced charges.

E. V. Wilson, H. Carpenter,
Mary Ellen Wilson, I. Sabin,
Milo Porter, T. Abra Jewell,
Elias Jewell, K. Howard,
John Thrasher, C. A. D. Smith,
D. Bronson.

E. V. Wilson's Appointments for May.

We will speak in Bonaparte, Iowa, on Friday and Saturday evenings; also on Sunday morning and Sunday evening, the 3d, 4th and 5th,—four lectures.

SPIRITUALISM.

Its Lights and Shadows--A Visit to a Philadelphia Clairvoyant--Her Revelations and Predictions.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH M. DAVIS.

Spiritualism is a subject which interests all classes of people. Some, because they are persuaded that spirits of the departed do return to earth and communicate with the loved ones left behind, and others because they believe it to be made up of fraud and absurdities, and desire to see its deception exposed.

My first experience with spiritual mediums was with Mrs. Julia Michener, M. D., who was, at that time, residing on Pine street, below Fifth, engaged in practice as a clairvoyant physician. Suffering greatly from neuralgic pains, the result of accidental poisoning, and having heard of many cures performed by her, also knowing her to be a graduate of a regular college, I resolved, without consulting any one, to call upon her and test her power as a seeress.

I had no acquaintance with the medium, and she could have had no knowledge of me, as she had, at that time, only recently returned from England, where she had been living for some years, and I had, during her entire residene in this city, been confined to my room with illness consequent upon the poisoning, of which I have spoken.

Immediately upon coming into the presence of Mrs. Michener, she said:

"You have come to ascertain if I can tell you the cause of your illness. I find the predisposition of the disease from which you are suffering, dates back for some five years, but that the immediate cause of its present painful results is from the taking of a deleterious drug into your stomach. Is not this correct?"

"Perfectly," I answered; "you have hit upon the truth as regards the cause of my suffering. Do you think you can as truthfully indicate a remedy for it?"

"I do not know," she replied; "your guardian spirits do not tell me whether or not you will be cured, but now your Aunt Sallie writes over your head, 'Trust in God, and you will' —— this is all I see; but I am impressed that she means that you will find relief."

"Oh," I exclaimed eagerly, as she proceeded to describe the dear aunt who had been the guardian angel of my girlhood, "do not bother any more about my disease, but tell me if you see any other of my spirit friends, and describe them if you can."

"Yes," she said, looking intently over my shoulder, "I see five. First comes a beautiful boy of fourteen years, or thereabouts; he leans his head lovingly upon your shoulder, and says: 'Lib, dear sister, how I love you.' His name is George."

As a spring which gushes forth "in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is," this message, purporting to come from the idol of my childhood, who has long since passed "over the river," filled me with joy unspeakable, and I wept abundantly for my gladness. When I grew calm again, Mrs. Michener said:

"You must not welcome your spirit friends with tears; here is another—a very bright, joyous looking man of about thirty years, who says his name is William, and that he is your father."

"Has he any message for me?" I inquired.

"He says: 'Daughter, be of good cheer; pain and sorrow are but for a night; joy cometh with the morning.' And now he lays his hand lovingly, as in benediction, upon your head, and vanishes," said the seeress, "but other spirits take his place; a baby brother, whose name is Willie, and a brother of your father, who calls himself John. Do you recognize them?"

"Perfectly," I replied, "but my uncle John has been so short a time in the spirit-world that he has not forgotten his last name; will he tell it?" After a moment's hesitation the whole name was correctly given. I then asked where he died. Looking over my head, at the wall back of me, the medium said:

"Was it at Downington or Doylestown?"

"No," I answered.

"Then," she said, "I can not tell except by guessing, for I only see two phosphorescent letters over your head, and they are Do."

My uncle died at Dover.

The last spirit she described was that of a young man, a printer, who had committed suicide, whom she called Edward, but whom I did not recognize. After going home, however, and detailing the result of my interview, I was reminded by a member of my family, that I had known a young man by that name, who had shot himself several years ago—shot himself without known cause.

"Perhaps," said my friend, "he came to you to explain why he had grown weary of life, or to send a message to his parents."

I do not know. I never had him pictured by any medium since, although, in view of getting material for newspaper articles, I have visited all the prominent ones in the city at various times.

So far as I have written, Mrs. Michener's revelations were all true; but in the prophecies she afterward indulged in, she was altogether at fault.

She said: "You are a widow, and lonely. You will marry again, and this time a widower, with three children, the editor of a newspaper, who was a lover of your youth. He is married now, but his wife will die in the course of a year or so, and he will soon seek you out, and persuade you into matrimony."

I said: "Describe, if you please, this prospective husband." This she did, saying:

"He is a very handsome man, but quite bald, with white whiskers, and inclined to corpulency."

"Oh, horror!" I exclaimed; "a bald, fat man. Can not you, in all this mundane sphere, find some one better adapted to my tastes than a stout, gray beard?"

"You need not laugh," she responded; "it is your fate to marry this very person, whom you know quite well, although you have not seen him for years, and would not know where to find him if you were looking for him."

After a little joking, I took my leave of Mrs. Michener, and although the messages of my spirit friends still lived in my memory, I had forgotten all about the promised husband, until accident recalled the prophecy concerning him.

I had written a series of articles in a daily paper which attracted some attention, and one afternoon the editor of this paper called upon me to bring me some letters in response to them, and to ask me to continue the subject. To my surprise I found this editor to be an old lover of my girlhood, although, had it not been for his name I should not have recognized him, as he had grown stout and gray. It was not until he walked across the floor that I noticed he was bald, and the remembrance of the prophecy of Mrs. Michener flashed upon me. Suddenly it occurred to me to inquire after his wife and family, and I learned that his wife was in delicate health, and that he had three promising children. Much amused, I laughed out, "you are the very man," and then told him the story, which together we made merry over.

Two or three years passed away, and, in the relation of editor and contributor, we met occasionally, and often referred to our coming fate. One day I encountered him on the street, and, surprised at his great access of flesh, said I always abhorred fat men, and all the spirits of the spheres could not compel me to wed such a mountain of flesh as he had become. Laughingly promising to reduce himself to the requisite degree of slenderness, by daily draughts of vinegar, he took his leave of me, and the next week I heard of his death.

So my readers will perceive that although much truth was given me by Mrs. Michener, some falsehood, also, crept into the communication. It is therefore necessary in all cases, to obey the Scriptural command, "Try the spirits, whether they be good or bad."

LIGHT BEYOND THE TOMB.

Spirit Materializations—Truth asks a Candid Hearing.

[From the Toledo (Missouri) Sun.]

During the past week we had the opportunity afforded us to witness some wonderful demonstrations of spirit materialization, the same which has of late challenged investigation, and fell short of theoretic explanation by the learned in all circles, both in this country and in Europe. We propose to present a fair and candid account of what we heard and saw, and leave the readers to form their own conclusions. Should they seek further light upon these strange subjects, there are doubtless, opportunities almost daily afforded them, even in our city, to corroborate all that may be said in this article.

First, present in the parlors of a well-known resident of this city, in company with a number of invited guests, both ladies and gentlemen, we met Mr. H. Bastian, and companion, Mr. Malcolm Taylor, the former from the village of New Boston, near Buffalo, and the latter from New York City.

Chairs were arranged around Mr. Bastian, who sat in the centre of the circle. The company occupied the chairs in the circle, and joined hands, the left hand of one taking the wrist of the person adjoining. Mr. Bastian, to assure the company that he was not a party to the manifestations about to occur, clapped his hands together during the entire sitting. The light was extinguished, and a hymn called for, when the company complied by singing the "Shining Shore." Soon the demonstration began.

It is proper to state here that two instruments were used auxiliary to the manifestations, namely, a guitar and a small tin speaking trumpet. The guitar, which had been placed on the lap of one of the company, was taken up, and carried over the heads, and to the ceiling, being played upon during its movements through the air. Human hands gently touched the sitters, and were very palpable to the touch. Articles of apparel and ornaments were exchanged, such as rings, bracelets, ties, watches, &c., and carried from one person to another across the room. Three distinct voices were heard speaking audibly (one through the trumpet) to members of the company, and lights were manifested and carried through the room.

The song "Beautiful Star" was sung, and a small star appeared for a short time over the centre of the circle. These, and many other manifestations took place while Mr. B. was conversing or joining in the singing. Meantime, Mr. Taylor who sat joining hands with the circle, described several spirits whom he said were standing near several persons present. They were recognized, as described, as departed relatives and friends.

Three of these, to prove their identity, gave their names, and one of them—a boy who was drowned—upon the inquiry of the gentleman to Mr. Taylor, "how did he die?" instantly controlled the Medium to act out the struggles of a person drowning. The test was pronounced correct, and the gentleman gave the date on which the lad was drowned.

During an interval of quiet, requested by a spirit voice, Mr. Taylor recited some beautiful stanzas, appropriate to the occasion, under the purported control of Mrs. Hemans. Whether this gifted poetess did inspire the medium, is to be presumed possible, nevertheless, in eloquent beauty, the merit of the verses were well worthy such a spiritual source.

During this sitting, light was produced several times, and the company chatted pleasantly together in regard to their experiences. This closed the first part of the seance.

The company then seated themselves in front of a doorway leading to a small room, across which was tacked a piece of black cambric, in which was cut a hole about a foot in diameter. Behind this sat Mr. Bastian; for it is said that only in close proximity to the medium do materializations occur. A gas jet in the adjoining parlor admitted light to the room in which the company were seated. While a favorite air was being sung there appeared at the apperture in the cambric, upon which all eyes were resting, a shadowy mist, and then growing denser and more material, presented the features of a human face, but barely upon being comprehended, faded away. The face was not entirely recognized, and a gentleman requested it to appear again. It did so more positively, and was recognized as that of a deceased lady cousin to the gentleman who called for it to reappear.

A cherub child's hand loomed up, and pointed to one of the ladies. She asked, "Who is it?" and presently a pretty little boy's round, bright face appeared.

The hand of a lady, draped with a flowing lace trimmed sleeve appeared, and was quickly drawn away.

A large, left hand, with a plain gold ring on the little finger, was plainly seen. The company all seemed pleased with the manifestations.

At the parlors of another resident of the city we witnessed, perhaps, stronger evidences of materialization. The faces of several well-known persons, long since deceased, were readily recognized; one, a prominent and influential citizen, was recognized by his wife and two daughters, and by others who knew the face in life.

A lady's mother appeared, and also the face of a deceased friend of the gentleman at whose house the company were assembled. Nearly every person present received something directly of interest.

The Mediums, Messrs. Bastian and Taylor, will remain in the city until next Tuesday, when they will leave for Detroit. Our citizens have been improving the opportunity, through these gentlemen, to get a peep into the mysteries of the beyond, and many of them, we have no doubt, will eagerly look forward to similar occasions for enjoyment.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Impeachment and Conviction of King Alcohol, under the New Temperance Law of Illinois; together with the new temperance laws of Illinois and Wisconsin.

Price 25 cents. Carpenter & Sheldon Publishers: Chicago.

The Journal of Speculative Philosophy contains a number of translations and orginal articles, tending to promote the interests of speculative philosophy. Those interested should subscribe for it. Address Wm. T. Harris, box 2398, St. Louis, Mo.

Harper's Magazine, for May, is full of the most attractive reading matter, profusely illustrated. Of its sixteen articles there are but five that are not illustrated.

Among the attractive features promised by the publishers for subsequent numbers is a series of papers by Emilie Castelar, the Spanish statesman, on "The Republican Movement in Europe," to be commenced in the June number.

The Ladies' Own Magazine, now in its fourth year, and which has met with great favor from the people and the press, has been removed from Indianapolis to Chicago, from which place it will hereafter be issued. This change of base has been made with a view to better facilities for the production of a first-class magazine, and a wider patronage and influence.

Terms $1.50 per year. Mrs. M. Cora Bland, Editor and Proprietor.

The Herald of Health, for May, contains an interesting article on the "New Watering place of the Far West"; one on "Warts and Corns, and How to Treat them;" one on "Hereditary Genius;" one on "Health Lessons for Children;" one on "How to Make Home Happy;" the "Editor's Studies in Hygiene," full of instruction, and more than fifty other articles. $1.25 a year: 12 cents a number. Wood & Holbrook, 15 Laight street, New York.

—*The Balance* is the name of a neat, sprightly, and progressive eight-page monthly paper. Maria Hawley and Mary Tomlin Publishers and Proprietors. We quote the following from their Prospectus: "The name that we have chosen will admit of several interpretations, either of which we are willing to stand by. We mean to weigh measures and men (and women) in a fair and impartial manner, and try to do justice to all. We do not intend to run into any wild extremes, but preserve an 'even balance.' Or, we will act the part, to the best of our ability, of a balance-wheel in the social machinery." Parties interested can address *The Balance*, 142 North Oakley St., Chicago, Ill.

Fifth Annual Report to the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce for 1871, by the Secretary, Ossian E. Dodge.

Through the kindness of Mr. Dodge we are in receipt of an advanced copy of the above report, which gives more information about everything that can be desired to be known concerning the business and resources of that enterprising city than anything we have ever seen. Indeed, the report exhibits an amount of labor in its preparation truly surprising and the results shown thereby must be of great benefit, not only to the Chamber of Commerce, but to the thousands who are in search of exactly the information contained in this very able report.

Spiritual Conventions.

The Eaton County Circle will hold their quarterly meeting at Eaton Rapids on the 18th and 19th of May next.

The Board of Directors are requested to be present for the purpose of transacting business connected with the Circle. Good speakers are expected and a cordial invitation is extended to all.

By order of Directors. A. J. Reed, Secretary.
Grand Ledge, April 26th, 1872.

A quarterly convention of mediums, speakers, and others will be held at Dansville, N. Y., on Saturday and Sunday, June 1st and 2d, commencing each day at half past ten o'clock A.M.

The friends in Dansville will, so far as they are able to do so, entertain all who come from a distance. Good speakers are expected. The friends of truth everywhere are invited.

Committee { J. W. Seaver. G. W. Taylor. A. E. Tilden.

Special Notices.

The Golden Portal.—In the "SAFENA" the reader will find a system of mental science invested with the noblest charms of poetry.

R. Bolton, Magnetic Healer, will visit Morris, Ill., May 8th, and will cure disease by electro-magnetism. Will answer calls to lecture.

CRANE & BYRON, Blank Book Manufacturers, Wholesale Stationers, Printers, Binders Engravers, and Book Publishers. Publishers of Spalding's Treatise, and a thorough, complete, and beautiful series of Legal and Commercial Blanks of every description. Correspondence solicited. Topeka, Kansas.
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A New Progressive Era in Spiritualism.

Under the direction and advice of the Spiritual Intelligence, most influential in inaugurating the movement known as "Modern Spiritualism," a New Monthly Magazine, of the highest possible literary tone and interest, has been projected, to be entitled

"The Western Star."

—:o:—

The principal features aimed at in this undertaking will be: to establish a record of the deeply momentous events connected with Modern Spiritualism, in the most unexceptionable literary shape, and to gather up and preserve such material as cannot be included in the columns of ordinary weekly journals devoted to Spiritualism; to treat all topics of current interest from a purely Spiritualistic standpoint.

Second and Third Volumes of "Modern American Spiritualism." The projectors of this magazine call especial attention to their design of securing from Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten the exclusive right to publish in, successive numbers, all the voluminous and deeply interesting material she has prepared for the compilation of two additional volumes of her great work, "Modern American Spiritualism."

In this wonderful assemblage of facts, records of special phenomena, and biographical sketches, Mrs. Hardinge-Britten is possessed of Mss. and other unpublished matter, as well as literature now out of print and unattainable to any but herself, which renders the treasures she has been collecting during many past years, almost priceless, and more than equivalent to the worth of the yearly subscription, without the reading matter designed for the magazine.

Attention is solicited to the following synopsis of subjects sketched out by the immortal projectors of the work:

1st. Leading Articles to be written by a competent and acceptable writer on the Spiritual Philosophy.
2d. Biographical sketches of the leading mediums, speakers, and writers, connected with Modern Spiritualism.
3d. Sketches of Sibyls, Prophets, and Ecclesiastics of the Ancient and Middle Ages, and a comparison instituted with their modern prototypes.
4th. Examples of varied and marvelous Phenomenal Facts, and the philosophy of their production.
5th. Foreign Spiritualism, Trans-Atlantic Correspondence, etc.
6th. Communications from Spirits.
7th. Summary of passing events.
8th. A short essay on Politics, Religion, Popular Reforms, or other leading topics of the day, by the Western Star Circle of Spirits.
9th. Reviews and answers to correspondents.

The projectors of the Western Star propose to conduct their work in the broadest and most fearless spirit of truth, yet pledge themselves to uphold the moral, religious, and scientific aspects of Spiritualism, free from all petty side issues or narrow fanaticisms.

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TRUE ISSUES AND THEIR METHODS.

BY JUDGE EDMUND C. HOLBROOK.

In the confused elements of the world, where truth agonizes to overcome error, and in the dark struggle there are a thousand failures to one success, there is nothing so important to those who would advance her cause, as to select principles and issues that are vital and momentous, and to elucidate and sustain them by reasons sound, fortified and absolutely defensible. This is conceded all along, from the "*Q. E. D.*" of the learned logician, to the "center shot" of the illiterate huntsman. When thus established, each one is a host and a victor; for the weapons of truth are few and simple, and can not be ultimately resisted, while the shafts of error, though they darken the air, must yet fall innocuous in such a contest. I say, *in such a contest;* for if the weapons of truth are not bared and properly used, then the enemy keeps possession of the field.

The learned logician that rightly deduces from certain fixed premises, may properly say "*therefore,*" and the world moves onward; but if both, or even one, of his premises be not true, or his deduction not logically correct, then there is "confusion worse confounded."

The huntsman, with faultless rifle, powder and ball, with true and steady aim, brings down his game; but if there be one defect, the game is simply scared, and runs away, and can not be approached again. The traveler, along the direct road, will gain his point; but if his direction be wrong, the greater his effort and speed, the greater his departure, and the worse his plight. When the youthful David marched against Goliah, one stone planted between the eyes brought down the giant. If he had hurled whole mountains, and not well directed, David would have been weary, and the defier of the armies of the living God unharmed. The great Napoleon marked the commencement of his public career by firing loaded cartridges upon the mob, when his predecessor had fired only blanks. Had he also continued the blanks only, the boys would have been delighted, and the mob would have still derided, unmoved.

There was much of a certain kind of learning in the schools of the dark ages. Premising that angels were immaterial, the church schoolmen questioned, if they occupied space? Could they pass from one point to another, without going through the intermediate space? How many could stand on the point of a needle? and like questions; and filled tomes with elaborate disquisitions and affected answers. Lord Bacon attempted to utilize their learning by converging it upon practical questions, a work not yet fully accomplished. Some one asked Franklin why it was that fish did not weigh anything in water? But the infidel, doubting Franklin, questioned back, if it was a fact that they did not? An example of great value to the cause of truth, but not yet fully effectual to all people.

But what is truth? It may be very difficult, and it may be presumptuous to attempt an answer; but this much I will venture: a truth is a correct statement of *what is*, and since every thing, fact or principle, is related to every other thing, fact or principle in the world, a full statement, to be correct, involves the consideration of both what it is in itself alone—an abstract truth—and of what it is in connection with all other things—a relative truth. I hardly know. I can not now think of any merely absolute truth without limitations, this side of mathematical axioms (and these definitions are man-made, simply for the purposes of the mathematical structure), that are practical truths.

Nature has involved us, and all things, in endless combinations, intricate interlacings and correlations of rights and duties, all and each bearing on, and affected by all others, in various extent and degree; so that what is asserted as an absolute truth is very far from being a relative truth, or a truth considered in its relations to all its surroundings.

A good illustration of the co-ordination of forces and resultant motions is presented by a view of the starry heavens. No star is moving in a straight line, nor in a perfect circle; but as one is affected by every other one, all impulsions and restrictions being the combined effect of an infinite number of influences, which can only be proximately expressed or understood.

What boy has there ever been of considerable brightness but has nursed the idea, and has strongly expected to discover perpetual motion; but yet who has abandoned, on riper years, upon the full consideration of gravity and friction, hindrances that could not be overcome? In like manner, the youthful reformer, a mad, inconsiderate enthusiast, psychologized by one certain, abstract truth—an Aaron's rod that, with him, swallows up all others, in some way blinded as to its relationship to all other truths, plays high fantastic antics with public opinion for a while, but soon impinges on other principles of truth before unseen, and soon subsides from blazing revolution into the unknown.

An ancient fable relates that some inconsiderate youth thought himself capable, and got leave to drive the chariot of the sun for one day; and that, by his rash and inexperienced hands, the heavens were set on fire. A parable which is, to the apprehensive, a vehicle of a great truth.

Government has to deal always with relative truth and principles; with matters not in the abstract, but as they are related to each other, and this is true, though it may nominally affect in terms to do otherwise; for laws are for the whole people as they are related to each other. The work of government is an adjustment of corelated rights, duties and dependencies, a finding of the proper line between different claims, as planetary ellipsis, and to be approximated to, more by experiments and deductions than by any *a priori* reasoning, or seeming axiomatic truths.

Governments are established to compel justice; to compel those to do right who otherwise neglect or refuse. In entering into government, each one surrenders something of his absolute natural right, or what seems to be such, as an individual, for his relative right, as a member of community; the equivalent for what he gives being found in the additional power which he receives. As man now stands in a relative attitude, it is the business of government to sustain his relative right at the expense of the more natural right. A good government aims to impinge upon natural individual rights as little as possible; but it must look to the highest good of all combined, and, as an approximation to this, to the greatest good of the greatest number. It is, therefore, in itself and in its details, a compromise of natural rights—"I will do this if you will do that; I will yield you *this* if you will yield me that." In other words, government is a question of expediencies, as what shall be done under such a combination of conflicting rights, claims and interests? How much here shall we restrain, and how much there, so as to effectuate the greatest ultimate, the highest good of all?

It is well to consider, also, that governments, to be valuable, should propose to deal with men as they are now in fact, not as one might fancy they should be—upon some higher plane of being; nor as they may be in some far off golden age, when they shall have graduated out of their present infirmities and imperfections; nor only with the few, the exalted, the wise and good, that perhaps need no governing, but with all the people as they are, in all their qualities, "good, bad and indifferent," and ever for the purpose of eliminating the highest good to the greatest number.

I would make, Mr. Editor, these remarks applicable to many of the proposed governmental reforms and would-be reformers of the present day, not excepting the woman suffrage movement, that many of the issues now made, and their methods, are false; but for the want of space that belongs to you, I will pass them by, and come directly to what I wish now particularly to notice—the false issues presented by Mrs. Woodhull in her address in Boston, on "Social Freedom," as she calls it, or on Free-Love, as others call it. I mean *false* according to my view; and though it may be deemed late by some, and not called for by others, in that her proposition is so intuitively unreasonable that it has no capacity of life, yet as many in some way suppose, there is much of truth in it, or, at least, see nothing that is untrue. As I think there is a fatal error in it, I will, by your leave, lay it before the readers of your valuable paper, for whatever of their consideration it merits.

An epitome of her allegations as to love, marriage and divorce (for I can not quote at length), is this:

1. That love is natural, and can not be compelled nor resisted by force or restraint.

2. That individuals have an inalienable right to love whom they please, and as long and no longer than they please, without restraint from any source.

3. That marriage should be based upon love, to continue while that continues, and no longer; and,

4. That these are natural rights, and government can do no more than protect one in the full exercise of such rights, by the restraint of all interference on the part of any one.

These propositions are put under the specious phase of self-evident truths and inalienable rights as unquestioned and unquestionable; and are put, too, with such a confidence and such a grandiloquence of language, and have so much of a basic truth in them, a very popular sentiment of freedom, that the minds of many are captivated, and the uncritical fail to see the secret error with which the whole is burdened.

My proposition is this: that government has as much right to interfere with the matter of love and marriage, as with any other right, natural or otherwise, with the principal fact, its preliminaries, incidentals, surroundings and consequences; and no matter how pure and sacred it may be. If this be so, then the Woodhull argument, or government itself, will fall to the ground.

In this connection it may be observed, that it is not with internal sentiments that government interferes, but with conduct and action. This is called a country of religious freedom; but is all conduct that may grow out of religious sentiment, therefore, free? And must it be unrestrained? The Thugs of India secretly slay their fellow man, and do it under the impulse of a religious sentiment; and the Thugs, or their like, may be at our very doors; and shall it be said that we may not restrain the acts that may grow out of their unrestricted religious liberty?

Suppose there were a sect of Gymnosophists who, wise in their own conceit, and enthusiastically mad in the matter of natural rights, should, in the exercise of their religion, imitate King David, and dance in a state of nudity before their Lord; or appear in like plight in the churches, the lecture rooms, the seminaries of learning, and in the market places and public walks; will it be said that government can not restrain, because of their natural abstract rights?

In the first of these cases, the Woodhull would say that the Thug, in slaying his fellow man, gets out of his sphere into that of the one he slays, and should be restrained from doing so. I grant you, but how is it in the second case? Here is no physical violence offered—only personal action and example—on the part of those who are dressing and walking as they please. The answer to this is the criterion in the Woodhull theory. What is it? What answer?

Another fatal error, cognate to the others, in the Woodhull theory is, that there are but two parties to a contract, and so persons can enter upon any contract they choose, and retract and abandon when they choose; whereas I insist there are at least three parties to every contract. The two that contract in their limited sphere, and the great public represented in the government, which either permits, approves or condemns, and will enforce or annul, as it thinks best. This third party is never adverted to in the Woodhull theory, except in a very remote and gingerly way, as simply a force to prevent any interference with the individual contractors. Now, is this so, or not, that government may say, that in this way and manner you may contract, and not otherwise, for it is against public policy, the greatest good of the greatest number that you should so contract?

Take the right of eminent domain, so called, the right of government to take private property for public uses. Does it exist, or not? I have certain property, say a piece of land. My right is to hold and enjoy it as I please. It is my way of seeking happiness; but is my right absolutely inalienable, and subject to no interference? The government—which is the people—wishes it for a road, a common, a market place, a public wharf or a school house, and takes it, giving an equivalent. My right to locomotion at will is natural. The government, having taken this land, builds a road and permits all people to pass upon it freely, and yet says, "When two meet, let each turn to the right; if you do not, I will make you responsible in damages, and perhaps punish you."

Now, can government properly do these things? I take it that no one with unperverted sense will answer in the negative. Then government can interfere, and limit, and restrict the exercise of natural rights; and I beg to know why it may not do it in the matter of love, marriage and divorce, in all their essentials and incidentals, as well as in everything else. Government, in its counsels, which is the ultimate judgment of the whole people, may say that persons under the age of eighteen (or any other age) are inexperienced, passionate, short-sighted and disregardful of consequences, and therefore they shall be under a defined control of parents, guardians and myself, and a great injury may result to them and society, and the State, from their unrestrained action on the subject of love and marriage; therefore they are prohibited from marriage below a certain age, and also below a certain age they shall not contract or enter into the relationships of marriage, without the consent of their parents or guardians, or my own, in a certain way to be made manifest.

Government, in its wisdom, from a consideration of all things, the correlation of all rights and duties, as they exist in society, and the influences that each individual and his conduct may have upon all others, may say that, inasmuch as I have the care and custody of property, and must regulate its descent, and as I have the charge and support of the poor and idiots, and insane, and foundlings, and also the education of people and their morals, and their highest good, and inasmuch as marriage should be based on *permanent* love, and involves the raising of a family, the work of years, and the acquisition of property and its distribution, and inasmuch as temporary marriages, entered upon and ended simply at the will of contracting parties may, on account of their reckless impulses, be highly injurious to them and to society, I therefore command that none shall marry, except with my consent and approval, through my appointed officers, who shall keep a record thereof for public use, and not until the parties are well satisfied that their love is of such a quality, and so deep and strong that they will love through life, and live with and for each other, and provide for each other and for their children, and will promise so to do; and furthermore, inasmuch as marriage, with condition of abandonment and divorce at the will of the parties, or either of them, seems to militate against the object of marriage, and the highest good of all—therefore I ordain that no divorce shall be had, except for certain reasonable cause, and shall be allowed only with my consent and approval after the existence of such causes for a certain period, and the proofs made public, and the decrees of my courts, who shall see that such rules be observed as to the parties, as to children, and as to property, as shall also be for the highest good of the greatest number.

This, Mr. Editor, is the end of my argument at present. The whole theory of *free-love* is based on the assumption that government can not interfere to restrict or limit natural rights or their exercise, of which love is one. Now, if government can restrict a natural right, the whole Woodhull theory falls to the ground. The *premises are false*, and all deductions therefrom must be lame and impotent. But if government can not restrict a natural right, then how utterly powerless it is; how narrow and limited in its operations and functions! Mrs. Woodhull admitted and asserted, to give force to her argument, (and for once she was consistent in her logic), that government has no right to enforce a contract of any kind, which one, without the consent of the other even, refuses to perform.

Oh, what a cause is this free-love, that, in order that it shall triumph, governments shall be stripped of nearly all their power and functions, leaving it mostly an affirmation of negations, and there shall be a new declaration of rights, an aversion of old logic, and in them shall be put a glittering phantasmagoria of words that, with a speciousness of general abstract truths, which are captivating but not practical, conceal the absence of relative truths with which we have to deal mainly, is not entirely, in our relationship with all persons and all things. Government, as it has come to us, and as it is, is the aggregate wisdom of the State in its fullest and best expression at the present attained It is the ultimate of the highest wisdom and best sense of men in regulating the practical affairs of life for the highest good; it is common sense applied to the common affairs of life, and I do not think that extraordinary assertions, that are made in a general and glittering way, should be received with favor, without assaying them at least, in the crucible of common sense; and if they will not bear the test of reason, it must be unwise to deem them practical in government, where a failure would be exceedingly damaging; nor should we be ravished and pushed from our propriety by a seeming bravery, for that may be no more than a reckless daring, more usual in a bad cause than a good one, and worse the more there is of it; nor by the expression of any sentiments because unusual, and given under some divine or other afflatus, while they are not true in fact.

In these days of change and affected improvement, I would propose an emendation of an ancient document, after which it would read, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not *common sense*, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal," and so on to the end of the chapter.

The conclusion, then, is, that all matters pertaining to love and marriage are as much proper subjects of control and restriction by law as any other. And the question, what shall be done for the highest good of all? is one of expediency, as in all other cases. I confess that I feel somewhat offended that this matter of free-love should be so successfully and persistently foisted upon Spiritualism that it can rise only with difficulty, on account of this ill-omened burden; and least of all should it be glorified by certain axiomatic principles, which are found not to be applicable, and thus gain a reputation which a real demon of darkness, clothed as an angel of light, may be able to acquire thereby.

Mrs. Woodhull, in order to give a logical position in the State to her pet scheme, or hobby of free-love—which is love, marriage and divorce at will, without any interference on the part of government, society or individuals—found it necessary to disarm the State of all power to enforce any contract. Such a reform that required such an innovation, it seems, ought to cause alarm to all thinking people. One is reminded how Troy opened her walls to let in the wooden horse, and the consequence thereof; and, also, of the mythological story, that some god promised the children of Meden that if they would destroy their parent, he would revive and clothe with immortal youth, but who, after they had followed his suggestion, failed to perform; which story conveys this moral: that in important matters of State, mere mad-cap theories, without reason and experience for support, should be received with hesitating scrutiny, rather than with unsuspecting enthusiasm.

Chicago, Ill.

In Memoriam.

On the 26th of April last, MRS. FANNIE, wife of LEWIS P. BILLINGS, and daughter of Thomas A. and Sarah Drake, progressed fully into the spiritual sphere. Aged 27 years and 8 months.

The light casket that once contained the mature and seraphic spirit, was buried on the 28th. The funeral was attended by a large concourse.

Her earth-life is her best eulogy, and the only one needed by those who were acquainted with her. Few have lived and done as well. Living most faithfully up to her religious and moral convictions, which were both strong and clearly defined, with large charity and cheerful firmness, it may be truthfully said that she had not an enemy. All who knew her were her friends.

Formerly a member of an orthodox church, her impressive, luminous, loving and cheerful spirit was easily raised, by spiritual and angel influences, whose communings she loved, up to the truth and fruition of Spiritualism. Believing, knowing, realizing, that death was only an incident in our lives, aiding further progress—that it causes no separation of spirits, or spiritual communion, during all of her decline, up to its peaceful close, she showed the sustaining power of this truth, and the buoyancy that this knowledge gives. Calmly, cheerfully, she made known her wishes as to all her temporal affairs, even as to her funeral. One of her requests must not be passed over, and I hope it will not be read lightly by any parent. She earnestly requested that her only child here, a boy about two years old, might not be influenced to attend any Orthodox Sunday school in his young and tender years, to have his unfolding mind darkened, and his young credulity imposed upon by their dark, absurd and cruel dogmas.

One remark of hers, characteristic of her life, will be remembered and noted. She exclaimed, "They talk to me about the *beauties* of the spirit-world. *I want to hear more of its uses.*"

A day or two before her death she became correctly impressed that she was enjoying the last revival of physical strength sufficient to converse, though she would linger some time longer. And one by one she gave to her husband, father, mother, and two sisters that were present and their husbands, counsel, words of cheer and her good-bye, till she should be able to communicate to them through spiritual channels, which she has already done.

Miss Helen Grover, inspirational speaker, conducted the funeral services appropriately, satisfactorily and with ability, speaking with enlightened earnestness from the depths of the soul.

The daily *Leader* of this city gives the following account of the occasion:

"FUNERAL SERVICES OF MRS. BILLINGS.

"The funeral of Mrs Billings was largely attended, only a small portion of the audience finding room in the house. The afternoon was pleasant, and the people were comfortable out doors. The speaker stood near the door, and all could hear. The services were conducted by Miss Helen Grover, who spoke more with respect to the living than the dead. It was *living and doing* that made the character and helped the growth of the human soul. The ministry of spirits, and the welcome to the other shore was feelingly presented, and the glorious reunion was portrayed in original impromptu verse.

"Rev. F. J. Briggs followed with a few remarks, speaking illustrative of the spiritual philosophy, and spoke of his faith in the daily visitations from the spirits, and expressed his determination to live faithful to the doctrines of Spiritualism, through whatever persecution, contempt or scandal that might follow from such a life.

"The remains were followed to the cemetery by a large concourse of people, bearing testimony to the amiable character and worth of the deceased.

"The ceremonies were new to a great many present, and were listened to with seriousness, and really seemed to produce deep impressions."

This is the first out-and-out Spiritualist funeral ever held in this city.

Respectfully,

F. J. BRIGGS.

Bloomington, Ill.

Sixty Consecutive Days Without Food.

[From the Iowa Voter.]

"DIED—On Wednesday, March 27, 1872, MR. GEORGE N. BOYDSTON, after an illness of near three months, occasioned by cancers, which were located in the back, near the shoulder, and on the face.

"Our deceased brother was born in Greene county, Pennsylvania, June 6, 1821. He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at twenty-four years of age, and remained a consistent member until his death. A most remarkable fact connected with his illness almost defies belief. The general opinion has been held that two or three weeks is the utmost limit of a human being's living without food. On the 20th of January last he refused to take any solid food, his stomach rejecting anything in the shape of nutriment, such causing vomiting to such a degree as to create an utter aversion to anything like food. For three or four days a teaspoonful of wine was given occasionally; but this too was rejected, and caused such pain that it was discontinued, except at long intervals. Ice was all he could take for some time, and then water until he died. He lived thus without food for sixty days. All that could be considered an exception to this was that a couple of spoonfuls of coffee, on the Sabbath before he died, were put into his mouth, and caused less distress, but were soon rejected by the stomach. On a few other occasions a little jelly or toast was tried, but likewise caused vomiting. Again a thin bit of dried beef was placed in his mouth, when the same distressing symptoms recurred. A little rice was tried, as the only other attempt; but this resulted as before. If the jelly, rice, dried beef and coffee had all been put together they could have been contained at once in the smallest sized teacup; and had they been taken into the stomach, they could not have been sufficient to support the life of a man for two weeks. As they, on each occasion, excited vomiting, it is more than probable that they shortened, rather than prolonged his life. Thus it is proved that a man, under certain circumstances, may subsist on water alone for more than fifty consecutive days.

"His mind, during all this time, was clear, calm and hopeful to an eminent degree. He often sang several verses together of hymns that interested him in his earlier Cristian life. On several occasions he seemed, as he told the writer, to have visions of 'the other shore.' Once a beautiful ship was seen, whose numerous passengers thronged every portion of its decks, all arrayed in the most splendid and shining garments; and among them his deceased mother, brother and sister in a group, beckoning him to come. The mother was all beautiful and glorious—not wrinkled and gray-haired, as at death. So of the brother and sister, and the whole of the ship's company. The grand sight seemed to fill him with perfect ecstacy.

"Again he seemed to see the 'river of death;' multiudes of decrepit, sick, lame and weary ones were seen descending on the hither bank; but on the other, as they ascended from its waters, all were bright and joyous, and seemingly with renewed life and springing tread, walked forth to the joys of immortal life. Several times he spoke of others of a similar character, which cheered his long and otherwise dreary illness.

"He leaves a widow, a daughter and a son, to struggle a while longer in life's conflicts, cheered, we trust, with the hopes of a happy reunion at last beyond the reign of care and pain.

"Had his perfectly resigned state of mind anything to do with thus prolonging his life to such an astonishing degree? Were his visions real glimpses of the promised land? We may not know certainly; but they were surely some of the first-fruits of a Christian life, while yet lingering on the borders of eternity."

"Respectfully,

E. L. BRIGGS."

"Knoxville, Iowa, March 30, 1872."

Original Essays.

[JOHN BROWN SMITH is open for engagements to give a course of independent lectures on the "Science of Human Life," in Pennsylvania or adjacent States, during the spring and summer, West during the fall, and South in the winter season. Engagements only made for one week in which eight lectures will be given, viz: "The Science of Human Life"; "Republican Government—its True Principles"; "Universal Suffrage"; "Temperance—its Moral, Legal, Physical, and Medical Aspects"; "Labor and Capital—their True Relations"; "Vegetarianism—in the Evolution of Man"; "Man—his Spiritual, Moral, Physical, and Social Nature"; "God—in the Science of Life." The First, Seventh, and Eighth Lectures embrace the subject of Spiritualism. Permanent address, 812 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.]

DEDICATION OF THE TEMPLE OF LIGHT.

[From John Brown Smith, Our Traveling Correspondent.]

On Wednesday evening, April 17th, a goodly number of persons gathered at the new Temple of Light of brother D. S. Cadwallader and sister Maxwell, recently opened at 241 North Eleventh street, to lend their presence and sympathy to the new enterprize, of establishing a *Spiritual Home* for media and other friends of Progress in this mundane sphere, where they may receive sympathy and shelter—independent of the cold outside world. I believe it is the first practical attempt, in this city, to establish such a home, where Spiritualists may congregate, and find comfort and food for the physical and spiritual man.

Mrs. Kattie B. Robinson kindly consented to preside as the instrumentality through which angel friends could meet with earth friends upon a plane of peace and harmony, as the most appropriate emblems to commemorate the inauguration of such a useful enterprise; and may the projectors reap a golden harvest, by thus doing practical good in more ways than one.

PHILADELPHIA MEDIUMS.

The various phases of mediumship are silently at work with an influence potent for good, in breaking up old theological instructions and effete ideas, as exhibited in the diverse ramifications which lead to the avenues of thought in all classes of society.

From the Roman Catholic father church, down through all grades, to the most liberalized sectarian and materialist bodies, their members exhibit a growing curiosity to explore the truth or falsity of immortality, as exhibited through the phenomena of mediumship, and fail not to encounter the old-time "ghosts" after the going down of the sun, with a bravery which puts to shame ancestral teachings.

It is very easy to cry "humbug," when strangers are the mediums; but when members of the *Orthodox* household become, through the insiduous influence, instruments of inter-communication between both worlds, it is far more difficult to cry "devil and humbug," and these phenomena are ever forced upon the attention of thousands of families, who would never dare to go to public places, or even private mediums; thus these facts give an element of universal propagandism, which makes it simply a question of time, when the old father church will be buried in the cave it has dug for its own dead body.

The inquiring mind is ever ready to grapple with the phenomena of nature, and endeavor to discover the fundamental laws which always lay back and form the science, which, when understood, will unfold the necessary conditions for the production of such phenomena.

It is a pity that scientists should acknowledge the phenomena, but immediately go to the extreme, and ascribe production to causes, which only in part cover the whole facts, and are totally devoid of demonstration, while they stoutly deny the only rational explanation yet advanced, and demonstrated to be in accordance with logic and facts. It is rather amusing to hear would-be scientists admit that they can demonstrate that matter has an existence in elements so refined, that our physical senses cannot take cognizance of it, which they are pleased to designate as "ether," and then immediately assert that spirit can have no existence independent of physical matter, because they have not been able to find it. How long is it since they found "ether," although it had existence in spite of their ignorance?

Again, others will admit that they believe there is an element of identity in every individualization in matter, which insures that successive worlds, plants or animals, will be superior to those preceding them, which is acknowledging a principal in matter which retains all past intelligence acquired in the different stages of evolution, which is the identical spirit-principle claimed by us. But immediately they exhibit strange inconsistency in denying that this principle of individual identity can return and psychologize the brain of man, and thus establish its identity, through known personal characteristics; and then, in the same breath, assert that one mind can psychologize another, without personal contact, and impress its thoughts and personal characteristics on the subject.

If an operator can do this without physical contact, why may he not more perfectly, when his mind is liberated from the body?

Some mediums fall unconsciously into the error of not distinguishing between the mesmeric condition which enables the operator to read the mind of the subject, and true spirit control, and thus, unknowingly, are oblivious to the fact, that they are reading the mind of the subject, instead of receiving spirit impressions.

The phenomena of mediumship are as necessary to Spiritual science, as any of the sciences; and hence, true scientific students of nature will recognize this fact, and work in good earnest for the discovery of the laws of spirit control.

Science works unceasingly—clearing away the rubbish of theology, and will yet illuminate the laws of spirit unfoldment so clearly that there will not be left one "bit" of a foundation in nature for a single *ism* to rest upon; and even what is called religion to-day, will surrender to the increasing light and glory of a true science of life.

Go on then, *Mediums*, in every phase of development, and give us the phenomena which baffles and muddles narrow-minded pompous scientists, and perchance some true students of nature will delineate her foot prints in a way to open the eyes of the self-wise solons.

We have a good number of mediums in this city of Brotherly Love, with various phases of mediumship, and who are all doing a good faithful work for the cause. We will refrain from personal notice of them at present, because we have not sufficient data or personal acquaintance with some of them, to form a correct opinon of their individual phases of mediumship.

Brother H. H. Smith's statement in the JOURNAL of April 27th, that "it is absurd in the extreme to say that animals ever get to be men, or men animals. Everything is a phrenological function of God, and must ever remain so, to make God eternal and immortal."

The brother reasons soundly on the other points in his article, but on reflection I think he will be willing to withdraw such a strong statement as the one quoted above. He admits that "the brute creation gives evidence of all the faculties that man possesses—only differing in capacity.

If we admit that "everything is a phrenological function of God," of course the corresponding functions of man and animals are the same functions of God. We know that physical law controls and determines to what extent any function of man or animals will permit the manifestation of spirit through it; hence, physical law controls the manifestations of any function of God. Why, then, is it absurd for the functions of God to be called animals when passing through the evolution of animal life, until, by a successive series of reincarnation, it comes to the conformation of man's body and brain?

It is the same "function of God" all this time, and is merely occupied in progressing through this difference of physical conformation (or capacity.)

The brother speaks of, and consequently it is eternally the same function. Spirit of man or animal can never grow or increase in intelligence, because it is an individualized part of God from all eternity; hence, nothing can ever be added to or taken from it. All development is finite, and belongs to finite evolution, through matter. It is one of the grandest conceptions possible, of the universal brotherhood of God, that he is so benevolent that the same functions are manifested in the infinite diversity of capacities exhibited in nature, from the first and last orders of formation. It dignifies all life to thus view it, and elevates our conceptions of God, making him our own brother, instead of a despotic ruler.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Spiritualism v. Departures.

BY J. D. STILLMAN, M. D.

The liberal tendencies of the age to investigate all subjects, the result of free schools in a free government, guaranteeing politics and religious freedom, has had a salutary effect on divesting the mind of all that superstitious fear that forbade the general progress of spiritual investigation, as it hindered the free expression of theoretical views of social and political problems, that have many times, in the history of the race, had a certain amount of attention. The opportunities for spiritual manifestations, and what are now treated as departures, have been always co-existent, though it may be properly assumed, they have no necessary connection with each other. Spiritualism proper only relates to the fact that the spirit, which is the unseen clothing and active machinery of the human soul, whether in the body or out of it, has the power to change its conditions and represent itself outside of the general appearances of physical law, to leave the body and return to it in life, to leave it at death and return to mortals by various sensible and insensible means, subject to sympathetic attractions and conditions for its manifestations, either as impression, inspiration or guidance and control of the machinery of the intellect—the moral, social and passionate, or the physical body alone, separated from these general functions of human will. Among all nations, and in all ages in religious literature and philosophy, its manifestations have given a character to all institutions, and an endless diversity to all thought, action and their results, the various forms of government and religion, under which the world has been moulded or governed. But the spiritual life is beyond the manipulation of human desires, however much such an admixture is sought.

Reforms call forth a particular diversion of the faculties to some particular relation, and magnifies the importance of one affection or principle to the inclusion and exclusion of others, to overlook the new relation of spiritual agencies to every condition of each individual being; hence they beget fanaticism, monomanied and an unbalanced representation of human character, which is alike prejudicial to spiritual influences, and their harmonious development. The diversion of spiritual inquiry to reforms, is to clothe the unsolvable essence of an unseen world in all the idolatry of forms and ceremonies that cluster around wood and stone, or human personifications, none the less idolatrous, with which the world is filled. Our own faculties and judgments are given us for use and development. Experience, observation and history are the materials upon which they progress to the practical adoption of the best modes of life and happiness. Earthly life is always subject to the same general needs.

The human mind, though organized to be subject to all conditions of change, has its definite purposes and ends to fulfill, and learns by its own experiences that are peculiar to its composition and condition, what is life. To confound appreciation and respectful regard of individual personal attractions with the selfish desire to absorb the individual possessing them, by sympathetic power, and to revel in the charms of the masses for personal happiness, is, I consider, unworthy of those who claim any knowledge of spiritual influences. To undertake to discriminate between love and lust, requiring a higher standard of moral ethics than the assertion of dogmatic rights that ignore all the conventionalities of sacredness that pertain to the married relation of individuals for this purpose, not less than to the purity of innocence which, under such a domination of theories, would have no existence. A large consideration of such preservative moral restraints as is necessary in any condition of society to prevent excesses in any one direction, limits this freedom (that when too clamorously exalted becomes licentiousness and tyranny), and therefore becomes both politic and wise. Love can only be considered spiritual when subject to these protective restraints that exalt its purity above selfishness, as lust. The ignoring of these restraints in what is termed as freedom of the affections, gives an unqualified definitition of free-love, as it does also to free-lust, the mere selfish manifestation.

The inharmonious, restless nature may or may not be interested in the social theories, that would so compound discordant elements into a harmonious mixture by adaptation; but this pertains alone to social chemistry and the definite study of mind, and the laws which govern every faculty and passion, according to organization, cultivation and exercise, or parental origination, but has little to do with the spiritual facts that interest the world. Hence restraints are just as necessary for happness as freedom.

The unbridled will and covetous desire for unrestrained freedom is as sure to end in disappointment, misery and evil, as it is to degenerate from a moral, intellectual or social selfishness to physical passion, and results in anarchy, discordance and the wranglings of discontent, or the very selfish passions, than which no better definition can be given for lust. Hence free-love necessarily includes free-lust, and the assertion of inherent rights belonging to one which do not belong to another, desiring or demanding the boon that gives happiness, and hence either becomes a purchaseable commodity or tyranny instead of freedom; selfish licentiousness, rather than benevolent purity, and opposed to all spirituality. Spiritualism, if it means anything, practically, as a general rule of action, negates all selfishness that pertains to this life for the ultimate, the future of sublime principles that pertain to the development of the soul out of physical relations and earthly affections into the higher of truth and universal good, where self-denial and humility ennobles the spirit to seek the good of others as the purest happiness attainable here, as well as hereafter, in blessings to all.

If Spiritualism is to further spiritual happiness, it can only thus legitimately secure it in this direction, rather than in the affectionate and selfish, that pertains to the continuance beyond this life of social or animal needs and physical desires, which only pertains to the laws of corporeal organization and earthly existence in a tangible form, which, if perpetuated, must seek again an earthly form for its manifestation upon the same plane, with no higher object or end.

To descend in the order of creation to the animals of instinct for our laws and examples to guide man as a spiritual and intellectual being, is only in keeping with the tendency to submerge the prospective of man's spiritual nature and gross sensuality and lust, which is entirely unworthy of the progressive nature of spiritual truth. Our uncongeniality and desired affinity is but a sacrifice of the nobler efforts to harmonize ourselves to the conditions of life, so that a supremacy may be established of spiritual power over the terrestrial, to demonstrate the divine power of the spiritual over all inharmony, by the unfailing active principles of moral truth as the true compass for the development of perfection and happiness as spirituality.

The question of habits, food and dress, the equality of different races, and of their sexes in politic and civil rights, are problems only solved in that advanced age of civilization, where all these conglomerated elements of society are made homogeneous by following great principles that unite all the diversities of our feelings and interests in the grand governing principles of the universe in which all is harmony. This is doubtless the undiscovered essence of spiritual love, which is just the same in the spiritual spheres of progressive perfection as it is in its lowest spheres in the human experience of earthly life; but it is, wherever it exists, a power that does away with all inharmony, and destroys all the antagonisms between selfishness, individuality and a sacred effort to be in unison with the highest influences that perfect general good and general advancement.

The imperfections of all religious systems are demonstrated by their practical results. Spiritualism, as a religion, can never be superior until it is concentrated into unfailing principles of action, that produce no bad results, but are wholly spiritual, without evil. Hence, the less material adjuncts that are carried along under its name, the more free will be the disclosures of spiritual life; for these aspirations will bring always the corresponding demands of the mentality through which these aspirations rise. To fetter Spiritualism by making it terrestrial, is only to subvert the economy of order, that places the spiritual beyond and above human control, working out through all the definite operations of unknown natural laws, the infinite problems that are dependent upon conditions and progressive change for all grades of development and future good. It should always remain questionable how much human wisdom and its sagacity should appeal to the spiritual for a sanctum of its progressive efforts. The two worlds are here widely separated from each other, and are dependent upon different laws: the one is terrestrial and human, the other above these earthly laws, and spiritual.

The mission of Spiritualism is to create an interest in the future life, which tends to substitute for fictitious and mechanical morality an active, earnest desire for a natural development and perfection that will become progressive at every step in life. As it institutes conditions for future progression in the life to come, then each individual learns to become self-governed. Still to contend against law and restraints utterly unfits, by the very nature of the contention, the individual from having these principles of harmony, that demonstrate self-government, under any conditions that may be imposed by them. This makes it apparent that moral axioms, as intuitive, spiritual truth, which develops the individual into progressive harmony, is beyond all organized means for securing great reforms in any or every direction, and must be regarded more for its influx into individual life, as the result of earnest and passive receptivity that comes to us from aspiration and interest in the spritual progression of the mind, than for the phenomena, or the ethics of theoretrical reform.

St. Louis, Mo.

DOUBLES—DO WE LEAVE THE BODY?

BY DR. H. C. PIERCE.

We are frequently presented with facts which are thought by some persons, to indicate that the spirit can leave the body before death. Perhaps it may or may not. One thing is clear, however, that most of the facts relied on to prove the position, can be easily explained without such a supposition.

The existence of *doubles* does not at all necessitate the leaving of one's corporeal organization. We are continually accompanied by spirit-friends, who often clothe themselves in our magnetism, or aural emanations, and make themselves visible. In doing so, they often take on our conditions so perfectly, that they represent our very appearance. Our particular guardian-spirits are frequently doing this, and will often be seen by clairvoyants and sensitives, as our *doubles*. They often execute our wishes, and visit, for us, our distant friends; and so perfectly are we en rapport with them, that they are able to make us see whatever they wish.

The case published in the JOURNAL not long since, of the gentleman who seemed to visit the inside of a bank, while he was really dosing in his chair, is evidently referable to this psychological law. We are surrounded on all sides by "unseen creatures"—spiritual reflectors—who are impressing our thoughts with visions of distance.

Through our magnetic relation to them, we see, *clairvoyantly*, across continents, and into the celestial spheres.

It is unphilosophical for us to talk of *seeing* these things, without the aid or influence of spirits. We cannot rid ourselves of their presence if we would. Like ten thousand mirrors they surround us, and we see and experience, in a great measure, whatever they set before us.

We, by no means, ignore the tremendous fact, that we have much to do in determining the character of our communications; yet, it is an undoubted truth—in the Spiritual Philosophy—that we may often be under spirit-influence, when we are not conscious of the fact. Such being the magnetic relations existing between us and our spiritual guides, it is no proof that my *double* is my spirit got out of my body, even though I might have a distinct impression of traveling at the time.

I often have such experiences, and visit distant places, yet, I presume, I am at home in the body all the time, while my spirit-guide travels and sees the various objects for me; but we being in close *rapport*, whatever he sees I see.

This question of "doubles" will bear a longer and more extensive examination than I can give it.

The Davenports and some other mediums for spiritual manifestations, it is said, have been detected assisting the manifestations, while yet, in fact, they were securely tied, and the knots sealed! And a gentleman who traveled with the Davenports says he has seen the "double" of one of the boys some distance from where he knew his physical body to be at the time.

Does the spirit leave the body tied in a chair, and go to work itself to produce the manifestations? I think not. Their spirit-guides take on the aura-magnetism and conditions of the boys to such a degree, that they nearly resemble them. This they are obliged to do to produce the desired results. Hence, ink squirted upon the hand of the spirit exhibited through a hole in the cabinet was electrotyped upon the hand of the medium. It is not likely that the medium's own hand was exhibited, while it was securely tied and sealed! Grant, however, that it was; what power but that of the spirit could loose them in such a manner?

The philosophical consideration of the question of "doubles" leads to an explanation of "clairvoyance" and "mediumship" generally. We know that many clairvoyants assert that they leave their bodies, but a due consideration of the laws of magnetism and psychological control will remove all the fog, and show us the true source of all our *clairvoyant* impressions.

Some would have us to believe they are clairvoyant—independent of spirit-control. They dislike to be called mediums. But no clairvoyant can prove himself or herself thus free from spirit-control while admitting the Spiritual Philosophy, since it is on all hands acknowledged, that *we cannot always be conscious of such influence.*

On page 675, of Nature's Divine Revelations, Brother Davis, in the trance state, was made to declare this truth:—"The laws of magnetism teach us the same principles, hence, how can clairvoyants know that they are independent of the spirit for the knowledge they possess? They cannot. It is impossible. And it is equally impossible to be independent of the spirit-world." And it is a remarkable fact, that nearly all clairvoyants and professed mediums.

When a seer, therefore, falls out with his mediumship, as did P. B. Randolph, his guides let him become, as he thinks, *independent.*

Spirits must *humor* some mediums a great deal, in order to carry out their purposes. Hence, they grant them "intromissions into the spirit-world"—all of which is clearly comprehensible under psychological law.

Mrs. Pierce, my companion, at one time began to grow weary of the work. She had labored long for the public as a test and medical clairvoyant. The spirits set her at work again by several new developments, and one was this:—They would take her mind while in a trance—through numerous scenes in the spirit-spheres, which she remembered upon awaking. Now there is no question but that she was under spirit-control, and must suppose it was necessary for her own spirit to leave her physical body, in order that her guides might show her the beauties of the spirit-land!

The ignorant and uncivilized have always believed that the spirit left the body during our dreams. If we were to rely alone upon our impressions, we might conclude so too. There is just as much reason in it, as in the cases of "doubles," or of clairvoyance.

The more we investigate this subject in the light of our magnetic and psychological relations, the firmer become our convictions, that the presence and agency of spirits furnish the only rational solution of these mysteries.

Waco, Texas.

Orthodoxy and Spiritualism.

BY A. E. DOTY.

As Spiritualism *v.* Orthodoxy is the order of the day, it would be very natural that a pestilential fellow like myself, in probing the putrifying sores in the very hospitals of both camps, should know something of the *pros* and *cons* of both. While no possible good can accrue to our cause, (the cause of truth) in winking at, or apologizing for wrong in our own midst, would it be out of place to suggest a wider toleration of opinion than now seems to prevail?

Our platform has been pronounced free, and the history of coertion is redundant with facts all about us, in the career of our Orthodox neighbors.

Each religious order commenced with liberal pronunciamentoes, and so long as they held practice and precept together, steamed rapidly up stream against tide and current; but so soon as they became aware of strength sufficient, coertion (alhough in mild form at first) was resorted to. A coertion—not of fagot or stake, but of dogmatic and domineering opinion.

This sly and mean way of torturing the people into acquiescence, if not into open acceptance of their views, has had its outward effect; it has given temporary place and power to Orthodoxy, but its doom is sealed, and its own tyranny has sealed it. Had they have widened their platform from the first, instead of contracting it; had they have tolerated the wider range of opinion, and strove only to secure harmony of feeling, they would have been a tower of strength to-day, that nothing in in heaven or on earth could have shaken.

While they have computed their strength by wealth and numbers, and have studied sedulously to perfect the machinery of organization, under the vain belief that they were rendering their citadel an impregnable fortress; the grains of sand under their foundations have been leaving one by one, until now the unbiassed and impartial can see very plainly, that it is being undermined, and it does not seem to require much sagacity to detect the cause.

It is the contracted and narrow range of thought which does not permit fellowship to entrance those who may perchance have a wider range of view.

Is humanity one common brotherhood? Such it most assuredly is to me. Has Mrs. Woodhull taken very advanced grounds on the social question, and planted herself where I am not ready to go? Most assuredly, but it has not diminished my respect for her. Is it her doctrine, or is it herself, as a worker for humanity, that I am to fellowship? It would seem needless for a right minded man or woman, to say the latter, for the former is the snare that Orthodoxy has fallen into—in short, it is Orthodoxy itself. To fellowship belief, and discard humanity, is just what is killing, and will finally destroy the last vestige of churchocracy on earth.

Distinctly then let me say, that neither belief nor unbelief has the right to demand my fellowship, nor does it control it. The church to which I formerly belonged, on my reception thereinto, promised the largest toleration, but denied it in their practice, when I took the rostrum. And widely different must my feelings be from the present, when dictation from any source shall warp or control my utterances, unless that dictation shall come from some source besides an earth sphere.

The world has long needed a platform of sufficient breadth for all to stand upon, however divergent their views. Progress has been slow and painful, owing mostly to the several interests of humanity being divided up into parties, with contracted and narrow theories of faith, not embracing any divergences of opinion, and with a great amount of government.

Much rule has resulted in much ruin, in all ages, and not the ruling of self, but of others, seems to be the drift of ambition.

Much as it is to be deplored, that any should wish to narrow down the legitimate work of Spiritualists, to simply receiving manifestations, delivering lectures, and holding meetings, no danger need be apprehended from this source, so long as our rostrum is free to all to express whatever sentiment they may wish. Give us freedom of speech! Give us freedom of opinion! !

Was there ever a truer maxim than that uttered by our much loved brother, A. J. Davis, when he said that "Whatever fears investigation manifests its own error."

The history of the world writhing under the tyranny of religious sects, ought to be warning enough to teach us of the one danger—that of limiting the range of human thought and human belief. Many of us have fled from the Church, because our opinions must be trimmed to fit a certain basis.

I never before felt so proud of marching under any banner as that of Spiritualism, and be far from us that dark day, when speech shall be restricted, and the widest range of opinion not tolerated.

Diversity of sentiment never did, nor never can injure us. Suppose the forty-two at Troy did think that they had cast the entire body of Spiritualists into a certain mould and shape. Was it so? Did they ever think so? I cannot believe it. If they did, time will undeceive them.

Spiritualism will cease to be Spiritualism, when once a national convention shall have the power to issue a dictum—defining the boundaries of human belief.

If at Troy they exceeded their prerogative, all know the remedy. If there was not a judicious discrimination of rights and privileges, all know the remedy.

But let us not talk of new departures, and new divisions, but of more harmony and more work. Personal animosities and personal ambitions, will ever arise while imperfections last; but nothing can overthrow the people, and reduce them to anarchy, with a free rostrum, and universal intelligence.

We cannot permit brother Tuttle, and his host of friends to travel off in one direction, while our president and her friends go in another. Our platform is broad enough for all.

The Catholic Church has given us the best specimen of harmony of sentiment, and we see the fruits. And may the time never come when the Spiritualist will harmonize in sentiment, nor agree as to modes or measures.

What, then, shall we agree on? We can agree in allowing every one the utmost latitude of belief, and expression of the same. We can agree in extending our fellowship to all.

So soon as any set of ideas or opinions become necessary to entitle one to our fellowship, or to our rostrum, so soon we stand advertised to the world as a sect. So soon as any particular set of transactions are necessary to constitute a man or woman a rightful claimant to our friendship, while they are acting conscientiously, although differently from us, so soon do we begin to follow in the footsteps of Orthodoxy.

While we have diversities of gifts, and diversities of opinions, we simply need to have the same spirit, or an agreement to tolerate all.

International Spiritual Unity.

A PROPOSAL.

In view of the unsettled condition of affairs in the ranks of Spiritualism, I propose to start the talismanic cry of *Unity!*—financially and socially

There is no general organization that meets the demands of the popular voice; no permanent social anchor for the individual thinker; no financial shield for the poor Spiritualist; no harbor of safety or bosom of comfort for the shipwrecked brother or sister!

The voice of the millions calls for the remedy, and the angels of heaven re-echo the call. Light! light! more light!—a groan, a prayer! Can the crises be met? Is the permanent remedy to be found in financial and social unity? If in that, then is the world ready for it?

To move clear of past complications, of past misdirections and indiscretions, and of all organic foibles and jealousies, I lead out in a call for an international convocation of the Spiritual thinkers of the age, irrespective of caste, nationality or condition, with the distinct purpose of taking the incipient steps toward organizing an International Spiritual Unity upon a safe financial basis.

I would suggest that this be consummated before the next presidential election in the United States, that the present politico-spiritual entanglement may be wisely and equitably adjusted, and a unity formed, free from the entailment of individual ambition or political demagogism. Therefore I will name, simply as my own suggestion, the first week in September next as the time, and Chicago as the place for the meeting—a place where for the last six months the heaven-born charity of the civilized world has been concentrated, and where, I trust, the best inspirations of the angel host would take active organic effect.

I would approve that it be the great pentecostal day of Spiritualism, when all who can come, from the uttermost bounds of the earth, under whatever auspices, may give voice to the inward pleadings of the soul. If the time I suggest is too soon, then let it be deferred, and the necessary primary meeting will decide upon the time and place, and should be called in time to give ample notice to those living in remote localities. But my impression is that the time is close at hand for unity—the watchword of temporal, social, and spiritual progress.

Under the auspices of an International Unity subdivisions of National, State, and District Unities may exist, and when once in working order, and business transacted by properly delegated authority, the voice of sectional strife will give way to the voice of the elective millions.

Spiritualism is not a thing of clique, or caste, or State, or nation, or of sectional import. It is world-wide and universal in its tendency, and to give it well directed purpose and power, universal voice must acclaim its premises.

Fraternally and Spiritually,

J. W. EVARTS.

Long Lake, Minnesota.

BRO. JONES:—Please say in your glorious JOURNAL, that there will be a basket pic nic held on the north shore of Lake Minnetonka, south of G. Tea's farm, two miles west of Long Lake Station, on Saturday and Sunday, the 15th and 16th days of June.

Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, of Elk River, Mr. and Mrs. Lepper, of Anoka, Mr. and Mrs. Coburne, of Champlin, Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin, of Hassan, and other distinguished speakers, are expected. A cordial invitation to all is given.

Yours, &c.,

G. TEAS.

P. S.—Meet on the grounds at 10:30 on Saturday.

G. T.

GARRISON says that the woman question is an "all-embracing one." Who said it wasn't?

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and Subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

Corelational Forces and Evolutions.

SCIENTIFIC—SERIAL NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT.

Carbon, as the controlling element in a stationary condition, assumed a most important character and bearing to surrounding elements—the character and bearing of a new magnetic power, achieved rather by inter-electro-chemical action than by mere polar union—thus indicating and effecting that kind of concentration which has ultimated in all phases of earth mind.

Such is the most probable mode in which germinal matter and mind originated, that nature, in her beautiful teachings, has ever suggested to human reason.

To return, however, to the inter-electro-chemical action which produced the monocotyledons or single-lobed seeds as the duality of the inward spirit and the outward form. We next come to the germinal development of the dicotyledons or double-lobed seeds—prototyping both the inward and outward form of the monocotyledons, at that period, the highest product of inter-electro-chemical action. The dicotyledons, unlike the monocotyledons, are developed from within outward.

But, as we progress, we should observe and remember that, though the transitional formations present us with the humblest character of vegetables and animal life, as inter-electro-chemical results, they seem to have had a remarkable bearing upon the entire nature and character of the carboniferous formations that followed. This influence is probably attributable to the effectual development of that polar condition of carbon which we see continues to advance through the higher degrees of polar concentration, manifest from the crude cactus to the sweetest flower.

As the earth's temperature decreased, and these formations progressed, the whole range of inter-electro-chemical action heightened in character and strengthened in effect. The earth appeared at many points above the water, which had necessarily left on dry land many of its carboniferous formations and oxyds—such as those of silicium, sodium, potassium, calcium, magnesium, aluminum, iron, etc.—whose radical polar conditions (the elements being thus, for the first time, exposed, not only to the pure light of the warm sun, but to the graduated moisture of the alternating dews) were, of themselves, sufficient to develop, by inter-electro-chemical action, an electric current that in its circuit involved the elements eliminating it, and, while thus in motion, displayed that inherent magnetic wisdom manifest in the concentration of germinal life, which was probably effected in the following manner: The electricity thus eliminated from these elements and set in motion, assimilated and controlled such of their properties as were, by its inherent magnetic wisdom, attracted to the germ under process of development through its instrumentality; or, in other words, the polar cause apparent in the elementary diversity referred to, was sufficient to evolve a current of electricity (that great originator of polar condition and result of chemical action), which, in its magnetic circuit, necessarily comprised and controlled, holding in solution, as it were, a sufficiency of inferior radical polar relations out of which to elaborate a proximate electrolyte, and impart to it the high magnetic impress of vital capacity which assumes, in germinal matter, a superior balanced series of relations, and stands positive and distinct in polar conditions. On reaching the maximum of surrounding polar relations, however, the necessity for chemical action ceased, the electric current stopped, and this newly-originated magnetic electrolyte was left as a highly equi-ponderant product of all surrounding relations. It remained in this position until, through the influence of warmth and moisture, it began to yield on the outer surface to oxygenation, which produced an internal motion among all its polar relations, all of which, separately and collectively, sent forth an individual current as a unit of power. Thus, compounded of their several polar natures, this current—as the supervisor of all elementary relations without, and as the representative of the magnetic compact within—included both the source of its development and the object of its mission in its unceasing circuit, thus bearing from the nucleus the polar impress of the compact, and deriving from its elementary source, by the magnetism of its motion, those qualities necessary to its establishment as a germinal power. Hence, from a knowledge of all the facts, relations, and indications in point, we may reasonably infer this to be the most suggestive account of the order of germinal development; nor will the inference lose any of its virtual force when we come to analyze the philosophic nature and character of electrolytes—their supervisive power, and vitalizing capacities. Be the origin of germinal life what it may, however, we know that it did and does exist; and as the proposition in question is as clear of incumbrance as the human mind can present it, it comes up for a further and more mature consideration.

ORDER OF GERMINAL DEVELOPMENT.

The germ now to be developed embodies, in its own inherent nature, an epitome of all those polar elements and elementary relations originally assimilated and organized as before stated, or organically associated together under the magnetism of electricity in motion. The germ, we say, thus conditioned and now to be developed, is placed in the surrounding soil, where it remains until the warmth and moisture of the seasons gradually effect internal motion through the oxydation of its pericarp, which motion sends out the magnetic impress of its high polar condition in a definite and impersative form, which we will call the assimilative intelligence, or magnetism of the electricity thus put in motion. This assimilative intelligence, or magnetism, embodying the respective impress, and being the polar epitome of those internal elementary relations residing in the germ, has, of itself, the inherent power to dissolve all such elements as may contain properties that, through its agency, the germ would assimilate in the process of its development, which properties, when thus liberated, pass on, upon the magnetic tide of electricity in motion, to such points in the germ as, through external elementary influence, conform to their chemical affinity.

Thus, we see that polar condition is really the architect that builds, as it were, by chemico-vital affinity, while the magnetism of electricity in motion is the hewer and drawer at work in the great temple of Nature. And, as we proceed, let it be borne in mind that the magnetism of electricity in motion is the beginning and ending of life in all things, and as the germ progresses in the manner we have indicated until, on coming in contact with the atmosphere, a new era necessarily dawns upon its progressive pathway.

On reaching the atmosphere, the seed-leaves of the germ, as the production of high polar power, and recipient of the magnetism of electric motion within, necessarily give off their excess of oxygen in exchange for those elements in the atmosphere requisite for development—such, for instance, as the carbon exhaled by the animal kingdom.

The question will naturally be asked here, Why is oxygen transferred from the root to the seed-leaf, if it is not wanted there? The answer is, that oxygen is invariably found connected with organic substances, which, as in the case under consideration, on coming in contact with the atmosphere—the internal electric current, as already observed, being impressed with the polar wants of the germ—exchange their excess of oxygen at the surface for carbonic acid and such other elements as best suit their vital wants, which may be more easily assimilated from the atmosphere than from the soil, by polar action.

We here observe not only a policy of convenience subsisting as a relation between the vegetable and gaseous kingdom, but a most useful and abiding reciprocal dependence manifested between all three of the kingdoms. For instance, the carbonic acid gas resulting from the breathing of the animal kingdom would poison the atmosphere. This, gas, however, with all others that would necessarily render the atmosphere poisonous and irrespirable, is absorbed by the vegetable kingdom, which in return gives out oxygen to the animal kingdom. Thus, while the vegetable is laboring for the animal kingdom, the animal labors for the vegetable kingdom; or, to be more simple, that which is useless to the one is vital to the other, as manure is to the plant, and a mutual exchange follows. But this is only one among thousands of the beautiful reciprocal relations which obtain in extenso throughout every department of Nature's universal economy.

To return to the leaves of the plant. By analytic examination, we find that on their absorbing powers depends the constant inter-electro-chemical action manifest in their progressive development; and that their green color is an abiding evidence of their chemico-vegetable affinity as based upon inter-electro-chemical action or the magnetism of electricity in motion, and upon the polar epitome of the magnetic association thus developed through the simple agency of the minutest germ. And thus it is that the color of the leaves depends upon the character of the chemical associations effected in the *rete mucosm* or underskin of the leaf, at which point the electric current, in passing its round, gives off the oxygen and absorbs carbonic acid gas. This reciprocal action is effected in the presence of either light or moisture As a proof of this character of action the stem of the plant will continue green when deprived of its leaves. We have no time, however, to trace this interesting subject further, at present, than merely to remark that light, warmth, and moisture are all necessary to the development of vegetable forms—light, to give force and effect to the external, and heat and moisture to produce internal motion. The roots tend downward because of their magnetic impress and agencies, and the branches tend upward to receive the light and dews of heaven.

Q. Considering the germ and plant as an individual, what constitutes the source of its inherent action?

A. The polar relation it sustains between the negative earth and the positive atmosphere.

Q. Can you explain simply the nature of the polar condition of the plant?

A. The germ, in the first place, when embedded in the soil, is positive to the earth. This relation between the germ and the earth produces a chemical action; electricity is evolved, and in its circuit connects the germ with the earth by the magnetism of electricity in motion, which magnetic tie is the living architect that gives manifest life, form, and individuality to every type in creation. The current thus established, connecting the heart of the germ with the surrounding soil, produces a magnetic condition which has the power to suspend the chemical affinities of such elements of the soil as are necessary for the development of the germ. The elementary want of the germ is made known through the affiliative impress of the circulating current that produces the magnetic power which stands thus ready to perform its true functional duty, as occasion requires. The germinal development goes on until the plant reaches the atmosphere and becomes the connecting-link between it and the negative earth. The current of electricity thus made to revolve between the negative elements of earth and the positive elements of air, produces the magnetic condition that, upon strict polar principles, controls the chemico-vegetable affinities established at the two extremes. Thus the electric current circulating in the germ, coming in contact with the oxyds of the soil, dissolves them and transports their elements through the structure of the plant, upon the tide of its magnetic circuit, to those parts that come in contact with the air, as the leaves, etc. On arriving at these points, the oxygen is given off to the atmosphere in exchange for the carbonic acid gas resulting from combustion, decomposition, exhalation, etc. The carbonic-acid gas unites with the more positive alkalies drawn by the electric current from the earth; and thus it is that the process of vegetable development goes on, the earth being the negative trinity plate, the air the positive trinity plate, and the plant the connecting trinity action.

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It seems that every creed or tribe of earth,
Conceives a god, and gives him form and birth,
Possessing all the traits of every tribe;
Thus while portraying God, *themselves* describe;
And as they each advance in reason's light,
And have more just conceptions of the right,
A god of like improvement then appears,
Reflecting still their passions, loves, and fears;
Then let us turn from that benighted age,
When God, a jealous God, was fired with rage;
And may diviner wisdom from above,
Expand our souls to see a God of love.

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That God ordained the whole is understood
To ultimate in universal good;
Yet hath no less decreed that man shall be,
Within a *given sphere*, an agent free;
As fishes well secured in globes of glass,
Are free within, though none without can pass;
While they, like us, look outward all around,
May often wish a larger range was found.
But highest wisdom hath ordained this plan,
To focalize the feeble powers of man;
Where each may freely choose a field of thought—
May grope in darkness or be wisely taught;
Where all *will* learn, as laws are understood,
To harmonize with universal good.
Thus God ordained that every wayward soul
Should walk in wisdom's ways by *self-control*.
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The sublimity of the first ten lines on page 16 has seldom been equalled:

Creation but one galaxy unfurls—
Jehovah's crown a diadem of pearls!
Each star-lit gem upon the whole depends:
The whole to each a needed influence lends:
Each orb, an aggregate of countless grains;
Each grain a key, a ponderous arch sustains;
Destroy but one, the boundless spheres will fall,
And tumble worlds to chaos, one and all;
Thus all are linked in Nature's endless chain—
The hand that forged them never wrought in vain.

The following is of especial interest to orthodox readers:

You must believe that men are all depraved,
And that but few of all mankind are saved;
Yet by God's cruel death, oh, strange to tell,
These few are thus released from endless hell;
For every creed declares all hope is vain,
If Christ, the Son of God had not been slain;
And yet I think no creed will dare deny
That Satan caused the Lord their God to die:
Thus it would seem that all who rest in peace,
May thank the Devil for their kind release!

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It is a lamentable fact that some mediums so far forget their self-respect as to speak evil of other mediums, not unfrequently even of those who are far their superiors. The names of such persons will be dropped from this Register so soon as we have evidence conclusive of their indulging in such unkindness.

It should be borne in mind that individuals visiting mediums carry conditions with them—so to speak—which aid or destroy the power of spirits to control the medium visited; hence it is that one medium gives satisfaction to certain persons, another better to others—all having their friends, and justly so, too, and all equally honest and useful in their place.

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CHICAGO, Saturday, May 18, 1872.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

The Results of Ignorance—The Englishman's Experience—The First Cause again Considered—The Character of this First Cause, or God—The Origin of Vice and Virtue.

(NUMBER LXXXVI.)

In wandering in all departments of science, new objects are constantly being illuminated with the lamp of reason. Yonder department is dark. How hideous the aspect! How solemn the grandeur of its secret chambers; and as we attempt to traverse them, we constantly meet with obstacles that are exceedingly difficult to surmount. We attempt to penetrate it—to illuminate it by some secret device, in order to explore its various avenues.

While standing before us in this condition, it is eminently well calculated to excite within the mind superstitious notions, and our conjectures in reference to its nature, can not be sustained by actual observation.

Lock a certain room in your house; forbid your wife, children or friends to cross its threshold, or gaze in at the open door, and at once a thousand conjectures will arise in their minds in reference to it. While they were not permitted to see its contents, the most absurd notions would arise in reference to them.

On the coast of Africa, circumstances had placed an intelligent Englishman. A shipwreck, with its attendant disasters, had carried him there, and he had finally been adopted by one of the interior tribes, and lived in comparative happiness and ease.

They regarded the sun as God, while the moon, stars and planets, were his smaller children—each contributing its assistance in furnishing light and heat to these ignorant specimens of humanity. True to their own peculiar notions, animated with assurances arising within their own souls, they *knew* that which was productive of so much good as the sun, moon and stars, must necessarily be imbued with intelligenee, and they would bow down and worship them with the same zeal and sincerity that animates the heart of a Christian at a revival meeting.

In this tribe (somewhat advanced above those that surrounded it), peculiar notions existed in regard to insanity; and they, strange to say, had adopted the practice of some tribes of Indians, and would tie the insane to a tree and whip them, and in many cases, the result was a cure!

This Englishman, after he became familiar with the language of the tribe that compassionately adopted him, one day told them, that in countries which he had visited, that two men could hold conversation, though thousands of miles apart, and not speak a word, and that their language was transmitted through a wire, and that they could convert steam into a motive power, and compel it to move trains of cars more rapidly than any wild beast could run in Africa. This astonished them! They could not comprehend it! To them this was impossible! absurd! And they treated the narration with that contempt which animated their narrow contracted intellects! They regarded him as a visionary character, destitute of common sense, and believed him insane.

He then described the scenery in his own country. Said that he had seen large balls of ice, an inch in diameter, descend from the clouds, with force enough to kill birds, and that during certain months of the year it did not rain any, but that each drop of water formed itself into a soft wisp of snow, like a feather, and that it frequently came from the clouds in such quantities, that it covered the earth several inches in thickness. Those statements, so new to the miserable, ignorant negroes, were regarded as the fabrications of a diseased brain, and this poor, unfortunate Englishman was severely flogged, until he had admitted that what he had told them was a *falsehood!* Thus it is with ignorance in all parts of the world.

The illiterate always stand ready to denounce those who have made some important discovery, or who take an advanced view in regard to what is usually termed God. Ignorance is the grand stumbling-block in the way of all reformatory movements. Vindictive, arrogant in its assumptions; bold and defiant in its demeanor, it crucifies those who do not bow down to its shrine. "The world moves" was uttered by Gallileo, and what a howl the religious bigots uttered against him! The waves of vindictiveness and hate, rising mountain high, and propelled forward by religious intolerance, overwhelmed him, and he was compelled to recant.

Tell a native of Africa that water forms mountains of ice in the northern regions, as solid as the earth, and he will not believe you! Humanity, instead of passively submitting to the onward strides of truth, resist it by every conceivable means.

In our previous article we advanced a grand truth in reference to The First Cause, if one exists, which all must acknowledge as true. The last generation is a culmination of all preceding ones—including, of course, the First Cause. The first man and woman, or pair, were a culmination of God, and could not possess an attribute or trait of character not incorporated in his organic structure. Then, if the first generation was a culmination from, and of God, and possessed no characteristic that was not a part of him, would not the second, third, fourth, and so on, throughout all eternity, possess attributes, instincts, feelings or passions common to him? If not, please tell me when those that are foreign to him, were introduced into his organic structure; and please describe the Second Cause.

If man has a feeling, passion, function or aspiration of mind that exists independent of God, it must have been absolutely created. But if our good traits of character originated direct from God, please inform me whom the bad traits originated from? If not from him, then two persons were engaged in the formation of man. Please tell me who this "other person" is.

To-day, then, admitting a God as the "First Cause," the murderer, the prostitute, the inebriate, the licentious, the low and vile on all sides, possess nothing—no trait of character, no passion, no function of mind, that is not common to him. The second generation must have been like the first in essential particulars. They could not impart what they did not possess; and as the first was a culmination of God, so would all generations following after them be.

The assassin who holds in his hand the dagger dripping with blood; the inebriate, wallowing in the ditch; the licentious of the low dens of infamy,—all, all, originated direct from God; could not, by any process whatever, possess anything not common to him.

This intelligent God can be no better than the objects he creates. All humanity originated from this one Fountain, you claim, and how is it possible for it to become impure, when that is the only Fountain or source of power in existence? If the Fountain is pure, the streams (generations) leading therefrom, must be pure also.

Again, if man originated from an intelligent God, with attributes common to humanity, he must *have thought* of him before he created him. If his thoughts were pure, only a pure being could originate from him. Hence, we can conclude that during the creative period of various races of men, at times he was pure in thought, at other times impure; at times angry and vindictive, at other times licentious—giving rise to the various traits of character that we see manifested in the human family. On no other hypothesis can we account for the crimes and virtues of society.

This proves also, that if God possesses one trait of character common to humanity, he must all—and at times he is a "God of war;" at other times a "God of peace;" at other times a "God of licentiousness;" at other times a "God of virtue;" at other times a "God of falsehood."

Admitting that all humanity, or the various pairs of different races originated direct from God, he must have thought of them before he made them. If he cannot think he must be idiotic, and nothing could emanate from him. When his thoughts were pure, those whom he created were patterns of honesty and virtue; when he was in a passion, he made pugilists and those who delight to engage in deadly contest; when feeling deceitful, he formed the tattler, liar, and common slanderer; when feeling like fighting, he brought forth the warrior, and those that would stir up strife among nations. You will know, if you know anything, that everything before it is projected in the material world, first exists in the mind. It is planned there. Its length, breadth, interior and exterior forms exist there, and from that pattern they assume a tangible form.

What is true of man must be of God. The various races, the pure and impure; the honest and dishonest; the murderer; the inebriate, or the traits of character that make them such, first existed as thoughts of the Deity (if he created them), and were projected as living entities in the world.

Admitting, then, that an intelligent God exists, he is not a particle better than his children; not any better than the midnight assassin; not any superior to him who is bloated with whisky; possesses no more virtue than the convicts in our penitentiary; is no more moral than a Booth or a Brutus, and would be guilty of ordering the death of all the women of a certain tribe that had *known* man, while he allowed his pets to keep the virgins for their own licentious use, and would not hesitate to send forth lying spirits, that King Ahab might be destroyed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To Everybody in the North-west.

Don't fail to attend the convention to be holden at Wheaton, Ill., on the 17th, 18th, and 19th days of May.

One of the best times ever known among Spiritualists may be expected.

Diversity of Spiritual Gifts.

In our last article in this series we alluded to the multitudinous phases of spirit manifestations, but were unable to discuss the subject at any considerable length, our usually allotted space having been already consumed by other branches of the matter.

We, in substance, intimated that the Philosophy of Life, commonly called Spiritualism, comprehended in its general scope *everything* that we could conceive of; that it particularly comprehended the living principle that aggregates and builds up, and the disintegrating power that tears down and dissipates all forms which it has before created; that there is no visible or comprehensible organic structure or substance that has not an internal moving principle by which it is actuated, governed, and controlled; that every visible or invisible motion is but the result of the living principle which we denominate spirit. While this principle obtains everywhere and in everything, and all comes within the sphere of what is denominated the *Harmonial Philosophy*, we at this time desire to confine ourself more particularly to the varied phenomena recognized as Modern Spiritualism.

In this sense our attention is directed to the phenomena developed by human souls who have passed from their physical bodies through that disintegrating power that separates the organized spiritual body or soul from its earthly tenement or material body.

While there is a general belief among the mass of mankind, of every nation and type, that man does survive the dissolution of the "natural body," Spiritualism alone teaches it with a demonstration not to be gainsayed.

The general belief in immortality has doubtless with all people been predicated upon the fact of spirit manifestations and clairvoyant sight, but inasmuch as such observations have been limited to a very few, the masses have believed it from an intuitive love of continued life, and as a palatable theory, rather than a demonstrated truth, until the ushering in of Modern Spiritualism.

The traditions of the ancients, the so-called sacred writings, are largely made up of the reports of facts witnessed, embellished and enlarged upon, of spirit manifestations of by-gone days.

Those who have departed this life have occasionally found mediumistic conditions by which they could, to some extent, manifest themselves to persons in the body. But such a state of ignorance and superstition has ever abounded among the people that they have actually believed such manifesting spirits were either gods or devils; hence they greatly feared them. A god and a devil was equally to be dreaded. Thus it was "a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God," and no less so to become the property of the other semi-omnipotent gentleman, who never gets short of fuel.

When we consider that a self-conceited tyrant, who rules a nation with a Nero's ferocity, finds himself in spirit-life, possesing precisely the same attributes that he had on earth, and has the opportunity to control a Moses or an Aaron, even as a good psychologist can control subjects without number, is it to be wondered at that he improves the chance to set himself up as a god instead of a Nero, and gives off a Mosaic code of laws for governing an ignorant tribe of barbarians under repeated injunctions of "Thus saith the Lord?" Is it surprising in this view of the subject that willing obedience has been yielded, in different ages of the world, to a number of self-constituted gods? And is it to be wondered at that these gods have put forth codes of laws that have for ages been enforced with savage barbarity, under the authority and by virtue of the command of a "Thus saith the Lord?"

Let it once be conceded that the same law has always obtained which now prevails, in relation to spirit manifestations through media, and that in some cases the control is so perfect that the beholders of the phenomena are thoroughly convinced that some higher power is controlling; accordingly, it will be readily seen that where ignorance abounds an egotistical tyrant in spirit-life could proclaim himself a god, and the multitude would unhesitatingly fall down and worship him and yield implicit obedience to his expressed mandate.

Thus gods have been manufactured from time to time, and such gods have ever reflected the most terrible traits of character possessed by the savage tribes of which their original worshipers were composed.

The tyrant who assumed the name of the *Great Jehovah*,—the omnific *I Am that I Am*,—must have been, judging from the commands and licences given through his medium, Moses, a far more despotic character than a Caligula or a Nero.

We call the attention of our readers to these palpable truths, as founded on the soundest philosophy. We predicate our argument upon the fact that man is immortal; that he enters spirit-life as he leaves this; that he can, with all the characteristics of this life, control a medium as a good psychologist does his subject; and having through this means persuaded the ignorant people to accept him as the Maker of the Universe, proceeds to compel them to render him absolute veneration, worship, and obedience, under pain of never-ending hell torments. A selfish priesthood is built up to reiterate the behests of such a God, and the ignorant devotees are but too willing to carry death and destruction to all who resist the servile mandate to fall down and worship the great "I Am."

These demonstrated truths are based upon principles eternal, over which Spiritualists have no more control than they have over any other principles in nature; but knowing the facts, that knowledge predisposes them to guard against all such assumptions, be they of ancient or modern origin.

We have often impressed it upon the minds of our readers that knowledge is the savior of the world. Hence, we shall know how to *take* all such gods as those above analyzed—be they of the unmentionable name, the "grand, Omnific" character, or of the more recent origin, who assume to speak with so much authority through the Joe Smiths, the Brigham Youngs, or any other class of media. Belief in such assumptions is due to an ignorance of the *Philosophy of Life.* To the end, in some little degree, of awakening thought upon this great and all-important subject, we present the facts and their legitimate conclusions, fortifying them with the suggestion that *good grows out of even so great a calamity as a belief in a vindictive, cruel, merciless God.*

We are well aware that poor timid souls who have entertained a trembling fear, which they supposed was *love*, for the great Jehovah of the Jews, think this series of articles, as well as the one comprising the "Search after God," by our associate, are sacreligious—aye, blasphemous! Let us assure them, however, that we have the highest veneration for that ever-living life-principle which is ever and everywhere operating through all forms, from the molecular atom or monad up through all higher degrees, to and including the sweeping intelligences that constitute the myriad throng that composes the highest circle in spirit-life, that we can conceive of.

While we have no veneration for mythological or pretentious gods of the past or present age, we do from our inmost soul venerate that continually unfolding principle of life of which we are an integral part, and in which, as a great whole, we have a being. Call it God: but ever idealize it as goodness unfathomable, infinite, supreme. To that ideal our aspirations shall ever ascend for light! more light!

In this series of articles which were prompted by the calamity of the Ninth of October, we have been inspired to show that there is everywhere a compensation equivalent to every calamity, whose author is the ever-living principle of life indicated.

To understand the philosophy of that life, in its multitudinous phases is the mission of what is known as Modern Spiritualism. Our religious opposers denounce us as Infidels. We confess to the charge and even aspire to that infidelity to all popular fallacies called religion. We seek to know more that we may save ourself and our fellow men from the ills of this life, and from a desire when we pass upon the next plane of life, to impose bonds of ignorance upon those who may come after us in this life, believing most implicitly that the only true savior of the world, here and hereafter, is knowledge.

Who will deny that if a majority of the people living under this government were wise enough to do it, they would banish all the ills of life from the land? If those sufficiently wise to do so in this life pass to the next with all their knowledge intact, will it not be a capital well invested to begin the next life with? Having such knowledge will they desire to control media to impose bonds upon their fellow men remaining on earth, or would every effort be made toward the enlightenment and development of all mankind, both upon the material and spiritual planes of life?

When we, with a philosophical eye, glance at the great system of nature we behold it a unit whose integral parts, like a well-developed whole, is tending to a higher state of perfection upon its plane of being. Intelligent conditions, and appliances, have much to do with this development, its delicacy, its beauty, its flavor, its perfection. Even so conditions change humanity from barbarism to civilization; from ignorance to wisdom, to ultimate goodness upon the angelic plane of life.

But we presume this fruitful subject will further demand our attention in future articles.

Rev. George White.

Our Rev. Brother, George White, has been taking us severely to task on the Woodhull question, in the *Woodhull & Claflin Weekly.* He seems to think he is at perfect liberty to malign us through the columns of that virtuous paper, and in truly sanctimonious style cries "mad dog," to the end of bringing out such as are easily duped to retail that which he insinuates, as veritable truth. He cites various well-known Spiritualists and three *sterling papers*, the *Banner of Light*, the *American Spiritualist*, and *Present Age* as Woodhull supporters; then, in true preacher style, says:

"Would Bro. Jones be pleased with the charge of being a 'free lover,' (in the objectionable sense,) and as a proof of it, having it published that he kept a *mistress* in addition to his lawful wife, and that he encouraged, by his own act, the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, and that he was upheld in this practical sentiment by many who took his paper?"

Now, this usual course of a thief—being the first and loudest to cry "thief"—is just the course that this reverend brother, and several others whose names he has mentioned, have pursued toward the Journal and its editor ever since they found out from experience that it was sufficiently independent to speak the whole truth and boldly defend the right.

This reverend brother means to charge us with *free-love* practices and with *Atheism.* He selects the columns of the *Woodhull & Claflin Weekly* for that purpose. It is well. We prefer to be assailed rather than praised through those columns. It is all very well for *reverend gentlemen* to attack us with cowardly insinuations in that paper, for presuming to reply to Woodhull's article which we, at her request, published in the Journal, and for which we have received the commendations of Judge Edmonds and many hundred others of the first men and women of America and England. The insinuations of this reverend brother are in keeping with the daily verbal attacks of several of "the warm friends and supporters of Mrs. Woodhull," whom he names, verifying the old adage quoted above.

We are inclined to think that several of the "warm friends" whose names he has mentioned will, on reading the same, know that the thought will be aroused in the mind of the reader, that it is dangerous for a certain class to throw stones.

It is a matter of public notoriety that a certain person who is "deeply pained" and her "warm friends" live in glass houses; yet they coolly and deliberately throw stones out of pure malice. When it is too bald an imposition to insinuate against Brother Jones' moral character, then the priestly cry is raised against his paper, that the "Search after God" is an "athe-istical attack."

Then comes the contrasting of the Religio-Philosophical Journal with "the three sterling papers that have always spoken well of the purity of her motives, her intellectual capacity and reformatory influence,"—to wit: "the *Banner of Light*, the *American Spiritualist*, and *Present Age*."

Our only reply to this discrimination against the Religio-Philosophical Journal shall be a few quotations of what the *American Spiritualist* and the *Present Age* say of each other.

We quote the following from the *American Spiritualist* of April 20th, 1872:

"The public is beginning to press the inquiry as to the practical outcome of Spiritualism. It has a right to so do. A Spiritualism that does not make the dishonest honest; the liar truthful; the sensualist pure-minded; the uncharitable charitable; the malicious mild-mannered; and impel the thief to 'restore four-fold,' is not worth the paper it spots.

"To the paragraph in the *Present Age*, we offer no reply. The Managing Editor is the legitimate field of Brother A. A. Wheelock's operations. This position he is abundantly competent to fill, touching matters both financial and personal.—J. M. P. [J. M. Peebles.]

"Our associate has sent us the above, with the gentle hint that something is needed in our line. It has always been a motto with us, that if we said anything of a person, 'we would speak of a man as we find him.'

"We noticed the attempt at a *compliment*, considering all such references from that source as such, in the paper referred to, but did not deem one stray *Fox* game of sufficient consequence to notice, although like flies and fleas, there are small creatures of the human kind that become an annoyance, if no more. Besides, we have *known* that Fox a long time, and do not consider his *skin* worth the trouble of taking off, although we know there are a great many Spiritualists in Michigan and other parts of the country, who, from sad experince, fully understand the *cunning ways* of this Fox, especially in money matters, and would be pleased to see a little 'fur fly,' or the *hide* itself removed; but pressed with more weighty matters, we decline attending to such a dirty job now."

"The Foxey reference, with pious cant, to that beautiful sentiment expressed by *honest* Abrahm Lincoln, seems rather out of joint with such manifest *unfairness;* for how can there be 'charity for all, and malice toward none,' with anything more than the mere *pretense* 'for the right as God gives us to see the right,' where the *dishonest purpose* to deal *unfairly* is expressed, to those who made several ineffectual efforts to have *The American Spiritualist* noticed in the *Present Age*, as 'courtesy, fairness,' and common decency required.

"Not a particle of that noble sentiment has this cunning Fox manifested! Why were those words used? Simply to deceive. No other purpose.

"An honest man, however earnestly he may oppose us, we can respect, but a hypocrite we despise. We recognise honesty and fair dealing, as a basic principle for action, not profession, merely, in our Spiritualism, while we hold it to be a stern duty, to detest and denounce dishonesty, deceit, and hypocrisy, in a *professed* Spiritualist, as soon as any one else."—A. A. W.

"A. A. W." means A. A. Wheelock, the managing editor of the *American Spiritualist.*

Col. Fox, the editor of the *Present Age* in May 4th, 1872, replied to the above as follows:

"A. A. W., by *management* of which some of his former associates can 'a tale unfold,' managed to get control of the *American Spiritualist*, and secure to himself the position of *manager.* The result has been a marked illustration of the adage 'Pigmies placed on heights are pigmies still,' for however well he may have managed the financial affairs of the enterprise for his own benefit, as an editor he has been unable, from native ignobleness, to rise above expressions of personal hatred and malice."

The readers of the Journal will learn from the foregoing a few of the peculiar traits of character of two of the high-toned, *non-atheistical journals* that contrast so favorably, in the estimation of our Reverend Brother White, and against the "atheistical" Religio-Philosophical Journal.

In conclusion we have but to say to all who are using such desperate means to prejudice the people against the Journal: Go on; never spare anything that a *lying tongue* desires to give utterance to. The great mass of Spiritualists prefer a high-toned, independent journal, that protests boldly against all frauds and impostures. They desire a journal that adheres strictly to fundamental principles of truth, however much they may differ from prescribed theological opinions; a paper that combats error among Spiritualists as well as wherever else it may be found: hence they subscribe for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Boulder, Colorado.

Bro. Jones: I have long thought of adding my mite to the columns of the Journal, but your contributors "dish up" such a glorious feast I fear my efforts will be plain indeed in comparison. There is one subject, however, that I will handle pretty soon if some one more able does not; to wit: a series of national school books, *entirely devoid of all theological ideas.* Our school books are doing more harm than both Sunday schools and preaching, in planting false religious ideas in the minds of the young. It must be checkmated by a series of books such as I have named.

I am very glad Brother Francis did not find the old gentleman. It saved an awful conflict, for I had traveled many a weary mile to find him, and found at last a myth. When he started in I resolved to wait, and if he should be so unfortunate as to have made a successful search, I would have taken the bugbear to pieces for the amusement of your readers. I rejoice in Brother Francis and his Search. It will do more to awaken thought on that important subject than any previous single effort.

Jos. Wolff.

RELIGIOUS REVIVALS.

Inspirational Discourse by Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson.

[From the (Lawrence) Kansas Tribune.]

The Unitarian church was well filled Sunday afternoon by the announcement that a lady somewhat noted among the "Spiritualists" would speak under inspiration upon a subject to be selected by the audience. At her suggestion a committee of three persons, Doctors Fuller, Percy, and John Hutchings, Esq., were chosen to name the subject. They proposed the subject of "Religious Revivals," with which Mrs. Wilcoxson held the attention of her audience for an hour.

She began by remarking that she perceived that an unusual interest was taken in revivals here of late. She had learned by the newspapers that Mr. Hammond had been working in Lawrence, and that many persons, including "all the local editors," had been converted.

We are all by nature religious beings. There is a department of our nature by which we are influenced to penetrate the world beyond—a world which no human thought has fully explored. Therefore religious revivals are based on a principle of the human soul. From the beginning the mind of man has been moved to people the hidden world with higher beings with whom it has sought communion. We are supposed to live in a world which advances in the investigation of these subjects. But yet the most important question concerning spiritual affairs remains unsettled. This is shown by the fact that the world is divided into over two thousand shades of belief, all claiming to be founded on an infallible revelation; all speaking by authority, and claiming that they have compassed the whole circle of the divine thought. But still new heterodoxies continually arise and make headway against the orthodox beliefs. Hence the resort to revival movements to withstand these encroaching heresies. The revivals are founded on a claim of authority to proclaim the true doctrine and condemn the opposing opinions. Authorities that deny the right of private thought and expression. Hence we suffer from the results of old theology.

The fundamental ideas of the revival are: First, that man has fallen from his high state—that he is consequently depraved, and, second, the need of a vicarious atonement. A miraculous conception shall produce another God who shall die for the salvation of men. Hence the doctrine of the Trinity, "a kind of three-headed God."

The speaker then proceeded to examine the first chapters of Genesis, in which the account of the fall is said to be given. Here she maintained are two accounts widely different of the creation of man and placing him in the garden. Two Gods are here described very different in character. The first "God" is beneficent and indulgent, who gives to man the unrestricted use of the privileges of the Eden in which he places him. The second, the "Lord God," forbids him to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. This jealous and exclusive God became ever after the God of the Hebrews. A God who will not tolerate the worship of any other, prohibiting recourse to the aid of familiar spirits for fear of losing influence with the people.

The Mosaic God represented the Mosaic character. The ancient Jews did not teach the fall of man, nor is there any such doctrine taught in the Old Testament. Their religion was very much of a mythological character. Their practice of sacrifice was not taken from any idea of vicarious atonement. The scapegoat was supposed to carry away the sin of the penitent, laid it upon the hands of the priest—not to suffer in his stead. Revivals are based on this idea.

Adam's alleged sin was no sin at all. It was a virtue. Then began the expansion of his intellectual and moral nature; then he began to know the distinction of good and evil. Jesus made no allusion in his teachings to the doctrine of a fall and consequent depravity, and loss of man. In the representation of his judgment he calls the people up and addresses them in quite different terms—approves or condemns them on the ground of their conduct as to whether they have done deeds of beneficence, or omitted to do them. If the evangelical scheme be true, this is strange. Why did he not declare himself on this important question? He being so gifted that it is claimed by some that he is the infinite God, must have known if this were true and so necessary for salvation that it be believed. And yet the evangelical teachers claim authority to condemn those who reject their scheme—condemn them because they undertake to set up a moral standard within themselves. What folly to stultify reason—to thrust upon children these mysteries so contrary to their every-day schooling.

The speaker accounted for the remarkable enthusiasm of the revival by the fact that some men have certain psychological powers by which they lead the people away from the calm use of their own reasoning and common sense. If each person was educated in his religious principles so as to be well founded, such a man as Hammond could not lead them into these excitements. She questioned their right to single out men and women and pronounce them sinners.

She believed the revivals were helped on by spirit influence. The spirits who passed away in the orthodox faith would for a while remain so, and until they had progressed beyond them would attempt to carry out the same ideas and measures. For a while these revivals increase; but look a while later, and we shall find but few of these converts.

At the close of her discourse Mrs. W. invited any present to ask questions, and replied to the following as they were proposed:

1. Has any good come from the religion of the Bible?

This she replied, was a very difficult question to answer. There was so many kinds of religion taught in the Bible. It was like an instrument on which any one could play his own tune.

But the religion of Jesus was the true religion—the religion of love to God, leading us to recognize the divine in every human soul.

2. Do you believe in a personal God as an ever-present, all-knowing spirit?

To this she answered, "No." Such an idea was a self-contradiction and an absurdity. A personal God could not be everywhere present.

3. Do you believe in the literal resurrection of Jesus?

"No. It would be contrary to well known natural laws, the facts of chemistry, etc."

4. How account for a change of heart in Christian conversions?

This question she said she was inclined to treat mirthfully, but supposed it had been asked in all seriousness. She denied that there was any such change, and so there was nothing to account for. Persons may become excited with religious enthusiasm, or alarmed by fears of perdition; but their character remains the same after as before, in such experiences. A hardened criminal, for instance, just about to suffer death for his crimes, is beset by ministers and pious people, and wrought upon to accept the evangelical scheme for his salvation, as a drowning man will catch at a straw; or as is doubtless often the case, he says he accepts it in order to get rid of his previous tormentors, who will give him no peace until he yields. But who believes that there is any change of heart in such a case? The man remains essentially as he was before such confession.

We are aware that in our report we have failed to do justice to the eloquence with which the lady held the interest of her large audience to the end of her lecture. We understand she is to remain here for several weeks, speaking every Sunday.

Lawrence, Kansas.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I learn that my beloved father passed on to the higher life on the 9th of April, from his home in Newtown, Conecticut, which was my birth-place. He had passed the three score years and ten, when he began to sink slowly away into the arms of the death-angel. From my noble-hearted sister, Mrs. Emeline T. Fairchild, who, with my surviving parent, has tended him during his slow decline, I have frequently learned of his state, and been sweetly and tenderly encouraged by his earnest words of blessing—often sent me across the vales and mountains of apostolic life; and nothing comforts me so much as to feel that his dying blessing has been freely imparted to me, with a promise to return and strengthen me in my future work for humanity. When, years ago, after sinking in a rapid decline, I was first taken by the angel-powers, and penticosted for my present ministry, my dear father had seen the light before me, having been converted through the lectures of S. B. Brittan, the succeeding phenomena of Spiritualism, through Charley Gordon, the wonderful medium of that time; the manifestations through H. P. Fairchild and C. Barnes, who visited him; and at last, through his own physical mediumship, and the control of his own children.

I have two sisters who have been among the finest mediums in the land. One of them, Mrs. Fairchild, is still one of the best test-mediums—a humble and devoted servant of the angels, who has never betrayed our Christ, but ever stood firm and unshaken—scorning the paltry price of treachery—willing to spend and be spent in the sacred cause of love and truth. And always, though her furnace of trial were seven times heated, has she boldly and triumphantly vindicated the cause of our noblest and most oppressed mediums. Faithful and true, though humble and little known, has she soothed the last hours of our departed parent, with the solacing tenderness of a reverent and filial spirit.

Oh! how sweet the calm and holy trust of kindred souls! When first I was taken, almost from the grave, and electrified with the penticost of spirit-power, my aged father seemed to doubt the wisdom of the intelligence controlling me, and could not believe that one so frail—so near the river of change, (apparently,) could ever be successful as a public teacher, but he lived to change his opinion, and look with deep interest upon my public success, until at last he became joyous in the deep and tender satisfaction of my triumph over all obstacles, and sent me the most tender assurances of his sympathy.

"*He has gone*," writes my affectionate daughter—but I cannot mourn. He has gone from the crumbling tenement of clay; gone from the clasp of corroding pain; gone from the hard bed of physical agony in which his strong tenacity for life held him; gone! gone! But only a little way; only on to the peaceful shores of emancipation, where immortal youth and unfading vigor shall clothe the enfranchised spirit in robes of health and beauty. He went from us when the warm gushing life of returning spring filled the air with prophecies of golden harvests, and mellow autumn fruits. Like the full sheaf, he went from us, rich in the golden grains of Spiritual truth; never once doubting the blessed reality of that future state where we shall meet in the full fruition of an immortal existence.

"Another has gone from this cold world of ours,
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers;
No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,
When on all beauty death's fingers are laid.
Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet—
Weary with parting, and never to meet,
Another has gone to the bright golden shore;
Ring the bell softly for one gone before!"

May 1st, 1872. M. J. WILCOXON

Spurgeon's Sermons.

We have received from Janson McClurg & Co., successors to S. C. Griggs & Co., of Chicago, a book, the ninth series, of the "Sermons of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon," of England. Published by Sheldon & Co., 677 Broadway, New York.

Instead of making remarks concerning the book we will allow it to speak for itself, by quoting a brief summary of excerptions from its pages, that our readers may be able to judge of its merits or demerits.

"Salvation! We all fell in our first parents; we have all sinned personally; we shall all perish unless we find salvation. Every person who is unforgiven is the object of divine wrath. 'God is angry with the wicked every day. If he turn not, he will whet his sword.' 'He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.'

"To die without salvation is to enter damnation. What a comprehensive word, then, is salvation! What a thought, that I am set as a watchman to warn your souls, and if I warn you not aright your blood will be laid at my door! My own damnation will be terrible enough, but to have your blood upon my skirts as well—! I pray you, then, by the blessed Trinity, by the tears and prayers of holy men, by the joy of angels and glorified spirits, by the malice of devils and the despair of the lost, arouse yourselves from slumber and neglect not this great salvation!

"Oh, sirs, if every harpstring in the world should resound your glories, and every trumpet should proclaim your fame, what would it matter if a louder voice should say: 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels'?

"Salvation! *Salvation!* SALVATION! Nothing on earth can match it, for the merchandise of it is better than silver, and the gain thereof than gold."

"If you are saved it will be 'your own salvation,' and you yourself will enjoy it. If you are not saved, the sin you now commit is your own sin, the guilt your own guilt."

"There is a page in God's Book where your sins are recorded unmingled with the transgressions of your fellows."

"No other can be washed in Christ's blood for you; no one can believe and let his faith stand instead of your faith. The very supposition of human sponsorship in religion is monstrous. You must yourself repent, yourself believe, yourself be washed in the blood, or else for you there is no forgiveness or acceptance, no adoption, no regeneration. It is all a personal matter through and through; 'your own salvation' it must be, or it will be your own eternal ruin."

"Reflect anxiously that you must personally die. No man imagines that another can die for him. No man can redeem his brother, or give to God a ransom. Through that iron gate I must pass alone, and so must you. Dying will have to be our own personal business; and in that dying we shall have either personal comfort or personal dismay."

"A substitute there is to-day for every one that believeth—God's appointed substitute, the Christ of God; but if that substitution be not accepted by you, there can never be another; but there remains only for you a personal casting away to suffer personal pangs in your own soul and in your own body forever."

A Mysterious Affair.—Exciting Midnight Adventure.

[From our Fireside (Centralia, Mo.) Guard.]

A short time since our town was favored with a real sensation, which has been the subject of considerable speculation since its occurrence, and which also caused considerable excitement on account of its mysterious nature. The circumstances are as follows:

One night recently, a handsome, well-dressed lady, accompanied by a gentleman who represented himself as her brother, got off the eastward-bound 12:40 P. M., express, at Centralia, and went to a well known hotel, the name of which we withhold for obvious reasons, and registered their names. The lady said she was the wife of a minister at St. Joseph, which has since transpired to be correct.

There was no one up at the time of their arrival at the hotel, except the proprietor and clerk, who took the lady to her room, which was situated near the front of the building, on the first floor, while her brother was put in a room in the rear end of the house—these being the only two rooms unoccupied at the time. Thus far, all was well and in proper shape.

But here comes the strange part of the affair: About two o'clock in the night, while everybody in and about the hotel was locked in deep slumber, and all nature was hushed in that calm and silent repose that always precedes the hour of midnight, some one suddenly startled the echoes of the still air by violently knocking at the chamber door of the lady, rudely arousing her from the happy dreams of the loved ones in the far-off home. The lady raised up in bed, and inquired what was wanted, when a strange male voice answered, without the door, that he wanted a certain lamp that was in the room.

Although thinking this was rather an unusual time for any one to disturb her for that purpose, the lady got up, found the lamp in the dark, and utterly unsuspicious of anything being wrong, she slightly opened the door, sufficient to admit the passage of her hand, and reached the lamp to the man, whose figure was scarcely perceptible in the gloom; he, however, did not move, nor make any effort to take the lamp from the lady, but immediately entered into conversation, saying—"You are from St. Joe, are you not?"

Being answered in the affirmative, although reluctantly, and with some embarrassment, at the strangeness of the question, under the circumstances, he eagerly said—taking one step forward—"I belong there too, and am going back."

Upon seeing that the man persisted in keeping up the conversation, with unpleasant familiarity, keeping the lady standing in the chilly night air, she abruptly cut short his remarks, and pushed the lamp into his hands—telling him if he wanted it he had better take it. He then apparently, very reluctantly took the lamp, while the lady, now somewhat alarmed, by the strange conduct of her midnight visitant, quickly shut and bolted the door. Then going to a window that overlooked the porch, she silently, and with bated breath, anxiously watched the movements of this mysterious individual, who, she describes, as a slim, spare made man.

He stood awhile at her door, as if undecided what to do, and after taking a cautious survey around, he turned and started slowly across the porch, in the direction of the street. After going a few steps, the lamp chimney fell off and was shivered to atoms at his feet. Turning his head, the man exclaimed in a tone of regret, "There, see what you have done!" He then rapidly stepped off the porch, crossed the yard, went out at the gate, and quickly vanished down the street. Since then, neither the lamp nor any one answering the description of the man has been seen.

The most curious part of the affair is, how an apparent stranger could so readily find the lady's room in the dark, as there was no one except the clerk and proprietor present upon her arrival, and no one had access to the register after that, by which the number of her room could have been found, were that possible, but stranger yet, the rooms in the hotel have no visible number on the door, and no one but the clerk and proprietor knew what room she was placed in.

From the lady's description, neither of them could possibly have been the person she saw. There is an air of deep mystery about the whole affair that will, perhaps, never be penetrated. What possible object the person may have had in view, is known, perhaps, to no one but himself.

The lady left the next day with her brother, and it is now known positively, that she is as she stated, the wife of a well known minister of St. Joseph, Mo., moving in the first society, and of a spotless character—far above reproach.

Since the above occurrence, a night watchman has made it his practice to keep an eye skinned on the lookout for that chap; should he ever have a desire for another midnight confab, and should he put in an appearance, he may have a fair chance to be the principal character in a funeral.

Lapeer, Michigan.

One word in regard to Dr. Slade. I have waited so anxiously for his defense ever since I read his expose in the JOURNAL, and in the last number I found the defense as given by Mr. Simmons, and I must say I am a little surprised to find that he rather blames you for demanding of Slade a full explanation of all the facts of the case. Mr. Simmons seems to forget, or else not to know, that there are thousands who demand the same of him and Dr. Slade, and that their failure to give the required explanation would cast a stain upon the cause of Spiritualism that all its able defenders would be unable to clear away. You did right to ask it of him, and he should give it gladly and freely, without casting such hints at you as he has done. I am not a popular woman, but I believe I have just as strong a sense of what is right as though I were Mrs. Woodhull or Britten or any other strong go-ahead of the day, if I do not scorn to stay at home and attend to my household duties myself. I lecture every two weeks, yet my name has never been in a public journal as such. I am simply MRS. E. B. HUGHSON.

DR. W. PERSONS.—In another column will be found the advertisement of the above-named well-known and most successful healing medium. The Doctor has been located in St. Louis during the last six months, where he has done a successful business. He will treat all who call upon him during his sojourn in Chicago; and from success in the past, the sick who patronize him may expect to be speedily cured. Probably no healer in the United States has had more experience or been more successful.

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

Love in Absence.

Midst all the turmoil of the busy day,
And in the peaceful stillness of the night,
Recurs thy dear, fond name; whene'er I pray,
Yearn I to see thy loving face so bright.
All in a mist, whene'er thou art not here,
Looms in the distance, phantom-like, thy face.
I fancy, darling, feel thee near—
Can feel thy power and every soothing grace.
And ever in my heart an echoing sound
Yields up its tune to Love's untiring hand;
O'er my lone spirit love-born joys abound,
Unclouded by a shadow is Love's hand,
No pen, nor voice, my love can tell.
God knoweth how I love! Darling, farewell.

Man, Know Thyself.

Looking over the world of humanity, from a spiritual standpoint, we see that the knowledge which man has of himself varies from a very low point—almost of entire ignorance, through a great variety of degrees up to the highest point which man's spiritual attainment has reached.

The masses of mankind are satisfied to know that they are physical beings; indeed, they boast of this as the only real knowledge which can be obtained. They consider all knowledge of man's mental and spiritual natures as mere theory and speculation; and there is no other class so completely bound in their ignorance and conceit, and hence, they are in many instances unapproachable. When they pass out of this life, they are the hardest cases for the reformers, whose labors are to enlighten these and bring them out into a knowledge which shall enable them to grow and unfold into better conditions.

The religion of Spiritualism differs from all other religions in the grand fact, that while it sees these men and women—the masses of humanity all over the world, in these low conditions—it does not find any single one who can possibly be outside the pale of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. It consigns no one to a hell of endless torment, or any other kind. It condemns no one, but says to each and all—whether high and pure, or low and degraded—there is for you a brighter and better condition in the future. It says we are none of us our brothers' keepers, nor even their judges, and we always err when we get into a condition to condemn others.

We may be called to point out to them what seems to us to be a better way, and endeavor to show them that a greater amount of happiness will result from pursuing a different course. Spiritualism comes to humanity in every possible condition, and always brings something adapted to its wants.

All other religions have had more or less of the Pharisaical idea that would say, "Stand back I am holier than thou;" and it has become a part of their religion, often that in which they are most zealous, to condemn, and consign these ignorant and undeveloped—it may be wicked ones, to an eternal hell. The people have been particularly careful to carry out this part of what they suppose to be their God's decree, and they evince their adherence to him by the earnestness with which they carry this out.

Thousands in the churches, and many more out of them, within the last quarter of a century, have discovered that they have mental and spiritual powers, and in the exercise of these have become infidel to the dogmas and creeds of the church. To such a fearful extent had this gone that, had not the living gospel of Spiritualism come to these, millions of minds would have been wandering upon the barren mountains of cold and materialistic speculation, who are now in the enjoyment of that living knowledge which makes their souls truly happy. Many persons in the churches have experienced this gospel which the angel-world has brought to them, and they think it better to remain there to leaven these. Others have come out and taken a bold and independent stand in favor of spiritual freedom and the recognition of the divine principle within every human being which is the recipient of inspiration, by and through which the soul of man grows and becomes unfolded in its native beauty, and gives evidence of its capacity for the enjoyment of purer happiness than had ever before been realized.

Each step in man's spiritual progress impresses him more deeply and solemnly with the importance of knowing himself in all the departments of his being; at the same time it reveals to him that this is to be the study of eternity, and that each revolving cycle of the grand future will reveal to him more of himself, and while it removes all narrow selfishness, it expands the soul with an all-comprehensive love that fills it to its utmost capacity for the time.

It is the great mass of ignorant men and women who are most stern and severe in their judgment and denunciation of their fellow beings. They have no nice discrimination of motives, and are often most fierce in charging others with those things which they are guilty of themselves. They hurl forth their anathamas upon institutions and individuals without knowing that they are hurting themselves an hundred fold more than these. Inspired by their prejudice and ignorance, they know no better. There is another class of individuals whom we are compelled to see, and of whom it may be thought that we lack charity in doing this. We allude to the class of hypocrites who, in the language of Shakspeare,

"Have stolen the livery of heaven
To serve the Devil in."

These are they of whom Christ spoke when he said, "Ye generation of vipers, how shall ye escape the damnation of hell?" He does not accuse them but asks them, "how can ye," etc. This class are among the fiercest and most bitter in their judgment and denunciation of others.

We would say to these—friends, brothers and sisters, search your own hearts as with a lighted candle, and endeavor to cast out all deceit and every root of bitterness; learn this great lesson, that to deceive your fellow-man is only to cover up that which shall be to you a cancerous sore in the future, that you will find great difficulty in healing. To deceive ourself is the greatest delusion that any human being can possibly take to himself.

The remedy for these evils is not in denunciation, not in bitterness of feeling toward each other, not in sitting in judgment upon each other, but simply and alone in self-examination, and a prayerful desire to do right and be right. These desires should go forth to the Infinite Father, and especially to his ministering spirits, the holy angels who are around about us, and to our fellowmen, for we are all appointed, and, if we did our duty faithfully, we would be anointed, as saviors one of another.

The great mission of life is to purify and unfold our own souls into the most perfect conditions of harmony—the highest growth which our surroundings will permit; and in order to accomplish this, we must not only work in and for ourselves, but we must be willing to do whatever our hands find to do for our brothers and sisters—the world of humanity. It may be to heal their bodies, for this is a much more general work than we have yet learned to appreciate—a work in which almost all may find something to do, especially when they find their proper sphere of labor in life. It may be to speak a kind word to some one in sorrow and distress. "Kind words never die;" and it remains to be true, that "words fitly spoken, are as apples of gold in pictures of silver," they will be treasured up.

The great mission which will continue to be ours throughout all the cycles of eternity, when we lay aside all the uncongenialities and improper relations which seem to be forced upon us here, whether we will or not, is to instruct those around us and aid them in their growth and unfoldment into higher and holier conditions—to seek out the good that is in every human being, and endeavor to remove the clouds of error and darkness that may have gathered around it, so that the sunshine of pure love may descend upon it and cause it to grow.

The world, especially the religious world, has made a fearful mistake, in supposing that its mission is to pronounce judgment and condemnation upon those whom it calls the erring and fallen ones, while it has nothing to do in searching for the good that lies buried, it may be deeply in every human soul.

There are many of those whom the world thus condemns, who have overcome much more of evil than the brightest saints who have ever walked the earth, and who have their reward for thus overcoming. "Blessed are they that overcome."

The highest knowledge that we have been able to attain of ourselves, teaches us, first to sweep in our houses and before our own doors, and then in kindness and brotherly love to offer a helping hand to all whom we can influence. In this way we shall "bind up the broken-hearted, proclaim liberty to the captive, the opening of the prison to them that are bound, and thus preach the acceptable year of the Lord." Of this we may be certain, that the nearer we approach to perfection in our own souls, the less will we be inclined to condemn our brother or sister. But seeing the causes which have been, and are operating in and around them, we will endeavor to correct the unpleasant influences of these, and, by the manifestation of our love, bring these nearer to us, and in this nearness of soul is the greatest source of strength and growth that we can experience.

We do not now refer to that interior soul-love which binds one man and woman together in a blissful union that grows stronger and more beautiful with the growth and unfolding of their soul-natures, and which, we believe, is eternal in its duration. We mean that humanitarian feeling which is to save the race, and which is an evidence of the love of God in our souls: 'for if we love not our brother whom we have seen how can we love God whom we have not seen," and shall not see.

"To thy tents oh Israel! To thy tabernacles oh Jacob!" Into the inmost recesses of our souls let us look with a desire to cast out all bitterness and unkindness, and we shall find the fountains of love and purity flowing therein, and angel guests will come and dwell with us; and seeing them face to face they will rejoice with us in our triumph over sin, and suffering, and death. Then shall the kingdom of heaven come into each one of us, and we shall have no need to say one to another, behold this kingdom! for each shall realize it as the dwelling-place of the soul wherein peace and joy shall abide forever and ever.

Passed to Spirit Life.

[Notices for this Department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty. Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously.]

Julia Ann Fisk passed from earth life to spirit life March 27th, aged 63 years, from Fredonia, N. Y.

Past from earth-life to spirit-life, from Pierceton, Ind., April 16th, Moses Norris, aged 73 years one month, and two weeks. He was a devoted Spiritualist.

Departed, for the bright Summer Land, where sickness and pain are no more, from Irving, Montgomery county, Illinois, on Thursday, March 14th, William Edward, eldest child of Frederic and Emily S. Challacombe, aged 3 years and six weeks.

Weep not, fond mother, for thy beautiful flower is but transplanted to a garden tended by angels, where it will continue to bloom with more fragrance and loveliness than it ever could with thee, and where the poisoned arrows of earthly disease will reach him no more.

Think not that thy darling boy will ever forget thee, but feel and realize in thy inmost soul that he is with thee still, and will play with his little brother Joey just the same; and though he may be invisible to thee, thou wilt not be invisible to him; for death takes nothing from the loving human heart, but only enlarges its powers of enjoyment. Then be of good cheer, bereaved one, for we know that every dark cloud has its silver lining.

M. A. S. K.

Departed this life, Ephraim Orer, of Oregon, Missouri, on the 17th day of April, 1872, aged 57 years.

One more friend of the cause gone. He may be called a veteran of '48, for he was one of the earliest to believe in the spiritual origin of the phenomena called Rochester knockings. His conversion was easy, because of certain mediumistic qualities in himself. If I am truly informed he never was a "Bible slave," superstitiously accepting every word therein as the voice of God. He was a genuine Spiritualist. His creed was not 'I believe because I do believe;" but "because I know." If ever any man died calmly, even joyfully, he certainly did. His conversations during his illness and his last words were but expressions of joy at being so near home. Patient of his present sufferings, his dying eyes lit up with happiness as he saw the near shores of the Summer Land. His life was a good example, and his death a proud triumph. He seemed to regard death as nothing—a mere stepping off the boat which had borne him as a voyager down the river of time to the soil of his dear loved native home.

"May I live the life of the righteous, and my last end be like theirs." C. I.

UNDERSTAND DISTINCTLY that we do not discontinue sending this paper to subscribers when the time is up for which payment has been made. If any one wants to have it discontinued, let him or her give distinct notice to that effect, and if anything is due remit the same along with the notice. These are the terms on which subscriptions are taken, and we are thus emphatic that there may be no misunderstanding upon the subject. *Justice demands* that renewals shall be made as soon after prepayments have expired as subscribers can without great inconvenience do so. *Three months* trial subscribers are not entitled to come in for a renewal under the $1.50 proviso. It would be an *injustice* to our friend, who would be called upon to make up the balance. Friends, let us ever bear in mind that we are daily *painting a life-picture. If we are* so selfish as to do another injustice, *it will forever stand as a baleful blotch on life's record.*

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.—Copies of Spirit Likenesses can be had at this office. Sent by mail on receipt of thirty cents.

Our Correspondence.

THAT CHALLENGE!

Elder Raines to Dr. Kayner.

BRO. JONES:—I herewith subjoin the remainder of the correspondence to date, on the subject of a discussion in Chandlerville, as previously reported; and I wish here distinctly to state, that I am ready to entertain any *fair* proposition, wherein the Bible and the religious world on one hand, and the Philosophy of Modern Spiritualism and Spiritualists on the other, can be faithfully presented. But all attempts to *force* the question, as in the case of Eld. Raines, can only end where it began—in smoke. The following will explain itself:

"CHANDLERVILLE, ILL., Mar. 25, 1872.

D. P. KAYNER—Dear Sir:—Your reply is before me. Permit me to say that your manner of disposing of my resolution is not, to my mind, courteous. If my resolution does not contain the difference or points at issue, why not say so?

You came into the community, as I understood, affirming and advocating a system of religion and morality, proclaiming publicly that it was superior to the system known as Christianity, as set forth in the New Testament by Jesus Christ and the Apostles. And when I ask you to affirm it in debate, you coolly pass it, and offer something entirely the opposite, seeking to change the affirmative and shift the laboring oar to other hands. If you believe Christianity is what you said it was in your lecture on Friday evening, and if Spiritualism is what you claimed then and there, you certainly could affirm it. I don't believe that Modern Spiritualism is superior to Christianity, and therefore deny it; you do, and should so affirm. If you *do not* believe Modern Spiritualism *superior* to Christianity, you should not ask us to receive it; but if you do believe that Modern Spiritualism is superior to Christianity, then you are *bound* to affirm it, and from this there is no escape. I shall certainly hold you to that position.

I wish nothing unfair, nor do I wish to treat you in any other than a friendly manner. The length of time mentioned for speakers to occupy is too short, in my judgment, and I can not consent. The other suggestions are only satisfactory in part.

Yours Very Respectfully,
JOHN A. RAINES."

The following is my reply:

ST. CHARLES, ILL., April 11, 1872.

ELD. JOHN A. RAINES—Dear Sir:—I have delayed anwering your second letter (of date March 25th) until the present time, for three reasons:

1. I was too much occupied with my evening seance and clairvoyant examinations, which continued up to the hour of my departure, to reply before leaving Chandlerville.

2. I have been so much engaged with my professional duties since my return, and a part of the time from the precarious state of my health unable to labor, that I could not attend to it before this date. And,

3. The *animus* of your rejoinder to my first reply was such that I did not think then, and do not now, that you meant *business* in a fair and honorable discussion, but that it was evidently done for the purpose of raising a "smoke" and throwing "fog" over what I had been doing in Chandlerville, after my departure therefrom.

If, however, I am mistaken in my interpretation of it, instead of throwing away a large portion of your record, the "Holy Bible," and attempting to *force* a question upon me, which will allow you to drag in all the follies and vices that are directly traceable to the "religious teachings" founded upon "the Bible," which have "outcropped" among some of the, so-called, Spiritualists, as well as among your professed Christians (while you desire to reject your own record). Come up squarely with your entire "Plenary Inspiration" and its records of the doings of your God among men, together with its history of those "holy men of God," who figure in its pages; come with your 1,600 different religious sects founded thereon, with their catechisms and creeds; come with the bloody history of the "march of Christianity," and the iniquity of the clergy generally, and offset *these* against the teachings and works of Modern Spiritualism, and then I am ready to meet you.

Until you do this, or accept the proposition in my former note, do not, if you please, charge discourtesy upon me, while attempting to force a false proposition upon me.

Trusting I shall yet see the time when we will work shoulder to shoulder upon the platform of progress, I remain

Sincerely and Fraternally Thine,
D. P. KAYNER.

As a good sequel to the whole matter—my lectures and the opposition they called out from "the faithful," *challenge, eggs and all*, the story is so well told by a Chandlerville correspondent, in the Virginia (Ill.) *Gazette*, of April 5th, which we here append, that further comment is useless:

"CHANDLERVILLE, ILL., Mar. 30, 1872.

BRO. SIMON PODAUGER POKEABY:—I was very much struck with the remark you made to me the other evening while returning home from caucus: that "a general intelligence among the masses was destructive to our peculiar institutions," and I heartily endorse those sentiments, and would further say that I know of no greater power in our land to bring about general information among the people than that of the *Gazette*, and newspapers in general—hence my opposition.

"The next power in our country, is the rostrum. (And just here I would say, that I had scarcely finished my opposition to the newspaper enterprise of our village, when, lo! I had to turn my attention to an effort that was being made in our midst, to enlighten the minds of people on physiology and clairvoyance, and a future state of existence. And—would you believe it?—this scientific man just "let the cat out of the bag," and told the people that Pigmentum Nigrum meant black paint, and that most any plow-boy knew what beans were when the bag was open. Yes, and don't you think he had the impudence to tell the people that if they would be happy they must be good, honest and truthful, and, that in order to be healthy they must obey the laws of health.

"I saw just what the thing was leading to, and if the lecturer was allowed to go on telling such facts, that the people would know as much about the human system as we do, and would become so enlightened in a law of compensation that they would be too healthy for doctors and too good for preachers. So I just sounded the alarm, devil, *devil*, DEVIL! and it was diverting to see the magic influence of this mysterious word; they did not want to go where he was; no, sir-ee. And it was well they didn't go, for there were a few that had brains enough to think for themselves. They went and gave him a hearing (for that is all that truth asks), and now they can say "Pigmentum Nigrum" as good as we can, and optic nerve, Ipecacuanha, and such, and confessed themselve highly entertained by the lecture.

"But as the lecture progressed, we saw that the interest in scientific truths was increasing to an alarming extent, and that there must be something done. So I suggested to Bro. Peter Podauger, that we hold a prayer-meeting, if it was not our regular night—have a nigger-show of some kind, anything to keep the people away from the lecture. And, if necessary, have the boys to throw some eggs at the lecturer, and then apologize after he is gone, by saying it was all done in fun. (You know eggs splatter just as much when thrown in fun as when thrown in earnest). I didn't go to hear him. It's all the work of the devil. But I am *sorry* to say that some of the flock did go and hear him, and they say that his lecture on clairvoyance was not only truly scientific, but very interesting, and demonstrated before intelligent men and women that it was worthy of their consideration.

"I have many other things to tell you, but I have said too much already for the good of our cause.

"Yours Despondingly,
"PODAUGER."

Westfield, New York.

BRO. JONES:—Thirteen years ago, the 4th of the present month, the first article we ever wrote for publication, appeared in a small sheet termed the "Good Time Coming," published by Overton & Lasley, at Berlin Heights, Ohio, from which we make the following extracts:—

"Are not positive and negative principles interchanging relations, and is there any one thing, power, or intelligence in the universe that is, and remains positive to all else. It seems that all mankind believe that there is a great positive first cause or intelligence, located in the centre of the universe, or else pervading it that controls all, and which Christians call God. In the study of nature, I find plenty of proof to sustain my views, but when I begin to look for something to call God, at the other end of the rope, the proof comes up missing," etc. From that time to this our sole object in what we have written, has been to sustain, and try to demonstrate the position then taken, that spirit and matter are different conditions of the same thing, and that they balance each other, and become one by interchange. In this we have been entirely alone so far as our knowledge extend, and considered an ultra enthusiast unworthy of notice. You will recollect that a zealous brother would have had us expelled from your columns for doubting the existence of a supreme being, and asserting we could see no use for one except for the few to make slaves and tools of the many. We also recollect the noble stand you took on that occasion, that when truth would not sustain itself against error, your occupation, as a journalist would cease. The fruitless search for such a being, by brother Francis, for the last eighteen months, and the evident change that is taking place in public opinion on the subject, together with the growing difference among Spiritualists, would seem to indicate that a change of base from the supreme to the universal, is a necessity that cannot be much longer ignored. To sustain these views, we quote from authority which all Spiritualists will respect, whether they accept it or not. We refer to the recent communication in the Philadelphia department of the JOURNAL, from Professor Hare, through that truthful medium, Doctor H. T. Child, from which we make the following extract: "The recent discoveries of science with you, have left many of the old landmarks, with which I was familiar, and led us far out into the ocean of truth. The fact which has been generally accepted by scientific men, that there are but two divisions in nature, namely, force and matter, will soon be followed by another step, which, from my present stand point, and all the information I have obtained here, I now accept, that in the ultimate analysis of the universe there will be found to be nothing but force, that which is known as matter being simply the result or product of modifications of force. *This is the platform on which I stand*, along with the great philosophers and sages of antiquity, many of whom I have met here." Standing upon this broad and eternal platform of truth, so grand and yet so simple, all the universe is a unit of force, or spirit, for this is a necessary conclusion from which there is no escape.

Passing the balance of the article as unnecessary to sustain our position, we will merely quote the two closing paragraphs:—"19th. That spirits will soon be able to give to the world the means by which these statements may be demonstrated in an absolute and scientific manner," and "20th. That the progress of the race in spirit-life and on earth are simultaneous, and spirits are just as dependent upon mortals, as they are upon them, for these developments."

And now we feel that we are no longer alone; that this bond of union for which we have contended—the reciprocal relation of all things—is to be the guiding star of the future of our planet. You may well imagine that such confirmation of long cherished opinions, coming from such a source, give rise to a thrill of satisfaction that to be appreciated must be realized.

J. FINNEY.

April 6th, 1872.

Courtney, Texas.

I am so glad that you still insist that Brother Slade shall come out in a bold, fearless, independent manner, to refute the *Sun's* accusations, and truly hope, for the sake of Spiritualism, that he will. If he himself only were concerned, he might afford to maintain a dignified silence; but he is public property, and therefore his acts are a target for the public. I am the only Spiritualist in my neighborhood who comes out and openly avows a belief in its beautiful faith. But my husband and his sons are inclined to investigate the subject, and when they read the article from the *Sun* it threw a severe damper on their feelings. My husband could not shake it off, and every *Banner of Light*, and RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL that I get, he will ask: "What of the Slade exposure? Has he come out like a man and defended himself?" Well, of course my answer is, "No; but his friends are doing that for him." "But," says my husband, "that will not have the same effect as if Slade was to come out and denounce the accusation himself," and I can see that his little faith, gained from a few months investigation has considerably diminished.

As I see from the pages of your JOURNAL, that Brother and Sister A. J. and Mary Davis are going to devote themselves to lecturing for a year, I do most sincerely pray that they may come to Texas. I wrote to him in '52 or '53, and begged him to come; but his agent wrote that his time was too much occupied then.

I think if Brother E. V. Wilson would come to our beautiful Texas he would be well paid. God grant his spirit guides may lead him here. May you be richly blessed for promulgating our glorious doctrine in so fearless a manner is the sincere wish of your sister in the cause of Spiritualism, JOSEPHINE WHITESIDE.

Dear sister, ere this number of the JOURNAL reaches you, we trust you will have seen the edition in which Brother Slade's vindication over his own signature is most ample. We venture to publish the above extract from your letter, as a justification of the course we pursued. It gives us pleasure to know that we exactly met the desires of the great mass of Spiritualists, by demanding an explanation directly from Dr. Slade. It further gives us pleasure to know that our course received the full approbation of the spirits who control the Doctor. This was a case not to be dodged. "A dignified silence" would have been ruinous to Dr. Slade's reputation. A bold refutation of the charges places him fully before the public as an honest medium.

We *pity* the little dwarfed souls that are taking so much pains to prejudice the minds of others against the JOURNAL for doing its duty. But eternity with its ample developing forces is before us all: *there is hope for them.*—[ED. JOURNAL.

St. Louis, Missouri.

MR. JONES:—Having been a reader of your excellent paper, and a thorough investigator of the beautiful phenomena of Spiritualism and animal magnetism, for the last two years, I feel like adding my testimony to the truths I have discovered, and sending them forth, like "a waif upon the waters," through your columns, hoping they may reach some stricken heart like my own, and prove another pillar to buoy them up in the faith of the consolation of spirit communion.

Like Mr. Figuier, and many others, I have been driven to the unseen and occult forces of nature, by the saddest of all earthly afflictions, the death of a darling and idolized companion, and but for the consolation which I have received through your paper, and other like sources, would now, no doubt, have been hopelessly insane. For the teachings of my religion and simple faith in our unknown future beyond the grave does not satisfy the longings of a devoted heart like mine, without something tangible to make assurance double sure, that "when we die we live again." All of which, thanks to my own perseverence, and the kind sympathy of my spiritual friends, I have received.

I shall at present mention but one or two phases which have come under my observation, and which have created a great revolution in the minds of a large class of the best people of St. Louis, the conservative and *creme, ala creme* of our best circles, who had scarcely, if ever, heard of such wonders.

Through Mr. Willis, a spirit photographer, I last fall obtained a picture of my husband, which has proved a world of consolation to me, and an astounding verification of spirit-presence, to my wondering friends.

There are several tests connected with it which make my letter too lenghthy, and which are known to my personal friend Hon. Warren Chase.

Another phase which has made a loud noise, and called forth much speculation, is the wonderful cures performed by the celebrated Dr. Persons, who is now here, practicing his wonderful powers upon many of our most intelligent citizens. Even the most Orthodox are glad to receive the magnetism, healing powers, or whatever it may be, by the laying on of his hands.

One lady, whom I know well, the wife of one of our oldest and most estimable clergymen, considered herself the subject of a miracle! so perfectly was she restored from a state of helplessness to literally arise from her bed and walk, and after having been a sufferer for months, became entirely restored.

Another lady was not only restored instantaneously, but every vestige of swelling and unnatural appearance of the limbs instantly disappeared.

A little daughter of one of our most intelligent and conservative families, has been saved almost miraculously from becoming a hopeless paralytic, by being kept upon her back by the old practice; but through his healing powers, she was raised to her feet.

These are only a few—for "their name is legion"—of his wonderful cures.

Can it be possible that this is an awakening of an innate power that has lain so long dormant? And is it not probable, that a very thin veil is between the seen and the unseen? Yes! it must be true. As Milton said, "That thousands of spirits tread the earth unseen."

St. Louis is a hard field for the spiritual laborer, for it is truly a Catholic city; and while a very large class of our citizens—the most *elite* and intelligent cannot deny the miraculous and spirit-power inside the church—it is only men, eminent for their moral and intellectual bearing, like Dr. Persons, who could command the respect and confidence of our city.

VERITAS.

Springfield, Missouri.

BRO. JONES:—I wish once more to call the attention of the readers of the dear old JOURNAL to the benefits of the Sunday law, as carried on out in this section of Missouri. One Jesse, a boy of 17 years, and his younger brother, both bright looking, intelligent boys, are living with their mother, not many miles from here, and one Sunday last fall, while they were permitted to rest from their almost unceasing toil to support themselves and mother, they saw a small flock of quails in the brush near by, and, naturally enough, thought it a fine idea to drive them into a quail trap This they did instanter, and without any noise. But, lo! one of "God's chosen people" happened to pass by, and, in order to elevate himself, reported the boys to the Grand Jury, and that humble (?) body (bound to carry out the law, whether right or wrong) found an indictment against the boy Jesse. I suppose it was for offending God, for he surely injured no one else. He was brought before the court, and, unluckily for him, there was no one in the court-room to bail him; *i. e.*, there was none of his friends there at the time, and consequently he was put in prison with criminals of all classes, and there allowed to remain nearly two weeks before coming to trial. When the time came he employed the services of one of the brilliant young lawyers that south-west Missouri is famous for, and after about five minutes' trial, he was fined ten dollars, and his able lawyer charged him twenty; and furthermore, the boy says he was not permitted to go on the street to get bail, nor was he allowed bail after he was confined, although it was offered.

The boy says the prison was swarming with vermin, and that his mates were criminals of all kinds.

These are facts as I glean them from the boy, and I know him to be a truthful, hard-working young man.

I wish this incident placed before the public, that they may read and ask themselves, why it is that in our 1,800 years of Christian civilization, there has been no means devised whereby our young men can be kept from the prison or the hangman's grasp?

Are men so ignorant that they can not see the curse of such institutions—places that feed the baser portion of man's organization, and let the better part go uncultured? All hail the time when mankind shall rise and shake off the cursed yoke of so-called Christian enlightment, and stand forth a free nation!

Yours Truly, J. B. WHEELOCK.

"Is the Spirit Immortal?"

BRO. JONES:—I saw the query in your paper, by H. A. Eastland, with some remarks, and I thought, perhaps, you would let me answer the question in another way, as my influences seem to think different, on some things. For instance—"The spirit always was, is, and ever will be, an individualized entity in form," etc.

In this we differ. The soul containing the possibilities of infinite advancement in development, is, and ever has been, an individual. But the spirit is the surrounding material or body to give to others a knowledge of distinctive individuality. The spirit body is as much changeable as is the physical body, it being composed of the vital principles of cosmic material or the energizing properties of earth matter. The soul obtains this principle from matter, by being brought into a condition of *en rapport*, through the laws governing organic compounds.

By its stronger affinities it holds in combination for its use, all it gains as against physical elements, but being brought under the special laws governing spiritual as vital elements, it is subject to interchange of particles and motion; hence, composition, as well as decomposition, are constantly going on in the spiritual, as well as the physical spheres.

We perceive man to be a three-fold being in this sphere, viz:—Physical body, spiritual body, and mind, person, or soul-individual. The mind, or mental, being the unfoldment of the latent possibilities inherent to the infinite individual.

By the law of pro-creation, the physical is projected, with its vital principle, but not without ordering of the soul proper, who claims the material working out of material, for its spiritual body, through which it puts on immortal consciousness in individualism.

We think, then, the spirit may be composed of parts, and a union of these parts is essential to conscious manifestation of the soul, and yet it is not subject to dissolution and death, but is subject to metamorphoses, in action and correlation to mind.

We see this exemplified, day by day, in the metamorphoses of tissue in man as a physical being. The only union to be severed by death being where mind and matter are united, and spirit and matter—not where spirit and mind are united.

Man, in the next sphere of being, will be a dual, and not triune compound, and there being no stronger affinities than soul for the spirit, there can be no loss, but exchange only in equivelants.

The soul is the vital of the spirit, as the spirit is vital to matter. So the ultimate attained in specific personal conditions and qualities remain for ultimate acquisition. Hence, infinite expansion in development to the spirit and soul, and man is immortal.

GEORGE W. CARPENTER.

Kendallville, Ind.

Warwick, Massachusetts.

S. S. JONES—Dear Sir:—The contents of your JOURNAL have been eagerly read by me, for I too am searching for the truth. Most truly do I believe that our friends in the other life manifest themselves to us in various ways. When bereaved with sorrow after the loss of my mother, some years ago, and the thought haunting me, she is dead! she is dead! as persistently came the whisper, *she is not dead!* until I troubled and grieved over it, and would almost feel that she had been buried alive, although knowing, of course, to the contrary. Again, after the death of my husband, two years ago, I passed through a similar experience, and I had almost made up my mind to send to where the body had been laid, and satisfy myself that it was not so. It was when in the depth of this sorrow that I was startled by the seeming touch of a hand upon my shoulder, and had a kiss, and turning, expecting to see some member of the family, saw nothing.

This is but one of the many similar experiences I have had.

Now I say, "not dead—not even sleeping;" in that bright world watch they are keeping," over their loved ones here. That these experiences have lifted the clouds from before me and shown me the silver lining of the summerland, you can easily imagine. I do not call myself a Spiritualist, for I feel that I know but very little of their belief.

It is with almost childlike eagerness to learn that I read your paper. I have envied Dr. Slade's power (or rather gift) until his present trial, through which I hope he will pass safely, and come again before the world, pure and true. It seems to me that if this great gift, of seeing the loved ones gone before, hearing them talk, etc., were mine it would afford me almost perfect happiness. I have almost felt, upon reading of his wonderful writings upon the slate, that upon him should depend my future belief. He must be a true defender of Spiritualism.

Excuse me for writing so much. When I began, I had no idea of giving you even as much of my experience with the angels as I have.

Thanking you for the good I feel I have received from the JOURNAL, and wishing you all success in its publication, I am

Yours Respectfully,
M. A. LANGSTROTH.

Milbury, Ohio.

DEAR BROTHER: I received your letter in answer to the one I wrote you, and now inform you that my papers are all right. Brother Maxfield lives here and is my near neighbor. I don't know how to express my gratitude for your kindness in sending me your glorious JOURNAL.

Now, I hope I shall not intrude if I should say something of myself. I have been told by different mediums that I was mediumistic in a very marked degree. And, for one, Mrs. Severance writes me so, and I have been influenced often enough to place some faith in it. I have, at different times practiced medicine with excellent success, but have given it up; but for the last four years people send to me from fifty to one hundred miles for advice or treatment and in every case I am successful. I either from seeing the patient, or from a lock of hair can determine their disease and prescribe a remedy without fail. I have from five to six calls daily, but then my services are gratis.

I think if I could be where there was a good circle of mediums I might be developed, and be an instrument of great use, but where I live there are but three or four Spiritualists, scattered over as many miles, who only meet by accident or chance, and this gives me a poor opportunity to progress; but still I have good hopes of amounting to something yet, although I am an old man seventy-one years old, of very limited means, with a family to provide for, and with no help. Still I am not cast down. I suppose my subscription is about run out and should be renewed. I shall do my best to secure the paper at all hazards. Please don't deprive me of it, but send it right along, and I will try and pay for it if I should be obliged to live on two meals a day in order to save the means for it.

Yours in the bonds of fraternal brotherhood,
F. HEMENWAY.

Voices from the People.

LAFEER, MICH.—L. G. Hughson writes.—May angels bless you in your brave work for human rights. I am proud to work for the dear old JOURNAL.

PINE BLUFF, ARK.—J. Merrill writes.—Every number of your JOURNAL knocks out one brick, at least, from the foundation of old Theology. God bless you in your noble efforts.

WOODBURN, OREGON.—E. C. Cooley writes.—All liberal-minded people should read the JOURNAL. I could not well get along without it. Go on in the glorious cause of human reform, for you are doing a great and noble work.

NEWVILLE, CAL.—W. R. Conyer writes.—I send you three dollars in Green Backs. You please send in with your good paper and I will stir them up out here. I should like to meet you and see how a live Spiritualist looks.

NEW HARMONY, IND.—C. C. Warren writes.—Many thanks, for your very kind attention to my request (in my note of the 5th.) It makes me feel happy to have a friend interested and able to contribute so much to my happiness, as does your deeply interesting and most glorious JOURNAL.

VALLEY MILLS, WEST VA.—J. V. Dunbar writes.—You say so many good words in your JOURNAL, I can but admire you; your kind words and benevolent acts toward those who want your paper, and who are not able to pay at the present time, and many not able to pay at all. I have never read a word from your pen but what I admire.

Thank you, brother, for all you do to circulate the JOURNAL. [ED. JOURNAL.

OPHIR, UTAH TERRITORY.—Cox & Lisbon write.—We regret that circumstances beyond our control, have prevented us from being more prompt in renewing our subscription to the JOURNAL, but we can not afford to be without it though we go without our dinner. We shall endeavor to extend its circulation in the mining camps of (the Saints) Utah, believing it will do much good in breaking down priestly rules.

CAMDEN, OHIO.—E. S. Rees writes.—Although there are no Spiritualists in Camden, I am inclined to think a good test medium would set the people to thinking, and bring about a desire to investigate this new theory. Many, I believe, are growing tired and disgusted with the old Orthodox sects. I would like to know on what terms we could get a reliable test medium, one fully competent to sustain the cause.

WORCESTER, MASS.—Mrs. Flagg writes.—I am a Spiritualist, true blue, and have been for more than seventeen years. I have never been so situated that I could subscribe for any paper that suited my ideas of right. But since I have taken the JOURNAL it seems a real treat every week. I feel it to be one of the needs at the present time to break up old Theology. God speed you in your grand and noble work.

WINTERSET, IOWA.—I. P. E. Whedon writes.—We have been enjoying ourselves this winter at the expense of old fogyism. We have crowded them so closely by spells that they have closed down on all discussions on Orthodoxy, and the "hell-weathers" (ministers) tell their dupes not to talk with any one that ridicules the idea of going to heaven for "Christ's sake."

BROOKFIELD, MO.—J. D. Stone writes.—The cause of progression is going on slowly but surely in this place. But we have two good mediums, and are developing some more. Dr. Perkins and lady, of Kansas City, have been here and lectured two Sundays, giving good satisfaction. Mrs. Perkins is a good lecturer and an excellent healing medium, and myself with others, can testify to her healing powers, and do cheerfully recommend her to all who are willing to trust themselves in the hands of good angels, and wish to be healed.

BLACK RIVER FALLS, WIS.—James A. Dyer writes.—You will find enclosed fifty cents for Hon. Robert J. Ingersoll's Oration on the Gods. If the book is anything like your paper, the JOURNAL I want it just as soon as I can get it. The JOURNAL is the best thing I have got hold of since I got out of old Orthodoxy, and found I could think for myself. I never saw but little of Spiritualism; but the JOURNAL is food for a hungry, starving soul. I will let you hear from me again at no distant day. Yours for the right wherever it is found.

ELKHORN, WIS.—M. ROPER writes.—I have had to have some one read the good old JOURNAL to me, and it may be I have heard half what is in every number; but that is worth more to me than twice the price of it. It don't seem to me that I can get along without the dear old JOURNAL which contains so much good food for the mind. I live twelve miles from the post-office, and I am the only Spiritualist this side. Our Postmaster is an outspoken Spiritualist and a veteran in the cause. I give the JOURNAL to every one who will read it. It may do good by and by.

WALLULA, W. T.—T. J. Peabody writes.—Herewith I send you two dollars, for which please send me a box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's "Tobacco Antidote," I want it for a friend of mine. I also enclose to you four dollars more to be used as per order with same. I always keep a lot of spiritual books and papers laying around loose in my office for my Orthodox friends and the public generally, to blunder onto. I have all of Bro. Wm. Denton's and also the greatest part of A. J. Davis's books, and quite a number of many other authors. I intend to send for "The Debatable Land" before long.

Thou doest well, brother. If all Spiritualists would follow your example in that particular, they would not only soon gain the respect of their neighbors for their independence of character, but they would soon find that they were living in the midst of a neighborhood of liberal-minded people. It is astonishing how soon people *take to Spiritualism* when convinced of its truth by reading books and newspapers devoted to the subject. [ED. JOURNAL.

ENTERPRISE, IOWA.—S. Shimer writes.—If I fail to get the precious JOURNAL when I send to the office, I feel that I have lost an edifying friend, until it appears. I have been an investigator of spiritual manifestations for more than twenty years and have witnessed many of its different phases, therefore you will not be surprised if I tell you that I don't only believe that we have communion with the friends gone from earth, but to me a certain knowledge. Long may the JOURNAL live to give light and spread its soul-inspiring influence over ignorance and old superstition. Good angels guide and protect you and your contributors in this glorious work.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—M. A. Koch writes.—Our cause has been quite lively here this winter, and is yet. Mr. Chase lectures Sundays, morning and evening, at Avenue hall, corner of Washington avenue and Ninth street; and the Lyceum is in successful operation, in the afternoon, at Tickner's hall, corner of Washington avenue and Fourth street, under charge of our President, Mr. Tuckett, and the Yandell Bros. We have also had a sociable, literary and musical, on Thursday evenings, at Avenue hall, besides social parties at Tickner's hall on Tuesday evenings. Dancing from eight till twelve. They will close for the season, on the last Tuesday in this month, with a calico ball. So you will see that one thing and another has kept us pretty busy. But I fear that I am trespassing on your time, so, with my best wishes for the JOURNAL and its publishers, I close.

WESTFIELD, MASS.—J. W. Fletcher writes.—There never has been, so it seems to me, a time before in the history of Modern Spiritualism, when, among Spiritualists themselves, there were so many divers opinions. Yet I have watched your course, as a journalist, and I ever see you steadily going forward in the straight and narrow path of justice and truth, and I am glad that you, at least, have dared to speak out in the manly and noble way you have, concerning the so-called social reform and its exponents. Glad that our noble Sister Hardinge, who has given her life to Spiritualism, and our equally noble Brother Tuttle, can find support in the columns of your estimable paper; and I believe that when they speak, as they ever do, against the growing licentiousness found on every side, they but echo the sentiments of every true worker in the cause. Your paper I find filled with valuable information, and I know it meets with a warm welcome in every home where it enters.

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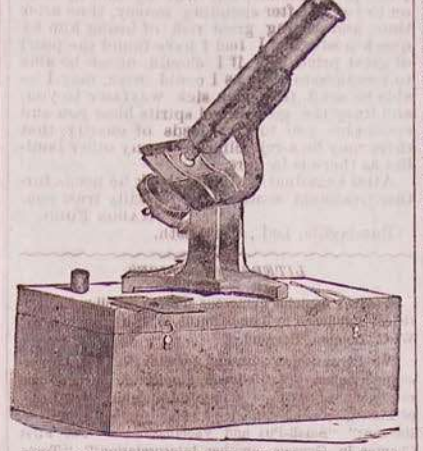
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BY..... E. V. WILSON.

Our Eastern Tour---No. 15.

Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, Sunday and Monday, March 16th, 17th and 18th, we gave three lectures and one seance to crowded houses, giving many fine tests.

Spiritualism is not dead in this goodly city, but active and full of life. Sister Sarah A. Burtis helped us in deed and word in getting up our meetings. Thanks sister, from the soul thanks. Miss Millie Burtis is as true to our cause as her mother. A faithful young worker, and besides being a true and faithful worker in Spiritualism, she is extensively engaged as a dealer in Lady's Human Hair Goods, and Manufacturer of Gold-mounted Hair Work, Hair Flowers and Device Work. We advise all desiring this kind of work, to employ Miss Millie, who will guarantee satisfaction and at reasonable prices. Let the Spiritualists everywhere remember Miss Millie, No. 30 Sibley's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

We made our home at Bro. Cronks, at whose hospitable table we were supplied with the comforts of life. Bro. Cronk keeps a boarding house at reasonable rates, and can easily be found by Spiritualists visiting Rochester. Bro. and Sister Parkhurst, on Sophia street, can give all desired information. They, too, are workers. Our sister being noted as a clairvoyant doctor. Bro. Isaac Post and his good companion, were on a visit East and we did not see them. Truly the cause in Rochester is alive. Bro. J. G. Fish has moved to to the city and opened an office for healing the sick, and we heard good report of his works. Try him all ye who are afflicted with aches and pains. As a speaker and writer he is already widely known. May he succeed. We met many other old and tried friends, who gave us a cordial welcome.

We gave some very fine tests and had some sharp conversation with skeptics. We love to meet an honest skeptic. But save us from all such who have been ten, twelve or fifteen years' investigators. As one said to us—"Well, I am an investigator and have been for seventeen years, but I am not convinced yet!" We answer to all such, "No, nor will you be convinced until, like the candlewick, you are ducked and dipped in hell, and come out incrustated in sulphur, as the candlewick is with tallow, and then your investigating soul may find light. No! sir, investigator, you are an alligator with your mouth wide open, snapping at whatever lights thereon, provided you can borrow or sponge spiritual food. We know many such who are paying from ten to five hundred dollars per annum for sermons that describe hell in glowing terms, and sponge their way into spiritual things.

From Rochester we wended our way to Ellicottville, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., at which place we lectured on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, March 19th, 20th, 21st and 22d, to good audiences—both in number and intelligence. Ellicottville is situated among the hills in what is known as Great Valley, on the banks of a small stream of the same name. The village is the center of one of the best dairy counties of the State, and Cattaraugus county butter and cheese are famed for their good qualities throughout the State. Bro. Litchfield, medium, seer and speaker, is doing a good work for the cause, and is a tower of strength wherever he is. We made his pleasant home ours during our stay in Ellicottville, and a pleasant and cheerful one it was; notwithstanding the angel of Death has taken all the children of Bro. and Sister Litchfield, to the Summer Land. These little ones are mourned and missed; their places are vacant; their little feet no more make merry pattering in the hall; and yet they are not dead, but gone on to a bright and beautiful land. Still they are frequent visitors to their father and mother, at their old earth-home.

Bro. Litchfield prayed for cold weather and good sleighing, and behold, his prayer was heard! The snow fell fully a foot deep; everything froze up; cold as cold need be, and yet the people came out; the hall was full to overflowing—all could not get in.

We gave over one hundred fine tests, most of which were fully approved on the spot. One, a lawyer came who had died and was buried, declaring—"I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive forevermore. Amen." This man was so fully described that his identity was perfect and complete. Second, the boy drowned at eighteen years of age; the taking him out of the water. Third, the lame woman Lorena Todd—fully identified. Thus the work goes bravely on.

Saturday, March 23d, we left for Friendship, Nile and Bolivar, lecturing three times in Friendship, once in Nile, and once in Bolivar. These places are in Alleghany Co., N. Y., adjacent to the Pennsylvania line. Bro. Samuel Sherman takes the lead, and is ably assisted by several friends in the good cause. He is a fearless and stanch worker, and does his work well.

Among the tests given while in these places, the following, we trust, will please our readers:

At the dinner table in the hotel, the sister of a man came and stood by him and showed us how, when and where he came near being drowned. We told him. He affirmed it as a fact.

Captain C——, of Cuba, came from his home in the Summer Land, leaving his place on leave of absence from the Army of God, presenting himself to us for full description, which was given to his friend, and fully identified.

The drunkard, full of woe and sorrow—the result of violated law—spoke with regret of his sad estate. A warning to all who tamper with strong drink. The man was fully described and as fully identified. This was a sad failure of a life at one time bidding fair for a glorious future, and to us one more witness to the thousands already received, that there is no such thing as forgiveness. The penalty must be paid in full here or hereafter for the violation of any of the laws of life.

To a young widow came the husband who, but a short time before, was laid away in the grave. This case was a peculiar one, and created a good deal of feeling. At the funeral the minister who preached his funeral sermon, had cruelly and wickedly declared to the listeners and mourners, that there was no hope for him; that his soul was in everlasting woe; thus torturing the young wife's sensitive nature into gloom and fearful agony. The husband who came before us was fully described. He spoke of the funeral sermon, and bid his young wife heed it not, for his happiness in the spirit-world was as much a matter of fact as when in the body, only alloyed by her sorrow. He bid her be of good cheer, for all was well! The sunshine came again to her soul, filling it with joy. The cloud lifted, and the death-weight of Orthodox damnation removed, and her trembling, sorrowing soul made to rejoice in the knowledge of a progressive and practical immortality.

A spirit man came to his old friends, told them of his death by the fall of a tree, the time and place.

To a music teacher came the girl pupil, in love and truth, speaking of her happy home.

Then came the spirit of Pat O'Neil, killed on the railroad; gave time of death, age and place. All of these were fully identified and confirmed.

Bro. Sherman has been, and now is, the champion of Spiritualism in this section of the Master's vineyard.

Wednesday, March 27th, we leave Friendship for Puttneyville, Wayne county, New York, across the State by going half around it, *via*, Dunkirk, Buffalo, Rochester and Palmyra. Time, two days and two nights. At the latter place we took the stage, staging it eighteen miles through one of the very best farm sections of New York State. Reaching our destination at 9:15 P.M., cold, weary, hungry and tired. We found a quiet and pleasant home at the house of Bro. Reynolds. A joyous good old couple are Bro. R. and lady. We enjoyed their home.

Friday evening, March 29th, we were in our place at our work—the work we love—continuing to teach the truths of Spiritualism until Sunday evening, March 31st.

Puttneyville is situated on the south shore of Lake Ontario, west of Sodus Bay, some seven or more miles, and is the home of many who are following, or have followed, the lakes for a living. The liberal elements predominate, and the people seem happy and cheerful. Among the active workers in our cause in and around Puttneyville are the Lacys, Reynolds, Troops, Whites, Austins, Gilberts and others, who are brave, true and fearless exponents of liberal ideas; who are not afraid to live and be good to themselves.

The weather—well, what shall we write of it. "First it blewed, then it thewed, then it reined, then it snewed, and then it freezed, all the time." This was Col. Crockett's description of the first week he spent in Washington, and it meets our experience during our stay in Puttneyville. But, notwithstanding this continuous storm, our meetings were well attended, the audiences being large and intelligent.

Puttneyville will soon have railroads, and thus connected with all the world, will afford work for our speakers and mediums.

We gave many fine tests; some of them very remarkable. But being somewhat in a hurry, we will not write them out or give them a place in our "advertising corner," for fear it might again paralyze the weakened nerves and brain of our little friend, lately a deck hand on the craft Woodhull, now "Managing Editor of that eratic and somewhat eccentric sheet, *The American Spiritualist*, that was born in Cleveland, and, like the *Universe*, has gone to New York to die.

E. V. Wilson's Appointments for May.

E. V. Wilson will lecture in Keokuk, Iowa, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, May 10th, 11th and 12th inst. Lectures to be held in the Court House, commencing at 8 o'clock on Friday morning.

A Call Convention.

To the Spiritualists of DuPage Co, Ill., greeting: We, the undersigned, call on you to meet us in council, at Wheaton, DuPage Co., Ill., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 17th, 18th, and 19th of May, 1872, for the purpose of organizing a conference meeting, to be known by such name as in the wisdom of the Convention may be determined on.

This meeting will be called to order on Friday evening, at 7¾ o'clock, the 17th of May, 1872, in the Universalist church in Wheaton, situated twenty-four miles west of Chicago, on the Galena Branch of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, and will continue its sessions through Saturday and Sunday, closing Sunday evening.

We invite all liberal-minded people to meet with us in council, thus taking council one with the other for the good of all humanity.

Let us come together in truth, taking council with each other, asking the angels to be our helpers. Let us know each other here, that we may know our own hereafter.

We especially invite the Spiritualists of McHenry, Kane, and DeKalb counties, to join us. Arrangements have been made with the friends of free thought in Wheaton to entertain as many guests as possible, and at hotels at reduced charges.

E. V. WILSON, H. CARPENTER,
MARY ELLEN WILSON, I. SABIN,
MILO PORTER, T. ABRA JEWELL,
ELIAS JEWELL, K. HOWARD,
JOHN THRASHER, C. A. D. SMITH,
D. BRONSON.

Epilepsy Cured in Four Months by Spirit Power.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson, the celebrated healing and business medium, 148 Fourth Ave., among the other wonderful cures daily performed under spirit direction, *by letter, without her ever seeing the patients*, presented us with the following correspondence, showing the cure of a most desperate case of epileptic fits in less than four months time.

Our readers will bear in mind that the band of spirits controlling Mrs. Robinson delegate one of their number to watch over each case until a cure is performed; and in cases where the sick persons are mediumistic they not only see but converse with and are conscious of being manipulated by such delegated spirits.

These cases seem almost incredible to skeptics; but they are well-authenticated facts. In cases where the sick persons have no consciousness of spirit presence, nevertheless they are thus treated through her mediumship beyond any reasonable doubt.

See her advertisement in another column, in regard to requirements on application for treatment, etc.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON: Inclosed find $3.00 and lock of hair of my son, William Francis Marion, who is afflicted with epilepsy. He is seventeen years old. I hope you may be able to do him good. Still I cannot do as others do—say I have full confidence. I intended to have you read from lock of hair only as a test, but it is not a *test* I want; I want him *cured* if possible. Yours in hope, AARON LORD.

Middlefork, Ind., Jan. 4th, 1872.

Mrs. Robinson diagnosed the case and prescribed the remedy dictated by the spirits, for whom she is a medium, with directions for the father to report from time to time. He did so as follows:

MRS. ROBINSON, Dear Sister: I feel grateful for the prospects and the privilege of calling your attention to our afflictions and distresses again. I need not tell you the condition of our son, but send you a lock of hair as before. Can we hope to have him cured?

AARON LORD.

Middlefork, Feb. 23d.

Again the medium diagnosed and prescaibed and the following is the report:

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, Dear Sister: With a grateful heart I pen you a few lines—a statement of facts. Our son that has been treated by you for epilepsy, is as we believe, completely cured. The truth is he has had spasms on but two occasions since you began to treat him. He first took them when but four years old, and is now past seventeen; and with but slight cessation he has had them ever since, up to the date of your prescribing for him. A great part of the time he was delirious, and had to be guarded both night and day, which is well known by my neighbors and relations. At this time he is capable of taking care of himself, and his mind seems to be only slightly injured. People think his mind will be the same it would have been had he not had fits. I can gladly recommend your cure to all those afflicted likewise. Inclosed I send you a lock of his hair, that you may know how he is. In regard to pay, at the present time, I would say I feel pressed some, but will by and by send on to you. After spending money, time after time, and taking great risk of losing him by quack nostrums, I feel I have found the pearl of great price, and if I should never be able to remunerate you as I could wish, may I be able to send the poor sick wayfarer to you, and may the good angel spirits bless you and encourage you to like deeds of charity, that there may be a rejoicing in many other families as there is in ours.

After examination if you think he needs further treatment send it. We readily trust you.

AARON FORD.

Russiaville, Ind., April 29th.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Freelight contains numerous short and well-written articles. Published by James Burns, 15 Southampton Row, W C., Loadon, England.

The Phrenological Journal, for May, is a most interesting number. The following topics are worth special commendation: "How the Faculties Combine;" "History of Photography in America;" "Punishment and Prison Reform;" "Small-Pox and Vaccination;" "The First Chapter in Genesis—another interpretation;" "Tools for our Women."

The Overland Monthly. The opening article of the May number presents valuable facts about "Wine-making in California." It is the closing paper of that interesting series furnished by Arpad Haraszthy, in which we learn that the large sum of $31,000,000 is invested in this pursuit in California, and that the future annual increase will not be less than $2,000,000.

A new feature is added, occupying the two closing pages of the number, under the heading of, "Record of Marriages and Deaths on the Pacific Coast," which for reference alone, arranged in a convenient alphabetical form, is very valuable. John H. Carmany & Co., Publishers 409 Washington street, San Francisco, Cal. $4.00 per annum.

Old and New. Rev. James Martineau, the celebrated English divine, contributes a thoughtful and striking article to the May number, entitled "The Place of Mind in Nature, and Intuition in Man," discussing weighty questions of psychology in a very interesting way. The serials are continued as usual. The editorial introductions are practical and suggestive. One of them tells briefly how to have many flowers from little ground; another shows up the poor quality of current Sunday-school books; and there are statements worth conducing in that prefixed to the "Record of Progress," on social science, and the pleasant account in the Fine Art introduction, of the New York gallery of old masters.

There are some further entertaining "Reminiscences of Brook Farm;" a graceful sketch of woodland flowers in Maytime; several short poems of more than average merit; a sharp attack on Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews' "Universology," and other good matter.

Spiritual Convention.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Spiritualists of Nunica, Mich., will be held at the Bartholomew Schoolhouse the first Saturday and Sunday in June. Mrs. L. A. Pearsall is engaged for the occasion. Speaking to commence at ten and two o'clock each day.

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VOLUME XII. | S. S. JONES, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. | CHICAGO, MAY 25, 1872. | $3.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS. | NUMBER 10.

MY GRANDFATHER'S GHOST STORY.

[From the Scottish American Journal.]

I have frequently heard the following marvelous story related by my grandfather as an actual episode in his life. I will give it, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words, leaving each reader to form his own opinion upon the incidents, without any commentary upon my part, further than the statement that my grandfather was a man whose veracity I had never any reason to doubt.

It was during a summer vacation that I met Karl Korner. I was reading hard for my degree; for, having been somewhat idle and dissipated during the term, I found it necessary to spend what should have been my holiday among my books. For this purpose I pitched my tent at Bucksleigh, an ancient and romantic village in the New Forest. I was guided by several considerations in my choice of locality: first, it was a reasonable distance, even in those days, from London and Oxford; second, I was bitten about that time by an entomological mania, and here was the spot of all others for rare moths and butterflies; thirdly, a delightful and salubrious climate; and, fourthly, not far away, near Stony Cross, was the family seat of some college chums, whither, if books and butterflies became too monotonous, I could flee for relaxation a day or two.

These friends had very much pressed me to take up my abode wholly with them; but had I done so, I might as well have left Greek and Latin behind me, for all the use I should have of them. So I prudently declined, with the compromise I have mentioned.

The house I lodged in was at least as old as the Tudor days—pointed roof, overhanging stories, latticed windows, painted beams, dark oak staircases, paneled rooms, carved fireplaces, etc. It belonged to a family who had resided abroad for ten years, and was let, during the summer months, in apartments to visitors. I had but one fellow-lodger when I first came to Bucksleigh, Karl Korner, a German, who, with his servant and the old woman who looked after the house, was, besides myself, its only inhabitant. From the first he curiously impressed me. In appearance he was the very beau ideal of the mysterious German of romance. Long, fair hair, blue eyes deeply sunken, pale, hollow cheeks, a moody demeanor, and tall figure—he might have been Charles Moor himself. In his habits he was reserved to moroseness. He had a weird way of talking to himself, and a strange trick of almost every moment casting sharp, fearful glances over his shoulder, as though he fancied some unpleasant object was behind him. No one was suffered to enter his apartment, save his own servant, a dark, saturnine-looking man, as mysterious as himself. I questioned Mrs. Adams, the housekeeper, as to who he was. But she was as much in the dark, and far more curious than myself respecting him. About two months before his arrival she had received a letter from her master, who was then residing in Germany, to say that a foreign gentleman would, in the course of a few weeks, arrive at Bucksleigh. The choice of apartments was to be given him; she was, in all respects, to attend to his wishes, and above all, was to ask no questions. The time of his sojourn was uncertain, but he might leave at any moment. This was all the information she possessed.

There was something about Korner that attracted, and yet repulsed me. The mystery that excited my curiosity may be ascribed to the first feeling; the dark, sinister expression that sometimes mingled with the gloom upon his face, to the second. I frequently saw him wandering about in the forest during my entomological rambles; but both in and out of the house he avoided an actual meeting.

We had been fellow-lodgers about a fortnight, without having previously exchanged a greeting, we became suddenly acquainted. It happened in this way: I had been out in the forest all morning butterfly-hunting, and having captured in my net a splendid red admiral, two peacocks, and some smaller fry, I was lying basking in the shadow of a huge beech, gloating over my prey, when, happening to look up, I saw the German leaning against a tree, with his arms folded, and his eyes bent upon me. I had not heard his footfall upon the soft turf, and his sudden appearance quite startled me. Without a word of introduction, he threw himself upon the grass, and entered into conversation as freely as though we had been old acquaintances. He spoke English fluently, although with a strong foreign accent. I found him to be a man of highly cultivated mind. Our topics were Greek, Latin, poetry, entomology, scenery; and upon all, his remarks were equally just and full of knowledge. He grew warm and eloquent, his cheeks flashed, his eye brightened, the whole man was transformed. Suddenly, without any warning, in the very midst of a speech, he stopped, the color died out of his face, leaving a ghastly pallor in its place, while his face, full of horror, stared wildly upon vacancy. The change was so instantaneous, that for a moment I was struck as speechless as himself, my eyes instinctively following the direction of his. I could see nothing but the waving branches of the trees and the bright sunlight. Before I had recovered my self-possession sufficiently to speak, he sprang to his feet and hurried away; as the trees hid him from my sight, I saw him cast the old fearful look over his shoulder.

There was something about the incident that, instead of the bright sunshine, gave me a strange, superstitious feeling. After a long cogitation, I could come to only one conclusion—that the German was mad, and that his saturnine servant was his keeper.

A week passed away, and I saw no more of Korner, beyond a fleeting glance, as he passed my widow on his way to the forest. In the meantime I had a visit from my college chums of a few miles off, to whom I related my German experiences, and thereby inflamed their imaginations with the most outrageous ideas. He was one of Schiller's robbers: Mephistopheles, a Werter, the wild huntsman, Salathiel, a banished count, and I know not what. Ensconced behind my window curtains, they waited his passing, to catch a glimpse of him, and the sight of his strange, gloomy face made them almost seriously incline to those ideas that had been jests before. The object of their visit was to induce me to go with them to a ball that was to come off in a fortnight at Southampton. But I heroically resisted all entrreaties, so they left me to my studies in disgust.

Great was my surprise one evening, just as the twilight was closing in, at receiving this message from Mrs. Adams:

"Would Mr. Serle honor Mr. Korner by his company, and sup with him that evening?"

The old lady was all in a flutter as she spoke the words. We exchanged looks. My curiosity was aroused to see the sanctum that none had beheld, and instantly accepted.

When I entered the room, I felt almost surprised to find that there was nothing peculiar in it, except that it was peculiarly comfortable. Although the weather was warm, a cheerful fire burned in the grate, and three large lamps illuminated every part of the large sombre room.

"I like plenty of light," he said, after cordially greeting me; "I hate dark corners."

So it seemed, I thought. Our conversation turned upon German literature, which the translations of Scott, Coleridge, and others, and the imitations of a host of English writers, were bringing into fashion. His mind was deeply impregnated with its mystic and metaphysical character. I found him to be a profound believer in the wildest dreams of the Rosicrucian and the demonologist. Our conversation had naturally, although almost imperceptibly, drifted into this channel, and I could not help remarking the strange, forced manner in which he spoke upon the subject, as though compelled to talk of it by some occult power against his will. I ventured to be skeptical, and shall never forget the look with which he turned on me.

"Your philosophy," he said bitterly, "rejects all things that do not come within the scope of its narrow reasonings, regardless of the fact, that every object that exists contains within itself unsolvable mysteries. Of the nature of our own souls, of their condition or destination, after they are freed from their bodies, we know nothing. Can we conceive eternity? Can we conceive illimitable space? Space before matter? The principles of our own being? We know these are, but we can not bring them within the petty circle of our own reason. In the face of these mighty mysteries, and of the yet mightier mysteries of the Christian faith, how dare man arrogantly assert that naught can not be? One of our poets says: 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' Wisdom is usually purchased at a bitter cost."

There was something in his manner that deeply impressed me, and I would have continued the conversation, but he skilfully changed the subject, and we were soon deep in the discussion of the comparative merits of ancient and modern literature. In this agreeable discourse, aided by an excellent supper, some equally good wine and cigars, time glided on almost imperceptibly.

It was just upon the stroke of twelve when I wished him good-night. As I opened the door, I fancied I heard a sound like the rustling of a woman's dress. Thinking it was Mrs. Adams, who was the only female in the house, coming up to speak to me, I turned my head; but there was no one upon the landing or on the staircase. The sound passed me, and there was a flutter in the air, as though it were disturbed by some moving body. Following its supposed direction, my eyes fell upon Korner. In a few seconds a ghastly change had fallen upon him. His face was deadly pale, his eyes fixed with a look of horror, his hands convulsively clutching the arms of the chair upon which he sat. I was advancing to him, thinking he was ill, when a hand, laid upon my shoulder, held me back. I turned, and saw the German servant, who by word and gesture requested my absence. The next moment I found myself outside the door, and heard the key turned in the lock.

A week elapsed, during which Korner and I never once met. I had been hard at my books, had completely shaken off my late superstitious terrors, retaken to skepticism, and had thoroughly made up my mind that the German was the victim of some painful disease, of which I had witnessed the paroxysms.

It was the night of the ball, which I have before mentioned. I had had a letter from my friends that morning, as a last persuader, to meet them at Southampton, and accompany them to the ball. But I heeded not the voice of the charmer, and was farther strengthened in my virtuous resolution by the weather, which, uncertain for several days past, toward the evening in question assumed a most savage aspect—the rain descended in torrents, the wind blew a hurricane, and there were distant mutterings in the air that portended a thunderstorm. As I looked round my gloomy room, in the fading light, I could not help picturing with a sigh the brilliant ball-room at Southampton.

While thus meditating there was a knock at my door. Before I could answer it, Korner stood before me. Even in the twilight I could perceive that his air was excited with a kind of forced gaiety.

"How horribly dull you are here," he cried. "Come up to my room; I have a cheerful fire and plenty of light, a bottle of good wine, an irreproachable cigar, and Mrs. Adams is preparing an appetizing little supper."

Now, after my one experience, I did not much care about passing the evening with Korner, so I began a polite apology about the necessity of study; but he impatiently interrupted me:

"Pshaw, man! it is the last opportunity you will have of refusing me."

"Are you going to leave us then?" I inquired.

"Yes; my release is at hand, and I wish you to join me in celebrating it."

"Your release!" I reiterated.

"Yes; but we will not talk of it to-night; you will hear all about it to-morrow," he answered lightly.

After that I could not refuse his invitation. There was a strangeness in his manner that I could not understand, which impressed me disagreeably. He was as gay as a Frenchman; he laughed, told anecdotes and doubtful adventures, sang German student songs, and was so unlike himself, as I had previously known him, that at times I had serious doubts whether I was waking or dreaming.

"I astonish you," he cried. "I have cast aside what you call blue devils for to-night, and, as Shakspeare says, 'Richard himself again;' what I was in my old student days, the merriest fellow within the walls of Bonn."

But I did not like his merriment—it was to me far more depressing than his gloom. I drank his hock, I smoked his cigars, and I laughed at his stories; but I felt all the time like one oppressed by a nightmare, and would have been delighted to find an excuse to get down quietly to my own room.

In the meantime the storm was raging violently, the rain dashing in shoots against the windows, and we could hear the crash and moan of the forest as the wind rushed through the trees; and the thunder, nearing, though still distant, rolled sullenly though the air.

"A pleasant night for a journey!" he cried, in the light, jesting tone he had assumed throughout the evening.

"You are not going a journey to-night?" I said.

"No; but Fritz has gone. I shall not start upon my journey till to-morrow morning—a far longer one than Fritz's."

I shuddered; I know not why.

"Now, my friend, it is time that we separate," he said suddenly, rising and holding out his hand.

The intimation was sudden, and not strictly polite; but I took the hint with the most cheerful alacrity.

"Pardon my abruptness, but I must now prepare for my journey."

An odd time, I thought, to begin preparations for a journey. As I wished him good-night, I heard the rustling of a woman's dress behind me, felt the movement in the air, and the sensation of a passing body, just as on my previous visit, and on Korner's face fell the same ghastly look. My nervous system was highly wrought, whether by the shadow of coming events, or by the electricity of the atmosphere, I know not; and without another word I hurried out of the room. As before, I heard the key turned in the lock; but, as before, I did not hurry down to my room, for my limbs trembled so violently, and my head felt so dizzy that I was obliged to lean against the wall for a moment, for fear of falling.

The tempest had reached its culminating point. The thunder-clouds were upon us, and sent forth peal upon peal, till the house trembled and shook as though swayed by an earthquake; the lightning flashed in sheets, and in jagged fire, now blue as steel, now luridly red; the rain had abated, but the wind, rushing through the forest leaves, sounded as though a furious mountain torrent or a roaring sea was coming down upon us; while the branches crushed, and groaned, and shrieked, as the hurricane swayed and broke, and hurled them one against another. Never have I heard so awful a contention of the elements. I can never recall the memory of that terrible night without a shudder. And there I stood in the full blaze of the lightning, as it shone through the staircase window, with the fascination of terror upon me.

Suddenly through the din of the storm there rose a sharp, wailing cry, that curded my blood and bristled my hair. It came from the room I had just left. By a sudden impulse, which I could never explain, I resolved to try and solve the awful mystery which was about me. There was but one way. Across the front of the house ran a narrow balcony. The window I was standing against was in a line with those of Korner's room. With the rain beating down upon my bare head, and the wind sweeping around me, and almost lifting me off my feet, I crept on to this balcony, and between an opening in the curtains peered into Korner's room, and this is what I saw:

The room was blazing with light, just as I had left it. With his back toward me, quivering and crouching, was the form of Korner; facing the window, and looking into his face, stood a woman. Her dress was that of a middle-class German life, but her face was the most lovely I ever beheld; the hair was of the brightest, rarest yellow, the complexion faultlessly pure, the eyes large, dreamy, and of a deep violet, the nose and mouth of the most perfect shape. While I gazed, fascinated by her extraordinary beauty, a hideous transformation took place before my eyes. The clothes faded from her form, her beauty melted away like a vapor, and in its place my horrified gaze was fastened on a skeleton, on a grinning, loathsome skull, out of whose mouldering recesses crawled bloated, obscene worms. The vision was but of a second's duration, and then I saw the bones crumble before my eyes, and the skull totter and fall.

I saw no more. A mist gathered before my eyes, and the sickness of death overpowered me; but as I fell I heard a loud explosion, which sounded unlike the thunder that a moment afterward mingled with its echoes.

When sense returned, I found myself lying upon the pavement of the balcony, saturated with rain, and cold as ice. The morning was just breaking, the storm had cleared away, all but the wind, which still blew hard, but in fitful, dying gusts. With a dazed brain, upon which still lingered the dark shadow of the horrors I had witnessed, but no substantial idea, I mechanically sought my own apartments, and in the same automaton fashion swallowed a large glass of brandy, undressed, got into bed, and without any further recollection, fell fast asleep.

I was awakened by a sudden shock, and the sound of loud laughter. When I opened my eyes, I found myself upon the floor, and my friends from Stony Cross standing over me, convulsed with laughter, at, I presume, my ridiculous and sacred appearance. In returning from Southampton, they had come several miles out of the way to pay me a visit. Upon hearing that I had not risen, heated with champagne, and ready for any mischief, they entered my room, lifted me out of bed in my sheet, and bumped me not very gently upon the ground.

We had just sat down to breakfast, when Mrs. Adams put her head in at the door, and beckoned me out mysteriously.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for interrupting you, but I am so uneasy about Mr. Korner that I couldn't contain myself any longer."

"What is the matter?" I asked, in great agitation.

"Well, you know he is an early riser, never in bed after six. It is now ten, and I have neither seen nor heard him. I have knocked at his door, and can get no answer."

"Where is the servant, Fritz?" I inquired.

"He went away yesterday, saying he should not return for some days, and that I was to attend upon his master in the meanwhile."

I told her to wait until after breakfast, and I would see what could be done. All the horrors of the last night came vividly back upon my memory, filling me with evil forebodings. It was impossible to conceal my perturbation from my friends; and after a very little pressing, I told them of the housekeeper's fears, and certain of my own experiences, omitting all mention of what I had seen through the window, which would have excited only their ridicule.

The breakfast table was abandoned; and while I proceeded to the German's chamber, the others waited the result at the far end of the corridor. No answer was returned to my knock, and after a little hesitation, we decided to send for a locksmith and make a forcible entry. No one thought of entering by the windows, and I dared not propose it; I could not for my life have looked through them again.

In a very short time the lock was taken off and the door thrown open. The room was darkened by the curtains, save in one spot, where the sunbeams streamed through an opening, and fell full and brightly upon an awful object—the upturned, blood-bespattered face of the German. He was quite dead; his hand still grasped a charged pistol—he had blown his brains out.

I need scarcely remark that I did not pass another night under that ill-omened roof, but at once accepted the invitation of my friends to return home with them.

Of course you are now anxious to know the explanation of the mysterious spectre and all other mysteries. All that I can tell you upon the subject was gathered more from inferences than from direct information. In Korner's writing-desk was found the miniature of a lovely girl, which I immediately recognized as the face I had seen in my vision, and beside it was a strange and horrible letter, of which I made a copy at the time, and which, as nearly as I can remember, ran thus:

"When you read these lines I shall be no more. Living, I am powerless to avenge your wickedness to me, but if there is a just God, my revenge will reach you from the grave. I have prayed unceasingly to be directed to a retribution as awful as the misery you have brought upon me. My prayer has been heard, and, mark me, scoff as you will in your skeptical conceit, it will come to pass. In my dark hours of despairing agony, this is the vengeance I have engendered, and which I will execute. From the hour in which I draw my last breath I will haunt you. Fly to the furthermost extremities of the world, and my shadow shall still pursue you; alone or in a crowd, in the darkness of the night, or in the brightest sunshine, you shall know no moment of your life in which I may not stand before you. And lest habit should in time dull the horror of my presence to your hard, godless soul, in each visitation you shall behold the progress of the corruption of the buried body as it festers in the earth. As the body is at the moment I stand before you, in that guise shall you see me. And when the last stage is reached, when the bones crumble into dust, then shall thy earthly career close. Pray, then, if you can, that the tortures you will endure in this life may mitigate those prepared for you in the next."

Putting together the little information I gathered at various times, chiefly through Mrs. Adams, I framed this story. At Bonn, there lived one Adeline Sturm, a burgomaster's daughter. She was the beauty of the town, had been educated far above her station, and was as notorious for her haughty and disdainful pride as for her personal charms. All the young men were madly in love with her, but upon all she looked down with equal scorn, Karl Korner was at that time a student at the University. He was a scion of a noble family, strikingly handsome, heir to a fine fortune, and the most heartless libertine in Bonn. The stories he was continually hearing of this girl's unimpressible nature excited his pique, and over a debauch he laid a heavy wager with a fellow-student that he would win her love, degrade her pride, and abandon her. He succeeded too well in all that he proposed. It was an act of monstrous villainy, for he had not even the excuse of passion for accomplishing Adeline's ruin, while she loved him with all the fervor of her proud, powerful nature. Upon discovering the conspiracy of which she had been made the victim, she took poison. From that time Korner was accursed; he wandered from land to land, from one division of the globe to another, but nowhere finding peace or rest.

A skeptical friend has suggested that the letter worked its object without any supernatural intervention. Written under such awful circumstances, under so powerful a conviction that it would be given to her to execute her implacable will, it worked upon the guilty conscience of her betrayer until his diseased imagination, constantly brooding upon its terrible suggestions, created for itself the very horrors threatened. In regard to my share in the illusion, his theory is this: "From the first, Korner impressed your mind with a sense of the abnormal and mysterious. His behavior in the forest gave a form to what had been before intangible, by suggesting the idea that he was haunted by some ghastly vision. The next stage in the mental process was reached on the occasion of your first vision to his apartments. The cold air, rushing through the open door and mingling with the overheated atmosphere within, rustling among some unseen objects, and suggested to your excited imagination that the Thing was about you, and from the nature of a sound, suggested a female apparition. Upon Korner's face you saw your own impressions reflected, but in his case intensified by a visual illusion. On the occasion of your last visit, every circumstance favored the exquisitely sensible condition of your organs. There was a terrible storm raging; the air was charged with electricity—a most important point; when you looked through that window, Reason had entirely vacated her throne. You were utterly under the spell, and by one of those curious mental phenomena of whose occasional occurrence we have undoubted proof, the horrible illusion of Korner, intensified to an immeasurable degree by the agony of coming death, communicated itself to your mind, thus causing your vision to be similarly impressed."

Very ingenious indeed, I tell him, but a good deal of Bishop Berkeley's metaphysics about it. There is a vast difference between dreaming that you are burned and the actual sensation.—*Belgravia.*

Our Little Ones on the Other Side.

Looking at each other across the river, across the valley, are the white stones that mark the sleeping places of our dead. The little brown mounds are more frequent in the village cemeteries, and sad processions have, of late, with mournful frequence, wound up the path to the resting place where the cradles—now without rockers—lie silent and dumb.

The tiny soul-buds, just softening and swelling in the sunshine of parental love, just throwing the dimpled tendrils around our necks, and tumbling sweet-broken syllables in our ears, are, with one gust of snow, swept away and hidden in the ground. There are the empty chairs, the silent playthings, the little dress—limp for the the want of the little form, and the crumpled shoes that will be dented no more with pattering feet; all wreathed with sad remembrances of the happy hours when the closed eyes danced with wonder at each fresh sight of the new creation.

Love for the little ones is, all the world round, the same. The sparrow croons just as tenderly over her little "brownies" as the oriole over hers—clothed in velvet and gold. Hearts are inside of us all, and no costly weaving makes love the less or more. Brown hands can build castles in the air as deftly as white fingers, and all wring with equal sorrow at the wreck. But think how full of pleasantness the little lives have been; the unfinished ring of their tiny years has been plaited all around with love and blossoms, the scent of the lilacs and lillies. The memory of caressings that in after years forget, the dear ones carry with them to heaven. Banished from one paradise to another—from this, where shadows sometimes drive away smiles, to where there are no shadows any more.

Sad it is to die young. Is it not sadder to die old? How many there are that have babies that never grow up; that live life-long in the memory, as the little ones that never wandered till we laid them quietly down beneath that green coverlid that needeth smoothing and softening no more.

Upon that mysterious, unknown sea that rolls all around the world, how many little souls daily drift out! Mothers in every land are crying on the shore of their great loss, in anguish and in tears. But yonder invisible hands welcome the little earth-orphans, and celestial voices shout in glad delight, that another angel is born in heaven!—*Raddi.*

How often is our path crossed by some being whose bright spirit sheds a passing gladness o'er it, but whose course leads down another current, nevermore to blend with ours. Yet far within our souls, midst busy rushings of the world, dwell many secret thoughts which linger still around that being.

I AM now able to see that my sorest disappointments at the time they happened, and my heaviest misfortunes, have always turned out to be my greatest blessings whenever they have been taken as admonitions and warnings, and turned wisely to account.

"UNTO the pure all things are pure."

Original Essays.

[JOHN BROWN SMITH *is open for engagements to give a course of independent lectures on the "Science of Human Life," in Pennsylvania or adjacent States, during the spring and summer, West during the fall, and South in the winter season. Engagements only made for one week in which eight lectures will be given, viz: "The Science of Human Life"; "Republican Government—its True Principles"; "Universal Suffrage"; "Temperance—its Moral, Legal, Physical, and Medical Aspects"; "Labor and Capital—their True Relations"; "Vegetarianism—in the Evolution or Man"; "Man—his Spiritual, Moral, Physical, and Social Nature"; "God—in the Science of Life." The First, Seventh, and Eighth Lectures embrace the subject of Spiritualism. Permanent address, 812 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.*]

The Science of Identity.

[From John Brown Smith, Our Traveling Correspondent.]

If we admit that what we call God is simply the infinite principle of conglomerate individual identities, which permeates all of space, and are not dependent upon the physical senses for recognition, but have inherent within their constitution eternal law, power, motion, intelligence, instinct and affection, we cannot logically avoid the conclusion that each individual identity in nature has, of a necessity, an eternal and indestructible element not created; hence, immortality inheres in the very constitution of every individuality in space.

Consider for a moment that this principle of identity in plants or animals is capable of dissolution, and no argument can establish as a fact, that man's identity will not follow the same law. Nature nowhere furnishes double sets of laws—one for the formation of plants and animals, and the other for the formation of man. The instinct of animals has the same basic laws as the instinct of man, and the same truth is applicable to the physical, mental, moral and social faculties, just in the ratio that the physical formation and conformation of either will permit the manifestation of the principle of identity through the organism; they have precisely the same faculties in kind, as far as the development in each has proceeded, only differing in degree. The same physical laws determine moral responsibility in each to be dependent upon the stage of evolution, and the same laws must also determine the possibility of re-incarnation of every individual identity, which determine that question for man.

All history, geology, and astronomy, are covered with the footprints of extinct plants, animals and races of men, to be followed in turn by a higher order. It is also a fact of observation that all species and races gradually improve in the fineness and quality of texture of their physical bodies, thus establishing the fact that even animals and plants are subject to the same laws of progression as man. These facts cannot be gainsaid; hence, they establish the immortality of this principle of idenity in all things; deny them, and we cannot see a logical basis left from which to demonstrate man's immortilty.

The reason for this gradual extinction of all physical organizations is found in that inherent principle of motion within every personal identity, which determines that the physical shall finally be brought under the subjection of the soul. When earth conditions have progressed sufficiently, the limit of possible development is attained, and of necessity, a higher order of physical organism must be formed to conform to the period of evolution.

We use the word identity in place of soul, because the dictionary defines soul as something which man possesses, which animals do not. We have not been able to verify that such is correct, but our reason rebels, and hence, we prefer the use of a new term which can be applied with equal force to all nature.

If a logical argument based upon facts can be produced to demonstrate man's immortality, and still ignore plants and animals, as not being equally immortal, we shall thank the producer, provided the argument explains the whole laws and facts involved, or even the points involved in this article.

RELIGION MUST BECOME EXTINCT,

as defined by the dictionaries, and theologians, because its chief corner stone is based in the dogma, that to "worship and glorify" an "incomprehensible God" is the "chief end of man forever."

If we admit our definition of God given above, which I cannot see how it can be avoided, unless we ignore the facts and phenomena attendant upon the science of identity, as well as the spontaneous voice of instinct in all nature, no person can sincerely venerate, love, or appreciate that which they do not, or never can comprehend.

Religious wars, persecutions, bigotry, and defamation by the professed worshipers of God, in all history, demonstrate that veneration is as blind as a bat in a noon day sun, without reason and intelligence to guide it. It is a gross insult against reason to even insinuate that its "chief end" is to "worship" a single thing which it cannot, by any possibility, ever comprehend.

As all individual identities are a part of God, the question demands solution whether it is consistent with reason and common sense to worship such a grand and noble brother and sisterhood of God. We give our answer in this way, viz:—

In the evolution of eternity, each individual identity must, of necessity, comprehend all things, since it is part of God; thus, it will be enabled to thoroughly comprehend and appreciate every part of God, but its organization determines that it must love, revere, respect and admire, that which we understand and appreciate; hence also, our man and womanhood revolts and shrinks from falling down and worshiping in abject servility; neither will a highly organized noble mind receive such servile worship from another. And what an infamous defamation of the so-called Godhead, to even presume that they or it is so much inferior to a noble man or woman, that such fulsome adulations as servile worship would be accepted or demanded for one moment.

Common sense and reason can find no basis in nature for religion, as it is defined by both thelogians and the dictionaries. Let us investigate what ground can be found for it ouside of these authorities.

All of the physical sciences have facts and natural phenomena for a basis, and the same is true of the science of identity; but on the contrary—faith, dogma, creed and worship, are the slender superstructure of religion; consequently, it can not lay the slightest claim to even the dignity of scientific demonstration. All of nature's operations are carried continuously forward in obedience to inherent eternal laws, which apply equally to all the manifestations of the principle of identity in all things; therefore, man must, of necessity, pass through successive stages of evolution, in compliance with fixed and eternal laws. These laws can only be recognized by the physical senses, through exterior manifestations or phenomena; or by the interior instinct or intuitions through interior recognition of spiritual phenomena, as soon as the soul can evolve itself through matter sufficiently to take cognizance of such action.

It becomes self-evident, from this chain of reasoning, that the identity principle in all things, evolves itself in compliance with, and obedience to, inherent constitutional qualities through all phases of existence, until the ultimate of equality and perfection is attained, by all individualizations of this principle; therefore, a grand combination of natural sciences, will, in the aggregate, furnish conditions which will secure the harmonious action of this principle of identity through all organisms, in all planes of development, between all extremes of existence, and may very properly be defined as the science of life, because it will include all possible phases of evolution.

It is thus apparent to the reason, that there is not, nor ever can be, any foundation for religion in nature, outside of, and independent of, science; and by no possible construction can the term be made to mean, in any logical sense, more than a recognition of what science does, or will, in the future, demonstrate. Thus, theologians will yet be forced, step by step, to abandon every dogma and creed based on faith, and accept science as the true expounder of "religion" in all future time. It has already thrust its vigorous illuminating rays of light through the very corner stone of the religion of mystery, until the dissolving chemical forces of demonstrated truth have given us a reality, such as science alone can furnish.

WAS JESUS CRUCIFIED?

BY W. B. BURR.

The question "Did Jesus die on the cross?" was the subject of a recent essay in the *Banner of Light*, by Wm. Denton, who presented very cogent arguments in the negative, the main one being the fact that the period of suffering on the cross was usually two or three days, so that it was next to impossible that Jesus could have died in three hours. I now propose to discredit the story of the crucifixion itself upon the testimony of the four Evangelists alone.

It is certain that the first three Evangelists fix the event on the first day of the Passover feast. On the evening before his death they make Jesus eat the Passover, which he transforms into the so-called "Lord's supper." But the supper which John describes, on the night before the Crucifixion is not the Passover feast, nor is it anything but an ordinary meal. There is no blessing or breaking of bread, no giving of thanks, no singing of a hymn, no drinking of wine, no mention of Christ's body or blood, no injunction to "Do this in remembrance of me." Jesus gives to Judas a sop, and says: "What thou doest, do quickly" (xiii., 27). The rest of the twelve knew not what he meant, but supposed it was to go and buy what they "had need of *against the feast*" (ver. 29); that is the feast of the Passover, which was yet to come. The next morning Jesus was betrayed, arrested, tried, and crucified. The Jews went "not into the Judgment Hall, lest they should be defiled, but that they might *eat the Passover*" (xviii., 28). Again: "It was the *preparation of the Passover* and about the sixth hour" (xix ,14), when Jesus was led forth for crucifixion. Then, being crucified, the Jews besought that his body might be taken away "*because it was the preparation*, and that the bodies should not remain upon the cross on the Sabbath day, for that Sabbath day was a high day" (ver. 31). The "high day" doubtless meant the first day of the Passover, which fell on the Sabbath, so that the crucifixion occurred on the day before the Passover or Sabbath day.

It is clear, that while the four Evangelists agree in fixing the Crucifixion on a Friday, or a day before the Sabbath, they differ in making that Friday a Passover day. The first three distinctly affirm that it was the first day of the Passover, but John as distinctly denies it; therefore the day which John fixes was the Friday of another week. What is this but a flat denial of the story of the other three Evangelists, and the invention of a new fiction?

But the question naturally arises: Why should John so flatly have contradicted the other three writers? The learned Rabbi Wise, in his *Origin of Christianity*, page 30, says:

"In the first place the Jews did no public business on that [Passover] day; had no court sessions, no trials, and certainly no executions on any Sabbath or feast day. And in the second place, the first day of the Passover never was on a Friday, and never can be according to established principles of the Jewish calendar. John, in consideration of these and several other objections, omits the paschal meal and the "Lords Supper" altogether, and adopts the day before the feast as the day of the Crucifixion. If it had been at all certain when Jesus was crucified John could not set aside the statements of the Synoptics and adopt another day.

"The Synoptics adopted the first day of the Passover, because they taught the dogma that Jesus died to redeem all sinners. The fact concerning the day was shaped to suit the dogma. Israel was redeemed from Egyptian bondage on the day celebrated ever after that event as the feast of the Passover. Therefore the death of Jesus, the second redemption, must have taken place on the self-same day."

It might be added, that John seeks to improve upon the fiction, by making the death of Jesus the final fulfillment of the symbol of the slaying of the paschal lamb. Hence, he makes the Crucifixion take place three hours later than the other writers fix it, in order to bring it to the exact hour when the paschal lamb was killed. These irreconcilable contradictions of the Evangelical witnesses are enough of themselves to discredit their testimony and cast great doubt upon the fact of the crucifixion itself.

The testimony of the other New Testament writers is vague and discordant. In Acts v., 30, Peter, addressing the Jews, says: "Jesus whom ye slew and hanged on a tree;" and he repeats the same afterwards to Cornelius and his company (x., 13). Stoning to death and then hanging on a tree was the Jewish mode of execution ("Origin of Christianity," page 150); crucifixion was the Roman mode.

Paul, who never saw Jesus, except in a vision, writes about A. D. 59, "*We* preach Christ crucified," (1 Corinthians, i., 23); as if others preached Christ *not* crucified. He also speaks of him as "raised from the dead according to *my Gospel*" (2 Timothy ii., 8), implying that according to some other gospel he was not raised from the dead.

In the epistles of John deceivers are spoken of, "who confess not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh," implying a denial by some of the very existence of Jesus.

Barrabas, in the Apocryphal New Testament, argues in favor of the crucifixion and resurrection, as well as even the existence of Jesus; but it is remarkable that all the early Christian writers draw their proofs of these facts mainly, if not entirely from Old Testament passages tortured to suit the case, or from Canonical and Apocryphal books. Historical evidences they entirely ignore.

Ignatius, in his Epistle to the Magnesians, speaks of Christ's "death—whom yet some deny," and in his Epistle to Polycarpus, iii., 1, he says: "Whoever does not confess his suffering upon the cross is from the devil."

Coming down a little later to Irenæus, one of the most respected and most quoted of the ancient bishops, saints, and martyrs, we find him denying that Jesus died at the age of 30, and stoutly maintaining that he lived to be an old man, even until the reign of Tragan (A. D. 98); and this information he says was conveyed to "those who were conversant in Asia with John, the disciple of the Lord" (Book ii., Sec. 4 and 5, Anti-Nicene Library, vol. v.).

Much more evidence may be adduced against the story of the Crucifixion, while, outside of the New Testament there is not a scrap of authentic historical proof in its favor.

Washington, D. C.

Pertinent Questions and Answers.

BY J. L. POTTER.

BRO. JONES:—As much is being said of late about putting God in the Constitution, thus compelling all to bow before a sectarian God, that Christians may see what has been done in the past by those calling themselves patterns of PIETY, I propose to state a few *historical* facts, in the form of a catechism, that children, both old and young, may learn, before voting to put God, Jesus Christ, or the Bible into the Constitution, thereby making Jesus ruler of all the distilleries and railroads in America. This is not the Westminster shorter catechism, but the Reformers Catechism,—to be repeated three times a day, until bigotry has been driven from the mind of every "God in the Constitution" son and daughter of humanity.

CATECHISM.

Q. Who burned thirty men and women at Lyons, France?
A. Christians.
Q. When were they burned?
A. 1179.
Q. What was their crime?
A. Belief in the teachings of Peter Waldo.
Q. Who burned Joan of Arc?
A. Christians.
Q. When was she burned?
A. 1431.
Q. For what crime?
A. Claiming to be inspired.
Q. Who accused John Wickliffe?
A. Christians.
Q. When was he accused?
A. 1380.
Q. Of what did they accuse him?
A. Heresy.
Q. Who dug up his bones and burned them after he had been buried thirty years?
A. Christians.
Q. Who burned John Huss?
A. Christians.
Q. When was he burned?
A. 1414.
Q. What was his crime?
A. Belief in Wickliffe's Bible.
Q. Who stabbed Lorenzo and his brother, Giuliano, while attending church?
A. Two priests.
Q. When?
A. 1475.
Q. Where?
A. At Florence.
Q. Who engaged said priests?
A. Pope Sixtus IV and Girolamo Riario.
Q. How many persons were burned at Geneva as witches in one year?
A. 500.
Q. When were they burned?
A. 1515.
Q. By whom?
A. Sapenger, a Christian.
Q. How many were burned in Como, in Italy?
A. 1,000.
Q. When?
A. 1516.
Q. How many were burned in Scotland?
A. 17,000.
Q. During what number of years?
A. Thirty-nine.
Q. Time?
A. From 1564 to 1603.
Q. How many were executed in England, between the years 1600 and 1680?
A. Forty thousand. Bodimus says that three hundred thousand fell in France alone.
Q. How many were killed at Salem, Massachusetts?
A. Fifteen.
Q. Who killed them?
A. Christians.
Q. How many were imprisoned?
A. One hundred and twenty-three.
Q. What were their ages?
A. From eight to eighty.
Q. Who burned John Rogers?
A. Christians.
Q. When was he burned?
A. 1555.
Q. For what crime was he burned?
A. Difference of opinion.
Q. Who burned Latimer and Ridley?
A. Christians.
Q. When?
A. 1555.
Q. What had they done?
A. Denied the Creed.
Q. Who burned William Tyndale?
A. Christians
Q. When?
A. 1536.
Q. What was his crime?
A. Printing the Bible.
Q. Who kindled the fires at Smithfield?
A. Christians;
Q. When were they kindled?
A. 1553.
Q. For what purpose were they kindled?
A. To kill heretics.
Q. Who burned young William Hunter?
A. Christians.
Q. When was he burned?
A. 1555.
Q. What was his crime?
A. Reading the Bible.
Q. Who taunted him while at the stake?
A. Priests.
Q. Who burned Archbishop Cranmer?
A. Christians.
Q. When was he burned?
A. 1556.
Q. Why was he burned?
A. For talking his honest convictions.
Q. Who burned Saraia DeBoharques?
A. Priests.
Q. When was she burned?
A. 1559.
Q. What was her crime?
A. Heresy.
Q. When could none but church members vote?
A. 1631.
Q. In what State was this?
A. In Massachusetts Bay.
Q. Who was Governor at this time?
A. John Winthrop.
Q. Who concocted the Gunpowder Plot?
A. A priest.
Q. What was his name?
A. Gerard.
Q. Who assisted him?
A. Guy Fawkes.
Q. When was this concocted?
A. 1605.
Q. What object had they in view?
A. To put Lord Monteagle out of the way.
Q. Who beheaded Lady Alice Lisle?
A. Priests.
Q. When was she beheaded?
A. 1685.
Q. What was her crime?
A. Heresy.
Q. Who sold into perpetual slavery twenty-seven young ladies?
A. Christians.
Q. When sold?
A. 1685.
Q. For what crime?
A. For presenting a flag and Bible to the Duke of Monmouth.
Q. Who caused thousands to die on St. Bartholomew's Day?
A. Christians.
Q. When did it take place?
A. 1572.
Q. Where?
A. In Paris.
Q. How long did the struggle last?
A. Thirty years.
Q. How many Huguenots fell in France during this struggle?
A. About one hundred thousand.
Q. Who killed Rev. George Burroughs?
A. Christians.
Q. When did they kill him?
A. 1692.
Q. Where?
A. In Salem, Massachusetts.
Q. What was his crime?
A. In saying that witches did not exist.
Q. Who tried to make it a crime for men to wear long hair?
A. Christians.
Q. When was this tried?
A. 1694.
Q. Where was said Convention held?
A. In Boston.
Q. Who pressed Giles Cary to death?
A. Christians.
Q. When?
A. 1692.
Q. Where?
A. In Salem, Massachusetts.
Q. What was his crime?
A. Accused of witchcraft.
Q. Who hung Sary Dyar?
A. Christians.
Q. When?
A. 1660.
Q. Where?
A. On Boston Common.
Q. What was her crime?
A. Being a Quaker.
Q. Who caused Thomas Aikenhead, a young man of eighteen, to be hung?
A. Priests.
Q. When?
A. 1696.
Q. Why was he hung?
A. Because he did not believe that there were three Gods in one.
Q. Where was he hung?
A. Between Edinburgh and Leith.
Q. Who insulted him while dying?
A. Priests.
Q. Who burned Michael Servetus?
A. John Calvin.
B. When?
A. 1553.
Q. For what was he burned?
A. Heresy.
Q. Who imprisoned Abner Kneeland?
A. Christians.
Q. When imprisoned?
A. 1836.
Q. What was his crime?
A. In saying, "The Universalists believe in a God: I do not."
Q. How long did he lay in jail?
A. Sixty days.
Q. Who has tried to enact laws in several of the States, making it a crime for mediums to heal the sick by the laying on of hands?
A. Christians.
Q. What States?
A. Ohio, Maine, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota.
Q. Who are calling Conventions to memorialize Congress to so alter the Constitution, that it will make God the *chief* Ruler among men, the Bible his law, and Jesus Christ the recognized Head of governments?
A. Christians.
Q. Can we trust Christians in the future, more than in the past?
A. Not if the above is a sample of Christian acts.

Read and ponder, *then* say who shall rule the Nation.

"There are None so Blind as Those Who will not See."

BY WM. B. FAHNESTOCK, M. D.

The persistent effort of old "magnetizers" to force their obsolete ideas of power in themselves upon an intelligent community, under the plea of a "duty," are as ridiculous as they are absurd; and if tens of thousands have worshiped the sun or the moon, is that any reason that either of them is the true and only God?

Appearances are far from being facts; and as long as "magnetizers" present them as such (much as I dislike to write), there will be a necessity for contradiction. Assertions, too, not backed by demonstrations that are practical under all circumstances, can have no weight, where the truth only is desirable.

Appearances have conveyed erroneous impressions on tens of thousands in terrestrial magnetism, as well as in the supposed animal variety, for some superficial observers have assented that it was the natural tendency of magnetism to spread out in a circle outside of a magnet, and although *it may appear to do so*—when iron filings are scattered upon the surface of a piece of paper, and a magnet is held under them—yet it is not true. Experments prove that the particles of iron in this case only assume the form of a circle, because the magnet draws them from all points towards itself; and as it has not power enough to draw those which are furthest off into a straight line between the poles, they appear to have assumed a circular form; for upon placing the particle of iron in a straight line upon the paper, and holding a magnet under them, they will not spread out, or assume a circular form, but will remain in a straight line between the poles; thus proving that the magnet had only power enough to start the more remote particles toward the center of either pole.

So, also, when susceptible persons fall into the somnambulic condition, because they can read the mind of any one to whom they may direct their attention, even when at a distance, magnetizers believe and assert that *they* are the cause of it; when it is notorious that if susceptible persons are taught the true nature of their condition, and their power therein, they can throw themselves into or out of the state, in spite of, or contrary to, the will of any one, no matter what influence others may apparently have exercised over them upon former occasions.

If magnetizers really had any power, the knowledge of the true nature of the condition upon the part of the subject ought not to prevent them from exercising it, after the truth is known by the subject. But as "there are none so blind as those who will not see," time must effect what truth and common sense can not.

Lancaster, Pa.

Errata.

BRO. S. S. JONES—Dear Sir:—Receive thanks for the appearance of "Hamlet with Hamlet left out." As my article was designed to treat on the *principles* of magnetism, I will be very much obliged to you if you will notice three mistakes in which your typo makes me appear quite awkward, and they also destroy the idea I wish to convey. The first is, "If you fill a magnetic person," etc., should read *aquatic* person. Second, "The one contrary," should read, the one *controlling*, the other passive, etc. And, third, "If aided by proper manifestations of the hands," should read, proper *manipulations* of the hands.

Fraternally,
P. B. BRISTOL.

Auburn, N. Y., May 4, 1872.

Yorktown, Illinois.

BRO. JONES: Yorktown is a rural town in the northwestern part of Bureau county. The village, like many western ones, is yet to be built. Farming interests are the chief pursuits. A Methodist church nearly gone to seed and a second edition of an Advent institution have a sickly life here—the community generally having too much sense to be fooled by either. Liberal sentiment being mostly prevalent here, Brother John Toy, an out-and-out spoken Spiritualist, desired some lecturer to visit them. An aged gentleman by name of Drane, a preacher of Adventism, had told Mr. Toy to bring on the best he had, saying: We will meet him." I authorized Mr. Toy to inform Mr. Drane that I would accept his proposition and debate the subject. He instantly began to show the white feather. The second or third evening of my lectures, he and son attended, by previous arrangement to produce disturbance, and knock me down and kick my teeth in. The son commenced by giving the lie to a remark I made. His conduct was such that the lowest of blackguards might have been ashamed of him; and the old man partly relieved and partly corrected him. I met them squarely, and soon they were silenced. The lecture, through the old man, attempted an excuse, and affirmed if the people desired it, they would yet meet us if we would get a respectable person to debate. I requested him to be silent, and put the vote—his reverence alone being in the negative. I then put the question whether the audience would endorse me. No negative was given. I then demanded he should make good his agreement. He finally thought they would not meet me.

Some of the godly Methodists thought it too "blasphemous" for me to lecture there, and so used means to keep us out of the house. After the conclusion of my first course the audience immediately demanded six more, which wound up with an audience said to be one hundred more than the house would hold. Frank Stearns, a very excellent test medium, and who, when under spirit control, makes music of a superior kind, is with me, and gave great additional influence.

We are ready to make engagements where lectures are desired and tests given, with musical entertainments. Correspondents may address me at Mendota, Ill. E. SPRAGUE.

Northfield, Minnesota.

S. S. JONES: My report for April is as follows: Places visited, Pawselem, Eyota, Elgin, Chatfield; number of lectures given, 12; number joining association, 4; amount received in collections and yearly dues, $13.15; expenses, $6 00.

Some people are wondering why Spiritualism does not progress faster, and why mediums and lecturers do not visit them, etc. Rochester, Minnesota, a village of some 4,000 souls, with some eight or ten families of Spiritualists and ten or more churches, was visited last winter by our good brother, Lewis F. Cummings. He walked some ten or twelve miles in a cold storm in January, to meet his appointment—and sick at that. After giving two splendid lectures,—so said the Rochester *Post*,—also some public tests that were at once recognized by the parties—for all of this they gave him the enormous sum of $00,000! Bro. Hanks paid for the hall $700, and when Cummings started for Pine Island on foot, rather than see him go entirely destitute, Sister Hanks put two dollars into his hand to aid him to dinners, etc. Still they wonder: "Why don't speakers and mediums visit us?" Who can give an answer?

Remember the convention, the 21st, 22d, and 23d of June at Minneapolis. Let us meet and compare notes, and make some new resolves for the future.

J. L. POTTER.

Turnbridge, Vermont.

BRO. JONES: As I have been reading the JOURNAL for the past two years, and feeling that I have gained valuable information from its pages, I wish to speak for myself in regard to it. With great joy and gladness it has thrilled my soul as I have followed Brother Francis in his "Search after God." I say to him: "Go on, for this is one of the grandest and most abstruse problems that man has ever undertaken to solve. It has opened the eyes of slumbering humanity; has brought them on a broader platform and into a higher condition where they can see and hear for themselves. We have worshiped the ideal God long enough; we ask for the real.

I hope all the readers of the JOURNAL are with me in following Brother Francis in his "Search after God," feeling confident his guides will not leave him here, but will continue on and on, through all of the ramifications of nature, until all of the children of earth will be satisfied and say within themselves, "I will worship the real, not the ideal God any longer.

RUTH C. WILLS.

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Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

First Appearance of the Fossils of Existing Animal Tribes—First Fossils of Man.

SCIENTIFIC—SERIAL NUMBER TWENTY-NINE.

On turning more especially to the earth we find it compounded of oxyds and alkalies, united upon polar principles with the oxyds in excess; the atmosphere is composed of alkalies and oxyds, so to speak, with the alkalies in excess, and the planet is an inter-electro-chemical concentration of such elements as both the earth and atmosphere have contributed through inter electro-chemical action its development. The elements being so closely assimilated to each other as not to very readily yield up their affinity even after the life-principle has left the form—a most happy instance of that conservatism we so often see manifested in the operations of natural laws, for the benefit of the empire of intelligences they control. Otherwise, vegetable decomposition would often prove destructive to whole sections of country.

Such is the brief reference we have made to the most probable origin and development of germinal life; and, from all the facts observable in the premises, it is reasonable to infer that the lowest order of animal life was originated by the same character of action, though carried on under a more extended series of relations—one of which, it seems, was the introduction of vegetable electro-chemical carbonization, and another was a trace of iron derived from the metamorphic strata, both of which seem to have been necessary for imparting that polarity upon which the sensation of the rudest zoophyte seems to rest. The chief difference, then, in the origin and development of the primitive characters of vegetable and animal life was, that iron (the only native magnet then existent) and the carbon of vegetable organization were first united in the latter, and, being magnetized by inter-electro chemical action, thus became the basis of sensation, or the point to which the nutriment was collected from surrounding relations by the magnetism of electricity in motion, the electricity residing in and controlling the progressive affiliations of the thus established sensation, and the affiliative process going on in strict conformity with the requisitions of polar law. This character of action was the necessary product of the evident circumstances of that period, and inevitably resulted in the development of both the vegetable and animal tribes whose fossil remains mark that era of geological progression. We observe, however, that the progress of the vegetable and animal tribes kept pace with the general reduction of temperature until reaching the iron ores of the graywacke strata, where we find the specimens of shell-fish not only numerous but exceedingly beautiful and distinct, and numbering not only many species but the most singular varieties.

THE EARLIER INDICATIONS OF THE HUMAN ORGANISM IN THE MONSTERS OF PRIMEVAL AGES.

Having passed from the grand scale of radical condensation which gave the earth its magnetic individuality as well as inherent polar condition—having observed the polar unions effecting the grand balance relations of the atmosphere, of water, and of the granite formations, resulting from inter-electro-chemical action and the magnetism of electricity in motion, by which vegetable life was originated and developed—and having thus, in our progressive observations, come to the origin and development of animal life in the carboniferous formations, we will now enter the succeeding era, dwelling upon its formations something more in detail, for the purpose of marking, with more impressive effect, that character of progressive development that leads directly to the concentration of the human mind.

Passing the carboniferous strata, we next come to the red sandstone group, which comprises the red conglomerate, or fragments of earlier rocks thrown and baked together, probably by volcanic action, the zechstein or Germanic limestone, the variegated sandstone, of an argillaceous or clayey nature, and siliceous or primitive graywacke in a crystalline condition, the musclechalk, or species of limestone of variegated texture found in Germany and Poland, and the variegated marl-beds (such as red, blue, gray, etc.), chiefly composed of shell-fish remains, and the rock-salt, in which the oxyd of iron first makes its appearance in this group. The fossil remains of vegetables found here are similar to those of the preceding strata, while those of animal life appear to have received a new impulse during the musclechalk or shell-limestone period. Before proceeding with the enumeration of the then existent reasons for this remarkable change, however, it becomes necessary to refer to the fact that all polar conditions peculiar to matter advanced with its concentrating march towards perfection, thereby becoming more active as well as more extended and energetic in their elaborative operations.

As we advance through the marl-beds of the new red-sandstone group, we observe the fossil remains of the reptile race beginning and progressing, both in numbers and dimensions, on through the oolitic and chalk groups. Many of these reptiles, which were mostly huge lizards, crocodiles, and tortoises, appear to have roamed the earth in swarms, the undisputed sovereigns of the marshy lands and prolific seas, for a much longer period of time than the present dominion of man.

Among others of the reptile tribe, we may mention the ichthyosaurus or fish-lizard, of which the fossil remains of seven species have been found. The head is like that of the crocodile, the two long, slender jaws sometimes containing one hundred and eighty teeth, the eyes measuring fourteen inches cavity, and the nostrils being near the anterior of the angle of the eye; the body resembles that of a fish, comprising a long column, with a broad tail, numbering over one hundred joints, and measuring over thirty feet, being equipped with four paddles, like the whale, and the breast-bone formation and paddles of the aquatic quadruped ornithorhynchus, of New Holland. Thus we find combined in the ichthyosaurus the anatomical structure of several animals—the head, jaws, and teeth of the future crocodile, the body and paddles of the future whale, and the breast and paddles of the future ornithorhynchus—and, like others of its singular character, it strikingly manifests, in its remarkable organism, one of the most rapid grades of progression ever witnessed in the course of nature's transitional elaborations.

The next most remarkable reptile found in these marl-beds, is the one called plesiosaurus, which is of gigantic size, has a long neck like the body of the snake, short tail, and fins and head like the ichthyosaurus. The ribs describe a large circle, and, being formed in four parts, seem designed to contain large quantities of food as well as a capacious set of lungs, and to rise and fall as the lungs were inflated or emptied—resembling, in this latter respect, the ribs of the chameleon, whose changes of color, by which it eludes its enemies or decoys its prey, are known to be the result of its varied depths of inspiration.

This remarkable creature (the plesiosaurus) is not only singular in its outer appearance and probable mode of life—which seems to have been like that of those aquatic birds which swim upon the surface, breathe air and obtain their food from amid the waters—but is most singularly interesting from the fact that one part of its organization is peculiarly striking as foreshadowing, to some extent, the structure of the human anatomy. The paddles, which may be considered an advance or improvement on the fins of fish, are at the same time typical of the legs of the future quadruped race and of the arms and limbs of man. The forepaddle consisted of a shoulder-blade, and of the arm-bones, wrist joint, and fingers, while the hinder paddles consisted of the various bones of the human legs. How singular is the sensation connected with the idea that we here first observe our organism, developing in this frightful monster of the deep! Such, however, is the fact indicating our embryo condition thus originally developed in the reptile tribe.

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It seems that every creed or tribe of earth,
Conceives a god, and gives him form and birth,
Possessing all the traits of every tribe;
Thus while portraying God, *themselves* describe;
And as they each advance in reason's light,
And have more just conceptions of the right,
A god of like improvement then appears,
Reflecting still their passions, loves, and fears;
Then let us turn from that benighted age,
When God, a jealous God, was fired with rage;
And may diviner wisdom from above,
Expand our souls to see a God of love.

High authorities assert that some of the most difficult questions have been rendered plain in this remarkable book. For instance, the sovereignty of God and the free agency of man are for the first time reconciled. Read the following, on pages 25 and 26:

That God ordained the whole is understood
To ultimate in universal good;
Yet hath no less decreed that man shall be,
Within a *given sphere*, an agent free;
As fishes well secured in globes of glass,
Are free within, though none without can pass;
While they, like us, look outward all around,
May often wish a larger range was found.
But highest wisdom hath ordained this plan,
To focalize the feeble powers of man;
Where each may freely choose a field of thought—
May grope in darkness or be wisely taught;
Where all *will* learn, as laws are understood,
To harmonize with universal good.
Thus God ordained that every wayward soul
Should walk in wisdom's ways by *self-control.*
Hence man's free agency is not denied,
While God's grand purposes are glorified.

The sublimity of the first ten lines on page 16 has seldom been equalled:

Creation but one galaxy unfurls—
Jehovah's crown a diadem of pearls!
Each star-lit gem upon the whole depends:
The whole to each a needed influence lends:
Each orb, an aggregate of countless grains;
Each grain a key, a ponderous arch sustains;
Destroy but one, the boundless spheres will fall,
And tumble worlds to chaos, one and all;
Thus all are linked in Nature's endless chain—
The hand that forged them never wrought in vain.

The following is of especial interest to orthodox readers:

You must believe that men are all depraved,
And that but few of all mankind are saved:
Yet by God's cruel death, oh, strange to tell,
These few are thus released from endless hell;
For every creed declares all hope is vain,
If Christ, the Son of God had not been slain;
And yet I think no creed will dare deny
That Satan caused the Lord their God to die:
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It is a lamentable fact that some mediums so far forget their self-respect as to speak evil of other mediums, not unfrequently even of those who are far their superiors. The names of such persons will be dropped from this Register so soon as we have evidence conclusive of their indulging in such unkindness.

It should be borne in mind that individuals visiting mediums carry conditions with them—so to speak—which aid or destroy the power of spirits to control the medium visited; hence it is that one medium gives satisfaction to certain persons, another better to others—all having their friends, and justly so, too, and all equally honest and useful in their place.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1872.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

Antagonism in the Vegetable and Animal Kingdoms—Astounding Declaration—A God with Attributes Common to Humanity, brought Down to a Level with the Assassin and other Vile Characters.

(NUMBER LXXXVII.)

Carefully scanning all departments of the universe, we have, as yet, failed to find an Infinite God with attributes common to humanity. In all the departments of the material world, either on the surface of our own globe or among the starry hosts, we see abundant evidence of inherent life, which, in nnumerable cases, seems to be acting in antagonistic directions. In this peculiar manifestation, we find the key which can unlock some of the most abstruse problems of our own existence. While one vegetable will nourish and sustain life,—imparting brilliancy to the eye, a healthy glow to the cheek, and strength to the whole system,—another will send to each vital part a subtle, deade..ing influence.

Although the peach is highly nutritious, yet from the seed it incloses, a most deadly poison can be extracted. The upas tree sends forth its deleterious effluvia, and saps the life from those who come within the sphere of its action.

The air is pure here, and it imparts an invigorating, healthy influence to all who inhale its life-giving properties. Descend to the bottom of that well near at hand, and a poisonous gas will instantly destroy the life of each vital part.

On yonder mountain the atmosphere is always genial, the water clear, and the breezes that are wafted from tropical climes are filled with the ambrosia of innumerable flowers. Down in the valley a stench arises from the debris of decaying vegetation, and you come within its influence at your peril.

You take that goblet of water in your hand, and drink it, and it refreshes, strengthens, and sustains each part of your organic structure. You quench your thirst from yonder marshy spring, and though equally clear, yet it contains the seeds of fever and other diseases.

All nature embraces these diversified elements, and they manifest their peculiar properties in a thousand different ways.

Not only in the vegetable kingdom, but among animals this same diversity of action exists. The lion will destroy the lamb the instant it comes in contact with it, appropriating its body to its own use. A subtle poison administered to the lion, possesses a power superior to it, and attacking savagely each vital part, subdues them, assigns them to its own use until all are destroyed.

The snake eats the toad, the hog will eat the snake, and yet a drop of the oil of tobacco administered to either, seems to possess the power of a thousand snakes or hogs, for instantly it sends messengers of death to each vital part. The dove eats the worm, the hawk captures and devours the dove, yet a grain of wheat saturated with strychnine becomes an enemy that their utmost inherent strength can not resist. This antagonism in the material world is imparted to animals, and between different species there is a ceaseless warfare. Ascending still higher, the antagonism still rages in all its fury, and its demon-like influences send rivers of blood throughout the land.

Mighty power, controlling influence of the material world, whence thy origin?

The flower sends forth its ambrosial fragrance to perfume the air and sweeten the breezes, but within the bosom of its rainbow-tinted leaves is a subtle poison, that can destroy the life of the strongest man.

The rose colored peach clasps within its luscious fruit a poison as deadly as the saliva of the cobra.

Omnipotent Power, the guiding hand of all things, speak! Whence this diversity? Why this antagonism? Didst thou originate all this, arrange the grand sheme of creation, place sweets and poisons in the same bowl? Didst thou give to the snake its fangs, to the serpent its deadly effluvia?

Yonder tree is fragrant, and the birds make it their home. Among its leaves and branches, inhaling the aroma of its thousands of flowers, they live, and oh, how happy and joyous! Innocence glistens in their eyes, and joy seems to sparkle in their sweet, melodious songs which take passage on the swaying breezes, to vanish in strains as sweet as the expiring notes of an Æolian harp!

Beautiful castle! Enchanting palace of the fairies, it is all these sweet songsters could desire. But look in the distance, there is that deadly UPAS tree! Occasionally a bird soars within the range of its influence, and instantly drops down dead! Did an infinite, intelligent God plan this?

We ascend a step higher! Leaving the animal and vegetable kingdoms, we approach the human family! We find reason there; a mind, too, with its various faculties! But different minds can not coalesce Within each one we find the vegetable and animal kingdoms *reflected!* One mind nanifests the poison of the snake and the deadly influence of the upas, and with the keen-bladed knife he goes forth destroying the life of others. Treachery beams from his eyes; deceit gleams from his countenance like the dismal rays of light from some licentious abode.

Omnipotence, why all this? Didst thou arrange the plan of creation, give us five fingers on each hand, five toes on each foot, five senses, and a certain number of bones, etc.? Our physical organization is constructed on a certain specified plan. In essential particulars *all are alike!* If a specified plan in one particular, there must be in all! If not please tell us where the dividing line is between God's plans and specifications, and those plans and specifications he did not arrange?

Again, if God arranged the system of creation, ordaining that each one should have ten fingers, ten toes, five senses, with a certain number of bones, etc., did not he *continue* his work, and make it complete by ordaining all things in connection with his mind and body,—his passions, desires, etc.? Ah, child of earth, you can not show where *God's* work ceases and man's commences! If, however, in the fabrication or construction of a human being he says, "My work is complete," how, we ask you, could it be disarranged?

Again, if God created man, he must have been a *complete* culmination of himself. The second generation must have been a *complete* culmination of the first. The third generation equally as truly a *complete* culmination of the second, and how, we ask, could an *incomplete* culmination occur? Such an event would have been an impossibility. Therefore, yonder thief, who seeks the cover of darkness to carry out his nefarious schemes; yonder assassin with the keen-bladed knife still dripping with the blood of his victim; yonder profligate resting from a night's debauch; the convicts in our penitentiaries; the Rev. Houston, who ruined several beautiful and accomplished Sabbath-school children; the savage who dances around the burning victim; the heretical crowd that burned Servetus; the monster Nero, who fiddled while Rome was burning; the blood-thirsty tyrant Haynau, within whose soul existed no emotion of sympathy; the gladiators thirsting for each other's blood, all,—all are equally as *good* as the God whom you say created them! This is strange talk, yet true.

1. This God made the first pair.

2. They were a *complete* culmination of himself.

3. The second generation was a *complete* culmination of the first.

4. The third generation was a *complete* culmination of the two preceding ones.

5. Tell us, please, how a *complete* culmination, or pair, could possibly beget an *in*-complete pair.

These assertions being true, God is brought down on a level with the lowest and most degraded of his children. Then you need not speak very reverently of the God with attributes common to humanity. He is no better than you are. You are a culmination of his creative power, and if low and debauched, if destitute of every manly trait of character, still you are equally as good as he.

TO BE CONTINUED.

More about Calamities and their Compensation.

Preconceived opinions have such a fast hold upon the minds of many that it is almost impossible to supplant them with new thoughts, based on science and sound philosophy. Those who have been thoroughly imbued with religious dogmas, deem it sacrilegious in our associate to yield himself to the inspirations of a circle of spirits who are engaged in a "Search after God." So, to them, it is equally "atheistical" for us to pursue the investigation into the origin of Calamities, and their Compensation; and more especially objectionable are the corollaries reached in regard to the origin of all phases of religion, and the fact that the only true savior of the world is knowledge.

We are not surprised that many should be shocked at so radical a departure from old and preconceived opinions. The idea of a personal God and Devil; an infallible Word of God, containing a brief reference to His Satanic Majesty, in the form of a very intelligent and communicative *snake;* the fall of man; an angry God; a flood to drown God's wicked children; the terrible sufferings, ferocious and licentious habits, of "God's *own chosen people*, the Jews; His "plan of salvation;" the way in which He went to work to compass the end, and the almost *total failure* of His plan after all; being *Himself killed* by a few of his chosen people—spiked to a cross and speared in the side; and the diversity of ways in which the blood thus drawn from God's side is made to wash away the sins of those who would be washed;—all these things having been fully ingrained by early teaching, it is not to be wondered at that our reverend brethren take exception to our pointed strictures upon such teachings, and cry out in the agony of despair, *Atheist!—atheistical paper!*

Indeed, we don't know but what we might join in similar denunciations if we had had such nonsense preached and indoctrinated into us until it became a part of our very nature. Taking this view of the subject we can not blame that class for looking upon the JOURNAL as an "*infidel paper.*" Indeed we rather like to be so called—especially when that epithet is applied in its true sense, viz: that we are *infidel to every fallacy*, no matter how long or devotedly venerated by the multitude who pin their faith to old and corrupt systems of theology.

To yield obedience to the sacred mandate of truth, however much reviled, is our pride. We would not be the servile slave, tacking to catch every popular breeze that was temporarily fanned into motion by the ever-changing sentiments of the many or the few fanatics.

While we make no pretentions to superior sagacity, we do claim to be honest in our convictions, and shall ever endeavor to follow the beacon light of the highest intelligence we are capable of comprehending, without fear of results.

In this unlimited field of investigation we shall endeavor to be governed by demonstrable facts, rather than by the supposed authority of a "Divine Word"—a "Thus saith the Lord." Our reasons for so doing were in part elucidated, or at least intimated, in the last article of this series.

In that article we showed that the two planes of life—mundane and spiritual—are and ever have been closely *en rapport*, and yet mankind upon this plane have been ignorant of the fact.

Old theology has so imbued the minds of the people with the doctrine of *God* and *Devil*, that they have honestly believed that a pretentious spirit, of a tyrannical disposition, who communicated to them through media, with a "Thus saith the Lord," to the end of supporting with obsequeous servitude a wily priesthood, was a veritable personal omnipotent, omnipresent, infinite Maker, Governor, and Upholder of the Universe. Gods of this character have from age to age sprung into being, and prompted devotees to gather together in high carnival, sometimes under the old names of the Gods of the ancients, and sometimes under the more recent or modern title of the great Jehovah, of the Jews; for it must be considered that in the line of pretentious Gods the Jewish God is of comparatively modern origin.

The fact of the two planes of life, mundane and spiritual, is demonstrated by Modern Spiritualism. That fact is beyond the control of mortals. It is a law of life—a fact demonstrated to exist even as the discovery of planets in our solar system have been made and described by astronomers and observers in that field of science. As scientific discoveries are made from time to time in astronomy, so discoveries are made from time to time in regard to the Philosophy of Life. As new discoveries have been made in astronomy which overturn old *theories*, the flatness of the earth, for instance, so new researches in Spiritual philosophy overthrow old theological dogmas in regard to a personal God—a plan of salvation—the condition of mankind in the next life—heaven and hell, and the location of the spirit world, with the character, occupation and mode of life of the inhabitants thereof.

Spiritualism opens up an entirely new field of thought. A revolutionary sentiment is inaugurated and old theological teachings are beginning to be tested by the touchstone of truth—of proven facts.

Revolutions always create great commotions in the elements involved. Even so in the revolution of thought;—old theology is made to struggle with terrible desperation. She has held the minds of the people in mental bondage for so many centuries that it is terribly humiliating to submit to a conqueror who was ushered in, in so humble a manner as were the detested Hydesville spirit rappings.

So it has been in all past ages. Troy was captured by the little band concealed in the wooden horse which the wise ones, religionists, of the day believed the gods had sent them, and, like asses, harnessed into the gears, which snaked them into their midst within the walls of the city.

Even so the priests and devotees of old theology think their God listens to their prayers, harangues and denunciations, against Spiritualism, and that they have killed it, sure. But like Banquo's ghost, it won't stay down, and as it was with the Trojans, their rejoicing is turned into mourning. They only inspire by their denunciations, a spirit of inquiry which results in a multiplicity of new converts to Spiritualism. So even the curse—the calamity—of a priestridden people has its *compensation.*

Old Jewry succumbed to the followers of the medium who rode barebacked into Jerusalem on a stolen ass! Old theology is now trembling and standing aghast at the stalwart growth of the intruder, born at Hydesville in that outcast family of Methodist sisters, young girls of the Fox family—*not the Foxes* that trouble A. A. W., of the *American Spiritualist*, so distressingly, but another family, of beautiful little witches—quite likely very much like the little Witch of Endor, whose behest the good old Samuel so readily and willingly obeyed.

This new dispensation, of lowly origin, being fully inaugurated, it becomes necessary for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, as a sentinel upon the outposts, to watch faithfully every aggressive movement that is being inaugurated, without as well as within, to crush out truth.

It must be borne in mind that the same principle has *always* existed, and that those intelligences who have inhabited the spiritual planes of life for centuries, have *ever* been putting forth efforts, as now, to enlighten the minds of the people of earth, but owing to the exceeding grossness of their minds all overtures from the truly intelligent in spirit life have been rejected, and the *ipsi dixit* of the crafty, tyranical spirit who could show his "hinder parts to Moses," and instruct him how to establish a priesthood under a "Thus saith the Lord," for self aggrandisement and the abasement of his followers, was obeyed.

The question will naturally arise in the mind of the reader, is it a fact that selfish men continue to be selfish after passing to the spiritual plane of life, and can they exert an influence upon those who yet remain upon the material plane?

Experience teaches—proves—that men and women find themselves possessing the identical traits of character on the spiritual plane that they had here;—not only this, but that they love to gratify those traits of character as they did here; and, still further, that as the power of individual influence is allowable in the nature of things, as is manifested in leadership among men and women in every circle of life, from the tyrant on a throne to the bully among serfs, even so the same law obtains in degree upon the spirit plane of life.

As men become intelligent in this life, they circumvent and hold in check the tyrant's power. And the same law prevails among the more intelligent circles in spirit life. Hence, it will be seen that the highest degree of intelligence is necessary to be observed not only in in our every-day life transactions with our fellow men, but that the same rule should obtain in regard to the influence that may be exerted by those who have passed to the life beyond.

Another fact should be taken into consideration. Those who are the most gross and sensuous when they pass to the spiritual plane of life are the nearest allied to the earth-plane, and have the greatest love for those of their plane of thought, being strongly attracted to those places of amusement, their old haunts and dens of congregating, which are impregnated with their magnetism or the magnetism of their associates. It is a law of life; to those spirits they havean attractive power that is irresistible. It, therefore, follows that while they are attracted to those places, they in turn aid in impregnating the elements of life which makes their influence felt by their old friends and associates yet in earth-life.

This principle in the *Philosophy of Life* will by and by be better known. Then many strange things that happen will be accounted for on an entirely different hypothesis from what they no*w* are. But more of this anon.

"The Western Star."

The proposition of Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten to publish a new spiritual magazine, to be called "The Western Star," we have already briefly noticed in these columns, and again take pleasure in speaking of her enterprise as one that should receive the favorable consideration of Spiritualists generally. Mrs. Britten's intellectual ability, derived not only from her mediumship, but from the culture incident to her association and correspondence with educated society in England and America, together with her general knowledge of the external history and progressive development of modern Spiritualism, offer assurance that a magazine under her editorial charge, devoted to the illustration of a subject in which she is profoundly interested, would be a valuable contribution to its literature.

To all such experiments—and there have been many made—our feelings are must cordial, although practical experience of the difficulties to be overcome will not often permit our judgment to be sanguine of their success. We have ever spoken our best word of encouragement and hope concerning these journalistic ventures, and we are sorry to see a disposition on the part of any who are laboring for the advancement of a common cause to obstruct the possible success of these experiments.

A recent article from W. F. Jamieson, corresponding editor of the *Present Age*, indulges in a captious criticism of the circular and accompanying letter of Mrs. Britten, ridiculing its propositions, and sneering in a most unlovely spirit at the "never-to-be-born magazine." It was not long ago that our worthy brother, too, was soliciting support for *his* magazine, the "Spiritual Rostrum," and affirming that ultimately it would be placed "in the vanguard of popular monthlies." He said, "The many kind greetings which we are receiving from whole-souled men and women—noble reformers"—prove that "such is the irresistible nature of truth, that all it wants, and all it asks, is the liberty of appearing." Well, we gave you our kind greeting among the others, and hoped for the success which we could not anticipate. But, although the "Rostrum" was not sustained by the public, yet truth ought still to have the liberty of appearing, at least without such unworthy opposition, even if it chooses as a medium the projected "Western star." We sincerely hope that the new magazine may prove pre-eminent in ability to "uphold the moral, religious, and scientific aspects of Spiritualism," and shall most heartily rejoice if an appreciative constituancy of readers can be gathered, who will sustain such an effort in the impersonal and unselfish interests of truth and progress.—*Banner of Light.*

We most cordially indorse the sentiments expressed in the foregoing article, which we clip from our Boston cotemporary, the *Banner of Light.* It illy becomes one who has been connected with so many *failures* as the gentleman referred to by the *Banner of Light* has, to denounce an enterprise inaugurated by so noble a woman as our Sister Emma Hardinge-Britten.

The *circle of spirits* who inspire Sister Emma, are of superior intelligence, and we trust that there are many good men and women of *financial ability*, who will be induced to aid her in bringing the magazine successfully before the public.

Whatever may be the result, it illy becomes spiritual lecturers and editors to arouse a prejudice against an enterprise so laudable as that in which our sister is engaged.—[ED. JOURNAL.

WE call attention to the article of Bro. Tuttle in this issue, in reference to the Steinway Hall Convention. It should have appeared sooner.

Thus Passes Away the Glory, Etc.

The fanatics who recently assembled at New York, under the leadership of Victoria-Claflin-Blood Woodhull, nominated her as a candidate for the Presidency, and Fred Douglass as Vice President, of the United States. She issued bonds, payable when she is elected, to carry on the campaign. It has not yet transpired what market she proposes to sell them in, though it is hinted that if taken at all, it will be by the Tichborne Ring, or some other English Ring who ventured so largely in the bonds of the Southern Confederacy!

"LATER TELEGRAPHIC REPOITS BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—TROUBLE IN THE CAMP—THE INTERNATIONALS.

[Special Dispatch to the Chicago Tribune.]

"The French Internationals, at their meeting yesterday, adopted resolutions repudiating the Apollo Hall Convention and the Woodhull and Douglass Presidential nominations; also, protesting against the admission of sections into the association not composed of workingmen. Resoulutions were also passed dispensing with the present Federal Council, and appealing to sections in this country to form councils in their respective States. An appeal is to be made to the Federal Council, requesting that body not to admit delegates from the Woodbull section to the proceedings of the Council."

Still later. Vic's bonds won't sell:

"CLOSED.

"The Broad street office of Mesdames Woodhull & Claflin has been closed, it is reported, by the Sheriff."

Will the A. A. of S. go to the rescue?

CHRISTIANITY RAMPANT.

A Young Convert on his Muscle--Spiritual Lecturer Brutally Beaten.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I stated in my letter to you some weeks ago, that the "faithful" were making great preparations for the grand entree of the champion revivalist, E. P. Hammond. Well, he came, saw and conquered a great many children, silly girls, and not over-sensible men. Among his converts was a street auctioneer and horse-jockey, named Collingsworth. A day or two after his change of heart, he arose in the presence of about fifteen hundred people, and stated that he had been a Spiritualist; that he knew all about the doctrine, and that it would lead its believers down to the lowest "sink-holes of hell;" that it "licensed and encouraged the worst practices in the catalogue of crimes," etc. Of course this caused a sensation, and the Orthodox were jubilant; they thought they had at last made an impression upon the fortress they had been hammering at with their Theological pop guns so long in vain. Spiritualism has been undermining them continually. One after another of their number would desert to the enemy, while their utmost efforts could make no impression upon the believers in our philosophy. But now they had something to boast of, and on every occasion they would trot out their new acquisition, and show off his points with great piety and many self-gratulations.

Now, the fact was, this man had never been a member of our society—never attended our meetings, was not known as a Spiritualist by any member of the society, and had moreover stated to a friend of mine, that he had never investigated the subject, and knew but little about it. The latter acknowledgement is evidently true, judging from the statements he made in the revival meetings. Besides these things, his character was notoriously bad.

In view of the above facts, our lecturer, Dr. Taylor, at the instigation of a number of the leading Spiritualists, published a statement in the daily paper, setting forth the facts in the case, and impeaching Collingsworth's testimony. A day or two afterward, Collingsworth approached Dr. Taylor on the street, and without any warning of his intention, struck him a fearful blow with a heavy hickory cane, cutting a deep gash in his head, and completely stunning him. He then continued to beat him while utterly helpless, until prevented by the bystanders. The affair created intense excitement, and for a while there was a strong feeling in favor of lynching the author of the cowardly attack. Better counsels prevailed, however, and the law permitted to take its course.

Collingsworth has been bound over to appear at the next term of the District court, to answer to the charge of assault with intent to kill.

To their credit, be it said, the majority of the Christians condemn (openly, at least) the outrage, but there are a great many who openly and boldly justify it, virtually acknowledging that clubs are their strongest arguments. In this they are consistent at least, for when did Christianity fail to resort to force when arguments failed? It has always been a word and a blow, and the blow frequently came first.

Dr. Hammond remained here three weeks, and was paid six hundred dollars—two hundred dollars per week—and expenses. Pretty good wages for the follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, who commanded his Apostles to take neither purse nor script, nor a change of clothing. However, "business is business," and Bro. Hammond understands it.

Respectfully,
W. F. PECK.

Topeka, Kan.

Spirit Cure.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, 150 Fourth Avenue, Chicago, Illinois:—Inclosed is a lock of hair from the head of a girl eleven years old. She has been lame three years. The doctors call it inflamation in the bone. The bone is affected from the ankle to the knee. I send post-office order for three dollars.

Address,
B. F. TUCKER,

Santa Cruz, Cal., July 25, 1871.

Mrs. Robinson diagnosed the case, and prescribed, and the following letters show the results.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, 148 Fourth Avenue, Chicago, Illinois:—My little girl which you prescribed for, is improving. Her general health is very good, but the sore on her limb has not healed. We have followed your directions exactly. I do not know whether she will want any more medicine or not, and if she does, I will send for it as soon as I find out.

B. F. TUCKER.

Santa Cruz, Cal., Sept. 3, 1871.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, 148 Fourth Avenue, Chicago, Illinois:—I should have written to you before, to let you know how my little girl has got along under your treatment, but some of our skeptical friends said we had better wait, and see if she was entirely cured.

She is going to school, and can run and play as well as any child in the school. Now that you have done so much for her, I thought I would see if you could do anything for me. * * * * * * * * *

B. F. TUCKER.

Santa Cruz, Cal., May 2, 1872.

Select Poetry.

DON'T SHUT THE DOOR BETWEEN US, MOTHER.

These lines were suggested by the inclosed item in the Boston *Herald*, of March 4th:

MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S VISIT TO BOSTON.—It seems that Mrs. Lincoln well improved her time during her late visit to Boston, and left no stone unturned to penetrate the mysteries of that unseen world which contains so much that is dear to her. To her amazement, as is told by a person present, one of the several mediums she visited, repeated, as coming from "little Tad," the last audible words she heard him utter. These were: "Don't shut the door between us, mother!"—words spoken by the dying boy as she was leaving the room to give vent to a paroxism of grief.

"Don't shut the door between us, mother!
For night is gathering fast.
O, through the darkness and the gloom,
Stay with me to the last.
Don't shut the door between us, mother,
But let me gaze once more,
And bear the impress of your face
On to the shining shore.

"Stay, mother, stay! don't leave me now!
Don't shut the door between!
I hear such strains as none have heard,
See sights as none have seen.
I see the angels, mother, now,
I hear their voices call,
Stay, stay, don't leave me, mother, now,
The joyfulest hour of all.

"Don't shut the door between us, mother,
Heaven's gates are opened wide,
And when I leave this mortal form
I'd have you near my side;
And when I'm dead and laid to rest
Beneath the vernal green,
Dear mother, think me ever near,
Don't shut the door between.

"For I shall come again, mother,
And make my presence known;
'Tis but a step between, mother,
Your dwelling and my own.
No gates confine the spirit's flight,
They roam where e're they will;
Don't shut the door between us, mother,
I would be near you still."

—*Salem Gazette.*

THE WORK OF MAN.

An Address, Delivered in the Trance State, by J. J. Morse, at the Cavendish Rooms, Cavendish Square, Mortimer Street, London, England, on Sunday, April 14, 1872.

[From the Medium and Daybreak, England.]

INVOCATION.

O mighty Father! Thou who art the master of our lives! Once more, with the feeble tongue of human praise, we draw nigh unto Thee, so that we may bask in the sunshine of Thy smile. May we go from Thy presence renewed in heart, invigorated in soul! Grant, O Father, that the holy aspirations that are kindled in these, Thy children, to-night may live and grow in strength, purity and usefulness!

In all the actions of the intellect man is ever endeavoring to classify and arrange facts that come under his notice. It matters not whether the facts relate expressly to the physical universe, or whether they are connected with the realms of psychological existence—whether they belong to the individual as a unit, or to the community as a whole; and the object of such arrangement and classification is that they may be guided upon their way, and be enabled to traverse the road of life successfully. Various names are given to this classification: by some it is called Science, by others Philosophy, by another Religion.

The Spiritualist is perhaps in a far better position than the majority of mankind, yet only in so far as he well uses the faculties of his mind.

Spirits present, then, as a basis, one fundamental fact. The fact is that the disembodied and so-called dead hold active communion with the inhabitants of the mortal sphere of life; yet some who claim to be entitled Spiritualists state that having once accepted this, there is no necessity to carry on their investigations further—there is no requirement that they should analyze the position we occupy out of this world. It is a fatal error to suppose that the only desire of the spirit-world is to teach of its condition of life.

Dost thou think that the countless hosts of the disembodied, who have labored to surmount the obstacles and barriers that exist in ministering between the two worlds, have no desire to assist in the elevation of those they have left behind? We have a deeper interest, and you who receive us should reciprocate the feelings that we experience.

The tenor of the subject is related to the several divisions that constitute human society. There is one aspect called the political, and up beyond this there is the religious and the facts and phenomena of the one are not destined to stand individualized from the other, but they should unite with one another, and the consideration of one can not be successfully undertaken without the consideration of certain collateral interests that are related thereto.

But to answer, if possible, the question as to what influence the spirit-world exerts over humanity—in fact to inquire what new light it has shed upon the work of man—that must be the basis whereupon we speak to-night. The two pictures ofttimes stand side by side; nay, jostle each other in your highways; have they no lesson? We answer this by a brief analysis of the question. The following points arise for our consideration:

Man has, first, his duty to himself; then we find he has his duty to his family—to those who are dependent upon his exertions. A further inquiry must betray the fact that if a man's family is dependent upon his exertions, in the present constitution of society their success can only be achieved at the expense of some one else; for human society, at present, is founded upon antagonism, and not united in peace and harmony.

His next relationship is to his neighbors—his countrymen. These interests, instead of becoming universal, become local. Wherever local interests interfere and obtain the ascendency, we always find that those who labor individually, are split up into factions, each of the factions desiring to usurp the position that the most powerful one occupies.

Taking, then, for our first starting-point the duty of man, we will state that the first duty of man is to maintain the integrity of his bodily structure—a duty we are continually urging upon you.

"Man, know thyself," is an old proverb; and yet, old as it is, it is new to-day, and just as true as when first uttered, for the integrity of the bodily structure can only be maintained by foods and drinks appropriate to the purpose. We might ask, what is the necessary consequence of this integrity? Man improves in his intellectual vigor and positiveness, and gains a more comprehensive view of his constitution and relations; finds that happiness and long life grace him in his family circle—blessings that will cause him to labor for the glory that lies before him; for those pray most who labor hardest, and the man who labors persistently is sure of accomplishing eventually.

We have been considering man's relationship solely to his social condition—improvement of his bodily structure, conducing thereby to the vigor of his intellect, and a happy condition within the family circle.

The next condition we have to take into consideration is in reference to his rulers. At present he is hedged around by restrictions; he is the servant of another who claims to be his master, whose title to such a position consists in the wealth he has wrung from the labor of his servants. Let him evince a desire to improve his condition, and he is prevented by the powerful shackles of the monetary influence of the community wherein he exists; those who hold the power do all they can to retard its progress and advancement. We speak by history and by events realized at the present.

There is yet another relationship—the religious, or spiritual one. Look at the hollow mockery that walks the streets of this great city—we all know its power. Love God, love your neighbor, and honor the king; there is the sum and substance of the Christian's constitution, and at the same time the warrant of its death and dissolution.

What are kings reigning by divine right, forsooth? Who gave them that divine right? If they rule by divine right, what necessity is there for elective assemblies to control them? Do they require looking after, or is the theory of reigning by divine right a myth, and the people recognize the fact that kings are like themselves—human, and not divine?

On the other hand, if Government, as it at present exists, have the capability of looking after the affairs of king—is held in check by him—what necessity is there to have one person to look after another, and that same person have the power of checking the operations of his overlookers? Verily, it is a puzzle in political economy, but the solution is at hand; the growing discontent which the people manifest in this relationship is the gradual approach to the cutting of the Gordian knot. His relationship to the community culminates apparently in the existence of a sovereign ruler, and Church and State connected one with the other. The ministers of the priesthood have flattered and cajoled the leaders of the people into a state of abject submission, and the affairs of daily dogmatic theology. Every individual of the community is fettered by his religious principles to day, and not assisted by them, and so the people are now realizing the necessity for a new order of things.

We have yet to consider this religious question in a more detailed and definite aspect—its influence on the community, and the precepts and maxims whereon this religious sentiment is founded.

The sense of what follows is that the teachers ignore their own teachings by their actions, and the speaker inquired if their precepts were living principles among the people to-day. The answer is, truly, no, or else we should have no need to utter these words to-night. Has it not struck you that there is a great deal of what has been aptly called theological tinkering, and this Christian religion is, in its essentials very different to that which is in vogue to-day?

There is something exalted—something grand—in the injunction to love one another; but when you are commanded to pay taxes to support a standing army, I can not see anything sublime or noble in that. Loving your neighbor may be religious, but apparently it is not the political principle of to-day.

We find happiness, concord, harmony, honor, and all the virtues absorbed in the making of money. Is this true Christianity? we would ask, is it the spirit of the Founder of Christianity, or is it something strange and foreign—something that true Christianity knows nothing of? We answer, its very spirit is removed from the principles that have animated the hearts of all reformers from Brahma down to Davis.

The speaker went on to say that improvement could only be effected by a thorough renewal and cleansing of the moral and religious sentiment, and a more sublime spiritual philosophy.

He claimed that every individual has the power to think for himself, and that to remove the baleful effects of Christianity it was necessary to give to every individual the right, not only to think, but to speak and express the thoughts that teem within the brain.

The people must awaken to the fact that in free speech lies their safety—universal liberty to the individual in matters of mind, as well as in matters of labor; in matters of spiritual knowledge, as well as in matters that appertain to his immortal concerns.

The Steinway Hall Convention.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The call for this convention of the odds and ends, the fragmentary debris of reforms, has been issued. The roll of names attached presents as a whole a weak card, although there are a few seemingly strangely out of place, and we are at a loss to understand the motives which caused their attachment thereto. On the other hand names like Tilton, the biographer, which above all were to be expected, do not appear.

It is addressed to all the struggling reforms, Labor, Land, Peace and Temperance—all except Spiritualism! Strange to say, no mention is made of that in the document. Have the Broad street clique found it unmanagable? They rode it fierce and hard for a time, but they have found it a Mazeppa steed too strong for such riders. Spiritualists, who have the prestige and honor of their belief near their hearts, will be thankful to the concoctors of this "call" that it is not degraded by such company.

The "call" proposes to inaugurate a great political movement, and sets forth a list of abuses among which are the denial of the franchise to woman, neglect of children, degradation of labor, and usurpation of all political power by the minority. Our government "is not a Republican government," but a "political despotism."

Mrs. Woodhull appears to be the master-spirit who rides this political cyclone, which arises, not from a natural demand, but from the Broad street coterie which supplies her inspiration, and pushes her forward on a course of notoriety mistaken for fame.

On the question of Woman's Rights I here have nothing to say, for it is not the real issue. They, who have closely followed the progress of this movement which with stealthy step and crafty turning, has gone forward, ever presenting its Pecksnifian countenance of sham virtue and blushing modesty, understand that beneath the cant for a pure and incorruptible government lies a stratum of selfishness and ambition, blacker than that of revolting Satan.

The people at large know little of the Internationals, but enough, if Mrs. W. rightly interprets them. If the scheme of government she proposes be inaugurated, well is it premised in the "call:" "This reformation, properly begun, will expand into a political revolution which shall sweep over the country," etc.;—and that "revolution" necessarily will be one of blood.

With a keen scent for political effect, from the first the Broad street coterie, through their mouthpiece, have endeavored by every means to array labor against capital. Give them the government and the poor shall be made happy. It is all the fault of the government that poverty and distress and crime exist. In an age when the tendency is to remove more and more the restrictions of government, and while advocating the most complete individual "freedom," the coterie have inconsistently demanded a central government which should assume almost every right of the individual, from the education of his children to the running of the railroads! No greater evil can possibly be inflicted on our country than to create antagonism between labor and capital, and when the threat is made of presenting "bayonets," we fain would believe it an idle vaunt, and that it is not the intention to launch this nation again on the red sea of strife.

The real goodness and strength of our present government is proved by the fact that such a "call" as this can be issued, and the signers escape arrest as rebels. It assuredly is not a "political despotism" under which they live. No one denies that there are abuses and imperfections in our government, but there is a ready means of righting them, and as fast as the people grow to an appreciation of the abuses and wrongs, these are corrected. There is no necessity for the destruction of the existing fabric, which this "call" contemplates.

"Ah," it is rejoined by the party, "we intend peaceable revolution. We shall make our new government so pure that it will *attract* the old."

Can this be? Can a new government grow up within the present, and not come in collision? The veriest political tyro knows that this is impossible. Yet this "call" contemplates nothing more nor less. As a new political party, it stands no chance of success; as a REBELLION, it has a forlorn hope, and the Broad street coterie will have the opportunity of pushing *their medium* forward as the Joan de Arc of the nineteenth century. And what then? Is the "new government" incubated by the Broad street coterie—the absolute and universal government, free from all imperfections? The "Constitution of the United States of the World" we presume enunciates its principles, and if it were enforced to-morrow, we should be subjected to a despotism more terrible than the most tyrannous European monarchy.

Admit our government a bad one, there is a peaceable way provided for amendment of its form and administration. Is the evil so desperate that we can not wait such revision—that we must at once inaugurate a rebellion? Woman may not vote for a few years to come, and labor be ill-requitted; woman has not voted in the past, and labor been worse requitted. The plea does not justify rebellion; yet the "call" is a proclamation of the grand rallying of the rebellious elements of the times; the discontented, ambitious adventurers—men and women, who are to come together like foul birds of carrion, to craw forth their wild political vagaries, and foam over imaginary wrongs. Madam, with a face suggestive of Aaron Burr, or a mask of Shakspeare, "taken after death," will be the show figure to direct the crawing as the Broad street coterie decide.

Vast noise and confusion; the balloons inflated with foul gases will ascend, and the end be nothingness, else the sickly germ of a new government will be planted, which if it become strong enough to merit the name, will be as essentially a rebel organization as that of Jefferson Davis.

In charity, we presume many of the signers of this call thought it meant the organization of a new party, and no more. They deceived themselves, for nothing of the kind is sanctioned in the "c ll," or in the speeches and editorials which explain its ambiguous places.

As Spiritualism received its most fatal thrust from this quarter, so the cause of woman's rights, almost won, has been retarded many a weary year. We are not croakers, prophesying the sufferings in store for the future. We see no cause for alarm in this movement which indicates on its face its hopeless weakness, but in the coming to the surface of that class which heretofore concealed themselves in darkness. The success of that class by audacity and brazen insolence; the setting aside of virtue, honor, duty and integrity by their followers, in order to prove their devotion and consistency; in the eagerness and satisfaction with which doctrines spurned, prove the heated corruption of the passions are received and made the rule in the conduct of life, these signs indicate national decay. Greece rose to eminence under the austere wisdom of sages, but when the sainted Hegirae usurped by lascivious arts the minds of her rulers, she went with swift feet to decay. History often repeats itself. Have we returned to the reign of the Hegirae?

Berlin Heights, O., April 15, 1872.

The Western Star.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Many inquiries have reached me concerning the time when the first number of the new monthly Spiritual magazine, to be entitled *The Western Star*, will be issued. Permit me, through your columns, to inform the subscribers and patrons of this work, that in consequence of the severe illness of one of the chief contributors, and my own pressing week and night engagements, the publication of this work has been delayed so long, that the first number can not appear until the first of next month (June). At that date we hope to commence the long-promised undertaking, and that with a fair chance of success. We shall have the pleasure of sending you a table of contents, etc., of the first number, in the course of a week or two.

In the meantime I beg to advise our friends that those who propose to subscribe to this work, and desire to receive copies of the specimen number, should send a notice of their intention immediately, either to Mrs. Emily Ramsey, Hon. Sec., 251 Washington street, Boston, Mass., or to myself, as the demand which is made for copies previous to the day of publication, will, to some extent, regulate the number printed. I would also suggest that the amount of the subscription should always be sent by post-office orders, unless paid to duly authorized agents. Such a course will prevent the liabilities to loss, which accrues from sending money in letters.

Several opportunities for canvassing agencies are still open, and the terms, etc., can be learned by application.

Yours Very Truly,
EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN.
251 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Don't Read This,

Unless you owe for the JOURNAL, or desire to aid the publishers in getting new subscribers, on the liberal terms of $1.50 per year. If you owe, don't delay payment any longer, for we need the money to pay another instalment, nearly due, for our new outfit. If you feel it a duty to aid the JOURNAL in boldly promulgating truth, send us new subscribers on trial. A good deal of money is needed *just now*.

A New and Good Thing.

We call the attention of our readers to an advertisement entitled "*Recommended*," etc. It is a fine mode of marking all kinds of stock with a durable metalic mark which they will wear through life. Every farmer should send for them, and save all further trouble of painting and binding sheep and all other kinds of stock.

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

What is Spiritualism?

"Man is an immortal spirit, retaining identity and individuality after separation from the physical form, and possessing the power to communicate with earth."
—*Hudson Tuttle.*

A good definition for the Dictionary; clear as an icicle, and about as cold. We have no fault to find with it. It is good.

There are thousands of souls under the chilling blasts of materialism and the equally depressing fires of a false theology, upon whom this will fall without producing any perceptible change. However, to millions of souls this comes as a grand fire laid upon the altars of those where it kindles an enthusiasm that sets them all aglow, and compels them to go forth as did the woman of Samaria and say, "Come and see a power which has told us all things that ever we did. Is not this the Christ—the Savior?"

We know that this living fire of Spiritualism comes to humanity just as it is in all its varied conditions; and there are many that Bro. Jackson Davis has said were like clocks that need winding up often; and there are many who have not that within which shall keep the flame alive and burning. It will go out in every one unless they do something. Hence, we would add to the definition of Spiritualism, that it is the grandest incentive to work that has ever come to humanity.

So to the mass of mankind, who are honest and earnest in their search after truth, this holy fire—this divine afflatus awakens the consciousness of a new life, and inspires them with an irresistible desire to work for themselves and for others. It impels them to go forth into the live issues of the age. Hence, Spiritualists are found in the temperance cause, the labor question, and especially the woman's suffrage question, for from its inception Modern Spiritualism has placed woman side by side with man on the rostrum, and in all departments of life, made her his equal. Spiritualists have been compelled to study the social problem, and most nobly have they taken hold of it.

Seeing that the fields of reform are already white unto harvest everywhere, and that there is a demand for labors, how important it is that we should enter upon the work in earnest, and if we do, we shall have no time to stop and censure and condemn others. The true Spiritualist will be known everywhere, as a worker. There are no drones in this hive.

Spiritualism comes not only as a fire to warm the soul and fill it with living enthusiasm, but as a light—a clear and steady light that reveals to man his duty and his destiny, and thus enables him to become a teacher.

We glory in the word Doctor—not as one who gives pills and poison, but in its grand and ennobling sense of teacher, from *doceo*, to teach.

We aspire to be a teacher—it may be only a monitor but little in advance of our pupils, but still a teacher; and in the future when we shall be able to throw off many of the chains that now bind us, we shall see this glorious profession opening before us in grandeur and beauty. Thus inspired, we seek for truth everywhere and on all subjects, knowing that knowledge is power, and that somewhere along the pathway of Eternity, all the knowledge that we can possibly acquire will be of use to us and also to others. We have not so learned this Christ, this Savior—Spiritualism. We know that it will be measured by the test which Jesus gave when he said, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

It is not every one who saith "Lord, Lord," who shall find the home of peace and love, but he that doeth all that is revealed to him to be right, which we consider to be Spiritualism in its broadest and truest sense. Let us therefore pray most earnestly with our hands, and feet, and heads, it may be not at all with the lips. The times demand the prayers of good deeds, of works, of love.

Let us not therefore trouble ourselves so much about what a person believes, remembering that each one is responsible for him or her self.

Psychometry, which is a branch of the tree of Spiritualism, reveals to us the fact that we are at all times impressing, not only the minds of our fellow-beings around us, but everything, and our thoughts, especially when they are clothed in writing, carry with them to the sensitive soul, the impress of our conditions. We are therefore always teaching in this manner, and exerting an influence which may be desirable or otherwise, but of the reality of which, there can be no doubt. When Spiritualism is thus understood, we shall all find something to do on earth, as well as in heaven, and doing it shall find heaven in our souls while we walk this earth.

All the varied manifestations of Spiritualism are valuable; there are none that could be spared without loss; each one meets some demand of the human system, physical, mental, or spiritual. Sometimes the seed that is thus sown falls upon stony ground, and may remain for a long time before it can grow; but we do not believe any such seed is ever lost, they are watched and watered by the angels, and in due time when the soil is prepared, they will grow and produce their fruits. Thousands who only hear of or witness these phenomena, pass on to spirit-life, and there find that they furnish them with a key that unlocks to them many of the grand mysteries of life.

An Incident in the Life of Samuel J. May.

The first twelve years of his life he was a fragile, delicate child, living intensely in his affections, keenly alive to all impressions made upon his emotional nature. Speaking of this portion of his life, he says, "The joys and sorrows of my childhood were, I suppose, very similar to those of other boys, but I experienced one great grief that probably made the deepest religious impression that my soul ever received."

This grief was the death by an accident of a brother two years older than himself, a fair-haired beautiful boy, between whom and himself the most tender attachment existed. They slept together, ate together, and were inseparable companions. He was at this time about five years old, and it was his first acquaintance with the great mystery of death. "There lay my beloved Edward, his eyes shut, his body cold, giving no replies to the tender things that were said to him, taking no notice of all that was being done to him or about him. I gave myself up to a passion of grief, not knowing the meaning of what I saw, but feeling that some awful change had come over him. When the room was darkened and my father and mother were about to withdraw, I begged them to let me lie down with Edward. My importunity was so passionate that my parents were almost afraid, and quite too tender to withstand it; so I was covered with a shawl and laid by my dead brother. When left alone with him I well remember how I kissed his cold cheeks and lips, pulled open his eye lids, begged him to speak to me, and finally cried myself to sleep.

"Most vivid is my recollection of the funeral, of the solemn procession to the burial-ground, and of the weeping of friends and relatives. When I saw them take the coffin from the carriage and carry it off towards the tomb I insisted upon seeing what they were going to do with Edward. So my Uncle Samuel May took me in his arms, descended with me into the family vault, and showed me where they had put away my brother. Then he pointed out the little coffins in which were the remains of several of my brothers and sisters who had lived and died before I was born, and the coffin in which my grandfather was laid eight years before.

"My kind uncle opened one of the coffins and let me see how decayed the body had become, and told me that Edward's body would decay in like manner, and become like the dust of the earth; but while revealing to me these sad facts, he assured me most tenderly that all these departed ones were still living, that my dear brother's spirit was not in the coffin but was clothed with another and more beautiful body, and living in heaven with God and the angels. I went home in a sort of maze, crying and asking questions which human wisdom could not answer.

"I remember that my only brother Charles, then a lad of fourteen or fifteen years of age, tenderly took me to his room, lay down with me on his bed, and tried to comfort me and himself by telling me all that he imagined to be true about heaven, God, and the angels, assuring me again as others had done, that Edward had gone to live in that blessed place, in that happy and glorious company.

"When night came I was put to bed—in the bed where I had so often slept with Edward. Sleep soon came to relieve my young spirit, wearied with grief and strange excitement, and in my dreams all that had been told me proved true. The ceiling of the room seemed to open, a glorious light burst in, and from the midst of it came down my lost brother attended by a troop of child angels. They left him, and he lay down beside me as he used to do. He told me what a beautiful place heaven was and how all the angels loved one another.

"There he lay till morning, when the ceiling above opened again and the troop of angels came to bear him back to heaven. He kissed me, sent messages of love to father and mother, brother and sisters, and gladly rejoined the celestial company.

"So soon as I awoke and was dressed, I hurried down to tell the family what I had seen, and to give them the kisses and messages that dear Edward had sent them. The remarkable thing about this dream was that it was many times repeated, that night after night I enjoyed the presence of my brother, that morning after morning I went down to the family with renewed assurances of love from the one who was gone."

Items of Interest.

—Frank Marks, of Bradley, Arkansas, is doing a good work by his lecturing and debates.

—Brother A. E. Patty has our thanks for his efforts to extend the circulation of the JOURNAL.

—C. HOWPP.—What is your post-office address? Give it, repeat your request, and we will do as you wish.

—Prof. Whipple will lecture here before the First Society of Spiritualists on Sunday next.

—You have long heard "The Voices," even the "Voice of Prayer;" you can now see "Flashes of Light."

—Several new books are added to our list this week. See advertisements.

—Read in another column what Dr. P. B. Jones did for a well-known business man of Atchison.

—Brother A. E. Carpenter is doing a most excellent work in the East. He has closed a successful engagement at Manchester.

—Helen Grover lectured in Richmond, Ind., the first Sunday in May. She in company with Miss Crosby will remain there for several weeks.

—H. P. Fairchild is engaged to speak at Newton Falls, Ohio, during June. He would like to make other engagements. He is a most eloquent speaker.

—Brother Henry Barnard informs us that the Radicals of Minneapolis, Minnesota, have organized, and now propose to have lectures from prominent men.

—Brother Henderson, of Lancaster, Iowa, writes: "R. G. Eckles is lecturing to large and appreciative audiences at Lancaster, Iowa. He is a magnet on the rostrum."

—Brother A. B. Stebbins, of Detroit, we are glad to learn, is once more in the lecturing field where he will be warmly welcomed by his old friends who know him to be an able lecturer.

—Charles M. DeLeon, of Charleston, Mo., will be in Texas during June. During May, in Tennessee and Kentucky. Will then go to California. He will lecture on the Spiritual Philosophy, Phrenology, and Temperance.

—R. H. Winslow will be at Geneva Lake on the 16th of June, to attend a grove meeting. Will lecture Sunday morning on Spiritualism, and in the afternoon will give his Experience, and the Reasons why he is a Spiritualist.

—Prof. Shaw, the Western elocutionist, is spoken of as a coming dramatic star. He is regarded as a gentleman of fine culture, and remarkable voice compass, for whom several original plays are in process of composition.

—Fannie T. Young is about to make a tour West. She is a highly accomplished lecturer, and should find plenty to do. She will probably go to California. Spiritualists in Nebraska, Colorado, Illinois, or any of the Western States who desire her services should address her at once in care of this office.

—The *Independent Observer* of March 30th speaks as follows of Mrs. Wilcoxson: "Mrs M. J. Wilcoxson, who has no superior in the lecturing field as an inspirational speaker, will close her engagement in Kansas City on Sunday next. She contemplates visiting Oswego, and we would advise the friends of the cause in Linn county to give her an invitation to lecture." Her address, for the present, is Topeka, Kansas.

Passed to Spirit Life.

[*Notices for this Department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty. Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously.*]

Passed to Spirit life, February 18th, 1872, Sarah F., wife of J. Brintnall, of Elroy, Wisconsin, aged 53 years, 8 months, and 28 days, sister of Mrs. Robinson, the mother of Mrs. Mary Davis the wife of A. J. Davis of New York.

Passed to spirit life from Harrisburgh, Penn., May 4th, 1872, from the home of Joseph Potts, after a very sudden illness of only one hour, an old Spiritualist, Dr. Thomas White, formerly from Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, aged about eighty years. He was traveling about the country lecturing and doing good, and had only been in our city about a week. His body was interred by the friends last Sunday. I understand he has a son living at Mt. Pleasant, Jefferson county, Ohio.

H. BRENEMAN.

Our Correspondence.

Items from Lois Waisbrooker.

BRO. JONES:—I must really try to mend my chirography, for I perceive some typographical errors in both of my last items. Mrs. Woodruff said at Lockport, that nothing was too good to *array* (not carry) a body which contained an immortal spirit, etc.; and in the last, *disagree* has the first syllable left off—making me say that I "agree with any and all;" and in the last paragraph, "no accessions" should be "as accessions"—so much for my poor writing. Well, the only lesson I ever cried over was my writing lesson.

I believe my last was dated from Elmira. I went from there to Wellsburg; stopped two nights; found some true souls, and some who dodged like quails; from thence to Waverly, where Mrs. Mossop had been interesting the people; found a home in the genial atmosphere of Dr. Weaver and his good wife. Here, my 'Big Chief,' Mendakin, was made happy in finding an element which he could whistle with, without using my lips. Both the Doctor and Mrs. W. have heard him several times since I left, and one night their little boy sprang out of his crib, in the night, and rushing into his mother's bed, exclaimed, "Who whistled?" The parents both heard the whistle and recognized it; "and the next day," said Mrs. Weaver, in a letter to me, "we received your letter, and we felt that he had come to tell us that we were going to hear from you." They have a circle in the place for physical manifestations, and are making good progress; are beginning to see faces the same as at Moravia. Found some good friends at Owego, but

ITHICA

was to me, a sealed book, and but for a liberal outsider, I should have been obliged to stay at the public house; and one prominent Spiritualist told me "it was the most independent way; that she had devoted time to this cause, and worked with her fingers to support herself." I have no doubt but there are plenty of good souls in Ithica, only I was not fortunate enough to find them; or when found, not fortunate enough to please them. From there to

BINGHAMTON,

where I was received with open hearts—making a sunshine for the poor wanderer, which contrasted beautifully with the shadow of that great college at Ithica. One little incident occurred here which I must relate, as it shows a state of things which is true almost everywhere. Visiting, one evening, at the house of one who had recently become a Spiritualist, a lady who lived in the upper room was invited down to play on the new piano. I showed her one of my books—"Alice Vale." Said she, reading the title, "Why that is a book I have been wanting to get." Then going up stairs, she got the money of her husband, came back and paid me for it.

"Are you familiar with this kind of literature?" I asked. "I am," was the reply. She had moved from the East, and not being sufficiently zealous to speak out and stem the tide, had remained quiet; and though living there about eighteen months, I believe no one had suspected that she had even a liberal thought. Well, never mind, the time is coming when these dry bones shall be clothed with flesh, and come forth a mighty army.

Spent the Sabbath at Upper Lisle, in the family of father Rouse, an aged veteran of eighty six, who, with his faithful companion, are waiting to be clothed with immortality. From there to Lisle, on Monday, where I found one good brother, formerly a Baptist, whose name has escaped me, who bravely contends against the ignorance and superstition which, though forced to respect the man, would gladly destroy his influence.

At Lisle Centre, there are also a few brave souls. From thence to Courtland. Good friends here also. Had intended to visit Moravia again, but circumstances prevented. From thence to

SYRACUSE,

where Dr. Butterfield stands at his post as of old. Some of the friends here bought books; some *honestly* could not, though they would have been glad to do so; and others pretended that they wanted them *very much*, but could not spare the means, when I knew that all lacking was the disposition. Well, we can not expect others to see the importance of our work as we see it, each having their own field of labor; but what folly for one to try to deceive a medium with a polite pretense.

A great many copies of the *Index* are taken here, and the Rev. Mr. Munday speaks for the Free Religionists on Sunday.

From thence to Canistota. Stopped with good father and mother Gay, and had the pleasure of meeting Laura DeForce Gordon. She told me that she intended to attend the Liberal Republican Convention at Cincinnati; and an organ of the regular party, in speaking of that Convention as a company of soreheads, says: "One soreheaded woman from California wished to represent the Golden State, but her credentials were not regular." If the writer had said

SOUNDHEAD,

he would have come nearer the truth, for a few such earnest, strong women as Mrs. Gordon are striking blows which will make sore-heads not a few in the ranks of old Conservatism.

From thence to Uica, where I found a home with Mrs. Kate Gibbs, the medium controlled by the Indian girl Rosa, spoken of in Thomas Hazards eleven days at Moravia. Mrs. Gibbs had just received Rosa's likeness, painted by Fayette, of Oswego. Felt very much disturbed because I did not receive letters as I expected —*very much* disturbed, because so much was depending, and I felt that hopes disappointed in that direction would be almost more than I could bear. My feelings were such that my regular influence could not get near me, but Rosa said that all was well, and she told me the truth, for upon returning to Angola I found that the postmaster had made a mistake and forwarded my letters to the wrong place. Staid through the quarterly meeting of the Central Association of the Spiritualists of New York, and we had a successful meeting. Mrs. Nettie Maynard, A. A. Wheeleck and Cephas B. Lynn were the regular speakers. Warren Woolson, Mrs. Williams, Mr. Olds, Mrs. Kimball and Mrs. Campbell were also present, and took part in the discussion upon the resolutions and topics. Bro. Olds is a young man, a new beginner, but sound, and I predict for him a career of usefulness. I congratulate the Central Association, and its presiding officer, Dr. Beals, for it is doing a grand work under his administration, and may it never fall into less efficient hands.

Returned to Angola the last day of April, after an absence of nearly five weeks, and—listen to it, ye stylish ones—wore one dress the entire time, excepting one partial change, that is, I put on another overskirt once, but got sick of it and went back to the old standby. "A foolish thing to write about," do you say? Well, why can't I say foolish things as well as other people?

A few days of rest, and I start again, and the Sabbath finds me in Erie. Really there is a large liberal element here, but I can not tarry, and to-morrow takes me to Ohio, and from thence West again, from whence I shall send you items from time to time as the spirit moves.

My address, till further notice, will be at Battle Creek, Mich.

As ever, L. W.

Manchester, New Hampshire.

BRO. JONES:—Before me lies a paper in which appears the following advertisement:

"WICKEDEST MAN IN PHILADELPHIA.—Eld. J. G. Hook, of Concord, and M. W. Lutz, once called the wickedest man in Philadelphia, will hold union revival meetings at Music Hall, Manchester."

Being in Manchester to fill a lecture engagement, and having some curiosity to see this "wicked man," who seemed to be the "drawing card" of the exhibition, I attended one of the shows yesterday forenoon. It was somewhat novel to have a revival with a star actor possessed of such peculiar qualifications. His wonderful talents in the line of wickedness were evidently intended to produce a sensation.

Not being armed I took a seat near the door, at a safe distance from the dangerous man, who evidently was in the middle of one of his most striking acts when I entered. The scene was fearful, and the noise absolutely terrific. The "wicked man" was throwing up his arms and howling at the top of his voice, accompanied by the groans—deap bass—of Bro. Hook, shouting and groaning, mingled with the screams of a few women, who were contributing what little they could to the diabolical sounds. A menagerie of half-starved beasts would have sunk into insignificance in the presence of this horrible din.

This noise soon subsided and singing commenced. As near as I could understand, the song consisted of about twenty lines, and each line repeated, as was every word. Strange to say, I remember it all. I will report it, *verbatim*: "Jesus." That is all. Repeat that about a hundred times, and you have it.

Jesus was evidently the name of a person about whom all this din was being made. I tried to think who it could be. I never knew any such person. I had read of a man who lived a long time ago—who, according to the record, went about doing good, and making no fuss about it. This tremendous commotion could have no possible reference to him.

Bro. Hook says, "Let us pray," and dropped upon his knees, resting his hands upon a chair in front of him, which he dexterously balanced on one leg. The "wicked man," not to be outdone, hung himself across the seat of his chair, with his long legs mopping the floor on one side, and his head nearly bumping it on the other. While in this graceful and pious attitude, he occasionally turned his face, fearfully distorted, toward the audience, while he grunted and groaned an accompaniment to Hook's prayer. I pitied the poor man. He evidently was in great pain; whether bodily or spiritually, it was impossible to tell. I remember when I was a boy I used to sometimes feel very much as he seemed to, after I had eaten too many green apples.

Bro. Hook proceeded to tell "Almighty God" what he wanted him to do at once. God had done a big job for them over at Concord, and he wanted him to lend a hand in Manchester. I concluded Bro. Hook had left God over at Concord, or some other equally distant place, for he shouted as though he was talking to some one at least ten miles off.

Prayer over, they sang again, and I learned that the Jesus they had been talking about was a man from "Nazareth," and also that he "passeth by."

The mystery was solved. The secret of the tremendous uproar was this: they were trying to attract this person s attention, that he might stop as he passed by. Now, I thought if they succeeded in gaining his attention, there would be no further need of that bedlam of noise. They must have failed, for their efforts continued without the slightest diminution. They continued working themselves and some of their sympathizers into a high state of excitement. The more sensitive became almost frantic—sighing, weeping, moaning, groaning, shouting, shrieking—each one expressing his or her self according to his or her predominating traits of character.

What was all this about? Bro. Hook said he wanted them to give their souls to God—believe on Jesus; that was the only way to be saved. No matter how bad they had been, Jesus would save them. "Look at 'wicked Lutz (pointing at that remarkable personage, whose villainous countenance was certainly as expressive of wickedness as one could desire for an illustration), look at him!—once the vilest of the vile, now a lamb in the fold of Jesus!"

The "lamb" grinned hideously, and looked decidedly wolfish, evidently highly gratified at this allusion to his well-earned reputation for wickedness. One ambitious youth, seeing the the high estate attained by Lutz in popular notice, and feeling that there was a new road open to glory and renown, arose and said that he had been as wicked as Lutz! Nobody believed him. His face did not show it.

I am certain if some revivalist should be betrayed into engaging him to play the part of the wickedest man, that said revivalist would make a failure. I would say to that young man, stop! Be content to be known as an ordinary example of wickedness. Do not attempt to attain the sublime heights reached by Lutz in that direction. You have not the talent.

In the afternoon I am told Lutz made a savage attack upon the Spiritualists, calling them all manner of hard names, and declaring their doctrine to be all of the devil. How he knew was the mystery, but probably his intimate acquaintance with Old Nick in times past enabled him to speak advisedly.

In the evening Lutz entertained a large audience with an account of his history in times past, the details of which were so filled with illustrations of pure "cussedness," that no one doubted that he had fairly earned the reputation of being the wickedest man in Philadelphia; and further, that he ought to be in the penitentiary instead of appearing before the people as a teacher. Let us hope that he will not close his career, as another star actor in the same line has recently done, by seeking to take somebody's life. I refer to the would-be murderer of T. B. Taylor, author of "Old Theology Turned Upside Down."

I intended to make some comments, but my time is up, and I leave that for the reader.

Yours for the truth against all shams and falsehoods, A. E. CARPENTER.

DEAR JOURNAL: It has been some time since I saw your pleasant face,—not since the awful fire until a few weeks ago. I was glad to clasp hands with you, as you were one of my old friends in the West. Am glad to see you appearing just as if nothing had happened. Who can look at this paper and not feel what a struggle it has cost our friend Jones to bring it out from its fiery tomb, to live to give light to a hungry humanity. I say such men should be supported. Let us all, as mediums, as lecturers, as Spiritualists, do all we can to obtain subscribers for those that nobly bear the old *Banner of Light*, and have so bravely raised the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL from the ashes of the terrible fire. I am thankful that I gave $14 to the sufferers of that doomed city, the work of one evening of psychometric readings. Some have censured me for doing so, saying, "The poor never got it." Well, if they did not, I have done my part.

And now, dear friends, I will say to you all, as I think all my acquaintances in the West, take the JOURNAL,—if they don't they ought to,—that I am still at work, having all I can do lecturing, healing, giving tests and psychometrical readings. I shall be at Stafford Springs, Connecticut, in May. The dear angels are blessing me daily.

Mrs. S. A. ROGERS.

Silverton, Oregon.

BROTHER JONES:—I have been taking the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL over two years, and of course have become acquainted with its editors, one or both of them (*i. e.*, their mental and moral characteristics), and I must say that I am impressed (not spiritually) that I ought to apply to you for help in time of need. Long years ago I made up my mind to fight out this battle of life manfully, and never say *give up*, or admit that any man need not solve every question for himself, inasmuch as the greatest benefit can not accrue where we are prone to rely on advice or outside assistance.

I have acted from this motto of self-reliance and self-exertion, and while I have not taken more than I have fairly won, in any of the departments of the material relations, and have not been subject to corroding cares or intoxicating ambition, I find that I am above want *only in part*, and must confess my inability and poverty in spiritual resources, concerning a question which I would most earnestly beg of you to answer, or tell me who can answer.

My wife and myself were both confirmed Spiritualists, and apparently so well mated, that we hoped to live conjugally united in the spirit spheres. We had "time out of mind" gazed into each other's eyes, and in sweet communion of souls uttered, "I am thine and thou art mine," and longed to know whether the passage over the mystic river would change either of us and this blessed, electric affinity. We gave a mutually binding promise, that the first to pass would return a truthful answer, and remove all doubts and fears. Of course neither of us desired a continuance contrary to the fitness of spiritual conditions.

On the 20th of November, 1870, my wife passed to spirit life, and ever since then, I have been trying in various ways to obtain a message from her. I have had several letters, purporting to be answers to mine addressed to her, care of J. V. Mansfield; but I am compelled to the conclusion that *she did not answer them*. The person who *did answer* them knew their contents, but could not answer my quesitons. Not one test was given. I have been with other mediums, but have not obtained any satisfactory information from the *last*.

I do not think that I am unreasonable in my expectations as to what spiritual intercourse ought to furnish. There is not an issue of the JOURNAL or the *Banner of Light* that does not contain many evidences which would more than satisfy me. Nearly every one of the communications through the *Banner's* free circle, give undoubted tests of spirit identity. Why should I not receive the same in the pretended communications from my wife? Is it more difficult to tell the truth than a lie; or, are the ideas and wishes of the medium so mixed up with those of the control as to form an amalgam unlike either.

I do hope you can give me some light upon this matter, for I shall not be of much value to myself, my family, or the world, until I know. It may be improper to love as I loved my wife. It may be she sees now that we were improperly united, and is afraid to inform me of the fact. She ought to know, however, that I am something of a philosopher, and, withal, possesed of a strong will, and can soon learn to adapt myself to conditions which receive the sanction of my convictions.

I have been inclined to the belief that a right marriage will extend to the spheres, and that a wrong one will not, and, also, that a person living upon the spiritual plane can determine that question of affinities, absolutely.

A jokish man of the world might say with a strong semblance of truth, that I am in a worry to marry again; it would only be a joke. I *am not* worried about anything but the failure of my wife to perform her obligation, and the inferences that arise on account of it. I would not do anything to mar the present or future happiness of my wife. Would it not be a sin to marry again if we are to live together, conjugally related, in the spheres?

If we are not to be so related beyond, would it not be better for me to accustom myself to a fate which now seems to be so much against my inclinations?

A SUBSCRIBER.

REPLY:—The letter you addressed to your dearly beloved companion in earth-life, through the mediumship of Mr. Mansfield, may never have been seen by her, and might have been answered by one of the circle of spirits controlling the medium, who, seeing its contents, could return what would be considered an answer to the questions. No doubt she has often tried to impress you with a knowledge of her presence, and while she showers down upon you all the love that she possessed for you on earth, still you are insensible of her presence. Because she has not yet fulfilled her promise, should not cause suspicion to arise in your mind that she has ceased to love you. Wait patiently, and by and by some avenue will be opened, through which you can hold sweet communion with the one you loved so well in earth-life.

Denver, Colorado.

BRO. JONES:—In a former letter I stated that many were investigating the principles of spiritual phenomena, in Denver.

Since then it has been thought best to organize a society, the better to act in unison in any and every laudable way, for the promulgation of those principles; and a meeting was appointed for April 2d, 1872, which was attended by twenty-five or thirty persons. Bro. Benj. Todd, a lecturer, was present, and called to the chair. The objects of the meeting were stated, and it was resolved, with but little discussion, to enter into the organization of a society for the purpose above named.

Bro. Todd gave us some good advice, after which a committee on Constitution and By-Laws was appointed, and we adjourned, to meet on the 16th of April.

At the second, we had a larger attendance than at the first meeting; and after some preliminary business, the committee presented us their report—the Preamble, Declaration of Principles, Constitution and By-Laws of the "Boston Spiritualist's Union," without any change in the Declaration, and but some few in the Constitution and By-Laws, necessitated by locality. The Constitution and By-Laws were adopted, and the Declaration held for consideration on Sunday, April 21st, until which time we adjourned, after electing the following officers for one year:

President, D. D. Beldon; Vice President, Judge Taylor; Secretary, Mrs. W. H. Brigut; Treasurer, Miner Hedges; Corresponding Secretary, W. H. Fisher; and a Committee of Management of nine brothers and sisters.

We all were pleased when we came together at our third meeting, to find that our number had largely increased, and more love, union of purpose and greater cordiality, or harmony, prevailed.

The meeting was called to order, and we considered the Declaration of Principles, passing upon a few at a time, and after fully and candidly weighing each, they were adopted as a whole. We were then entertained by Bro. Beldon in a very able and touching address of a few minutes length, who was followed by a Bro. Miles in a short speech, replete with fine thoughts and noble sentiments. Members were called for, and twenty one came forward, subscribing to the code of Principles, Constitution and By-Laws, and we adjourned, to meet on Sunday, 28th inst.

We were all happy in this step so manifestly proper and necessary, and look for a most glorious success, by and with the co-operation of our angel friends. Thus we record the birth of the "Denver Spiritualist's Union."

We have residing in Denver now (just having engaged rooms), good sister Landis, from Michigan, who is a test medium and clairvoyant physician; and I speak but in relation to my own family's experience, when I say, no doubt now covers our horizon. Her tests are *unquestionable*, and we firmly believe God and the angels are with her, and will bless her with their presence in our city. We need her labor; the people need her. We have prayed for her presence, and our prayer has been answered, for which we give thanks.

Truly Yours,

W. H. FISHER.

Theological Clowns.

For massive cheek, unlimited impertinence, tainted breath and soiled linen, commends us to that class of religious lunatics who preach about "the second coming of Christ in a cloud of glory." Whatever may be our opinion on this subject, we have a deep respect for the belief and faith of the very large number of our respected Christian citizens who conscientiously believe in the divinity of Christ, and do homage to "the Savior of Mankind." At the same time, we think that this very large number of our respected Christian citizens share with us, in a modest degree, the contempt we have for those religious ranters, whose howlings are a blasphemous libel upon Christ and Christianity.

The San Francisco public is at present afflicted with two self-styled bruisers of the Gospel, the one being the notorious Second Adventist, Eld. Miles Grant, the other Eld. M. E. Cornell, about whom and the Devil we know next to nothing. These twin theological gladiators, this pair of peripatetic religious bipeds, saturated with self-conceit, and with furious enthusiasm, raving with the froths of pious folly, have been holding a discussion of empty words about nothing. The subject is singularly appropriate to the mental caliber of these theological bores. We would like to hear and patronize a preacher having the burning and overpowering eloquence of a Whitfield, the rare logic and matchless oratorical power of a Bossuet, the mellow richness and universality of a Theodore Parker. But in the name of High Heaven, Low Earth, Intermediate Worlds, and all that is therein, we ask the Supreme public either to wad its ears with California cotton, or forever and everlastingly suppress such theological clowns as Eld. Miles Grant and Eld. M. E. Cornell. We are heartily sick of this religious vomit.—*California Mailbag, for April.*

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The above paragraph I cut from the California *Mailbag*, published monthly, in San Francisco, by Mariatt, a sharp, caustic writer as we have on this coast. The criticism on Miles is a little severe, but just. Grant is unscrupulous, and wild in his statements in debate as any man I ever listened to. We were "afflicted" with him one year ago the past winter. He came to California to annihilate Spiritualism, but he woke up the wrong beehive in San Francisco, the workers in which sent him back home with a stinger in his ear that he has not got rid of. He has not returned to the attack the past winter, but devotes his time to the discussion of other subjects.

Truly Yours,

R. B. H.

Oakland, Cal.

The Search after God.

BRO. JONES: Your paper is all that a radical community could ask for. It is deep in research, abounds in good sense, and is destined to reach out to the utmost verge of the outward unfolding waves of Spiritualism! The weekly appearance of that "Search after God" is heartily welcomed. Brother Francis has certainly destroyed Jehovah, Jove, or Lord most effectually. But the question still arises: may there not exist and yet be found, a hitherto unknown god or gods answering to the universal idea or wish. The author in his Search has gone over an immense field, thoroughly investigating every part of it; but there is one vast continent of congregated atoms of matter into which Brother Francis has not yet gone with his sharp-seeing vision. The continent of which I speak is the question of size. To illustrate: a mountain is larger than a grain of sand; the earth is larger than a mountain; the sun is larger than the earth; and there is, perhaps, no world so large but there may be one still larger; nothing so small but there may be something smaller. May not Swedenborg be correct in his idea of one Grand Man or God, in whose system worlds move like globules in the human blood? May not man stand in relation to the whole as a liver parasite does to man. Attribute to the parasite the power to reason, as, perhaps, it possesses, then listen awhile to its trite and limited observations, embracing an interesting range of facts. It tells its friends that it has examined the liver world over and over, and with its telescope it has looked into the stomach, examined the heart, and has not yet discovered a God, except a worm or some monster, in the "constellations of the intestines," and if it is a God it has no nature or passion in common with parasites. Now let this same parasite take an outside observation of the system of which it has hitherto had only an inside view, and a very limited one at that, and its next book would contain most startling declarations, would it not? We have not yet seen the outside shape and form of the vast universe in the inward part of which we human beings live, on one its smallest organs, and think and reason and revel as parasites.

There may be in the vast universe yet stranger facts and forms than we have ever dreamed of.

If I were the guardian and inspiring spirit of Brother Francis, I'd plume his wings for such a flight. NED MELMOON.

Voices from the People.

CRYSTAL, MICH.—Wm. Cronkite writes.—I would not be without the JOURNAL for a hundred dollars. It just answers the questions that I have had for the last thirty years.

CAMDEN, MO.—G. C. Smith writes.—I am quite certain if I keep the mind I now have, that I will continue to read your bold and plain talk paper, and be able to pay for it, even if I am a Methodist and "hard up for means."

SPRINGFIELD, MO.—M. S. Kelso, writes.—A good healer is much needed at this place. We need one who can cause the "blind to see," the "lame to walk," and, in fact, cast out devils of various kinds! There is a vast field open here for such an one.

KROGHVILLE, WIS.—G. D. Willey writes.—J. O. Barrett came to our little town and lectured. He did well, and had a full house of Orthodox. Some came from Lake Mills and we had a fine time. I got food for my soul. I shall have a grove meeting here in June.

WADE, OHIO.—C. H. Toler writes.—Our good friend Mr. H. Goodman, a trial subscriber, is afraid Bro. Francis will capture the Orthodox God and publicly disgrace him for burning up Chicago and other places—men, women and children, and for not knowing enough to save his own churches from the flames.

AVA, IOWA.—Wm. Brownfield writes.—I live in the darkest part of Egypt. I am something of a healing medium. All are willing to be healed when it don't cost them anything, but they don't hardly believe it is spirits when they see me controlled to get answers, find pain and relieve it.

JAMESTOWN, TENN.—L. Bush writes.—I have been a subscriber to your goodly JOURNAL, which is my journal, because it expresses the sentiments common to all people, kindred and tongues, elevating truth, morality, and justice, in simple, plain and unmistified language.

WORCESTER, MASS.—George L. Lee writes.—The Spiritualists of this place are wide awake, and our meetings are well attended. We have had Miss Jennie Leys, Annie Midulebrook, and C. Fanny Allyn, each one month, and we now want a live man, a reliable lecturer and test medium.

CENTER POINT, IOWA.—Dr. Perkins writes.—Mrs. Perkins and myself have just closed a four days' meeting, and as a result, I believe all agree that Spiritualism has been put one step forward and old Theology taken a severe blow. The meetings were largely attended, and Mrs. Perkins has given some wonderful tests of spirit power.

IRONTON, MO.—Wm. Reel writes.—I still carefully read Bro. Francis's "Search After God." I think he wont find him—that is, the God of Moses. I read in the Bible that David saw him and talked to him and his son Solomon was to build him a house. He promised David his heart should be there; his eyes should be there, and his name should be there forever. I think he was buried up when the Roman soldiers burned his house.

FRANK PIERCE, IOWA.—J. G. Oldacre writes.—I have been a reader of your valuable paper, the JOURNAL, since the year '70. It is the best paper, to inform the mind and prepare us for the life here and hereafter, that I ever read. "The Search After God" is calculated to do more towards reforming the sectarian world, if they would read it, than all the God-sent preachers united.

RICHFIELD, MICH., May 8, 1872.—Libbie A. Simmons, writing says: "I am very thankful, and happy to say that the box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's *Tobacco Antidote*, which I procured at the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, has cured my husband of all desire for 'the weed.' He was cured before he had taken one box, although he was in the habit of chewing half a pound a week."

SOUTH FORK, CAL.—S. R. Hubbard writes.—Some six years ago I formed a circle to investigate what I was in perfect ignorance of, and at the first sitting had manifestations that I was then unable to account for. I was advised by my Orthodox neighbors to let those mysteries alone—God would reveal them as fast as it was necessary that we should know them. I developed one good trance medium, but he was soon taken to the Summer Land and I left alone. Soon after I got the JOURNAL, which I prize very highly, and intend to be a permanent subscriber.

SESSIONS SETTLEMENT, UTAH.—S. Harrison writes.—I have been favored by the loan of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL many times, by Bro. Walter Mansfield, but now I shall be happy in having a weekly copy myself, which will be well circulated through this settlement, as there are many people here who are desiring to investigate the truths of Spiritualism. I hope I shall be enabled to get you some other subscribers soon. There is a general desire that the "Search After God" should be issued in a volume, both in this place, and in Salt Lake City, and other parts of this territory.

BIRDSBORO, PA.—John B. Holman writes.—I have often felt a curiosity to know whether the magnetism imparted by healers to the sick and suffering differs from that induced by a battery with Inductor. There is the positive and the negative—these forces are diffused in nature, and can be induced by an apparatus already alluded to. On a certain occasion I applied to Mrs. A. H. Robinson for a prescription. She sent me a positive paper, which I used as per direction, and it produced a certain effect on my organism. I also constructed an "Inductor" which I attached to a powerful battery, and by this means magnetized similar papers; and upon using these papers in a like manner, the effects produced appeared to be similar to that of Mrs. Robinson's. I am seeking information upon this subject.

PALATINE, ILL.—J. P. Baldwin writes.—I see that Bro. Francis has not found God yet. I wonder why he don't go to the old Gent, (the Christian Devil) for information. According to the Word of God he was acquainted with him (God). They met together in the Garden of Eden; again they had a social chat in the case of Job. Then very recently (only about two thousand years ago) he took God up in his arms and carried him to the top of a high mountain—so high that he could see all of this round globe at a glance, and told him that he would give the whole of it to him if he would fall down and worship him. But God could not see it in that light. Another time he sat him on the steeple of a meeting-house. Now, I suggest that Bro. Francis go to him for information, or if he is not acquainted with him, he can find plenty of Christian preachers, or even church members that are well acquainted with him. The JOURNAL is to me a feast of fat things every week.

ALLIANCE, OHIO.—H. Barnes writes.—The JOURNAL is doing its good work in this section. May it live long to battle with superstition and bigotry. People are inquiring into this new state of things. Orthodoxy trembles; mediums are developing. Since first reading the JOURNAL, (which is about two years ago), mediums have appeared in my own family, mostly for physical communications. At their seance sometimes a drum, a guitar, a mouth-organ, and three or more bells are played at the same time; the medium and chair to which he is tied put upon the table and taken down again; his coat and vest taken off and again put on; an iron ring put around the arm or leg of one of the mediums and removed from one to the other, and taken off again. Music is often made around the room or cabinet. These things are all accomplished while the medium is securely tied, hands and feet to the chair with perhaps fifty feet of rope. The spirits generally do the tying and untying. They at times talk through the medium; at other times talk independent of him, and sometimes through the trumpet, and of late have been showing their hands at the window of the cabinet. Some of these are persons whom we were acquainted with while living. The above is a part of the marvelous feats which had been performed by spirits through their mediumship, and seen not only by our own family, but many others who have had a desire to investigate. Some good tests have been given, and a glorious time is approaching when all sensible people can hold communication with spirit friends.

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Frontier Department.

BY..... E. V. WILSON.

"Plain Talk to Dr. Slade."

In the Frontier Department of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of April 6th, Vol. XII, No. 3, there appeared an article from us, headed, "Plain Talk to Dr. Slade," in which we asked Bro. Slade the following questions:

1 "Bro. Slade, we have known you since 1860—first meeting you at Ann Arbor, Mich. Do you not remember it?

2 "Bro. Slade, we have not lost all confidence in you—no, not quite; and we call on you in sorrow, in grief, to come out like a man. *If you are guilty*, acknowledge your error; shake off the baneful influences that have degraded you!

3 "Bro. Slade, we call on you in the name of humanity, of the angel-world, of our Sister Alcinda Wilhelm your wife," etc.

4 "We ask you, Bro. Slade, are you prepared to meet this woman's want? Shall we write her, Dr. Slade is a humbug?

5 "We now call on you to rise up and shake off this terrible incubus; redeem yourself. We will not cast you off. Oh, come back and be once more a true man.

6 "Brother, will you heed our call? Let us hear *from you!* Are you the villain the New York *Sun* represents you to be, or can you clear your skirts of these charges? If you can, do it without delay."

Dear readers of the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, we ask you to once more read the above very pointed questions and their word dressing, and then ask yourselves if there is a charge direct or indirect preferred in them, against Bro. Henry Slade. Are they not just such questions as you would put to us if we stood in Bro. Slade's place; just such questions every true man should use in testing the truth of his brother-man, when associated with him as a co-laborer in the cause of Spiritualism and its grand truths.

Our readers will please remember that in No. 23, Vol. XI, of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, we gave publicity to a most remarkable spiritual phenomena that took place before us in a sitting with Bro. Henry Slade at his rooms, No. 210 West Forty-third street, city of New York. These sittings took place on the morning and evening of Thursday, Jan. 11, 1872. We went there without a suspicion of wrong, of tricks, or of being humbugged. We went not as a sponge, but prepared to pay our way, offering to pay our $5 for the sitting, which was promptly declined by both Slade and Simmons. After the morning sitting, Slade was influenced by Owasso, who directed us to call or come again in the evening, and spirits would materialize themselves before us. After Owasso's influence had left, Bro. Slade inquired what Owasso said. We told him. We had now reached the foot of the stairs. Mr. Simmons had joined us, when Bro. Slade said, "You will come, Bro. Wilson, at the time appointed?"

"Yes!" we replied.

"What is that?" said Simmons.

"We mentioned the appointment for the evening."

Simmons replied, "Doctor, are you aware that the evening is all engaged up to half-past nine o'clock?"

"I know, but this appointment will be kept," said the Doctor.

We came, keeping the appointment. We saw, and we wrote up what we saw—giving to the hundred thousand readers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL one of the most remarkable sittings that had ever taken place through Dr. Slade's mediumship!

When we accepted the invitation to visit him in the evening, we asked our spirit helpers and guides to leave us in our normal condition, that we might see with our physical senses whatever took place—just as the skeptic or materialist saw things. Our influences complying with our request, we went to Bro. Slade's room with all confidence in the man. We went not to detect a fraud, but to meet an honest man. We went not to be convinced, but that we could say to the world we saw, heard, and felt spiritual beings in our normal state as you can hear, see, and feel us in your normal or physical conditions. We went with the trusting confidence of a child, and we saw gods come up out of the floor. And one was like unto our father and ourself. We spoke to him; he answered us and moved to and fro. We had all confidence in Bro. Henry Slade, and still have, and always shall have; are ready to defend him and all other mediums, seers, and others who advocate the glorious truths of demonstrable immortality—our motto being: "We had better wade through a mountain of chaff, an ocean of foam, a world of cheats and frauds, and get one grain of good wheat, one pure drop of water, and find one single reliable witness of life beyond the grave," than go through these mountains of chaff, an ocean of foam and froth, a world of cheats and frauds and die with no knowledge of the future life. We have stood the firm friend of all mediums, of whatever type of mediumship such may be possessed of—in writing, in conference, in convention—everywhere! We have stepped into the breach and repelled the attacks made by Spiritualists and others on our mediums. Who does not remember our course, and the defense of our mediums at the Cleveland Convention in 1867? And yet this declaration of principle shall not deprive us of our right to question, criticise, or reject any mediums, seers, speakers or others of ours.

On the 22d of February last, there appeared in the New York *Sun*, a well written and apparently truthful statement of facts asserted to be true by an inmate and servant of Dr. Slade's household. This servant was no more nor less than his housekeeper, who had access to every part of his house. She was not his scullion, or boot-black, but the one that, in his household matters, attending to guests, looking after all family matters, and all business matters, takes the place of the wife, mother or sister, where these relatives are wanting, is trusted beyond the trust imposed in the cook, chambermaid, or footman! She was in all household matters Dr. Slade's confident and counselor, and long in his employ. This woman, Mrs. C. L. Case, an old friend, confident, and trusted companion and inmate of Dr. Slade's house—living with him in Michigan and having charge of his household matters—was taken from there to New York City for her fidelity and trustworthiness. She voluntarily (or for gain) goes to a representative newspaper—the New York *Sun*—a daily, tri-weekly and weekly, (older in years than Dr. Slade), with its hundreds of thousands of readers, and declares that her old and tried friend and employer is a cheat, common swindler, and humbug, the Barnum of Spiritualism! In inference, at least, if not in fact, states: We, Dr. Henry Slade, J. Simmons, and C. L. Case, egregiously imposed on the *Evening Post, Times, Sun, Tribune, World, Telegram, Home Journal, Golden Age*,—representatives of the secular press; and of the Spiritualists—the shrewdest thinkers they have—such as Denton, T. G. Forster, Child, Hazard, Willis, Peebles, Hull, Britten, Woodhull, Wheelock and others. We humbugged with masks, pasteboard faces and other contrivances, causing them to advertise and endorse us, and we learned our tricks at the Moravia Mecca of Spiritualism! This expose gave detail account—even to minutia. "The Description of Dr. Slade; the Visit to Moravia(?); the Rumor that Spirits Would Materialize; the Change of Home; the Diagram of the New House; how Slade did it; the First Ghost; Slade's Controlling Spirit,—in fact, she speaks as one knowing whereof she speaks. Her statement goes to the world in the columns of the *Sun*, on the 22d of February, 1872; also about this time Dr. Slade is overhauled in a spiritual meeting in New York City—and many Spiritualists take part in traducing him, and the apparent judgment of that meeting—Slade you are guilty! Previous to all these things we had given to our hundred thousand readers, the wonderful phenomena we had witnessed at Dr. Slade's rooms on West Forty-third street. We had publicly stated in Philadelphia, Hammonton, Camden, Harrisburg, York, Baltimore, Washington and many other places, that these things were so, offering to back up our words by time and money. In Baltimore we found those who had stated and declared Dr. Slade to be a cheat and swindle, stating that his slate-writing was produced by a piece of pencil fixed under the second finger-nail; the slate held in his hand with the thumb on the under side of the slate and fingers on the upper. This charge we met and upset, by proving that the writing took place on the under side of the slate when it lay on the table in broad day light, and no hand near it. We had, and now have letters, from circles of true Spiritualists, in which spirits stated that Dr. Slade would cheat, and would be found out as a cheat, and thus be exposed as a humbug and swindler. These charges we met with the facts we witnessed, accepting the evidences of our senses in preference to the statement of any circle or spirit outside of our own counselors. Imagine our surprise on Saturday, Feb. 23, 1872, on being challenged in the post-office in Watertown, N. Y., by one who is not an unbeliever, as follows: "See here Wilson, who shall we believe, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL or *Sun*? You say you saw these things, and know whereof you speak. An inmate of Dr. Slade's house declares the whole thing a cheat. There is a screw loose here somewhere! Can you meet this expose?"

We answered promptly,—Believe in us. Dr. Slade is all right! After this we were challenged in many places. If we received one copy of the *Sun*, we did fifty, many of them inclosing our report of Slade's seance.

In letters frequently such questions as these: "Bro. Wilson, how could you be deceived?"

"If Forster, Child, and you could be imposed on, who can we, the non-mediumistic Spiritualists rely upon?"

"Well, well! If Slade is a cheat, then there is no truth in Spiritualism!"

Another sends us the *Sun* expose, and asks us if we dare give it a place in the Frontier Department. Thus were we hetcheled "from Dan to Beersheba."

We waited patiently for Dr. Slade, Mr. Simmons, or the New York spiritual papers to put in rebutting testimony, or at least for Dr. Slade to come out and deny the whole thing. They were silent—it was an ominous silence. On the 7th of March we wrote to Dr. Slade from Plattsburg as follows:

PLATTSBURG, N. Y., March 7, 1872.

DR. HARRY SLADE—My Friend and Brother: I find in the New York *Sun* of the 22d of February, a serious expose of you and the phenomena of spirits materializing themselves at your rooms. I can not believe this statement to be true. It evidently comes from a member of your household. Will you write me in regard to these things? Who is to blame in this matter? Do not delay in answering this my inquiry. You must not let this matter pass unnoticed. If you do these things, come out and show yourself to the world, and if the spirits do these things, then let them give such evidence as shall place you one of the oldest of our mediums, and I believe one of the best, beyond all manner of doubt.

Write me, my dear friend, at once, that I may place myself and you before the world as reliable seers and mediums.

I am Truly Your Friend and Brother,
E. V. WILSON.

Direct to me as follows:
Rochester, N. Y.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

One of the Numerous Testimonials for that Successful Healer, Dr. P. B. Jones.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Duty, as well as pleasure, prompts me to add my humble testimony to the wonderful healing powers manifested through our brother, Dr. P. B. Jones, who is now among us. He is truly a magnetic healer of great power and ability, as his work in this place truly testifies.

I am a merchant tailor of this place. I left here the first of last February for Chicago, to lay in some spring goods. Was taken violently ill while in Chicago, and was hardly able to get home. I called in one of our best M. D.'s, who pronounced my disease to be intermittent fever, and treated me some three or four weeks. I got worse under his treatment, and discharged him, and got another who said I had *pneumonia* and dumb ague, and treated me for three or four weeks, with no better success than the first. I called the third physician. The two treated me together, but instead of getting better, I got worse. I had a terrible cough, with great distress about my breast and stomach, and cold, clammy sweats day and night; and it would seem at times that my coughing was so severe that I would lose my breath entirely. My wife, being somewhat mediumistic, told me from the first that the doctors did not know what was the matter with me, and that I must get immediate relief, or that I should not live one week longer. I was in this most distressing condition when Dr. P. B. Jones' articles appeared in the daily papers of this place, with published affidavits of several wonderful cases he had cured of some of our citizens. I resolved to apply to him at once. On examining me, he pronounced my disease to be inflammation and ulceration of the stomach, and pulmonary affection of the lungs. He said he thought he could help me, although I was in a very dangerous condition.

His medicine and magnetism acted like a charm on me, and I got immediate relief. He has only treated me now three weeks, and I have not felt so well in many years. I can walk three miles per day, and stand at my cutting board three and four hours per day, and attend to my business as usual.

Atchison is a stirring, business little place, but thoroughly Orthodox. A good speaker is badly needed here.

Dr. Jones is a bold, fearless worker in our cause, and asks no odds of any, but a fair chance to demonstrate what he can do. In his nature he is warm and genial; seems to love most all of humanity, hating none but bigots and fools. Humanity will always receive a blessing wherever he goes.

Respectfully,
ALEXANDER MUIR.

Atchison, Kan., May 9, 1872.

Dr. Jones will remain in Atchison, Kansas, until June 1st, then he goes to Leavenworth, Kansas, for two months.

Spiritual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Progressive Spiritual Society of Shell Rock, Iowa, will take place on the first Sunday in June next.

By order of the President, J. T. COLBURN.
J. S. STUART Secretary.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.—Copies of Spirit Likenesses can be had at this office. Sent by mail on receipt of thirty cents.

Spiritualist's Home, 148 Fourth Ave.,

Is open for transient and other boarders who may desire a good comfortable home. Hot and cold water baths *free* to patrons of the house.

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The above-named parties have as nice a boarding house as there is in the city of Chicago, and solicit Spiritualists and others who may visit the city to patronize their house. They board by the day or week.

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These able and learned addresses were delivered by Mr. Forster in Apollo Hall, N. Y., under the auspices of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, during the month of November.

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VOLUME XII. | S. S. JONES, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. | CHICAGO, JUNE 15, 1872. | $3.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS. | NUMBER 13.

Original Poetry.

"Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters."

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
For results make no provision;
But with faith that never falters
Sow thy seed, and fill thy mission!

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Willing souls make no complaining;
And delay no guerdon offers,
Cast it early, time is waning!

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Ere the golden bowl be broken,
Ere the oracles that taught us
Be but words untimely spoken!

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Cast it, ere the cup is shattered,
And the deed will yet allot us
Blessings that are freely scattered!

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Out upon the boundless ocean,
And before celestial altars
Bow thy head in meek devotion!

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
To that ocean is no limit,
For the symbol long hath taught us
Some poor, suffering soul may win it!

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Oh, for words and deeds combining!
Oh for types and models, not as
With a spurious lustre shining!

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Oh, for things sublime and real!
Oh, for life that sweetly brought us
Visions of its own ideal!

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
With a trust that never falters
Sow thy seed, the soil is ready!

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
A divine command, oh heed it!
Whether it be loaves or coffers,
Deeds of mercy, all are needed!

Victoria Tilt, or Social Freedom.

BY DUFF MACDUFF.

[Written for the Journal.]

Uncle Jabez and Aunt Abby Upham were the possessors and peaceful occupants of a farm-house in the outskirts of the village of Bilesville, and a more "harmoniously mated" pair it were difficult to find. They did not even indulge in the slight squalls which sometimes in the best ordered households disturb the monotony of the matrimonial sea. Even the tone of voice in which they pronounced each other's names, revealed a deep and complete satisfaction. Jabez spoke the name of his wife as a devotee would that of a patron saint, and when he familiarly called her "Mother," he evidently considered it an impropriety. Aunt Abby always gave his name the rising inflection, as though she asked, "Who is better?"

The secret of this harmony was not in similarity, for so far from being alike, they were widely different. Aunt Abby was a quiet and dignified matron, who at sixty, possessed the ripened qualities, which, though charming in girlhood, are only prophesies. Her sharply chiseled features indicated a practical mind, and, quiet as she appeared, she was the real financial manager. She had the keenest appreciation of justice and right, as well as of abhorrence of wrong; and was always self-poised and possessed. If she advised in business, Uncle Jabez received her suggestions with gratitude. The good, easy soul was satisfied with himself, the world, and especially with Abby. His countenance was polished with benevolence and good cooking. Now that the battle of life had been fought, he desired, as the victor, to repose under the shadow of his own vine, and always inclined to lean on the unwearying energy of his companion. All the duties she assumed were so many less for him.

The history of their courtship was a stock story with Jabez when on winter evenings the young folks dropped in from the village, and although Aunt Abby expostulated, her interference added fuel to his ardor. An endless series of "apple parings" and "huskings" far away in Connecticut, brought about the final catastrophe. It was "finished and done," if memory serve me rightly at a "husking," where the rustle of the bladed stalks enabled them to converse unheard by the merry company.

That occurred, as I said, far away in Connecticut, across half a continent and almost half a century of years. Their hopes were high and their castles too grand to build on the rocky soil of the East. They bravely dared the wilderness, then the "far West," and built a cabin where their farm-house now stands. Side by side they labored and suffered, for the combat with the *wild*, is no child's play. Coarse food and coarse home-made garments were theirs, and the miasm of the forest, freshly opened to the sun, bred fever in their veins, and they alternately felt its cold touch of death, and its raging fire. Then they looked to each other for care and nursing, and often received such attentions when the hand that gave was almost as weak as that which received.

They had watched beside the cradle of five children, each of whom drew tighter and stronger the golden strands by which their lives were bound together. The youngest, Josha, remained with them; three others had taken enviable positions in society, and one, next to the eldest, a frail flower, had early been transplanted to the gardens of paradise, but not until she had taken deep hold on her parents' hearts, and ever after they stood supporting each other by her grave, oblivious of the sympathy of the rough pioneers. Her memory, like an angel presence, bound them by more holy ties.

The wilderness, under the united efforts of the indomitable emigrants, vanished, and golden grain waved where century-old trees had shook their boughs in the wind. The howl of the gaunt wolf was supplemented by the bleating of flocks and lowing of herds. A village, ambitious to become a city, had sprung up near the farm, and where the wild deer had scarce a beaten path, civilization laid an iron way over which it sent its freighted trains like gigantic shuttles, weaving the web of national prosperity. It was a grand result to show for forty years of labor, and as I drove up the south road to their dwelling, late one October afternoon, and saw Uncle and Aunt sitting on the porch, engaged in what might readily be mistaken for a lover's interview, my thoughts were drawn from the broad fields, the well-filled barns, the bending orchards, to the genii who had fought and won this battle of industry, and now in full enjoyment of its fruition, were the crowned rulers of the domain. As the golden rays of the low sun, mellowed by the October haze, shimmered through the latticed vines, and fell over them, I exclaimed: "How beautiful is ripened age; how glorious a life of uses, and how much more beautiful the love which endures and blooms in such tranquility and fragrance!"

"Well, Neffy," said Uncle Jabez, "how is it at the village to day? I thought you were not coming out again this week."

"I did not intend to," I replied, "but we have a new sensation. Have you seen the Bilesville *Herald* for to day? No?—well, then, I shall have the pleasure of telling news. A woman, Mrs. Victoria Tilt, is lecturing at Bumblebee hall."

"A woman?" asked Aunt Abby, her usual quiet entirely disappearing; "what on earth is *she* lecturing on?" The emphasis laid on "she," spoke volumes.

"On Phrenology, Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, the Laws of Health, Dietetics and other subjects I forget. She is an eloquent exponent of these new themes, and is pleasing to listen to."

"And I presume wants to vote and do other things no other woman ever dreamed of doing," broke in Aunt Abby.

"Certainly; she *demands* the franchise. I have no doubt but woman will vote, and you, Auntie, I firmly believe, will be first to avail yourself of that right."

"No you don't, Neffy!" she cried excitedly; "no you don't, and your conversation and attending these lectures does not accord with your early training.

"Really, Aunt, I regret to find you so conservative, and I fear prejudiced, for I came expressly to induce Uncle and you to attend the lecture to-night."

"Not I; indeed not I," she replied with dignity, "but Jabez can go if he desires."

The tone indicated the impossibility of Jabez' wanting to go, yet, strange to say, and contradictory to his whole life, he *did* want to go, and so expressed himself. He was suddenly seized with a morbid hankering to hear a woman lecture, and the suggestive hints of Aunt Abby only increased his desire. Had I foreknown the consequences to arise from his attending that lecture, I should sooner have invited him to his grave, but the future wisely is concealed from us, and in consequence I unwillingly became the instrument of Jabez' ruin.

Aunt Abby, hoping delay might change his mind, postponed supper till the latest, but Jabez, instead of becoming unsettled in his purpose, became more determined, or, as Aunt said, "infatuated." As the wild antelope is drawn to its doom by the waving of an object which exites its curiosity, and the moth to the flame, so too often man is led astray by an infatuation which enters at the same gateway. Jabez had read of phrenology—of reading character by the bumps of the skull, of mesmerism and clairvoyant miracles, and much in praise of bran diet, and now to have the entire course of fresh dishes served up by a woman, presented a bill-of-fare quite irresistible. I have since thought he would not have been as ardently desirous of hearing a woman lecture, had Aunt Abby given him an occasional taste of the home-brewed article. Caustic and vitriol are the only comparatives with such a beverage left over for a day or two, to thoroughly concentrate and sour, and had Aunt uncorked a bottle, the result, perhaps, would have been far different. She, however, lost the opportunity, and after supper, Uncle Jabez, carefully twisting his side locks over the top of his bald head, put on his hat, and bidding Aunt good-by, we drove away.

It was late when we arrived at the hall, and quite difficult to force an entrance, all the "roughs" in town having apparently gathered around the doorway. Mrs. Victoria Tilt had begun her lecture, and her subject for the evening being "The Social Organs," she had become warm and glowing on "woman's sphere," as revealed by the study of such organs. She was, perhaps, thirty years of age, and attired in a dress that was an attempt at a coat; a sort of hybrid, with long skirts, but turning over like a coat in front, revealing a white bosom and collar, and a gentleman's tie. Her hair was cropped short and combed like a boy's, which imparted a strange aspect to her otherwise well formed face. It did not require close study to discern the expression of unsatisfied expectancy and unrest, or the weak lines mingled with the strong of an over-wearing self-conceit and boldest selfishness. Had it not been for her asserting manners, her style would have been pleasing. Her lecture was common place, gathered from careful reading of the trash of Fowler and his ilk, with here and there a wild assertion intended for a brave utterance. It was, however, all new to Uncle Jabez, who sat in amazement at her volubility, to which Abby, in her most ecstatic mood, was as a trout stream to Niagara.

When she closed and pronounced "examinations" in order, Jabez Upham was the first name called by the committee, and was repeated in manifold variations, and by the roughs most villainously intoned. The calling continued until he went forward, and, amid loud applause, seated himself on the platform. Mrs Tilt comprehended by this means that he was a character, and said so at once. Her nimble fingers disentangled the side locks which, combed upward, overlapped his conspicuous baldness, and then played over the polished surface, as on the keys of a piano. She meantime kept up a running fire of generalities applicable to mankind in general and everybody in particular, but which was received by the crowd as remarkably accurate. "He is benevolent;" a score bore witness. "He is unselfish and easy with his debtors." "Good for you," cried a dozen who had stood in that relation to him for unknown years.

"This man," continued Mrs. Tilt, "is remarkably pure minded," and she gave his side locks a cuff upward. "He is generous to a fault, and liable to become the prey to those who are willing to take advantage of his goodness." I could see that Uncle was flattered. How could she know the past? Was it not true that he had been repeatedly preyed upon? Twice last year by patent-rights men, and only six months ago had been caught in a patent "moth-trap?"

Mrs. Victoria Tilt, as was her custom, came last to the "loves." Her rule was to give the gentleman a decided preference for the opposite sex, and the ladies a strong repulsion. Any one could readily see that the benevolent Jabez would feel such inclinations, and Mrs. Tilt said so, intimating by a theatrical gesture a great deal more than she said, and was highly applauded.

"His aspirations are high," she continued, running her fingers back and forth along his base brain. His soul demands congenia[illegible] and sympathy. The sharpness of this ridge tells me that his highest, deepest, purest love has never been drawn out. There is a void which has never been filled. Being remarkably fond of having his *own way*—see what firmness!—he should have a soul companion who gracefully yields to his judgment. He would be singularly unhappy if he could not be at the head of his house."

As the entire village knew that Aunt Abby was properly the "head" of the house of Jabez & Co., and that he was pleased with the arrangement, this statement met with prolonged applause, which Mrs. Tilt construed into a flattering acknowledgement of her correctness. She continued, "Ah, yes; he should bestow his love on a noble, high-minded woman, who only could call out his highest affections and awaken his most generous impulses. If he should unfortunately be united by law to a wife who sought to control him, and did not understand his sensitive nature, he would be a most wretched man. The law of affinity can not be broken through with impunity, and artificial enactment and conventionalities can not stifle the yearnings of the soul for congeniality."

Uncle Jabez left the platform amid vociferous cheers, and I learned on the way home that the random arrows of Mrs. Tilt had in him found a target.

"Wonderful woman," said he; "she is endowed with a knowledge of the past. How exactly she spoke of my being preyed upon by those patent-rights rascals, and my generosity; and I will tell you, Neffy, I have felt the 'yearning,' and 'void,' and the 'impulses' she spoke of, but never knew until now what they meant."

"I presume you will attend to morrow night, Uncle?"

"Of course I desire to, but I warrant Abby will doubly oppose my so doing. Let's see—what is her subject?"

"Our Social Relations."

"Oh, yes, and a most interesting one. It has rested too long, and needs a thorough overhauling."

I have not the least idea that Uncle Jabez ever gave "our social relations" an hour's thought in his whole previous life of sixty years. He had been satisfied, and it had never occurred to him that the said relation needed tinkering. It came on him like a flash that something was wrong, for had he not 'yearnings,' a 'void' and unanswered 'impulses,' and if everthing was as it should be, would he have them?

I sincerely hoped Aunt Abby would restrain him; but she sadly failed, and did the next best thing, she accompanied him to the lecture. The subject dipping down into the lower nature, attracted the crowd, and Bumblebee hall was densely packed. Bilesville knew little of the demi-monde, but all its delectable representatives were present, and as they considered Mrs. Victoria Tilt their representative, thrust forward to vindicate their cause, they put on a brazen front, and were rampant.

Victoria Tilt, pale with excitement, brought herself slowly up to the work in hand. She demolished marriage, which she declared slavery, to which negro servitude was a pin-prick to a fiery furnace. She said the most beautiful word in the language was love, and the next was freedom. Put these two together, and you have free-love, the most exquisite word of all. "What I want," fiercely said Mrs. Victoria Tilt, "is freedom. I want to do as I please. To political and religious freedom I want added, social freedom. I want all marriage laws abolished. No laws should interfere with the divine right of the soul. I have a right to love whom I please, and as long or as short a time as I please, and government should protect me in my right. The laws of chemical affinity should be sublimated into the sphere of the affections. If one goes into a garden of flowers, do we say, "if you admire a lily you must not look at any other flower?" Rather do we not admire the rose the more because we admire the lily, the tulip and violet? We should be free to admire all the flowers that bloom, and the law which would confine us to one, would be the blackest tyranny."

"Here she was hissed, but continued: "As virtue and chastity are only names given to the observance of false marriage laws, by abolishing those laws you at once destroy, and forever, the gigantic social evil which has confounded your statesmen."

"Bravo!" shouted a score of voices. I glanced at Aunt Abby, and saw she would endure little more, and only her innate good breeding restrained her from retiring before the conclusion.

I have her word that her indignation was so inexpressible that she did not speak on the way home. When she closed her door and enjoyed the privacy of her own home, her tongue was loosened, and Jabez received a portion which, had it been administered earlier, might have saved him, but now only aggravated his disorder, as it clearly proved to him that Aunt Abby was not the "noble-minded" ideal who should be his, and that his "impulses" were restrained more severely than he ever was aware of.

"We have come to a pretty pass," said she, "when vulgar license no longer conceals itself in honest shame, but with brazen impudence parades and vindicates itself."

"I do not think," demurred Jabez, "that you manifest a Christian spirit. Mrs. Tilt appears to be a true and noble woman. She may go too far, and be fanatical, but no one can impute to her wrong motives. Her private life is spotless, and to know is to love her. The social evil, of which she so feelingly speaks, is terrible, and if it can be obviated so easily, who can object?"

The "social evil," there is every reason to suppose, never entered Uncle Jabez' mind before that evening, but already it had become an all-devouring monster.

"I care nothing about your 'social evil,'" cried Aunt Abby in vexation; "what on earth is the matter with you, Jabez?"

Jabez, not understanding himself, for the life of him could not tell, so he replied at random:

"The marriage institution will undoubtedly be abolished in a couple of years at most, being outgrown, and we shall be free to follow our natural impulses and attractions. It is already shaken to its foundation by the 'social evil.'"

Aunt scarcely awaited his conclusion before she exclaimed, with just the glisten of a tear in her eyes:

"I have supposed for forty years that you were free to follow your attractions, and they were toward me. Had I not believed this, firmly as I believe in God, I should never have been the mother of our five children. Had I supposed you had attractions all over the garden, you should never have plucked me."

"I have always been," replied the conscience smitten Jabez.

"Well, then, what is the use of talking? You say marriage is to be abolished; it is destroyed by the 'social evil.' I tell you marriage is a rock of adamant against which all such 'social theories, and 'social reformers' shall be wrecked, while it remains, everlasting. Your feet tremble, and you think it an earthquake; and as for the 'social evil,' you let it alone and it will let you alone."

"Should we not be free to love? Would it not be a tyranny if we were *forced* to live together?"

"You *were* free to love me, and I you, and we freely entered the relations of marriage. The whole labor of our long lives is now dependent on the permanency of this compact, and on each other. I say now we are not free. The laws of man are as nothing to the higher forces by which we are bound together. I love my children so well that I would suffer a thousand deaths before I would prove myself false to the obligations I assumed when I gave them life."

Aunt Abby grew eloquent in the intensity of her feelings. Her quick insight perceived that Jabez was changing. She felt that her feet rested on sand, slowly yielding, but the cause, the length and breadth of her trouble, was from her inscrutibly concealed. She retired and fell asleep, not dreaming of the fatal poison which, more subtle than that of the worahra-dipped shaft, had entered his mind, nor that over her a great calamity was inevitably to fall.

The next day Uncle Jabez received an invitation to call at the parlor of Victoria Tilt, at the Bilesville hotel. Uncle at first thought he would not accept the invitation, but as the time drew near he became restless—*so* restless he walked down the road to the village. He went on, and on, and then thought he *would* just drop in. It would be slighting the lady not to do so, and only ordinary courtesy to comply. He was ushered into the presence of Mrs. Victoria Tilt, who advanced to meet him in most cordial fashion. She said she had broken the rules of propriety in inviting him, she was well aware, but such rules were tyrannical, and if a lady desired a gentleman to call, she could see no harm in her so expressing herself. Jabez could not, so in one minute, conventionalities being broken down, they were on the best of terms. The beauty of conventionality is that you can allow the approach of any one, yet always have the power to prevent further advance, and to cut off intrusiveness. A kind tyrant is conventionality after all, and when once dethroned can never be restored.

After an hour of delightful conversation, during which the doubtful points in the previous evening's lecture were made plain in the comprehension of Jabez, Mrs. Victoria Tilt asked, in her most winsome way, if he had ever seen any of the wonders of clairvoyance; and on learning that he had not, replied:

"My main reason for inviting you here this evening is to show you some of its phenomena. I saw by your organization, the evening you came on the platform, that you at least *ought* to believe in this astonishing science, and I concluded before I departed to give you an opportunity to investigate."

Uncle was extremely grateful for her thoughtfulness. Indeed he was delighted.

"It is so injurious to my nervous organization that I do not pass into that state often, but now consent to gratify you."

"You the clairvoyant?" exclaimed Uncle Jabez, who associated that power by which the mind is unfolded, to the perception of angels with all that is pure and holy.

"Yes, I am a clairvoyant," she replied, and folding her hands in a pretty manner, she closed her eyes, gave a few convulsive starts, and became apparently unconscious to the grossness of this miserable, earthly existence. Uncle sat awe-struck and all-believing. At length a voice, deep and sepulchral, spoke through the lips of the unconscious Mrs. Tilt: "I am glad to meet you, Jabez Upham. A great and glorious mission is before you. You at last have caught a gleam of truth, and I know you are bold and brave enough to support it. You are just out of the Red sea of bondage, and are free."

"Who am I conversing with?" asked the confused and confounded Jabez.

"I am the spirit of the great Cicero. It was I who gave the grand speech last night. I have controlled the lady's organism since she was a child. She, as well as you, has a great mission, and you are to work in unison. Attractions should be followed, and you should have manliness enough to follow them. You must be free after forty years of marriage servitude. Every one, according to the God-made laws, had a mate, and this lady is yours. Your union has been perfected in heaven, and you are already married by the 'powers of the air.'"

There was a long silence, when Jabez, partially arousing himself from what may be called the effects of a moral narcotic, said some incoherent sentence about Abby, and being already married to her.

"It is necessary for some one to begin the war by protesting," said the immortal Cicero, through the unconscious and pure Mrs. Victoria Tilt, "and if you suffer inconvenience, you can rest satisfied in being true to yourself, even if the world dooms you to martyrdom."

Uncle Jabez had as little of the stuff martyrs are made of in his composition as is allowable, but the idea pleased him, and Cicero met his doubts concerning Abby:

"She whom you call wife, should be pleased to let you go where you will be more happy, and such a boundless field of usefulness presents itself. If others offer greater attractions to you than she, it would be extremely selfish in her to keep you to herself. By so doing all three are made miserable, while otherwise at worst she alone would be unhappy."

Jabez desired to know about his children. Would not his actions disgrace them?

Cicero replied that he lived for himself, and not for his family. Whatever disgrace fell to them was not his fault, but society's. One by one his objections drifted away under the sweeping eloquence of the resurrected Cicero, until at least he could express no reason why he did not fully concur. After an hour's communion, such as he fully believed few mortals ever enjoyed, with a sweet start of surprise the innocent eyes of Mrs. Victoria Tilt opened, and she exclaimed with self-compunction:

"Oh, Mr. Upham, you must regard me as a dull companion, for I have certainly fallen asleep."

"And do you recollect the communication you have made?" asked Uncle Jabez in astonishment.

"Communication? I pray from whom?"

"From the great Roman orator, the immortal Cicero," replied the all-believing.

"Oh, Cicero!" she cried in a transport of joy, "he is my dear, dear guardian spirit! Has he been here? Has he condescended to use my poor lips to speak his golden words? It was prophesied long ago that he would come. O blessed, blessed hour.

"And you remember not a word?" persisted Jabez.

"Not a single word," replied the dove-eyed Mrs. Victoria Tilt; "to me the hour is a profound blank. I am rejoiced that you were present to catch the first words of the grand spirit. I was, I now know, impressed to send for you. Oh, I am so glad, Mr. Upham, you were present. What did this great and exalted spirit say, at this his first interview?"

Uncle Jabez then proceded to repeat, as near as possible for him to remember, the communication. Mrs. Victoria Tilt interrupted him by little starts and exclamations, and just as he finished threw herself sobbing on his shoulder, exclaiming: "Oh, my guide, my Cicero, has at last conducted me to my true mate! I understand now why I was attracted to you! Why I dared to write! O freedom, blessed freedom! You will obey the voice of the great orator who is so deeply interested in your welfare? You will break through the senseless tyranny of conventionality! Oh, my heart of hearts tells me you will, and we shall be *so* happy!"

You have heard of fascination—the power of snakes and birds, and of psychology, which is the same when exercised by one person over another. There is a narrow scientific base for

(*Concluded on fifth page.*)

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and Subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

Range of the Great Mind, or Light and the Nature of Matter.

SCIENTIFIC—SERIAL NUMBER THIRTY-TWO.

Such is the range, source, and effect of the first Great Light producing all the subordinate lights; and all varieties of matter, from the seraph to adamant, are produced by the different blendings of the different hues of spiritual sunshine and shade that pervade and beautify the entire universe.

THE DIFFERENT CHARACTERS OF SPIRIT-MANIFESTATIONS EXPLAINED.

It depends very much upon the opacity of the medium's mind as to what kind of spirit-light is attracted, or as to what character of spirit-manifestation is produced. For instance, minds of undeveloped and humble capacities, when found organized for mediumship, are generally available for the production of only the contradictory manifestations of undeveloped spirits, over which there is so much question pending with those who think that spirit-communion is one of the many new-fangled policies of the devil to effect the ruin of mind, peace, and competence. Yet, these same manifestations are generally of the most powerful physical effect—so powerful, in fact, that the human mind cannot do otherwise than witness them in amazement, from whatever source they may emanate—thus in the form showing that there is consistency in everything.

You now and then find a mind adopted apparently as a reasoning medium; and this is a true seeming. A mind is thus adopted because it is in a fit magnetic condition to receive and transmit the light of truth pertaining to the texture of fundamental law and its effects, which light comes direct from the magnetic condition of the Great Mind and is transmitted through such a medium's mind, with but little if any refraction and with no material aberration other than a want of that degree of magnetic life in language necessary to make the Great Magnetic Mind, the lesser magnetic mind, and their polar effect harmonize and carry conviction as their mighty triune effect. We sometimes see the same kind of medium-mind, in its transmission of thought, light, give peculiar textures of character, of mental bias, of language and of handwriting, of persons formerly known on earth. This appears to depend upon a natural arrangement of the spirit-mind between the Great Mind and its corresponding earth-lense or the medium-mind, the light shining through and representing on earth the peculiar detail of texture thus becoming the object of question. We have an outward representation in the ordinary manner of representing objects through or by the magic lantern, or in the object-glass principle, which is more common as well as useful, though, with your present knowledge, less satisfactory. A parallel run from a knowledge of the laws and effects observed as peculiar to the magic lantern and object-glass, would, like a knowledge of earth-nature in all other respects, lift earth-minds to a satisfactory comprehension of all the effects of Spiritualism as equally founded in and dependent on natural law.

There is another class of medium-minds which you observe adopted as agencies of communication. These appear to receive, and consciously reflect out on surrounding minds the objects passing before them, precisely as a mirror would reflect objects passing before it. The medium's mind is, in this instance, thus, rendered an apparent mirror mirror by the opacity of one of the series of battery actions belonging to the medium's system; and the reason why we sometimes find all three of these characters of mediumship manifested in one medium, is that the batteries, in the medium's organic system, can be controlled by spirit-power so as to produce either or all of the effects of different mediumship. Such a combination and such a power, however, are seldom seen.

You have seen the reason why carbon, after receiving its excess of electricity by inter-electro-chemical action, had the power of retaining that excess—you have seen and comprehended the true character of magnetism resulting from electricity in motion, and the manner in which and the reason why it maintains the individuality of all inter-electro-chemical concentrations. Spirits in the spirit-spheres are but positive concentrations, variously modified, that stand out in the field of Nature as inter-electro-chemically individualized intelligences which, when coming in contact with the magnetic condition of certain minds or mediums, can individually manifest—in the operations of rapping, tipping, lifting and so on—the leading characteristic traits of the magnetic conditions of both the medium and the spirit—the more material always giving the more powerful physical, though less reliable mental, manifestations.

As a general rule, the more elevated the spirit, the less physical force it manifests, but the more reliable its statements prove. To endeavor to simplify—the grosser the magnetism, the more manifest the physical effect. For instance, in the case of the combustion of a candle, the magnetism resulting from the polar condition of the carbon and hydrogen of the candle and the oxygen of the atmosphere, being of a gross character, readily burns the finger if touched, and produces thousands of other remarkable effects of a most manifest character. This cause and these effects, then, all depend on the polar condition of the original elements of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen.

Again, bearing these facts in mind, we bring the concentrated character of carbon and hydrogen—in the form of alcohol, turpentine, gas, and the like—in contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and they all flash or burn in accordance with the greater or less excess of carbon and hydrogen they contain.

NATURE OF THE MIND OR SOUL.

All elements are dualities. For instance, carbon is the body which inter-electro-chemical action gave, and the electricity which it contains is the soul derived from the Great Spirit; and upon the same principle, the human mind, materially considered, is a magnetic form, derived from inter-electro-chemical concentration, which has within a soul or light of reason drawn from the spirit-spheres; while the spirit is an existence whose outward materiality is your inward soul, and whose inward soul is developed intuition more refined than you can conceive with your glimmering imagination. Hence it is that, these two magnetic conditions coming *en-rapport*, the spirit or positive condition can, upon the same polar principles that govern throughout nature, produce the same magnetic effects it could produce were it in the form, provided the semi-dual condition of reason, which is that feature of magnetism peculiar to earth-mind, is retained in excess. This, however, you will more fully comprehend when we come to speak of the four cardinal points or double duality, which, in undergoing the revolution of development, presents us with a trinity and a rule of action that in the trigonometry of progress requires us to *add three and carry one.* This idea is illustrated by the rolling snow-ball with three times the circumference of its diameter, its dimensions increasing with accelerated proportion until it in time increases as much in one revolution as it did in thousands of revolutions at first, the ball growing by mechanical adhesion instead of by inter-electro-chemical digestion and accretion or concentration.

The laws by which all the phenomena of nature are produced legitimately address themselves to the comprehension of human reason—all, save the polar conditions producing effects positive to our minds. For instance, such an effect as a God without a beginning or ending, and other to us literal abstractions, are beyond the pale of our conception and must rest as undigested points to us, at least for the present, perhaps forever.

You of earth have enough to do to perform your conscientious duty. If you do this, when you pass the earth-life, it will be to attain a higher, nobler, and more glorious state of existence.

Medium's Column.

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A god of like improvement then appears,
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As fishes well secured in globes of glass,
Are free within, though none without can pass;
While they, like us, look outward all around,
May often wish a larger range was found.
But highest wisdom hath ordained this plan,
To focalize the feeble powers of man;
Where each may freely choose a field of thought—
May grope in darkness or be wisely taught;
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And the love that knows no sleeping
Seeks to guide and guard you here.

O you little scornful mortals,
Wrapped around in proud conceit,
Think you that your hate prevents us
Coming back your souls to greet?
It is true the spirits' entrance
You can bar with spite and sin,
But we wait with loving patience
Till you rise and let us in.

Will you call us fiends and demons,
We who love and aid you most?
Do you truly know its meaning,
Sinning 'gainst the Holy Ghost?
List, O listen, to the mission,
That is coming from on high,
And let Heaven and Earth in union
Work to bless and purify.

A STRANGE STORY.

Spirit Voices in the Air.

Spirits Talking Face to Face with Mortals, and Eat and Drink in Their Presence.

The Lacon, Ill., *Home Journal* tells the following strange story, and says:

"It is told by a Citizen of Orthodox belief, who personally witnessed what he describes; who does his own thinking, and investigates carefully before he pins his faith to anything; who never attended a Spiritual sitting in his life, and has heretofore utterly scouted the idea that the so-called manifestations had any supernatural origin or connection whatever. He tells what he saw, and leaves others to draw conclusions. To his mind, all description or collusion was out of the question, and the 'manifestations' (we use the word for want of a better term) continued while the manager (if the mother of the little medium may be so called) was absent from the room, engaged in a hot polemical dispute with a visitor."

Not far from our State Capitol resides a lady whom I will call Mrs. Smith. She has an adopted daughter about ten or twelve years of age. This daughter seems to be the innocent occasion of something quite unusual, to say the least, in the world of phenomena.

A venerable old gentleman, whom we name Mr. Brown, with his estimable lady, reside in affluence in the suburbs of the Capitol. They are entirely childless in their declining years, having lost five children in the last thirty years, their last child, a promising young man of eighteen, having fallen from a steamer and drowned while returning from St. Louis, about two years ago. This climax of misfortune, which took away their best prop, blighted their hopes and cast them into an overwhelming sorrow.

About the month of February last, under various circumstances of both time and place, voices were heard in conversation, carried on as by children and young persons, in the immediate vicinity of the little adopted daughter of Mrs. Smith. These voices claimed to be those of various people, and especially of young people. Among them were the five children of Mr. and Mrs. Brown. So frequent and so urgent were the appeals to Mr. Brown and his wife to go over and hear the voices for themselves, that they at length yielded a very reluctant assent and went. And went again and again, until they were satisfied the talk they heard there, was really the conversation of their children that they invited Mrs. Smith and her little adopted daughter to visit them and remain several days, thus affording Mr. and Mrs. Brown the opportunity of hearing their children talk in their old home.

Hearing of all these things recently while spending a few days at the Capitol, we sought an interview with all parties at the house of Mr. Brown. He lives in a fine large brick mansion of modern finish, standing in the centre of an expansive lawn, with all the usual surroundings of abundant wealth. Mr. Brown is one of the oldest citizens of Central Illinois, and an old-school Presbyterian in religion. We were politely and generously welcomed to investigate, to see and hear all that was to be seen or heard. We found Mrs. Smith and her daughter there. She was a stout Yankee lady, of fifty-five, perhaps, intellectual and energetic, and the little girl, a quiet, undemonstrative child.

We were all invited to a seat in a well-furnished room, of fourteen by sixteen feet. In the room were a book-case, cabinet-organ, marble-top table, an arm rocking-chair, lounge, a guitar, a French harp, a small bell, and perhaps eight or ten common cane-seat chairs. Our company consisted of Mrs. Smith, her little daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and four other ladies and two gentlemen, a majority, like ourselves, curious and interested to see and hear anything strange and unusual. The room had two windows having outside blinds, and hung with heavy damask curtains, with one door opening from a hall. The little girl was seated in the rocker near the corner of the room, at the end of the table, which stood against the wall opposite us. The room was then darkened, and a lady by request played and sung a quiet little air for a minute, and all was dark and still. In a minute or two a clear and somewhat youthful voice was heard from the corner near the little girl saying, "Papa, that, that you got me in town to-day won't do, it's too heavy;" and before this voice had fully uttered the above remark, another voice from the same quarter, somewhat like the former, yet different and more feminine, and said "It makes his fingers ache to play it, papa."

Mr. Brown at once replied, "Well, Bertie, I'll see if I can't get a better one." "Not yet," quickly replied the first voice, "I'll see, may be I shall get used to it."

Shortly, several voices from the same direction, joined in a general chat among themselves, and in reply to a shower of questions from the guests, who, by this time felt quite at home.

Here, a request was made that the little girl be tied. "Where's the string?" asked a voice from the corner. A string was tossed there, and soon the peculiar sound as of tying came for a minute from near the little girl; then the voice promptly said, "There, she's tied," which, on letting in the light by opening the door, we all found to be true. The little girl sat with her wrists firmly tied together, and both fastened to the arm of the chair. She, meantime, being fast asleep.

The door was again shut, and the voices again broke upon our ears in general conversation as before. "Sing something, said a lady to them, when a child-like voice sung

"Shall we gather at the river,"

for all the world like a Sunday school girl. Another like request brought out another song,

"The Golden star,"

all the verses with very distinct enunciation, yet with a child-like rendering in other respects. "Bertie," says one, "can't you whistle a tune for us?" "Yes, what'll you have?" "Oh, anything." A familiar air was whistled in a somewhat sharp, shrill whistle in a high key, not quite so life-like and natural as that of a shool-boy.

"Whistle Yankee Doodle," said another, and Yankee Doodle was whistled. A moment of silence, and a sound as of fingers thumbing a guitar, and French harp accompanied by the bell, to which a dozen feet or more, seemed to keep time on the floor, immediately in front of the table. When they had finished, Bertie's voice was heard to say, "Well, Mrs. C., do you think the medium done all that?"

Here on request the door was opened. We all examined the little girl, and found her hands still tied and securely fastened to the arm of the chair, and fast asleep as before. Before closing the door again, a couple of hickory nuts were placed in the mouth of the little medium. Notwithstanding the precaution, almost before the door was fairly closed, the voices began as cheerily as ever, sometimes as many as five or six different and distinct voices being engaged in the general talk and chatter. An almost endless variety of questions were asked them, and answered by them, many of these questions and answers eliciting the most hearty peals of laughter, in which all the visitors joined from very sympathy and mirth.

They would answer as promptly and naturally as any human being could do. More music was called for, and they repeated the trio performance on the guitar, French harp and bell, to which three or four seemed to dance, and others to keep time with their feet on the floor, making it easy to distinguish six or eight pairs of feet in all.

One of the little girls, whose name the voice gave, was asked to sing Yankee Doodle. "Oh, no, that's too silly; I know you won't like that."

On being assured that it would be more than acceptable to us she readily, easily and very naturally sung:

"Yankee Doodle come to town on a little pony,
He stuck a feather in his hat and called it macaroni,"

which brought down the house with a hearty laugh, in which all the voices joined as loud and hearty as any body present.

A long line of questions followed. One says, "Bert, how did you manage to find your brother and sister, when you went over to that country?" "O," said he, "I went right to them."

Then the little child, who could hardly talk plain, was asked, "How did you find your brother and sister, Katie?" "They came and got me," she replied, in a sweet little voice, with somewhat imperfect accent.

Another says, "Bert, what sort of a country is it where you are?" "It's a real nice country," he quickly responded. "Everything is nice. The streets are paved with gold; the gates are made of pearls; the trees, and flowers, and hills and mountains, and everything pretty near that you have here, only it is a great deal nicer and better." They said they went to school; had work to do; business to attend to—everybody had something to do.

"What have you been doing, Bert, for the last few days?" asked one present. "I have been in a jewelry store a while," was the reply, "but most of the time I have been at school."

This son of Mr. Brown, who was drowned, had a favorite dog—one of those spotted carriage dogs—a fine fellow. When these voices were heard, he recognized Bert's and came into the room. Immediately, the voice from the table, called the dog by name, and chirruping to him, said, "Come here, Carlo," and the like. The dog moved around toward the voice, and distinct pats on his back could be heard. Indeed, most of them were such as to be heard in the hall, while the voice kept up a continuous rattle of kindly and petting terms. The dog received it all with the utmost relish.

The door was again thrown open, and all things were as before. The child-medium still fast asleep, breathing in that peculiar manner of a sound sleeper, her head reclining upon her breast, the hickory nuts in her mouth, and her hands fastened together and to the chair. All examined her; all seemed satisfied she had done nothing of all we had heard.

At about five and a half o'clock, after a two hours sitting and talk, the voice of Bert, quite to our astonishment, calls out, "Mamma, we are hungry, and want something to eat." "What will you have, my son?" said Mrs. Brown. "O, bring us some broiled fish and some strawberries and cream," responded Bert. "Yes," said another voice, "give us some strawberries and cream and some fish, mamma." Mrs. Brown and a lady friend and near neighbor, started to prepare the repast, and as they were passing out, the first voice says, "Hurry up, for we are hungry."

Very shortly after, the ladies returned with the fish and the berries, with spoons and knives and forks. We all examined the room, the plates, saucers, knives, forks and spoons; assured ourselves that the whole thing was real, and that the little medium was safely tied and fast asleep as before.

The door was now closed again, and immediately there commenced the clatter of knives and forks and spoons, at the table, as if half a dozen real, live, flesh and blood people were earnestly at work making a meal. They talked, and we all talked as before. They would clear their throats; speak as if they had their mouths filled with food, with as much naturalness as you can imagine. Their eating lasted about fifteen minutes. They then called for a wet napkin, and on receiving it remarked, that it was cold.

Now, the light was let in again. We all examined the room, found no one there but the medium, and nothing new except empty plates and saucers; a fork had fallen to the floor during their meal, and was still on the floor. This fork was Bert's; when it fell he remarked, "There goes my fork; well, I don't care—I can get along without it."

The plates and saucers being removed, the voices, the singing and laughing were resumed for a short time, when they told us they wouldn't do any more then, but would come again at nine o'clock. So the company dispersed.

The voices kept chattering and talking until all had left the room. We could distinctly hear them across the hall in another room. One voice called for "papa" to come back—they had something to say to him; another called, "Mamma, come back." Thus they were talking, as we left for home.

It was now after six o'clock. We had been observers of this phenomenon, whatever it was, for three hours, during which, the different persons composing our number, except two gentlemen who were seated next to us, and whom we knew perfectly well, went out and in with perfect freedom. But all this did not seem to change, or seriously interrupt the talking.

The foregoing is only a brief and an imperfect sketch of what actually happened. The entire three hours were crowded full of these sayings and doings. All in the room took an unrestrained part. Questions were asked in rapid succession; remarks were made by all present to the voices and to each other, precisely as would have been done if the voices were a part of the company. Sometimes, a new voice would appear, and would greet, by name, each person whom they knew, by saying, "How do you do, Mr., Miss, or Mrs. so-and-so," and Mrs. Smith would introduce the rest of us to them.

One asked Bert: "Where the little Swiss girl was that was here this forenoon." "She's here," said Bert. "Why don't she talk?" "O, she can't talk English," Bert replied.

During their talk, they alluded with great glee to the fact of their waking up the family the night before. There came up a thunder storm while we were in the room. These voices commented upon the thunder and lightning and the rain. In short, they talked, laughed, sung and played, just as anybody would, for three hours, bid us all good-bye and disappeared.

You ask, what was it? I answer, voices. Whose? Don't know. I am satisfied that they proceeded from none of the persons who were with us in the room; and, except so far as these voices and sounds were an indication, there was no evidence whatever, of the presence in the room, of any other person. You, or some of your readers, may be able to account for it. I am not.

A wicked fellow was desperately sick and lying at death's door when he was called upon by a minister, who urged him in view of his probable early departure from the shores of time, to "wrestle with the Lord." The sick man called attention to his emaciated limbs and unstrung muscles, and said: "Do I look like wrestling with the Lord? Why, he would trip me into hell the first pass."

Clairvoyance.

BY H. C. PIERCE.

In a former article I have asked, how can a clairvoyant know that he or she is independent? There are a few who affirm it, but since clairvoyance is not synonymous with omniscience or infallibility, we may not take the person's bare assertion for the truth. Especially do we object to this course of settling the question, when we know so many clairvoyants who once thought themseves independent of spirit control, but now discover the true source of their power. Some persons are so averse to spirit influence and mediumship, that they would have repelled the approach of a spirit, had he come the usual way. They are tired and sick of their own mediumship, if they ever had any,—hence the spiritual power comes to them in a new way. Besides, the world was ready to investigate mesmerism, psychology, psychometry, and clairvoyance long before it could get its consent to entertain a thought favorable to spirit intercourse. The spirit-world took advantage of these earthly prejudices, and gently lead a great many souls into the comprehension of the truth. But the time is now fully come to discuss the true origin of the clairvoyant power.

Brothers Davis, Randolph, and one or two others have indicated that they are more than "mediums"—they are clairvoyants. In my first article, I referred to a statement in "Nature's Divine Revelations," that we might be spiritually influenced, without being conscious of such control. Strange to say, Randolph is made to testify, also, against his so-called *independent powers*. On page 12 of "Dealings with the Dead," the immortal Paschal B. Randolph says:

"For a time I attributed these exaltations of soul to myself alone, and supposed that I was not at all indebted to foreign aid for many of the thoughts to which at such moments I frequently gave utterance; but much study of the matter has at length convinced me not only that the inhabitants of the soul-worlds have much to do in moulding the great worlds of the future, but that occasionally they so manage things that their thoughts are often spoken, and their behests, ends, and purposes fulfilled by us mortals, when we imagine that we alone are entitled to the sole credit of much that we say, think, and do, when the fact is, we, doubtless, are ofttimes merely the proxies of others, and act our allotted role in a drama, whose origin is entirely supernatural, and the whole direction of which is conducted by personages beyond the veil."

Admitting this, how can any of these independent clairvoyants, as they would be called, demonstrate the fact? It is utterly impossible.

But will the premises be denied? We think not. We remember, in further confirmation of the position here taken, to have seen a very interesting article from our worthy brother, and worker, Judge Edmonds, on "Unconscious Mediumship." It was in the *Banner of Light*, about a year or so ago, we believe. The writer clearly entertained the same views we have quoted from Davis and Randolph.

We have no particular word now for those who really believe in the *independency* of their mediumship; but we would respectfully suggest to those who are, and have been, spirit-mediums in the other phases threof, as rapping, writing, trance, etc., that the judgment of the world is not very charitable toward them for exercising clairvoyance, and denying its spiritual character. We have the greatest sympathy for mediums as a class. Our bosom partner has enjoyed the gift from a mere child. We are bound to defend them in the right. But mediums are imperfect, as well as other folks. And some are ashamed to be called mediums, but they are wonderful clairvoyants! Let me entreat you, mediums, and friends of truth and progress, don't turn Peters and deny Christ. Let not Christ be wounded in the house of his friends. Do not cater to the silly prejudice of those who affect to despise mediums. Such are the men who despised and killed that Judean Medium who was not ashamed to say he had no power (independent clairvoyance) of himself. All his power was derived. So, also, is ours. We would not be uncharitable, but our experience teaches us to watch those very carefully who set themselves up as Clairvoyants, Astrologers and Psychometrists, and deny that they act under spirit-influence. They may, it is true, as we have seen, be ignorant of that influence or control; but we are acquainted with cases where, we are sorry to say, they are not honest, in denying mediumship or control.

It is a law of mediumship, that our own states determine the character of the spirits attracted to our sphere; hence, any unfaithfulness, or want of virtue in the mediums, must necessarily have a damaging effect upon their communications. Hence, it follows, that much of the so-called clairvoyance is from spirits upon an exceedingly low plane, who are in sympathy or magnetic rapport with incorrect mediums.

Randolph, on page 108, of the same work, above quoted, confirms this, in these words:—"Those ill-meaning ones who live just beyond the threshold, often attain their ends by subtlety, infusing a semi-sense of volitional power into the minds of their intended victims; so that at last they come to believe themselves to be self-acting, when they are, in fact, but the merest shuttlecocks!"

Such language seems to us, to be rather severe to be applied to our independent Seers and others of like ilk; but then it is Cynthia's own words to our friend, when enjoying that high spiritual condition which he calls the *blending*. Now, if these views be substantially correct, where shall we look for that power called clairvoyance, independent of spirit-influence?

Spiritathesis, or the Birth and Development of Spirit.

BRO. S. S. JONES:—Some years ago, when less known to yourself and the world, I sent you the result of a very strange, lucid interview, engaged in between my physical senses and the exquisite thought-realm in the surrounding expanse, and which, occuring in one of my most transparent intervals of inner vision, had so strong an impress upon my mind, that I wrote, as well as memory would permit, but the MS. was lost in sending. Yet, thinking that the ideas may still be of interest, will give you a few, as well as brevity and a disturbed memory will permit.

I had been struggling in my mind to determine that mysterious line of gestated human life, that should give to the germ the living baptismal of immortality—the heritage of a deathless spirit. Suddenly, as quick solutions dawn upon the comprehension, where long studious application fails to satisfy, *this* came to me.

There is a sea of infinitude, as perpetually rife with spirit germs as the over-laden atmosphere of a conservatory is of floating aroma. Imperceptible to materiality, save through the magnetic windows of spirituul sense, yet everywhere-present floats this densely laden atmosphere of spirit-zomes (once, and once only, *clearly* perceptible to my *clearer* sight), corresponding in the spiritual, to the animated and grosser zoosperms of material life—like them waiting on the fringe of circumstance to give them materiality through gestation, yet *un*like them, never lost, but making their choice in selections; the grosser and the finer grasping at an opportunity to find themselves a magnet of expansion, resembling, in the agitation of this atmospheric cloud ether, of life—seen through interior vision, as rays of sunlight make visible the dust-cloud in our room, before unseen, selects damp spots to fall upon. So these spirit-zomes are gathered by the conditions that demand them, and for such nourishment as is afforded for their sustenance. Such *quality* attracts its own in the spirit-germ that waits upon it. Thus, conception cradles only what it invites, and moulds the *material* offspring from the *first*, though *educated* through gestation as through childhood, the proofs of which lie in experimental history—not only with the human, but in kind, with the lives of the animal kingdom and species.

A pictured Ethiopic face upon the wall has drawn its mirage on the germ, and invited a corresponding sperm at the moment of conception. The cunning management of Jacob won him the best and greater portion of Laban's cattle and herds. Through the same law the twisted saplings at the well caused their reflex in the "ring-streaked and speckled" that were begotten in consequence.

Thus the claim to individual immortality begins thus early its round of never-ending life, with the human germ, and if disturbed before matured sufficiently by gestation, to be sustained by artificial substitutes, it must mature and grow upon, and by, the slower and more painful law and product of absorption, dwelling in the spiritual ether, a *germ* among the spirit-zomes, until sufficiently strengthened, fed and expanded, to be received into the watchful and loving protection of angel hands. These are the primates of spirit existence.

ADDIE L. BALLOU.

Terre Haute, Ind.

"We Have Returned."

S. S. JONES—Dear Sir: After a sojourn of six months in the one-horse city of Troy, N. Y., we have returned to the twelve-horse city of Chicago. We made numerous cures of cases called incurable by other physicians; also gave some tests which proved true to the recipients. On our return to Chicago, we had much difficulty in finding a place to put our heads in.

We have taken an office and rooms at No. 182 W. Adams street, cor. of S. Halsted, where we would be pleased to meet all progressive minds, and especially all who may wish to be healed by natural remedies.

On Sunday last, Dr. E. C. Bunson called to visit us. The moment he came into our presence, he felt angelic influences at work upon him. He soon became entranced in spite of himself—and our friend B. S. Caswell, now of the Summer Land, controlled him to give us a fine communication.

We found many persons in the East, who were much pleased with the radically right knowledge your progressive JOURNAL contained. Hoping you and your paper may continue to prosper, we remain,

Fraternally Thine,
DR. THOMAS J. LEWIS,
MRS. NELLIE LEWIS.

Chicago, May 29, 1872

J. L. Potter's Report.

BROTHER JONES:—My report for May must necessarily be very short, on account of sickness. I have given but one lecture,—cold and bronchitis having prevented my speaking this month. One has joined the association. Received in dues, $2.00. The 16th of May, Mr. Henry H. Richards and Miss Cynthia Wait, at the bride's sisters, Mrs. Stapleton, were joined in marriage by your humble servant. My collections for April was $31 15, instead of $13 15, as published. I shall be ready for work in June, or at least I hope to be, and will get around as fast as I can.

Respectfully,
J. L. POTTER.

Aurora, Minn., May 24, 1872.

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

The Four Cardinal Points.—Trinity in Action.—The Rule of Add Three and Carry One.—Philosophy of Spirit Progress or Death.

SCIENTIFIC—SERIAL NUMBER THIRTY-THREE.

Duality is a term, in your earth-sense, which means two in number; but, in our spirit-sense, it expresses the polar condition between the outward and inward form, or between the body and spirit. Thus, mind is organism in form, and magnetism in spirit, the magnetism being developed by the electric motion in the organism. This is the first manifest duality which, rising from earth, as it were, meets the positive rays of impressible thought coming from the spheres, causing the mind here to manifest that character of duality we have called reason and intuition. This duality is evident in the fact that feeling follows as the inseparable companion of reason. Follow the naturalist, the chemist, or the astronomer—watch the feelings which his reasonings produce, and you will at once perceive the nature and effect of this duality of reason and intuition, which stands as the positive plate to the negative plate formed by the organism and its magnetism in the immediate battery of mind.

Here we have four cardinal points—the outward organism and its inward magnetism of the negative duality, and the outward reason and its inward intuition of the positive duality. The hour of change comes, the outward form or organism passes away but leaves its impress in its internal magnetic condition, which is the remaining life of all the elementary intelligences of the form, and now becomes the outward dual-plate of internal reason; while intuition, the former partner of reason, becomes developed anew, and finds within its dual-plate, which, for the sake of convenience, we will call light. This is what is meant by adding three and carrying one, which one is the spiritual internal *life* of all external negatives, corresponding to the spiritual internal negatives—the polar conditions of which internal life and light lead to the great positive duality of love and wisdom, both of which have their corresponding internal plates, whose range of development and action extends infinitely beyond the furthest reach of human conception.

THE SAD CONDITION OF HUMBLER SPIRIT-LIFE.—THERE IS STILL HOPE AND PROGRESS.

The spirit-spheres are spirit-conditions, rather than literal localities. Hence, the next sphere to you, or the so-called second sphere, represents a condition where the magnetism of the physical form becomes the only body of the inner life and light of which the animal or organic impress was the chief source. Hence the reason why we find that the undeveloped spirit, when cut off from the physical form and all its resources of material action and sensation, rests in the second sphere in apparent darkness. The earth-life impressions and propensities all remain and constitute a part and parcel of spirit-life there. The impressions, being false, are dark; and the propensities, being animal, are repulsive; and hence these are the sources of anguish in the first and second sphere; and hence it is that the spirit has to pass through the elemental or fiery ordeal of time, condition and relation before its repulsive characteristics will permit it to enter a higher and more refined condition of being. Picture to yourself a spirit leaving the form with all its errors, vices, and propensities magnetically retained in its very life—errors, vices, and propensities that have no resting-place, and serve but to darken and disease its every sensation—errors and darkness, vices and debasement, and propensities, with no means of satiation! Yet, thank the All-wise purpose of our being, the spirit still lives on; and, though the elemental fires rage, the dross shall be consumed, and the gold refined. The foot-prints of internal revolution are seen, the day-star of progression looms up before the spirit-eye, the moral circulation of the immortal soul bounds free, obstructions are broken up and cast off, chronic excrescences and idiosyncrasies are removed, and, as the spirit's opacity thus recedes, it passes on through all the spheres or conditions to the great condition of light or truth, which constitutes the seventh sphere—the stopping-point of human investigation. Thus led by the light of Nature to Nature's God, the soul becomes by reason of a necessity in the nature of things, an individuality, representing the intelligence, the glory, and the magnificence of the Great Mind; and yet the soul is but a comparative atom of an inconceivable universe!

THE PHILOSOPHERS OF OTHER AGES AND NATIONS HAVE HAD GLIMMERINGS OF GREAT TRUTHS.—HENCE HAVE ORIGINATED ALL BIBLES AND RELIGIONS.

The laws, relations, and effects, herein set forth, have been understood by the philosophers of other ages and nations only to a limited extent; yet just enough to produce those glimmerings of theism upon which the Bible, creeds, and sects of all ages and nations are based.

Such teachers as Confucius, Zoroaster, Plato, Mohomet, Swedenborg, and others, had an internal perception of the laws of nature, which were given out to their respective schools in the best and most available kinds of figures which they could use to express their exalted conceptions. These teachers, you can now see, were thousands of years in advance of their age; but the schools saw there was something pure, beautiful, and attractive in their teachings; and, not being able to understand them, the schools deified most of their teachers, and wove their personal exploits into a mythical wreath with which to bedeck the faithful brows of coming posterity. Even your Bible, the beacon-light of Christendom, sprang from such a source, and is the living representative of the truth that universal law is the spirit, and form is the body, of the God of the universe; that every outward form has its internal reality, and that Christ was a literal and spiritual representative of that light within our nature that will ultimately lead every living soul up to its abiding place in the bosom of our common Father.

PHILOSOPHICAL EXPLANATION OF THE IDEA OF FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST.

To be more plain, however, the teachers or seers saw the operation of Power, Principle, and Effect, which, they seeing them as general conditions, without comprehending their internal natures, they called Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

But analysis has gone on, and effects have been traced to their causes, until now the Spiritualist can commence at the cause, and, reasoning from within, outward, demonstrate to every truly rational mind the internal reality of every outward form, and thus, with the faith growing out of the conviction of reason, and with the light of hope increasing at every step of progression, and stand forth the legitimate heir to the Father's kingdom, as well as a living light and example to all considerate observers in the world around them.

THE BIBLES AND RELIGIONS HAVE SERVED THEIR PURPOSE OF NOURISHING THE INFANT MIND OF MAN.—HIS REASON IS NOW CAPABLE OF DIGESTING STRONGER, HIGHER, AND HOLIER FOOD.

The scriptures of all ages and nations having originated thus, we may conceive their fundamental purpose to have been the gradual and consistent development of reason, as the necessities of the case might require.

The Bibles and Creeds, heretofore compounded of positive mind and negative propensity, gave truth, food, and vitality to reason, and have so far developed it that it is now mature enough in the more enlightened minds of earth, to be weaned from the Mother's bosom (Love), and partake of the Father's bounty (Wisdom), and thus, in its onward course, become the Christ within that will, though crucified in the form, rise beyond the thraldom of its grosser organism, and lead all (though sad obstructions may arise in the humbler spheres) to Happiness and Heaven in the true spiritual signification of these terms.

Medium's Column.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 34 Clinton Place, New York. Terms $2.00 and three stamps. Money refunded when not answered.

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A god of like improvement then appears,
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Yet hath no less decreed that man shall be,
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As fishes well secured in globes of glass,
Are free within, though none without can pass;
While they, like us, look outward all around,
May often wish a larger range was found.
But highest wisdom hath ordained this plan,
To focalize the feeble powers of man;
Where each may freely choose a field of thought—
May grope in darkness or be wisely taught;
Where all *will* learn, as laws are understood,
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Thus God ordained that every wayward soul
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Jehovah's crown a diadem of pearls!
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Destroy but one, the boundless spheres will fall,
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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Original Poetry.

OUR TRUNDLE-BED.

BY L. W.

Guardian angels 'round me singing,
Fill my soul with calm delight,
As the echoes of their music
Floats across the starry night.

I can hear the same low voices
Wafted on the balmy air,
Bringing back the scenes of childhood,
And a mother's evening prayer;

Kneeling down beside her darlings
In their little trundle-bed,
Softly with our blended voices
Nightly thus our prayers were said.

Now again as in my childhood,
Though the sands of life are low,
I can catch the solemn cadence
Of that voice of long ago,—

Hear again the same low whisper
As of old when prayers were said,
And a mother knelt beside us
In our little trundle-bed.

Years have passed—and many passions
Swept across life's troubled wave,
But a mother's holy teachings
Come with power her child to save.

And I wait as in my childhood
When the vesper time has come,
For the low and solemn music
Wafted round my mountain home;

Hear again the same sweet voices
As of old when prayers were said,
And a mother hushed her darlings
In their lowly trundle-bed.

Prophecy in Poetry.

Seventy years ago, Joel Barlow, then American Minister to France, in a poem called "The Canal," uttered this apostrophe:

"Ah, speed thy labors sage of unknown name;
Rise into flight and seize thy promised fame,
For thee the chymic powers their bounds expand!
Imprison'd lightnings wait thy guiding hand,
Unnumbered messengers in viewless flight!
Shall bear thy mandates with the speed of light."

His lineal decendant, Warren Sumner Barlow, in 1871, thus records the fulfillment of that prophetic effusion, in the following extract from his "Voice of Prayer," page 24th:

"The lightning from the clouds was caught,
And vitalized with living thought!
Our Franklin reined the flaming steed,
While Morse subdued him to our need,
Whose heart propels electric fires,
Aroundthe world on slender wires!"

In the same poem beginning on page 29th, is also a prophecy in the following lines:

"The prayers of our fathers were more than they seemed,
When the sunshine of Liberty over them beamed;
For when they proclaimed equal rights throughout earth,
Our Goddess conceived, and ere long will give birth,
For her labor and pain foreshadow the morn
When Freedom the child of her love will be born.
Then laws will protect every child of the sod,
And know no distinction, like Nature and God.
Then man will in peace and in purity grow,
Without the intrusion of 'Why do ye so?'
Our honest convictions like sunbeams will greet,
And many-toned colors will blend as they meet;
Then all will be judged by the standard of worth,
Regardless of wealth, or distinction of birth.
Our churches wide open, divested of creeds,
Will mould their instruction to man's highest needs;
Their lessons of wisdom will teach self-control—
A health-giving fountain to body and soul.
The gospel of love will with laws interblend,
In union with deeds, for a glorious end;
With one common brotherhood under the sun,
All union of interests center in one.
Our natures expanded by freedom of thought,
Though all become teachers, all seek to be taught;
Yet thought in its channel, like rivers will flow,
To the Ocean of Truth as still onward we go;
Till the Banner of Peace and Good Will is unfurled,
To all Oceans and Lands that encircle the world!
That all these rich blessings may bloom everywhere,
Let Nations unite in effectual Prayer."

May the wheels of progress be so directed that this prophecy by W. S. Barlow may be more speedily fulfilled than that of his honored ancestor.

The *Illustrated Australian News* remarks:—

"Spiritualism, notwithstanding the ridicule which assails it, and the many absurd things which are said and done in its name, continues to enlarge its circle of believers, and service is now regularly performed in a large building in Lonsdale street, which is filled every Sunday morning. There is but little in the creed itself to provoke the antagonism of the church. It is calculated, despite its seeming impossibilities, to make a certain section of society who believe in nothing but Materialism step beyond the narrow bounds of a cold philosophy, and come nearer, therefore, to the church. Yet, strange enough, the clergy of all denominations, are its fiercest assailants, and if only pamphlets and sermons would accomplish it, Spiritualism, as a new faith, would have long ago died and been buried. As it is, the opposition of the church appears to give it increased vitality, and there is no question but that it is largely extending its circle of believers in this country."

RELIGION AND MORALITY.

A Lecture by Anna M. Middlebrook, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, Delivered Before the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia.

[Phonographically Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal, by Henry T Child, M. D.]

The year that is dying has grown weary with the weight of those great subjects that have been forced into it.

Those who dwell above you in the angel world, have caught the impulse of this heavy burden that has been laid upon the old year, and by a slow and deliberate consideration have arrived at conclusions respecting those great subjects. You must be aware that when a man becomes inspired with a great idea, and his mind is sufficiently positive to give force and extent to that idea, that society becomes, in a measure, magnetized with the subject, and mankind, one after another, reach out and grasp it, first, perhaps, to condemn it, afterwards to consider it, and bring it up from time to time and treat it for a while as an enemy, then to see another side to the question, and oftentimes they adopt just the sentiment they have condemned. It has been so in regard to many subjects that have been pressed upon the human mind during the past year. The world has felt the agitation of thought that comes from these subjects, and all who are susceptible to the inspiring influences of the day, must think of them in one way or another. It is a remarkable fact that those persons who see first of all an idea that will prove beneficial to mankind in all coming time, are almost invariably set up as targets, and people do all they can to murder them. They are slandered, reviled and persecuted for daring to understand something sooner than other people, and he or she must be brave indeed, who ventures to announce a new truth to the world.

You know that when Spiritualism made its advent, it was reviled and persecuted, because it was an innovator, yet it kept its onward march, breaking down a pathway and bearing individuals along with it, and now, in the commencement of the year 1872, we find the [illegible] millions of human beings. Mankind can perceive that which was imperceptible before, at stated periods and under peculiar circumstances.

While mankind closed their spiritual eyes they could not see this light. Spiritualism was called an innovator because it advanced a new religious sentiment. The inhabitants of the spirit-world, who had gone out there, said they did not find things as they had been represented. They did not find a God seated on a great white throne, the awful Judge who smiled upon the righteous, and frowned with fierce anger upon the wicked. They have been searching for years of our time, and still they found no personal God, as they had been taught they would. It was perfectly natural that they should say that we had been mistaken, and now, only that which we can demonstrate, will we accept as a rational faith, and so they said "we will return and teach mankind the truth in regard to these things." After analyzing their own characters, they found that there was no such a thing as getting religion from an outside source, and that he could not change his character to a saint, from an absolute sinner, by mere repentance and prayer. And they found that religion was within their lives, as a growth, and not outside of them; that there were no churches in the other world—that is, no special houses in which to worship God—in fact, they found no God to worship, such as had been described to them.

So, out of Spiritualism there came, as a natural necessity, that which was absolutely the dawn of a new religious sentiment. I do not say that there will grow up out of this dispensation what has been in the past esteemed as a system of religion—it being a power that brings out from the inner life the religion that humanity possesses,—and not the power that brings by means of a foreign influence a religion into the soul. It cannot result, as the old religious ideas have, in building up sectarianism and in building churches in which to worship God after the old manner. We find that as a man thinketh so he is to a vast extent. If he sees only crime, and wrath, and evil in his brother man; if he cultivates that spirit that can look upon others as inferior to himself, he will grow like unto the spirit that he cultivates.

The influence of the God, that you have been taught was a God of wrath, has made humanity wrathful. You say that these men are evil, deceitful, prone to do evil constantly, totally depraved;—there is no good in them. The old religious system teaches that God is angry with the wicked every day, and if there is none good, none righteous, then God is angry all the time. This has led mankind to look upon others as if they were not to be trusted; as though we should be cautious in regard to our associates. We must look upon them as only wicked and deserving the frowns of a righteous God, and our own frowns also. Thus the spirit of inharmony has been cultivated by that which was called religion. I cannot say that there is such a thing as false religion,—it is a misuse of terms, but it has been applied to those systems in the past.

Many persons believe that God has revealed himself to man only through a certain book, and there are very many different opinions concerning that book, and these have been the means of separating society. One has gone this way and another has gone that way, until there are the various sects that have arisen out of these differences, and men, instead of having true fraternal feelings, true love and harmony for each other, have been led to look with distrust and suspicion. We read in the Bible, "Whosoever sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed," and our civil laws have followed this, and hence the gallows and the jail are symbols of this religion. Society has acted upon the principle that man was born a murderer and a thief, so he must be either hung or shut up in dungeons. We must keep our eyes upon him, for we may not trust him. We must have restraining laws. The Bible said that in the beginning woman was tempted and she tempted man, and this entailed upon her posterity her wrong, her crime and her misery, and so they have said she was an inferior being, and, of course, original sin rested upon her, and she must be kept down. We must frame different laws for her government. We are told that we must never forget that woman was first tempted, and became the tempter of man; so this religious proposition has been a mighty weight that has lain like a heavy burden upon the elevation of woman, in a moral, political and social point of view, as well as religiously; she has been forced into subjection by virtue of those laws, that if we could trace them far enough back, we would see originated in this old Bible idea.

This disposition of looking to the past, and clinging to its old forms, is unworthy of this age, unworthy of our acceptation. We want to deliberate upon the mighty forces of nature, and the influences which shall last as long as life and eternity shall last. This requires the consideration of mighty minds, that they may so regulate and retain these codes for future guidance, that men may not be ashamed to be governed by them. Science then says to us, you will never find God if you search for him in the ages of the past. They have handed down to you all the wisdom that they had accumulated, and the wisdom of the nineteenth century declares that you will never find a personal God. And those who in spirit-world can reach down their helping hands to mortals agree in saying, that no such personal God has been found! No great white throne! No angry God! No final day of judgment!

If we exercise the common sense that is given to us, it requires nothing more than this: Religion is that which grows out of men's souls and their necessities. As a child looks upon a smiling flower and is pleased with its [illegible] admires it. [illegible] taneous feeling. So of religion. Men love it for its beauty as it springs up spontaneously; like the flower, which draws its nourishment from the sunlight and the air, so a spontaneous feeling of worship rises up in the human soul. Every human soul, if left untrammeled, would thus worship the good and the true that is in and around them. Some one says, "Is this all? Are we to have nothing more for a system of religion than this spontaneous love of the good and the true?"

We say the world will be a thousand times better off when we drop all the systems of religion, and know no system but that which comes from the human heart, which works out in love and thus moulds and forms the character. The world will have a better influence from this source than it ever had from any other.

By the old systems of religion, men have been converted and re-converted, but we have never found a man that was permanently converted. True religion is all that is needed in the world, and man is, by nature, a religious being, and this is the only basis of religion. It teaches how to act toward our fellow men. It reveals to us the great duties of life. It teaches us to act toward others as we would have others act toward us. It teaches us, as the best and highest lesson of life, to be true to ourselves, and to all others with whom we come in contact. It teaches us that nature has given us all things necessary for our growth and development. It teaches us what we need continually to learn, so that there may be a constant development and progression.

It does not teach us that we can, or should all believe alike. We are all teachers and pupils, and may teach each other and learn of one another. Thus we have a responsibility in our religion. The central thought will be like the sweet intercourse that is held between brothers and sisters, in the most harmonious relations of the family.

There are many who feel opposed to going back into the past. The past is gemmed with stars,—full of coruscations of truth. The world has been filled with these sparkling gems and they glitter upon the brows of the wise men, set in their crowns of glory. We may all find these in the past revelations. There are many of these precious gems in the Bible; these truths that come up just as flowers do out of the black soil, with their beauty, their varied tints. We live in a glorious age—an age in which all the blessing of the past may be combined with those of the present, and they make the religion of to-day grander than that of any past age. We want nothing more than a natural religion,—a rational religion. A revealed religion is good for nothing, except so far as it blends with nature, and thus becomes a natural religion.

In considering what is morality, it will be necessary to refer to the past codes that have been called moral. Men have said, "We must be cautious in our intercourse with others, for we do not know but that they are born murderers, or thieves, or some other kind of criminals, and consequently, we are only safe when we are walled in and hedged about with civil laws as well as moral laws,—and it is necessary that we should have codes of morality—absolute codes set up as a guide-board to those who might otherwise go astray." Now, how did these moral codes originate? They originated in man's mind—they grew out of man's sentiment. He fancied that in order to live well he must do God's will, and in order that we may not be injured by persons who may not be disposed to live right, we must set up a standard of morality and compel men to obey that standard. You will perceive that man originated these codes; that God had nothing to do with them.

You know that the code of morals laid down in the Mosaic dispensation is not adapted to this enlightened age. Solomon, the wise man, would compare with Brigham Young. So you see it will not do for men to go very far back when they are talking of morality, and you can see that the moral codes have grown out of men's understanding; that men, by combining their opinions and sentiments according to the locality and circumstances of their lives, have produced their moral codes, and these are the especial manifestations of certain localities and certain prevailing opinions. Go back but twenty years and compare the North and the South, and you will find that their codes of morals were widely different. In the North dueling was not tolerated; in the South it was not considered honorable to refuse to do this. This is sufficient to show that morals depends very largely upon locality, circumstances and birth. It is made up of the prevailing sentiments of the day and country.

I do protest, with all my soul, against that code of morals that says to ever man, you are so vile that you must be chained like a wild beast; it will not answer for you to be free. You must seek a moral standard for yourself. What do you think when you go into a menagerie and see a lion secured in a cage with bars of a certain strength, and another with those that are a great deal stronger? Do you not infer that the latter animal is more ferocious than the former; that these stronger bolts and bars are for safety? You know it does not change the character of the animal to put him into the cage. You know that a child was never made more patient and amiable by the free use of the rod. You may restrain the child and make it afraid of you, but you do not change its nature. You may make it submit, but you do not make it any more truly obedient; neither do you change the nature of the lion by enclosing him in a cage. Man comes into existence, then, with these iron bars around him. Society says to him, you are an animal, must be chained, and it will not do to let you go free.

morality will depend upon the [illegible] changes society stands. During the past century there has been growing within the minds of the people of this nation, a broader love for freedom. It came up like a little flower, but it grew mightily. It was thought to be a giant of marvelous power when the old Independance bell in your city rang out its peals for freedom on the air a century ago. It is but a few years since men were gagged and muzzled in their speech, and those who loved freedom were compelled to feel the galling chains pierce their flesh. Yet this spirit of freedom grows and will not be put down; it is becoming a giant in its mighty power and influence. To-day the social questions, that of labor and capital, the question of temperaace are before the world, and the spirit of freedom is stirring the people with its giant power, and the code of morals is undergoing a change, and it will be adapted to the necessities of the present day; it will gradually be changed to meet these.

Man, as a physical, an intellectual and a spiritual being, is moving forward and in this nineteenth century the higher attributes of his nature are coming out, and so whatever may be the code of morality to-day, the spirit of freedom, which is among the people, will require it to advance. Reason demands the investigation of all things; she insists that we shall enter upon this without fear. The time is coming when it will be considered that those marriages that bring into the world human beings that are filled with disease, which they must carry with them through this life are not moral, and the sin rests like a fearful weight upon society to-day. It has been said that Spiritualism favors divorces; that among those who are believers in Spiritualism there are more divorces than among other classes. Let us examine this subject. We must take into consideration the fact that woman has been considered as an inferior being. It is not very many years since man came to the conclusion that women and negroes have souls, but since the chain has been broken off the negro, perhaps by and by woman may also become free. You know the moral code of to day makes it an unpardonable sin for woman to commit an act, or even permit a man to do it, which is no sin for him, no bar to his going into the most respectable society. When we consider that woman is often placed in a position in which she seems to be compelled either to starve or sin, and that the man who thus takes advantage of her position, is not held as a criminal, we may see what the moral code is.

In our present marriage system, women have been held as mere tools in the hands of their masters. I do not speak of the position in which man places woman in marriage,—but I speak of her legal position, being given to man as an article of property, not a responsible human being, the mother of coming generations. Consider all this and then answer whether or not the code of morals that has been in existence has not made it perfectly consistent for a woman to seek a husband to protect her and give her a home.

Then when you realize the mighty truth that comes sweeping over you to-day, that men have th[illegible]ight to be born well, to receive from their pa[illegible]nts when they are ushered into existence, a well developed brain and body, a harmonious organization, one fitted to be able to grapple with the tempests of life, and when they come to take the responsibilities that they are compelled to take, that they may be able to bear them cheerfully. When we consider all these things, do you not see that the natural and legitimate results of the Spiritualistic teachings, have been to show woman that she is, and should be, the equal of man,—destined to walk hand in hand with him, and to bear a a part of the burdens and responsibilities, and not to be trifled with and held as irresponsible? It is not to be wondered at that the women who embrace Spiritualism, seeing the past condition, should bring about a revolt and declare that they will be recognized in their true and natural positions.

Spiritualism was not at fault for this. It is true, the light that Spiritualism brought into her soul, led her to see that she was a responsible being, and must be free from this subjection; so to-day this spirit is growing, and extending wider and wider in the community.

Out of 1700 divorces in four years, there were 1100 of them applied for by women. This shows the undercurrent. It is not because our code of morals is becoming more licentious; it is because humanity cries aloud from its inmost depths for freedom; that that which is sin in one is sin in another; that one cannot be lifted up and borne aloft by society, while the other is crushed under foot.

There are those that, if one becomes tempted and commits an error, draw their garments closely around them and cry sin and shame! I would not trust that woman out of my sight, that would be the first to raise a hue and cry against her fallen sister, saying, I am holier than thou.

There is a spirit that reigns in our day; it reigns, perhaps, most of all in the heart of woman that has been petted in the laps of luxury; who has never earned anything tor herself. Society, by its code of morals, has made every one of us immortal; perhaps bound us to ties in which the holy name of love is never known. What are we then better than our sisters whom we say have fallen. Strange, is it not; that the highest, holiest and noblest powers and elements of the human soul are perverted and bring guilt and destruction on us. Can not those who are not weak in themselves, look in the mirror of their own souls and find there the materials for building up a code of morals which will not lead us into error, but leave us free, that will result in those marriages of noble men and women that do not curse society?

Let us have health and happiness, purity of is there.

BENEDICTION.

May the love that is worthy of an angel's life, a life that results from such love be most divinely yours, to have and to hold evermore.

Unity.

BRO. JONES:—The article in the JOURNAL from A. E. Doty breathes forth a calm and good spirit. I feel impelled to sanction and recommend its tone. It will be so odd, too, for my name is also Doty. We cannot afford to be divided, our work is too great, and the necessity for united labor too pressing. When the soldier attempted the life of Washington, he refused to have him executed, saying "I have not a man to lose." So I feel; we have not a brother or sister to lose. We are all good in our way. We are also liable to be warped by our temperaments or interests. I have not taken up my pen to sit in judgment on my superiors; but while we argue against the errors and mistaken opinions of our co-laborers, and this we must do, let us do it with arguments and not with heated epithets. While I differ from the positions of many, I feel to tolerate all, and hate none. Twice did one of our co-laborers publish to the world, "I hold out the olive-branch of peace." I had no differences, but I watched in sorrow to see no responsive grasping of the soul to throw the pall of forgetfulness over the past, and erect an altar of reciprocal love. I do not know as you will deem these aspirations for unity needed or desirable for your columns, but if you do, I wish other papers would catch up the thought and pass it around. Times of emergency are about to press upon us. We may be divided in sentiment, but must not be in effort. A magnetism of hate or repulsion will not only retard our progress, but throw a barrier between us and the angels who work through us. Let us take the initiative in trying at least to place everything on a harmonious basis. Let us have no Little Bethel fights, in firing upon our own men, because in the darkness we take them for foes. Our common enemy is superstition, ignorance and conceit. We will work hand in hand for their downfall, never forgetting the watch-word of UNITY.

Atkinson, Ill., May 27th, '72. C. H. D.

HAMMOND, in his revival sermons, said that it was a remarkable fact that an unusual number of sudden deaths followed all great revivals. If he told the truth, the natural inference is, that the sudden deaths are the direct results of the revivals. If so, would not the public authorities be justified, as a sanitary precaution, in suppressing great revivals?—*White Cloud (Kan.) Chief.*

MRS. ADDIE L. BALLOU delivered three lectures at Mechanicsburgh, Ohio, last week. She has a three month's engagement at Springfield, Ohio.

"AH, parson, if I could only take my gold with me!" sighed a dying deacon to his pastor. "If you could, it might melt!" was the consoling reply.

A SPIRITUALISTIC journal, published in Australia, says that Gladstone, the English Prime Minister, is a firm and faithful believer in that doctrine, and knows himself to be spiritually inspired in all his great works of political progression. Evidently, he is prompted by English spirits with English ideas of progression.

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and Subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

Time and Tide Revealing Foot-prints and Tide-Marks of Mysticism's ever On-ward Course.

SCIENTIFIC—SERIAL NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE.

The educational temple of our sleep state seemingly looms up before the interior vision of modern times, as the great universal work-house of an omnipresent mysticism, devising, though seldom studied or contemplated as the wondrous achievements of mysticism deserves, still, have they, do they, and will they ever continue to elaborate, meet out, and sway the measures of mental condition, and record their footprints and tide-marks on the shores and cliffs of oceanic mind, as do the more gross and material achievements of physic force, and record their footprints and tide-marks on the geologic stratas of cosmographic condition? However visible the one or invisible the other, they seem as if the right and left wing of an ever onward purpose, bearing our dual blending of sensuous and spirit form, as if through an ever progressive revolution, from the lowest to the highest spheres.

Let those familiar with the geologic revealments and flora and fauna unfoldments of the cosmographic structure on which we live, turn as from the wondrous without, to the still more wondrous within, and they will find mysticism, the supernal prince of the fathomless sleep realm of dreams, has, through chosen measures and means, such as reason, intuition, poesy, dogmatism, skepticism, science, philosophy, deduction, and others, has thus far led, controlled, and developed, as it were, all the higher earth grades of virtue from her lower grades of vice.

Time and again has mysticism inspired the aim, controlled the course, and revolutionized the season, engendering incrustations of the earth—ever originating, dissolving, and re-establishing creeds, breathing renewed life into the ever-changing form of things—changing the ruling tide-currents of popular opinion and intolerance of professional assume; originating, tearing down and rebuilding sects, creeds, and systems; erecting and reconstructing political measures of rule; overturning kingdoms, changing dynasties, and continuously giving life, lights, and death shades to all nature's transition estate here with which we have to do.

Mysticism, of all, seems the chief controlling genius of earth-time and estate, the very center and circumference of all commotion and revolution, of the means, measures, throbbings, pulsations, life-throes, and death-struggles of seeming chance and occasion, and yet, of all forces, the one seemingly in charge of the sleep realm of dreams, with which paradoxical man seems to be the least acquainted. Yet it is sincerely hoped and believed, the time is near at hand, when, through the accumulating light of the outer, we shall begin to see the, and profit by an, ever-increasing knowledge of the inner power—as it is—and may be made available for our higher and nobler uses.

Should we pause to contemplate the moving impress of wonder-working mysticism upon the morning stars, as they sang together, upon the mediumism of orient time and succeeding ages and generations of men—upon the sages, prophets and patriarchal fathers—upon the spirit of reason, intuition and poesy, as they communed and sung together of a more hopeful future, while they yet sojourned and toiled on, as in a barbarian wilderness of sin; should we pause to contemplate the impress of mysticism upon Confucius, Zoroaster, John the Baptist, Jesus, Mohammed, Joan of Arc, Davis and other mediumistic measures of individualized condition, through which sphere communion have ever been an entity, inherent in the co-ordinate nature of things,—we should more fully appreciate mysticism, as the generating genius of revolution, and more profitably comprehend the utilitarian application of her aim to ourselves.

Though unostentatious and little understood, mysticism is wont to appear in the distant horizon, in the smallest of formlet clouds, and yet burst over the world, as in the direst of all the sweeping tornadoes of war, pestilence, and famine—though we seemingly know little of it or care little for it,—in fact, though we ignore it and regard it as impressing evil, yet it is the integral life of our very soul-natures interwoven in all our thoughts and sensations, in all forms of rule—all sects and creeds—all policies and systems,—all! all! seems to have been conceived by the spirits, suckled at the breast, and cradled in the lap of mysticism. And yet are we told there is no access by which the spiritual can move the material, when we thus see the mystical or spiritual moving the universe.

It has been truly remarked, "The stages of mystic development are in reality the great epochs from which time has dated its calendars, or from which the prominent phases of civilization have derived their salient features. With the tale of mysticism in our hands we can construct history, the rise and fall of schools, the conflict of sects, the constant reproduction of old doctrines with new faces, the influences which the shifting phases of beliefs have exercised over human progress—now and then besmearin it with blood, or illuminating it with angelic splendor,—have either sprung from this source or in some way been identified with it. The study of mysticism, so far from excluding actual life from us, on the converse, reveals actual life to us, showing the fountain sources of all animate phenomena,—first suggesting cause by effect, and thence enabling us to analyze and demonstrate the legitimate cause of effect. As the astronomically-cultured sense of vision and appliance has enabled astronomers to sweep the astral realms of space in definite thought forms, so does the cultured reason and intuition enable our definite thought form to sweep the still more wondrously beautiful realms of the mystical heretofore, present, and beyond. As by the former, the limitless trailways of numberless orbs are mapped out in a comparatively comprehensive form, so are the inner centers of mysticism's self-sustaining force by which all these are moved, revealed through our mental plane, to the higher developments of earth-mind o'er which mysticism rules.

The main and only legitimate course of investigat on having, during a few centuries past, been in a great measure cut off from the masses, by aberrative mysticism's abstract assumes of Church and State, which have dared to shut out the atmospheric light of reason from the earth, demands of the inner soul explains why up to a recent date, modernism seemingly slept on in such blissful ignorance of the true inherent fountain sources and mainsprings of human aspiration and rule.

We must, as revolving circumferent centers, seek the center, round which we revolve through all intermediate conditions and relations. We must pass from circumferent details, to such self-suggestive generalities, as will in themselves explain the details, and still on and on through generalities, to the recognition of that great central, positive, all-prevailing force beyond, which, though in reach of human feeling infinitely surpasseth all human understanding.

The Hindoos' Golden River proceeding from the divine fountain to the Ox's mouth, thence to Eorkam, thence to Essourim, thence to Mountena, thence to Earth, thence to the Sea, and thence to Hell,—typifies mysticism's nature, character and course—pure at first, becoming impure as it spreads abroad, until reaching an earth level of homogeneous imperfection, which its central impress came forth to water and redeem—feeding celestial life at its source, and mesmerized fakirs, isquis, bigots and devils amid the lowlands through which it sinks into oblivion. And so of abstracted humanity, whose dogmatic shells of concupiscent incrustation—shells we find along the lowland shores of twilight realms, that but little more than sound the memories of the celestial climes from whence their central spirit sensorium came. As all other sources of inspiration,—even the Jewish cabala was drawn from the twilight morn of mystical inspiration—Divinity thus rising and flowing from an inward to an outward realm, fell in the fall of Adam, from the first principle which cabalistic A signifies, to damn, which is the putting on of the mortal by the immortal; and the eating of the apple by Eve, cabalistically signifies the first form of the Divine principle, in passing down through condition was adulterated by admixture with its surroundings, as, virtue and vice equalized. Yet one must have the cipher of nature's self-evident cabalism, to unriddle the riddle, over which designing assume has written on the defaced tablets of all true intrinsic being. Since treating of the impresses of mysticism, that comes as through the confluent channels of our sleep state, so to speak, we may find much of a singularly interesting and instructive nature, in a more special purvey of the cabalistic premises of the past, as well as marginal lines, that might be profitably allowed within the confines of the passing present. Hence, the more direct allusion we propose making to the suggestive nature of mystical cabalism, in our next article.

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By D. W. Hull.

In this work the author shows that Jehovah was only one out of a school of Gods who play their part in the Bible; all of which are shown to be spirits of departed human beings, who had been translated to the sun or one of the heavenly constellations, in accordance with the belief of that people. He also shows the impossibility of legislating upon the subject, and gives extracts from Jefferson's correspondence on the subject.

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SPIRITUALISM.

Spiritualistic Phenomena in Moravia and Elsewhere.

[From the Moravia Weekly News.]

With some others—friends of mine—I came down to Moravia, to see something of the wonderful manifestations, which are taking place here, and the fame of which has gone abroad throughout all the land. In fact, to many people who take an interest in such things, "Moravia" is a household word. And not only among those claiming to be Spiritualists, but among others who would deny with scorn any imputation that they were hardly orthodox, are these strange things beginning to be talked about. Persons of every shade of religious belief, representing every tone of religious sentiment, are coming to see for themselvea what they hardly believe to be true.

There is an old axiom that "distance lends an enchantment to the view," but in this case it would seem that the enchantment rather increases than otherwise, as they draw near to the scene where these things transpire. It is something so out of all conformity with the natural course of events to which we have been accustomed, that it is hard, very hard, for some to break up the old well settled beliefs and venture out on the untried fields of something so entirely at variance with all previous teachings. "I wonder, I wonder if it really be true, if there is anything in it?" is the questioning of many a heart grown sad and confused in the war of creeds and dogmas, seeking somewhere for a resting place. It is a question which each one must settle for himself.

I will relate my experience at four different sittings held at Mr. Keeler's house on May 27th, 28th, and 29th.

Sittings are only held now in the forenoon.

FIRST SITTING, May 27.—Twelve persons composed the circle. Voices as usual joined with us in the singing, and some of the company were patted with delicate hands in the dark circle. There was a soft warm hand touched mine several times, and I am very confident, that no one of the persons present in the room could have done it without my knowledge. Cool breezes fanned us, and while a young lady in the circle was singing a beautiful song entitled "A Bunch of Roses," there was such a sweet fragrance diffused throughout the room, that nearly everyone exclaimed involuntarily," how delightful!" "How very beautiful!" If I had had a large bouquet directly under my nose, the fragrance could not have been stronger or more delightful. There were also beautiful lights, that must be seen to be appreciated, hovering over us like stars with a mellow radiant light. The call for a light was given by taps on the piano. There were some six different faces shown at this sitting and, most of them were recognized by some persons in the circle. One appeared several times to a gentleman from Indiana, who could not recognize it, and spoke to him and said; "When you go home, I want you to bear me in mind and see if you can not recollect who I am. Barrett Andrews." When the name was given the gentleman spoke and said, "Yes: Barrett, I know you now." This closed the sitting for to-day.

SECOND SITTING, May 28th.—We took our seats at nine o'clock, and the seance lasted about an hour and a half. There were eleven persons present besides the medium. Almost immediately upon the light being extinguished, I felt very distinctly indeed a hand come and pat me gently upon the knee. Many others also felt the touch of invisible hands upon different parts of the body, sometimes upon the arm or head. There were two lights shown, of the same general character as those in the first sitting, and, like them, very beautiful, seemingly phosphorescent balls of light dancing about in the air over our heads.

A light was called for by a heavy deep voice which said: "Strike a light," and then we had one of the best and most conclusive manifestations I saw while here. An old lady, who was recognized by a lady present as her mother, appeared at the aperture several times and and finally spoke as follows:—

Friends,: I once would not have believed this possible, but God is a God of love and not a God of vengeance; he will come to your house, and then there will be no need of reporters coming here to criticise and find fault with what we do. Tell what you see and no more. You must take the weeds out of your own bosoms, and not find so much fault with others. Grandma Cooper."

She wore an old-fashioned cap, and when she spoke I could see her lips move as plainly as I ever saw any person's when they were speaking. It was spoken slowly and very impressively emphasized. In its general character it was the most satisfactory of anything I witnessed during my stay here. Several hands were shown, and one hand and arm to the shoulder was thrust out into the light and rapped on the partition above the aperture. This was done twice. It had the appearance of a boy's arm in a white shirt-sleeve and tight wristband. It answered questions by motions backward and forward. With one or two other rather dim appearances of faces, none of which were recognized, this *seance* ended.

THIRD SITTING, May 28th.—In the dark circle there were several voices which spoke to us. One that purported to be the spirit of a departed Indian chief spoke in a gruff voice: "*Big squaw sit down; all sit up straight.*" This was explained afterward by the fact, that a lady was standing in the rear of the circle, though no one was aware of it at the time. Most beautiful voices joined us in the singing of that beautiful song, "There 'll be no more Sorrow There." They would take up the burden of the song and sing louder and stronger than any of the company. As soon as we had finished a voice spoke and said: "*Our sorrow is over; the darkness is past.*" That is indeed a beautiful thought for us, that the darkness is past for them, and it will be for us when our feet shall have passed over the river, and we stand where they are now standing in the light of peace. While we were singing "Home Sweet Home they joined in with us and sang very beautifully the refrain, "There is no Place like Home," echoing after our voices had all died away. A light was called for, but there were no manifestations in the light circle, and the sitting closed.

FOURTH SITTING, May 29th.—There were very few manifestations this morning, and those quite unsatisfactory. Something seemed to be out of turn, though exactly what it was no one seemed to know. Water was sprinkled on nearly all of the company, sometimes in fine spray, at other times in large drops. I felt it on my forehead several times during the sitting.

During the singing of the song, "A Bunch of Roses," the breath of roses came again, and seemed to me almost sweeter than before. Every one said they never smelt anything more delightful. It seemed to permeate the whole atmosphere with its sweet perfume of roses. In answer to questions, raps said they could do no more this this morning.

Mrs. Andrews informed us that for several days the manifestations had not been as good as usual, and she thinks it may be something in the weather, which has been very wet and disagreeable indeed. She is looking for an increase in the manifestations soon. Every one that comes here, if they do not admit their authenticity as spirit manifestations, say the is something very strange and wonderful connected with them which they are unable to solve. Will the mind come here that can solve them? They are at least worthy of notes being he most authentic and strange of anything of the kind in America. E. D. Y.

GLEANINGS OF SPIRITUAL FACTS.

The Book of Ser Marco Polo, the Venetian, has been lately translated and enriched and elucidated by a body of very learned notes by Col. H. Yule, C. B., and member of the Geographical Society of Italy, etc.

These erudite notes, the result of extraordinary research on the part of the highly accomplished translator, establish thoroughly, not only the entire good faith of the early traveler "the Herodotus of the Middle Ages," as he has been not inaptly designated—but prove through the experiences of later travelers, how accurate and minute were the powers of observation possessed by the dauntless and adventurous Venetian.

This ancient book, which fired the imagination of Columbus, and spurred him on to yet more wonderful adventures and discoveries, has in all centuries, since the middle ages, stirred forcibly the imagination of its readers, and been an unceasing text-book of the poets, from Chaucer to Coleridge. Presented now in its handsome modern garb, and united by the sympathetic labor of its translator with the modern world, the narrative of Polo can scarcely fail to increase in popularity, and will assuredly, make its fascination felt on many minds.

To the Spiritualist, it must ever be a matter of interest to recognize how discoverers of new land, whether natural or mental, though ignored or condemned as imposters, or fabulists, by the skeptics of their own, and even later generations, nevertheless, are infallibly justified in the fulness of time by the irresistible on-flowing of truth.

"Wisdom is justified in all her children," and so is truth. Amidst the numerous grand festivals and gorgeous ceremonials described by Marco, as having been witnessed by himself and his father and uncle, at the magnificent court of the Grand Kahn Cublai, he speaks as follows of

MARVELS OF BUDDHIST PRIESTS.

"There is another marvel performed by these Baesi (Buddhist's Priests) of whom I have been speaking, as knowing so many enchantments. For when the Great Kahn is at his capitol and in his palace, seated at his table, which stands on a platform some eight cubits above the ground, his cups are set before him on a great billet in the middle of the hall pavement, at a distance of some paces from the table, and filled with wine, or other good spiced liquor, such as they use. Now, when the Lord desires to drink, these enchanters, by the power of their enchantments, cause the cups to move from their place without being touched by anybody, and to present themselves to the Emperor. This every one present may witness, and there are often more than 10,000 thus present. 'Tis a truth, and no lie, and so will tell you the sages of our own country, who understand necromancy, for they can also perform it.

The note of Col. Yule, illustrative of this curious passage—by no means incredible to those who have witnessed the movement of objects affected by means of invisible agency in modern Spiritual manifestations—contains marvels yet more singular. He says "Sanang Setzen enumerates a variety of the wonderful acts which could be performed through the *Dharani*, (mystic Indian charms) such were, sticking a pig into solid rock; restoring the dead to life; turning a dead body into gold; penetrating everywhere, as air does; flying; catching wild beasts with the hand; reading thoughts; making water flow backwards; eating tiles; sitting in the air with the legs doubled under," &c. Some of these are precisely the powers ascribed to Meder, Empedocles and Simon Magus. Friar Ricold says on this subject: "There are certain men whom the Tartars honor, whose all in the world, viz., the Baxitæ (i. e. Bakhashis) who are a kind of idol priests. These are men from India, persons of deep wisdom, well conducted, and of the gravest morals. They are usually acquainted with magic arts and depend on the counsel and aid of demons; they exhibit many illusions, and predict some future events. For instance, one of eminence among them was said to fly; the truth, however, was (as it proved) that he did not fly, but did walk close to the surface of the earth without touching it; and would seem to sit down without having any substance to support him." This last performance was witnessed in the fourteenth century by Ibu Batuta, the Arab, at Delhi, in the presence of Mahomed Tughlak; and it was professedly exhibited by a Brahmin at Madras, in the present century. It is also described by the worthy Francis Valentyn, as a performance known and practiced in his own day in India. "It is related," he says, "that a man will first go and sit on three sticks put together so as to form a tripod, after which first one stick, then a second, then the third shall be removed from under him, and the man shall not fall but shall still remain sitting in the air. Yet I have spoken with two friends who had seen this at one and the same time, and one of them I may add, mistrusting his own eyes, had taken the trouble to feel about with a long stick if there was nothing on which the body rested; yet, as the gentleman told me, he could neither see nor feel any such thing. Still I would only say that I could not believe it, as a thing too manifestly contrary to reason."

Akin to these performances, though exhibited by professed jugglers, without claim to religious character, is a class of feats which might be regarded as simply inventions, if told by one author only, but which seem to deserve prominent notice from their being recounted by a series of authors, certainly independent of one another, and writing at long intervals of time and place. Our first witness is Ibu Batuta, and it will be necessary to quote him as well as others, in full, in order to show how closely their evidence tallies. The Arab traveller was present at a great entertainment at the court of the Viceroy of Rhansa. "That same night, a juggler who was one of the Kahn's slaves, made his appearance, and the Amir said to him 'come and show us some of your marvels.' Upon this he took a wooden ball, with several holes in it through which long thongs were passed, and laying hold of one, slung it into the air. It went so high that we lost sight of it altogether. It was the hottest season of the year, and we were outside, in the middle of the palace court. There now remained only a little end of a thong in the conjuror's hand; and he desired one of the boys who assisted him, to lay hold of it and mount. He did so, clinging by the thong, and we lost sight of him also! The conjuror then called to him three times, but getting no answer, he snatched up his knife, as if in a great rage, laid hold of the thong and disappeared likewise! By-and-by he threw down one of the boy's hands, then a foot, then the other hand, then the other foot, then the trunk, and last of all the head! Then he came down himself, all puffing and panting, and with his clothes all bloody, kissed the ground before the Amir, said something to him in Chinese. The Amir gave some order to him in reply, and our friend then took the lad's limbs, laid them together in their places, and gave a kick,—whu; presto! there was the boy who got up and sod before us! All this astonished me beyod measure, and I had an attack of palpitatio, like that which overcame me once before in he presence of the Sidi of India, when he showed me some how the same kind. They gave me a cup, quoth he ever, which cured the attack. Neither Afkharnddin was next neither marring "Wallah! 'tis my opinion going up nor coming with this, which Iba nor mending; 'tis all he saw in China, about

Now let us get account of which is given Batuta, the Melton, an Anglo-Dutch traveler), the year performances of a Chinese gang of conby E which he witnessed at Batavia, about the year 1670; (I have forgotten to note the year.) After describing very vividly the basket-murder trick, which is well known in India, and now also in Europe, and some feats of bamboo-ballancing similar to those which were recently shown by Japanese performers in England, only more wonderful, he proceeds:—"But now I am going to relate a thing which surpasses all belief, and which I should scarcely venture to insert here had it not been witnessed by thousands before my own eyes. One of the gang took a ball of cord, and grasping one end of the cord slung the other up into the air with such force that its extremity was beyond the reach of our sight. He then immediately climbed up the cord with incredible swiftness, and got so high that we could no longer see him. I stood, full of astonishment, not conceiving what was to come of this; when, lo! a leg came tumbling down out of the air. One of the conjuring company instantly snatched it up, and threw it into the basket, whereof I have formerly spoken. A moment later, a hand came down, immediately on that another leg; and, in short, all the members of the body came thus successively tumbling from the air, and were cast together into the basket. The last fragment of all that we saw tumble down was the head, and no sooner had that touched the ground, than he who had snatched up all the other limbs and put them into the basket, turned them all out again. Then, straightway, we saw with all eyes those limbs creep together again, and in short form a whole man, who, at once could go on as just before, without showing the least damage. Never in my life was I so much astonished as when I beheld this wonderful performance, and I doubted now no longer that these misguided men did it by help of the Devil, for it seems to me totally impossible that such things should be accomplished by natural means."

Again we have in the memoirs of the Emperor Jahangir a detail of the wonderful performances of seven jugglers from Bengal who exhibited before him. Two facts are thus described: "Ninth—They produced a man whom they divided limb from limb, actually severing the head from the body. They scattered these mutilated members along the ground, and in this state they lay for some time; they then extended a sheet or curtain over the spot. One of the men putting himself under the sheet, in a few minutes came from below, followed by the individual supposed to have been cut into joints, in perfect health and condition, and one might have safely sworn that he had never received wound or injury whatsoever. * * * Twenty-third—They produced a chain of fifty cubits in length, and in my presence threw one end of it towards the sky, where it remained, as if fastened to something in the air. A dog was then brought forward, and being placed at the lower end of the chain immediately ran up, and reaching the other end disappeared in the air. In the same manner, a panther, a lion and a tiger were successively sent up the chain. At last they took down the chain and put it into a bag, no one ever discovering in what way the different animals were made to vanish into the air in the mysterious manner above discribed." Vol. 1., Notes. Book I., p. 280.

We will conclude by giving one more extract from the Colonel's notes, as it contains

A REVELATION OF THE LAND OF ENLIGHTENMENT.

"The charge of irreligion against the Chinese," observes Colonel Yule, "is an old one, yet it is a mistake to suppose that this insensibility has been so universal as has been often represented. To say nothing of the considerable numbers who have adhered faithfully to the Roman Catholic Church, the large number of Mahomedans in China, of whom many must have been proselytes, indicates an interest in religion; and the Buddhism itself, was in China, once a spiritual power of no small energy, will, I think, be plain to any one who reads the very interesting extracts from Schott's Essay on Buddhism in Upper As a and China (Berlin Acad. of Sciences, 1846). There seems to be so little known of this essay that I will translate two or three passages:

"'In the year *Yuan-yen* of the Sung (A. D. 1086–1093), a pious matron, with her two servants, lived entirely to the Land of Enlightenment. One of the maids said one day to her companion, 'To-night I shall pass over to the land af Amita.' The same night a balsamic odor filled the house and the maid died without any preceding illness. On the following day the surviving maid said to the lady, 'Yesterday my deceased companion appeared to me in a dream and said to me, 'Thanks to the persevering exhortations of our mistress, I am become a partaker in Paradise, and my blessedness is past all expression in words.' The matron replied, 'If she will appear to me also then I will believe what you say.' Next night the deceased actually appeared to her and saluted her with respect. The lady asked, 'May I for once visit the land of enlightenment?' 'Yes,' answered the blessed soul, thou hast but to follow thy hand-maiden.' The lady followed her in her dream, and soon perceived a lake of immeasurable expanse, overspread with innumerable red and white lotus flowers of various sizes, some blooming, some fading. She asked what the flowers might signify. The maiden replied, 'These are all human beings on the earth, whose thoughts are turned to the Land of Enlightenment. The very first longing after the Paradise of Amita produces a flower in the Celestial Lake, and this becomes daily larger and more glorious, as the self-improvement of the person whom it represents advances; in the contrary case, it loses in glory and fades away.' The matron desired to know the name of an enlightened one who reposed on one of the flowers, clad in waving and wonderfully glittering raiment. Her whilhom maiden answered, 'That is Yang Kee.' Then asked she the name of another, and was answered, 'That is Mahn.' The lady then said: 'At what place shall I hereafter come into existence?' Then the blessed soul led her a space further and showed her a hill that gleamed with gold and azure. 'Here,' said she, 'is your future abode. You will belong to the first order of the blessed.' When the matron awoke she sent to inquire for Yang Kee and Mahn. The first was already departed; the other still alive and well. And then the body learned that the soul of one who advances in holiness and never turns back, may be already a dweller in the Land of Enlightenment, even though the body still sojourns in this transitory world. (p. 55,56).—*The Spiritual Magazine, Eng,*

Philadelphia Department.

Y.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

Moravia.

"Seeing is believing and feeling has no fellow."

We sent a hasty sketch of our first day's experience in this place.

Thanks to the kindness of our friend P. C. Tomson, who met us at the cars.

We found excellent quarters in the house of Mrs. Andrews, the medium, whose hospitality and kindness will long be remembered.

We visited Mr. Keeler's daily for five days, and had every opportunity to investigate the phenomena presented, and we design to give a faithful record of what we saw and heard.

Wednesday, June 12th, 8 A.M. Warm, rainy weather. The voices were much more distinct. A spirit said: "Dear ones, when you know conditions as you will when you cast off the mortal coil and enter into this state, you will understand the difficulties that are in the way of these manifestations. Friends, go on sowing the seed; it is spreading all throughout the earth, and it will bud and blossom and bring forth much fruit."

After presenting lights the voice said: "Let us have a light, if you please." Mr. Tomson lit a lamp and placed it on the end of the piano so that the light could pass across the doors of the cabinet. He then closed these, but they were immediately thrown open and he left them so. After a short time we saw something like a white dress at the left hand side of the opening—then a spirit about four feet high, walked out and stood in the door—he was not recognized. A hand was afterwards put out.

At the circle held at 10 o'clock, a voice called the name of Ellen, to which Mr. Child responded, and asked if that was her brother that stood in the door at the former sitting? The reply was in the affirmative.

Thursday was clear and pleasant. Mr. Keeler sat with us. They called for a light. Very soon, and almost instantly, a face appeared and was recognized as that of Dr. Noble, of Port Huron, Mich., who had appeared on Tuesday. He had a large, black patch over the side of his face; he put his head out of the cabinet so as to be readily seen by all, and was recognized by Mrs. Brown, of Port Huron, and by Mr. and Mrs. Barron and their son, of St. Clair, Mich. His face was presented several times, and he said: "Thank God, I have got through with my sufferings." He died of a cancer of the face.

After this in response to a song, "The Bunch of Roses," there came a little baby hand, with three beautiful rose buds.

A spirit addressing Mr. Barron, said: "William, this is worth more than all the riches that man can pile up."

After a few moments one of the controlling spirits spoke as follows:

"Oh friends, I love to return to earth and help humanity, for there are many, many I see cast down, and in need of our encouragement.

"Charity, friends, is the most beautiful flower that blossoms. 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.'

"Weed the gardens of your own hearts before you weed those of others.

"You will all meet here before long.

"Friends, it is much better to say nothing, unless you can say something good. You will all be sorry if you have injured any one, but never for the good you have done.

"Be not ashamed, friends, to proclaim this truth to the world, there is nothing to be ashamed of in it, or that you are a Spiritualist, and love this truth. The time is approaching when you will be proud of it, friends.

"Oh, how I long to speak to the hearts that are crushed when their loved ones are taken from them, and they think they are laid in the cold grave. I long to say rejoice, they are free; be glad, they are happy in the spirit-land; and, friends, it is but a short time before you will meet them. God bless you all and enable you to show the light in the darkness that is around you, and help you to build this mighty building of Spiritualism, which is to protect and gather in all mankind."

While speaking the above, which we took down phonographically, he put his head out so that we could see his features. He had dark hair and beard, and wore gold spectacles. He gave the name of Jackson.

After this a lady raised the curtain and showed her face so that she was recognized by some present.

At the second circle a hand was presented,—the arm was covered with a white sleeve. In response to the question of a lady, it indicated that it was her mother.

The face of a man, with long whiskers was presented; he gave the name of George, but was not fully recognized.

Then our mother appeared. We recognized her very distinctly—much more so than at Dr. Slade's. Others present recognized her. She appeared several times, and said: "Thank God, we live again. There are many difficulties to be overcome in presenting ourselves."

She replied to a number of questions by nodding the head, or shaking it.

Friday, warm and rainy. The manifestations were not very good. There were about eighty persons in four circles, none of which were very satisfactory.

Saturday, June 15th. The first circle was not very harmonious. There were few on the front seats who could sing, and the spirits did more of this than we had heard before. They have modified a verse of John Brown, as follows:

"Now three cheers, for the good time has come,
Now three cheers, for the good time has come,
Now three cheers, for the good time has come
When truth shall be proclaimed."

We could hear them sing portions of "Home, Sweet Home," and "The Beautiful River." We sat nearly an hour in the dark circle; and when the light was called for and the doors were closed, a hand and arm were thrust out at once. After a considerable pause, two faces appeared, but were not recognized. In response to the Rose song, a bunch of four or five half-blown roses were put out four times. Father Pierpont appeared and spoke these words: "Friends, it is a consolation to know that man lives again. JOHN PIERPONT."

We recognized his familiar face, but no one spoke the name until he did.

We asked him if we had better leave to-day?

"Do as you are impressed. You have done a good work by coming here. We would like you to get plantain tea and take some night and morning; it will help take the poison out of your blood. Your hand is better since you came here.,'

When requested, he put his face out. In response to a question about our publishing a short sketch of his life here, and experiences in spirit-life, he gave an affirmative answer.

Then looking around the circle he said: "May God bless you all, and lead you in the paths of light and truth."

Thus the beginning and ending of our interview at this time, and this manner, was with our dear old friend, who said to us as we came away from the house: "I shall have something to say to you about these things."

Moravia is a very pleasant town, most of the houses are kept in very good order, and the scenery around is mountainous and beautiful. We had an opportunity of visiting other mediums,—Mrs. Watson, who was quite sick, and Mrs. C. A. Booth, who is being developed for these manifestations,—hands of various sizes were presented from behind a dark curtain in her presence. We are glad to learn that there are many mediums in various sections of the country, being developed for this wonderful phase of manifestations. Mrs. Andrews, who is a very intelligent lady, is far the best we have ever seen, and it is a matter of regret that a better system and order can not be maintained. Old Mr. Keeler and his wife are good, honest, plain people, but they can not always regulate the sittings satisfactorily. We lectured in the town on Friday evening; a good audience assembled, and they were very attentive.

We left Moravia with many pleasant memories on Saturday; and after a delightful ride of twelve hours through the most romantic and beautiful country we have ever seen, we arrived safely at home.

We shall close this notice with a communication from Father Pierpont:

"My Good Friend:—You have had additional evidence of the absolute necessity of the observance of the laws if you would have good manifestations. The discord which was apparent on the external plane at that house, was not so great as that which exists among the spirits who come there. If it were not that I feel the importance of this work just now, I should have left them altogether before this. Persons come there determined to sit in the room, whether they are in harmony with others there or not, and so spirits come and demand that they shall be materialized, and while those spirits, who prepare the proper elements for presenting material forms, are at work, they crowd in and demand that they shall have the privilege of appropriating. The result is, that very few new forms can be materialized. The only thing they can do is, to put forward some of those who have been materialized many times, and who are able to bear this even amid the discord on the external and internal planes; but unless there is a better condition of things, the whole affair will end in confusion.

"Enough, however, has been shown to prove that under favorable conditions, spirits can and will materialize themselves; and now remains to be seen, who will establish the most orderly and perfect conditions and receive the best manifestations of this character.

"I will venture to offer some suggestions of a general character, which, of course, will be modified by locality and conditions of mediumship.

"First: Form your circles of from eight to twelve persons.

"Second: Sit about twice a week for half an hour in the dark, with singing or speaking, then have a moderate light and continue your sitting half an hour.

"If these directions are carried out for a short time there will almost always be something given by the spirits which will enable you to reach satisfactory results. Manifestations have occurred without having harmony, but it must be evident that they will be improved in proportion as this exists. The command given to one of old, remains to be true. 'When thou bringest thy gift to the altar and there rememberest that thou hast aught against thy brother, leave there thy gift, and go and be reconciled to him and then come and offer thy gift.'"

Irregularities in Saintdom.

The epidemic of clerical irregularities, or, more justly, alleged irregularities, which is unfortunately sweeping over the country just now, has provoked a wide discussion by the secular and religious press, and become the very general topic of conversation. The Episcopal Convention recently in session in this city, happened upon it, and, naturally enough, as it was occasioned by a revision of the canons of the diocese which provide for the administration of the affairs of the Church. After a spirited debate it was decided that hereafter all ecclesiastical trials shall be held privately.—*Missouri Democrat.*

REMARKS.

Is it possible that Christians have discovered that there are "clerical irregularities?" May an "epidemic unfortunately be sweeping over the country just now?" For twenty years these clerical gentlemen have been on the track of Spiritualism, howling "free love,"—and now their constituents have discovered that they are themselves somewhat tainted with that kind of "Spiritualism."

Well, it is good policy to bear in mind that "a thief is always crying thief;" and to look at home a little before going abroad, is best. Clerical irregularities have existed as long as there has been clerical men,—only they used to be piously covered up with the "mantle of charity." To-day, the printing press, that old satan invented some hundred years ago, aided by the "free loving souls whom he has led astray," is bringing before the eyes of the public the pious acts of these holy, clerical men who see nothing but *dirt* in everything that does not tend to bring them bread and butter,—thus demonstrating that, although they have been "born of the holy spirit," and are "called and sent ministers of God," they are no better than the generality of mankind. But this exposing of ministers must be stopped,—and how? Why, say these men, we will hereafter try our unfortunate brothers in secret. Suppose E. V. Wilson, or some other prominent Spiritual lecturer, should be guilty of "irregularities," and a dozen Spiritualists, should form themselves into an ecclesiastical court, and secretly try him, to see whether or not he was guilty, what would these reverend gentlemen have to say?

Possibly these men will shortly discover that there is not much logic in their free love argument, as they have heretofore supposed, and that because there may be a few unfortunate men adhering to a system of religion,—it does not necessarily prove that system false in its teachings. The fact is, the world is full of misery, crime and woe; full of men who, having been surrounded by improper influences, have grown up with imperfect organizations. Such individuals are deserving of pity, and should be treated as brothers,—not cursed and driven away as is the plan of christians. We should all labor to alleviate the sufferings of humanity,—to stay the bloody hand of crime, and make the world better. This can only be effected through the instrumentality of proper education.

My father and Mr. Hunter, of this place, visited the gallery of Mr. A. D. Willis, in Crawfordsville, Indiana, a few days ago, and received good spirit photographs. Mr. Willis has a splendid gallery, and is doing all he can for those who visit him, by way of giving them substantial evidence of immortality.

GEO. C. ARMSTRONG.

Wellington, Ill.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

BAKER-ENG-CHICAGO.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Select Poetry.

THE OTHER WORLD.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

It lies around us like a cloud—
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek,
Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred;
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

And in the hush of rest they bring
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently laid in loving arms,
To swoon to that—from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us watch us still,
Pass nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught—
A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

AMONG THE SPIRITS.

The Haunted House at the Old Brick Yard---The Spirits in Possession Interviewed by a Party of Scientific Gentlemen from London and the Eastern Press.

[From the Lafayette (Ind.) Courier.]

It has long been the habit of cultured people—saving and excepting the large and respectable class who in modern times have given in their adherence to the doctrine of "Spiritualism," so called—to utterly repudiate the notion so prevalent among the uneducated, that the spirits of the departed ever return to the scenes of their former existence, or that aught can be known by mortals of the spirit-world. Supernatural manifestations are supposed by the learned to have long since ceased to puzzle the human understanding, at least, so the learned would have the rest of the world believe, and yet the truth is, that there is only a very small part of the human family that does not in secret entertain something more than a suspicion, that the same occult power that far back in the olden time called up at the bidding of Saul, King of Israel, the shade of the dead Prophet Samuel, may still exist, and that a few daring delvers into those mysterious sciences which time out of mind have thrown a halo of mystery around the remote East, may still possess a mystical knowledge which penetrates that outlying region, at the margin of which *modern* learning pauses, and ventures no further.

With these few preliminary remarks, we call our readers' attention to the rather well known fact that for a long time there has been a

CURIOUS POPULAR SUPERSTITION

that a certain unpretending edifice occupying a desolate spot, once the site of an old brick-yard, at the head of North street, extending eastward, and about half a mile beyond the city limits, was haunted, and that

STRANGE MANIFESTATIONS

have been witnessed by more than one of our citizens whose integrity rose above suspicion, although it might be questioned whether an excited imagination might not have materially aided the natural sense of sight, and transformed occurrences easily explainable by the simplest rules of chemistry and physics, into something altogether

INEXPLICABLE AND SUPERNATURAL.

It is almost unnecessary to add that the *Courier* has never given the smallest credence to these wild rumors, and has only occasionally referred to them as items of city news. On yesterday afternoon one or two gentlemen connected with the Eastern press, and a certain Professor Amos S. Dillington, F. R. S., of London, who had been for the last six or eight months engaged in a sporting and general pleasure trip through the extensive wilderness regions of Mississippi, Arkansas and Tennessee, arrived in town and accepted the hospitality of the editor of the *Courier*. In the course of conversation some reference was made to some extraordinary specimens of

ANCIENT MAGIC,

which were exhibited by a so-called Egyptian astrologer, in recovering a treasure which was deposited by one of the followers of the Spanish discoverer De Soto, opposite the head of President's Island, and a short distance below Memphis, Tennessee, last October. A full account of the strange affair was published in the Memphis *Daily Avalanche* of October 23 and 29, and caused considerable excitement in that enterprising Mississippi river city. Professor Dillington had accompanied the De Soto treasure seekers as representive of a learned society of which he was a member in London, and on hearing our haunted house alluded to, expressed a strong desire to make a personal investigation into the cause of the strange lights and sounds which have given to the house at the old brick-yard

ITS UNENVIABLE REPUTATION.

A party was accordingly made up for a nocturnal visit to the haunted mansion, consisting of Professor Dillington, the eastern press representatives above referred to, Judge Higginbotham, of the Criminal Court, and a reporter of the *Courier*. At half-past eight, the party left in an open carriage, and after a brief drive, reached the scene of the night's adventure. The house, a small brick building, one and one-half stories in height, standing in a dreary spot, scarred by brick makers in former times, is now, and for a considerable time has been, unocupied owing to the nameless dread which a large majority of mankind feel for residing in any habitation, however desirable, of which it is popularly supposed that the immaterial part of human beings long since passed away, have taken possession. An entrance was easily effected, and it was found that the ground floor consisted of two rooms. A thorough search of the premises was made, and the fact established, that there was no

SECRET CLOSET OR PASSAGE

that could be converted into a hiding place for any designing knave who expected to profit by imposing upon the credulty of the community. By 9 o'clock the exploration was finished, and the party arranged themselves as comfortably as circumstances would permit, and awaited events in an almost unbroken silence, which, our reporter is free to admit, was the very reverse of cheerful. For an hour there was no unusual demonstration. Rats played hide and seek beneath the floor and behind the ceiling, and the cry of a night bird occasionally disturbed the stillness without. At 10 o'clock came the

FIRST SURPRISE,

in the shape of a huge white wolf, which suddenly made its appearance in the room occupied by the party. Where he came from, or how he effected an entrance to an appartment every door and window of which had been carefully closed, our reporter declines conjecture; he relates what came under his own observation exactly as it appeared to him, and leave the task of explaining what is a little out of, and beyond his experience heretofore. The wolf trotted two or three times around the appartment, panting as though wearied by a long journey, and then crouching in the fartherest corner, he uttered a prolonged howl. In an instant a dense fog filled the room,—damp, nauseous and disgusting, such as might arise from a cemetery where an army had hastily interred, in graves all too shallow, the victims of a great battle. In a few minutes the mist lifted, and revealed standing near the wolf,

A STRANGE CREATURE,

unlike anything now known to natural history. Its body had the appearance of a gigantic frog, with jaws resembling those of an alligator and a tail like a kangaroo. For five minutes or more, this nondescript animal remained motionless, and was then almost instantly transformed into

A CLOUD-LIKE APPARITION

of an Indian, bearing in one hand a tomahawk and in the other a blazing torch. Striding past the astounded watchers, the shadowy "brave" made his exit through the door, which opened apparently of its own accord, and moved with rapid steps towards the old powder-house, a short distance away, in a north-easterly direction.

The party followed the ghost, or whatever it was, as rapidly as possible, and arrived at the old powder-house in time to see that the shade was apparently striving to undo the fastenings of the door. There was a gloomy, ferocious expression on his face, as though it contemplated some work of

FIENDISH DESTRUCTION,

and while all watched with breathless expectation, the phantom vanished. Slowly the "Spirit interviewers" made their way back to the haunted house, discussing the singularity of what they had witnessed, and hazarding conjectures as to the true explanation of the phantasmagoria. The press representatives were almost unanimously of the opinion that it was but a clever piece of jugglery, and hinted pretty broadly that "Lingle had been at no little trouble and expense to get up an original entertainment for his visitors from abroad, in order to give them some idea of the resources of Lafayette," of which he *has* the reputation of being rather proud, and for the substantial good of which he is always ready "to go the whole animal," to make use of a western classic phrase, more impressive than elegant. But Professor Dillington took a different and altogether different and serious view of the matter. "It was only until within a few months" he observed, "that he had been compelled to believe in the existence of

A KNOWLEDGE OF MAGIC

as anciently practiced in the minds of men still living, and with the consent and assistance of the gentlemen present, he would that night attempt by a spell taught him by the venerable eastern philosopher, whose superhuman knowledge had enabled him to bring to light the long-hidden treasure of the Spanish adventurer, on the banks of the Mississippi, to learn what the spectre was that haunted this issolated dwelling in a modern city of the practical, prosaic west, and for what purpose it made its visitations." The proposal was assented to, and while the rest of the party

REMAINED ON GUARD,

the Professor drove back to his lodging, and returned in half an hour with a coffer strongly clamped with iron. From this he took a short rod jointed like an ordinary cane, and much resembling it, but almost as heavy as lead, and which imparted a thrill like an electric shock to the hand that grasped it. With this he proceeded to draw upon the floor—the rod making a bright red mark—a circle, seven feet, seven inches, and seven-sevenths of an inch in circumference. At intervals of 45 degrees on this circle, he inscribed with the rod certain mystical signs, and marked the center by those invariable accessaries to magic wherever practiced, two interlaced triangles. Over the latter he placed a diminutive tripot, which supported a lamp composed of alternate rings of zinc and copper, which was filled with a fluid that emited an almost overpoweringly pungent odor, and which burned when ignited with a sickly greenish flame. From the lamp depended a number of delicate metalic chains. Each of the party was requested to take one of these in his hand and be silent. The request was acceeded to, and for the next few moments not a sound was audible, but all was conscious of an indescribable thrill that seemed to pervade every nerve and fiber of the system, and to render the individual as light as air. Then there was a slight rumbling sound, and

THE BUILDING SWAYED NOTICEABLY

from northest to southwest, and then into the apartment marched, directly through one of the walls,

A STALWART INDIAN

in full war costume, and paused near the circle. Our reporter avers that there were a few pale-faces at this juncture, and that the representative of a prominent Greely and Brown organ "away down East" remarked audably that he thought his family physician would recommend "about three fingers of old rye straight." Professor Dillington, however, retained his presence of mind completely, and at once addressed the apparition, demanding to know who he was, and why he returned at intervals from the land of Shadows. In a strange, gasping, husky voice, and in a jargon of broken French-English, with a smattering of the Indian dialect, the shade replied in substance, that in life he was known as "White Wolf," and that for many years, more than he could pretend to number, his family had been accustomed to tat-too upon their right arms a representation of the

UNCOUTH ANIMAL

previously referred to, which ages ago abounded in Western rivers, and was regarded as a sort of semi-deity. That he had been buried with his fathers in the old Indian cemetery on Longlois' reservation, and rested quietly until the encroachments of a rapidly growing city had invaded the spot where his ashes and those of many who in life were dear to him were deposited. That this was the only way in which he could resent the indignity, and that he should continue to make his appearance in and about Lafayette until the spot sacred to the departed red men was cleared of the pale-faces' occupation. With this the spirit disappeared and the party of sight-seers returned to town. Professor Dillington entered into a long and learned discourse to prove that it it is quite within the scope of science to show why such apparitions should and could appear to men under peculiar circumstances; but the crowded state of our columns prevents us from giving his views to the public.

We are, of course, aware that the foregoing reads like the wildest of sensations, and there are many, doubtless, who will doubt the authenticity of the report. To one and all we can only say that we have simply furnished an unvarnished statement of what was witnessed by more than one creditable person, and that we do not pretend to offer any explanation of the affair. It may not be out of place to add that the last family that occupied the haunted dwelling were driven from it in the night time by hideous sights and sounds, and declared that one thousand dollars would not induce them to venture again within the walls. A purse of fifty dollars, we understand, will be made up for any person who will spend the night in the house alone. We learn from Thomas Florer, of the Bee Hive, that a small party went out last night, and approaching the house, they saw four bright lights in the centre of the room moving slowly two and fro. They remained but a short time, and one of the party says he would not go back again for $5,000 cash in hand. Judge Higginbotham has determined to make a visit alone, not for the fifty dollars offered, which would be no compensation for such a vigil, but to learn all that could be learned of this strange affair. Judge H. was formerly from Fayette county, Pennsylvania, as many of our citizens know, and in early life was especially fond of "ghost hunting" and sitting up in the haunted houses with which the old Keystone State abounds. He did not believe in spooks, and laughed the whole thing to scorn. He was accompanied in his investigations by one Lieutenant Morgan, who had achieved considerable reputation in this line. One night while inside of a haunted house at Braddock's Field, the historic battle ground on the Monongahela river, near Pittsburgh, they were startled by a loud and continuous roar, when suddenly a ball of fire appeared floating in the air in the northeast corner of the room. There was a puff or explosion and the room was filled with a blue transparent vapor, impregnated with sulphur. Both Higgenbotham and Morgan were stricken blind. Mr. H. recovered his sight immediately on reaching the open air, and strange to say, his eyes which had before been rather weak, were entirely cured, and have since been perfectly well. Lieutenant Morgan, who will be remembered as the genial gentleman who visited Judge H. a few years since, was less fortunate. He was totally blind for nearly two months, when one morning he awoke with his eyesight perfectly restored.

He could give no explanation of this long night of darkness. There had been no film over the eye, and to all appearance it was a perfect organ. There was no inflammation, nothing to indicate the total blindness with which he was stricken. Still, Judge H. refused to believe that there was anything supernatural, and insisted that it was a trick, in which a local chemist was at the bottom.

Until his experience of night before last, he assures us that he has never encountered a supernatural visitor in any of their accredited haunts, but like Prof. Dillington, is now forced to believe that spirits do not invariably confine themselves to the other world.

He will return to the haunted house to-night and remain till morning. He vows he will go alone, but we think, on reflection, that he will conclude to take our reporter with him. We offer no theory or explanation touching these remarkable occurences, we simply state facts, and leave others to draw their own conclusions. The locality of the haunted house is not generally understood. It is east of the city limits. Passing through Stockton and Barbee's grove by the traveled road south of the Valley round house, you enter the old Rossville road at the Bartholomew place, and proceeding eastward beyond Mr. Solfinger's and the brick-yards, you come face to face with the house, which stands directly at the head of the road. It may be approached by the Burlington gravel road by turning to the left at the first lane this side of the Coleman farm. The boys never venture near the house after dark, but stand off at a safe distance and throw stones at the spooks. Not a window remains, and the house, though comparatively new, looks as desolate as an old ruin.

Spiritualism in Moravia.

[From the Moravia News.]

I attended two *seances* held at Morris Keeler's June 9th. The lady at the piano experienced numerous manifestations. Hands were laid upon her head and shoulders, and a voice which said so that all could hear, "Squaw, sing good."

Good instrumental music—also vocal, was furnished, in which spirit voices joined in bass and alto, and in perfect harmony with the voices in the circle. One piece thus sung was entitled the "Bunch of Roses," and during the singing of this piece a sweet perfume, as of roses, filled the room.

One voice now said: "Our voices are not hushed; we come back to sing for you still." Another voice now said, "It is not good to take one's own life, but I took mine. While I hung upon the tree I viewed my body. I left the hell which I had upon earth, and have gone to rest."

"What is your name," asked one who was in the circle.

The voice answered, "Aleck."

"What is your last name, if you please," asked another.

Answer:—"You know who I am—Aleck Royce." This voice sounded very near as this man's voice did when living, which many will know was somewhat peculiar.

Mrs. M. J. Brown saw the form of four persons dancing—two ladies and two gentlemen; also, the form of a darkey, singing and playing on a banjo. Calls for a light. No particular manifestations, and the *seance* closed.

SEANCE NO. 2,

exhibited numerous manifestations. During a second singing of the "Bunch of Roses," the pianoist was addressed by a child's voice, that said, "Dear mamma," in response to the sentiment of the song.

Calls for a light, and a bunch of roses was shown through an aperture in the door. The roses emitted a delightful fragrance, yet had the appearance of wax flowers. These were shown in quick succession. Several different faces shown, and one said, in distinct tones to this effect:

"That the impression of Spiritualism being a humbug would soon cease, and that it would soon become popular; that no one need be ashamed of being a Spiritualist; people would soon cease to attend such circles merely for curiosity. We visit those who are in prison, and comfort them as it were face to face," and other similar remarks.

Other demonstrations during these two *seances*—such as waves of air; sounds as if from accompanying instruments; sensations as of fine drops of rain; jarrings of the piano, when raps signified that the *seance* was closed for the day.

Mrs. Andrews never saw Aleck Royce; knew nothing of how he died, and none of his peculiaritles of speech. About twenty persons attended these *seances*. R. H.

ANOTHER PERSON'S ACCOUNT.

At the second *seance* held at Morris Keeler's, June 18th, about sixteen or eighteen persons were present.

During the period of the dark circle, numerous manifestations—such as pattings, appearance of sprinklings, etc. During the light circle, several faces were distinctly seen which spoke in clear and distinct tones—moving the features in a life-like manner while so doing. Two of these faces were those of aged women. J. F. Chew and wife, of Camden, New Jersey, recognized in these faces those of their respective mother.

Mr. Chew's mother said: "Have things at home as they are here at this moment; close not your door against the erring one."

The controlling spirit of this *seance* said: "It makes no difference if we sit in the front or side; we shall all sit in front in heaven," and more remarks of a like character.

Mrs. Chew's mother said: "Mary," in a clear, distinct tone.

All these faces protruded far enough outside the aperture to prove that these were not wax faces; and in speaking, their features moved naturally.

A private sitting followed this, and as in the former, Spiritual voices filled the room in harmony with the attending music.

In this *seance* Mr. Chew was powerfully exercised upon. The name of "Jane" was spoken distinctly, and a voice called for a light. Sounds of guitar accompaniment were heard. Oliver Grace, of Rochester, recognized the face of Dr. Darius Shaw, of Lewiston, Niagara county, whose singular features were unmistakeable. This form said, when asked to answer certain questions asked by Mr. Grace: "The heat is so oppressive, it is difficult to materialize the magnetism of the body." It also said: "I was a Spiritualist while upon earth, which has aided me much in the present Spiritual state." All the pieces sung during the above *seances* were accompanied by Spiritual voices.

Among the party of persons who composed this last *seance*, was Miss Nettie Tompkins, of Genessee county, New York, aged eighteen years, who had never learned a musical note, or taken a musical lesson upon any instrument, and yet, the most beautiful pianoist that I ever heard. She played as if by inspiration, and her actions all seemed to be governed by some power wholly independent of her own.

SPIRITUALISM AT THE HOME CIRCLE.

A short time since I chanced to meet one of our noted Spiritualists, and during my brief stay, some thoughts were suggested to my mind which, in my opinion, confutes the idea, that none but the sinner and ungodly embrace this doctrine. I publish this as one more evidence that Spiritualism has its redeeming traits.

Entering a sitting room of ample proportions, the first book which I discovered was the family Bible, which looked as though it had been read over and over again—one evidence that the word of God was sought after and read. A goodly number of books were shown me—all of a moral and religious nature.

Splendid pictures ornamented the parlor, among which, I recognized one called the "Guardian Angel," where a mother's form was hovering over her children who were lost in the wood.

No wonder that I asked myself the question: "Can God be displeased with all this, even though they decorated the rooms of a Spiritualist?"

Nay, verily, for where the love for the beautiful is, there is the love of God also.

If the love for the good and beautiful be identified with, and a part of, modern Spiritualism, let us thus give it all the praise it deserves at least. There is room for investigation.

But to close, I will say that a beautiful compliment offered me by my Spiritualist friend on the above occasion, is certainly worthy of thanks, which I here tender.

"Haunted."

The city of Brownsville, Tenn, is favored with a genuine haunted house. The *Brownsville States* says:

MYSTERIOUS.

One of the most beautiful and most desirable residences in our city has for some time past been visited by strange sounds, which at first no one paid any attention to. Of late, however, they have attracted so much attention from those living in the house, that they could not fail to notice that there was something of no ordinary character, and which was not of this world, in their midst. Only a few nights ago, while the family were at supper, a

GHOSTLY HAND.

appeared on the wall, while a sepulchural voice gave forth an agonizing scream, which sent cold chills through the veins of every member of the household, and caused the hair of one of the bravest men in our city to stand on end.

THE HOUSE

was thoroughly searched all over from cellar to garret, but nothing could be found to indicate the presence of any living being. Our friend who was afraid of being laughed at, concluded to say nothing of the matter to any one; but after further consideration, concluded to get a newspaper man to stand watch with him for one night, and see whether the same mysterious sounds would still visit the house. He called at this office, and we sent a reporter to find out all he could, not only for our own satisfaction but for the benefit of the public.

OUR REPORTER,

after arming himself, repaired to the residence, where he found the family awaiting the coming of the unearthly sounds with agonizing suspense. He took his seat in the parlor, waiting for some evidence from the nocturnal and ghostly visitors. He only had a short time to wait. About eleven o'clock there was a gentle rapping on the wall, which increased as the hour hand of the clock moved around to 12, and with the first stroke on the hour of twelve the same mysterious hand appeared on the wall, dimly at first, but gradually getting plainer, until it stood out perfect in every particular. It was undoubtedly the hand of a female, and the mystery connected with its appearance in the house remains to be cleared up. We withhold the name of the family until the mystery shall be more thoroughly revealed.

Our reporter left the scene in something of a hurry, but still declares his intention of again visiting the house, and sifting these mysterious signs and noises to the bottom. Should anything more transpire we will try and keep the public posted.

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and Subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

Mysticism.

SCIENTIFIC—SERIAL NUMBER THIRTY-SIX.

Mystical Cabalism is claimed by the Jews as a revealed interpreter of both nature and scripture, which, however, no doubt, reached them through the essential mediumship of their day and generation, as ours reaches us.

They claim the Cabala was given to Adam in Paradise, but being lost in his fall, was finally restored again, as the reward of long affliction, prayer, and penitence.

Adam gave it to Seth, who lost it; still it was again furnished to Moses on Mount Sinai, where it was read to Aaron four times, Aaron's two sons three times, the Elders of the Sanhedrim twice, and the people once. The oral portion, however, it is said, was lost during the Babylonish Captivity, while the written portion was saved in the books of Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers. Yet, it is claimed by the Jews that lost portions were finally revealed again to Esdras, Sepher Heppelah (Book of Wonders), Sepher Hekkana (Book of the Pen), and the Sepher Habbahir (Book of Light).

Such is the condensed account of the vicissitudes through which the Cabala passed, and such the source, nature, and character of the more mystical formlets of orient inspiration that manifested themselves, before and since the advent of the mediumistic Nazarene, that has seemingly put fort anew during the last twenty four years.

To study the Cabala in all its more eventful phases and forms, is to approach more in rapport with the inherent spirit-communion of the past. Indeed, the true breathing sense and spirit pulse of sphere commune, has ever underlain the onward ebb and flow of things, from whence, the more wondrous elixir of inherent inspiration has come.

The orient and occident of all ages, nations, and generations of men, have had access to an inspirational system of commune apportionate to the transitive mind—seasons through which they had to pass.

The remotest records of antiquity teach that "All things are derived by elimination, from one principle of causation," called God, which secondarily sent off typical measures of self-ruling purpose, ever graded by counterbalancing impress, of its own interior, central, as well as exterior surroundings,—more or less perfect, according to its nearness or remoteness from its eliminative center, and proving that matter in its diversified forms is but the finer or coarser grades, depending on the relative conditions and relations of centralized causation.

All Cabalistic inspiration has taught that each haman soul is a distinct emanation from Deity, or centralized causation, which being released from grosser earth forms, passes through a self purifying process back to the fountain source from which it emanated.

Though it is generally claimed that the Cabala is derived from all the various systems of practical piety, it is more reasonable to suppose from the premises, that all systems of practical piety are derived from the so-called Cabala.

The purpose of this article, however, is to refer the spring mind of modern reform to a fresh formula gleaned frem the spiritual sunshine of modern times, than the now seemingly obscured Cabalisms of the past. Hence, we submit the following, as coming under the second order of the fourth signification of the five grades of Cabalism, generally treated of as the "NOTARICON," in which, each letter of the alphabet represents a key-thou ht-word, as an element in the selected word to be translated by these elementary keys, or thought measof all diversified forms of thought:

NOTARICON CABALA.

Positive, Passive, and Negative of the Inanimate Plane.

Generative, Germinative, and Transmutative of the Animate Plane.

Aspirative, Emulative, and Perversive of the Mental Plane.

A—Action
B—Brotherhood
C—Causation
D—Dual—Diverse Polarity
E—Equal—Equality
F—Fidelity
G—Goodness—God-force
H—Hope—Harmony
I—Individuality
J—Justice
K—Knowledge
L—Love
M—Motion—Mediumism
N—Nature
O—Omniscience
P—Progress
Q—Question
R—Reason—Rule
S—Sensation—Sense
T—Truth—True
U—Unison
V—Virtue
W—Will—Wisdom
X—Xyst—Basis
Y—Youthhood
Z—Zeal

The aptitude and force of the Cabalistic rendering of given words, depend upon the judicious blending of their inner measures of thought-power with their outer signification.

The word positive being selected for translation, may be rendered thus: P-O-S-I-T-I-V-E—Progressive Omniscience Sensitized by Individual Truth, gives an Individual Virtue and Equinimity, "Positive" to all other conditions.

Again: The word Passive being selected, may be rendered thus: Progressive Action Sensitized, Sensitizes Individual Virtue with an Equanimity ever subject to be acted on by all positive centers and surroundings.

The word "Negative" being also selected for the same purpose, may be rendered in accordance with its signification thus: Nature Equalized by God-force, truly Individualizes Virtue and Equality on a negative plane, ever subject to the positive influences of all impressing conditions and relations around them.

Ascending from the Positive, Passive, and Negative gradations of the Inanimate Plane, we next advance to the Generative, Germinative, and Transmutative of the Animate Plane, and render the words Generative, Germinative, and Transmutative as follows:

"Generative"—The God-force Equalized in Nature, Equalizes the Rational Action of Truthful Individuality, Virtue, and Equality into procreating life.

"Germinative"—A God-force Ruling the Mediumism of Individualized Nature, Acting on Truth, Individualizes Virtue and Equality into a germinal state of accumulative elaboration.

"Transmutative"—True Rational Action Naturalizes the Sense of Mediumistic Union, Truly Acting and Truly Individualizing Virtue and Equality into their respective transmutative states.

Ascending on thus from the Animate to the Aspirative, Emulative, and Perversive of the Mental Plane, we may in keeping with their respective meanings, render the words Aspirative, Emulative, and Perversive thus:

"Aspirative"—Action Sensitizes Progress, and thus Individualizes all Rational Action, Truth, Individuality, Virtue, and Equality into Aspiration,

"Emulative"—That Equal Mediumism United with Love, Acting on the Truth, Individuality, Virtue, and Equality underlying Emulation.

"Perversive"—Progress of Equality, Reason, and Virtue, Equalizing Sensation, Individuality, Virtue, and Equality, down to lower grades of Perversion, whence all may rise through the Perversive, through the Emulative to the Aspirative.

We have presented this Cabala and these examples, by way of offering suggestive aid to those who may seek to amuse themselves with this singular, suggestive, and entertaining character of mental exercise. We in our more thoughtful moods, have found this sort of pastime one well calculated in its nature to open up the passive mind to the thousands of hidden sources through which in passive moods, our most wonderful, and yet self-ennobling impresses come.

In these curious flashings of thought-measure, that play as the sunset lightning flashes in a humid sky, there seems at times to be hidden a germinal seed of the fabled Sibyls of yore.

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SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

Pan, Pan, is Dead--A Wonderful Story of Spirit Manifestations at Moravia, N. Y. --The Mecca of Spiritualism--Soft Voices Whisper--Spirits Kiss Their Friends--White and Purple Clouds--A Materialist Returns--Ghosts in the Rural Districts--An Invisible Railway Train--Grim and Ghastly Spectres--Rural vs. City Ghosts--The Brick-yard Spooks Outdone--A Hard Nut for Professor Dillington--An Egg Placed in a Medium's Mouth--An Inebriate Reproved--The Guitar Hits Him.

"Pan, Pan, is dead!"—*E. B. Browning.*

The broken wine cups of the Gods
Lie scattered in the waters deep,
Where the tall sea blows and nods
Over the shipwreck'd seaman's sleep;
The Gods, like phantoms, come and go
Over the wave-washed ocean hall;
Above their heads the wild winds blow;
They groan; they shiver to and fro—
"Pan, Pan!" those phantoms call.

O Pan, great Pan, thou art not dead,
Nor dost thou haunt that woody place,
Tho' blowing winds hear not thy tread,
And silver runlets miss thy face;
Where ripe nuts fall thou hast no state,
Where deep glens murmur, thou art dumb,
By lonely meres thou dost not wait;—
Where roll the living waves of fate
I feel thee go and come!

O piteous one!—in wintry days
Over the city falls the snow,
Then, where it whitens smoky ways,
I see a Shade flit to and fro;
Over the dull street hangs a cloud—
It parts, an ancient Face flits by,
'Tis thine! 'tis thou! nor stern, nor proud,
Dimly thou flutterest o'er the crowd,
With a thin human cry.

Ghost-like, O Pan, thou hoverest still,
An old, old Face, with dull, dumb stare;
On moonless nights thy breath blows chill
In the street-walker's dripping hair!
Thy ragged woe, from street to street,
Goes mist-like, constant day and night!
But often, where the black waves beat,
Thou hast a smile most strangely sweet
For honest hearts and light!

Where'er thy shadowy vestments fly
There comes across the waves of strife,
Across the souls of all close by,
The gleam of some forgotten life.
There is a sense of waters clear—
A scent like flowers in forest nooks;
Strange plumaged birds seem flitting near,
The cold brain blossoms, lives that hear
Murmur like running brooks.

And when thou passest, human eyes
Look in each other and are wet—
Simple or gentle, weak or wise,
Alike are full of tender fret;
And then the noble and the base
Raise common glances to the sky;
And lo! the phantom of thy Face,
While sad and low thro' all the place
Thrills thy thin human cry!

Christ help thee, Paul canst thou not go,
Now all the other Gods are fled?
Why dost thou flutter to and fro
When all the sages deem thee dead?
Or, if thou wilt live and dream,
Why leave the vales of harvest fair—
Why quit the glades of wood and stream—
And haunt the streets with eyes that gleam
Thro' white and holy hair?

—*Robert Buchanan, in St. Paul's.*

[From the St. Louis (Mo.) Democrat.]

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—Having recently visited Moravia, N. Y., for the purpose of investigating the new and marvelous phase of "Spiritual manifestations," so called, now being made in the vicinity of that village, to the amazement of so many people, I have been requested by several intelligent readers of the *Democrat* in this community to give to the public, through its columns, a statement of the result of my investigations. So, if you find room for such a statement briefly made, I have no objection to its being published.

Allow me first to say that it was not alone to gratify my own curiosity I consented to visit the Mecca of Spiritualists, but also to satisfy numerous friends who could not themselves go. It seems to be a matter of some astonishment to many pious people that I should think it worth while to travel a thousand miles, wasting time and money, besides leaving my little corner of the Lord's vineyard to grow up in weeds, if nothing worse, in order to look after things so new and strange, not to say diabolical. Now these same pious people are ready to applaud the great naturalist of New England when he goes to the end of the world, braving the perils of land and sea, to find a new lizard, fish or crab.

I would not pluck a single laurel from the brow of so enterprising a man, yet I can not see that his zeal to find something novel in the animal kingdom should be counted any more praiseworthy than is the spending of time and money to find a new power in the human mind, an additional argument for immortality, and fresh hopes and diviner aspirations for poor humanity.

Learning, as I had, that thousands of intelligent men and women were making pilgrimages to the house of an old farmer in the neighborhood of Moravia, where, according to report, the returning spirits of the departed were daily making themselves visible by putting on tangible forms, and walking and talking, taking by the hand their old friends in the flesh, looking lovingly into their eyes, and assuring them that they never were more alive, I could not possibly regard the affair, whether true or false, as unworthy of investigation. To feel, or affect to feel, no interest in phenomena so strange, seems to me downright stupidity. I say this without any wish to cast unkind reflections upon the good people, and certain clerical gentlemen who have counseled silence with regard to what I elicited, saw and heard during my three weeks' investigation of the new phase of the occult science. They no doubt have reasons satisfactory to themselves for offering such counsel.

Now for the facts. Kind reader, imagine yourself at a country house, and in a plain room, about large enough to seat comfortably twenty-five or thirty people. As it happens, there are now just seven persons present to form a circle. Only three of these are strangers to me; the rest my relatives, who accompanied me hither. We form a semi-circle and join hands. The medium, Mrs. Andrews, sits facing us. I can easily touch her with my cane. My right arm rests on a piano-forte. A lamp is burning brightly. It is nine o'clock in the morning, but we need the lamp, because the only window of the apartment is darkened, and the only door bolted.

The medium now remarks: "We first sit in the dark, and continue till the spirits call for a light. The light is now extinguished. The piano begins to play. It is not the medium, for I am conversing with her. Passing my cane along the keys I feel no one; still the playing goes on, and is directly assisted by voices, seemingly in the air above us, that join in with great power and sweetness. Mysterious lights are beginning to dance before us, describing curve lines and circles, and playing around each other in a way that makes it clear they are guided by intelligence. While this beautiful display is going on, soft voices whisper startling things in our ears, and delicate hands thrill us by gentle touches and affectionate caresses. A familiar voice, long silent in death, as I had thought, said to me: "Dear brother, I come to greet you! Believe me, this is your own sister Nancy. A fortnight ago you visited my grave. I stood by your side, though you saw me not, my spirit body being invisible as the viewless air. How I wanted to speak to you! Thanks to Heaven for the present opportunity!" Tender lips now kissed mine. I sat speechless, my heart swelling and throbbing, but directly found relief in gushing tears.

During the dark *seance* white and purple clouds gathered above our heads and seemed in commotion. Their crimson edges now and then shed such light as enabled us to see one another, and every object in the room. Out of the clouds came, at one time, a little dash of rain, accompanied by wind and the rich perfume of flowers. Immediately after this, a white figure that seemed a column of cloud, snowy, yet tinged with something bright and luminous, came down and sat before me. While I gazed, wondering what it might be, the figure bent toward me, and out came a luminous hand, which was gently laid upon my forehead. It remained but for a moment, touching my temple and cheek affectionately. It disappeared in the fleecy folds enveloping the mysterious figure, which now ascended and was lost to my view amid the moving clouds overhead.

After about thirty-five minutes of darkness, a voice in the air said: "Please strike a light." Being nearest the light, I complied with the request. The medium, now rising from her chair, went into the cabinet, which is a thing looking not unlike a common wardrobe. It is made of plain, thin boards, and has folding doors about three feet and a half high. Above the door hangs a black velvet curtain reaching down to the top of the shutters when closed.

Upon entering the cabinet, the medium requested me to close and latch the door after her. As I did so, I was surprised to see an armless hand, white as snow, come out from under the curtain and tap me on the hand and arm, which it did quickly and several times, then darted back into the cabinet. Resuming my seat in the circle, we waited a few minutes, and the curtain of the aperture slowly moved aside while the face of a man appeared. There was nothing ghostly in the look or action of the apparition. Countenance, feature, complexion, and every movement of muscle, and motion of head, hand and lip were perfectly natural. He bent his gaze steadfastly upon a middle-aged man in the circle, who was a stranger to me, and evidently made an effort to speak, but failing, waved his hand and drew back from the light, letting the curtain drop. The gentleman at whom the apparition had looked so earnestly, now exclaimed: "That was my father! Oh, will he not speak to me?" Immediately the curtain went aside again, and the same face presented itself, and another effort—I thought a painful one—was made to speak. The mouth opened, the lips moved, but no sound of voice was heard. With a slight shade of disappointment on his countenance, the old man bowed his head twice, and putting forth his hand, waved an adieu in a most feeling manner. In a few seconds afterward, the curtain was put back by a hand resembling very much the armless one which had caressed me at the aperture. And now a face, fac simile of one I had seen coffined years gone by. Without speaking, I turned a glance upon my sister in the flesh, sitting by my side. She was trembling and weeping, so I felt sure she was not behind me in the recognition of the face at the aperture. It was our dear departed sister, the same who had spoken to us in the dark a few minutes before. She now uttered her own name in her own clear, familiar tone. How the blood tingled in my veins as her well-remembered gray eyes met mine! Nor seemed she less moved than I. I could not keep my seat, but glided up to the aperture, when she, with manifest emotion, threw her arms around my neck. It was but for a moment. Releasing me, she quickly disappeared behind the curtain.

But I must crowd the facts and incidents I propose to give more closely. Of course I can not set down all, nor even half, in an article like this, intended to be brief, which was elicited during an investigation kept up day after day for three weeks.

I saw many strange faces at the aperture; some days from ten to fifteen or twenty, the most of whom were recognized by some one or more present in the circle. It was near a week after the appearance of the sister just alluded to, before I recognized another face, yet a number of apparitions professed to recognize me. At length two other sisters succeeded in materializing themselves, and appeared side by side at the aperture. The recognition was undoubted, my sister at my side recognizing them at the same moment I did. And strangers present remarked upon the family resemblance. But the certainty was made doubly certain when the apparition mentioned incidents in their earth-life and ours which we readily and vividly remembered.

A few days subsequent, our mother appeared, threw open the door of the cabinet, and showed herself to us from head to foot.

Six times during the three weeks an old acquaintance, who died a materialist, appeared to me, looked and talked naturally; referred repeatedly to his materialistic notions, and how unhappy they made him. Said much about his present condition, and its advantages over the former; tried to give me an idea of spirit-life, the pursuits, pleasures and amusements of spirits, as well as their institutions for doing good, educating the ignorant, and lifting higher the low and debased.

I must give one more instance of recognition, and close my story, already, perhaps too long.

A few days before I left the place a gentleman came there, bringing with him two little girls—his own daughters—the elder perhaps eight years old, the younger about six. Before going into the *seance* room he said to me: "When about leaving home my wife observed, 'I would go too if I thought mother would show herself there; but as she was always opposed to Spiritualism, I'm sure she'l have no desire to make any manifestation.' "The last one I should look for," he rejoined; "she was so bitter against everything of the kind." But lo! after the light *seance* began, who should appear first at the aperture but this same old grandmother. She bent her eyes affectionately upon the children. The little girls gazed a moment in mute astonishment; then both at once clapping their hands in ecstacy, exlaimed: "Grandma! Grandma!"

"Keep still," said the father in a low tone of voice; and evidently much moved; then to the apparition said, "you didn't believe in this a few weeks ago."

"No," replied the spirit, "but thank God it is true!" These words were uttered very distinctly and with a peculiar stress of voice, indicating earnestness and deep feeling. The old lady had been dead but three weeks.

I could give many more remarkable tests through recognition, but must close here.

ISAAC KELSO, Alton, Ill.

[From the Lafayette (Ind.) Courier.]

EDITOR COURIER:—Your journal for the last few days has contained accounts of some strange apparitions at a deserted dwelling in or near your city, which have been read with much interest by myself and neighbors.

The matter especially attracted the attention of residents in this vicinity, from the fact that for three months or more we have been favored by some extraordinary nocturnal visitors, as well as with lights and sounds which might have been imported straight from pandemonium. Up to this time no one has cared to speak of it very freely beyond the neighborhood, for fear of being laughed at as a credulous fool, or regarded suspiciously as the originator of a foundationless humbug, but since ghosts, or spirits, or whatever they are, have invaded the orderly city of Lafayette, a sequestred rural district like this may perhaps be permitted to speak on and relate its experience.

You will undoubtedly remember that some time since one of those railway accidents that horrify the nation, occurred in our immediate vicinity. The event must be so fresh in the minds of your readers that it will only be necessary for the purpose of this communication, to state that a freight and passenger train under full headway, came together in a curve of the road, and resulted in the death of about thirty people. I reached the wreck shortly after the disaster, and hope never to look upon another such sight.

About the middle of March, last, I was returning from a neighbor's at a late hour. The night was clear, starlight and cool, and it chanced to be more convenient for me to follow the railroad track for something more than a mile. As I neared the scene of the accident I was suddenly startled by the sound of a railway train approaching just behind me, and another from the other direction, both apparently at full speed. I instinctively stepped from the track, and as I did so the train rushed by. I say rushed by, for I distinctly heard it thunder past, and felt the current of air, which, indeed, nearly lifted my hat from my head, but, Mr. Editor, *the train was invisable!* I believe I am not wanting in physical courage, but I am frank to confess that for a moment I was as badly frightened as I ever care or expect to be. I could scarcely draw my breath, and the next instant every hair stood on end, when I heard a crash, followed by such groans and cries for help, as I had listened to at almost that identical spot in solemn reality once before, and then all was quiet.

I made the best of my way home, and the next morning related my adventure with affected nonchalence to a gentleman from Boston, a relative of my wife, who happened to be spending a few months with me for his health. He seemed a good deal impressed with my account, and at his suggestion we visited the scene of the railway disaster on the following night. Just about the hour of the casualty, there was the same sound of the trains thundering over the rails, the same trembling of the earth and rush of air, the crash and groans that had startled me, and then as before all was still. I was about to speak to my companion when he touched my arm and pointed to an object at the side of the low embankment. I looked, and saw seated within a few rods of me an elderly gentleman, seemingly about seventy years of age. His clothes were torn and dusty; long white hair fell from his uncovered head, and across his forehead was a deep wound, from which the blood trickled fast. Near by at his right lay a young girl neatly dressed; still and dead, holding in one hand a little traveling bag, and in the other a nosegay of withered flowers, while almost at her feet were prone a mother and infant, both sleeping the last sleep together, and bearing few external marks of a violent death upon them. Behind this ghostly scene, like the prospective in a well executed painting, was a shadowy picture, that apparently represented the after-part to the tragedy. There was the family circle just overwhelmed by the telegraph dispatch, giving information of the death of some loved one; the newly made widow bowed down with grief; the group of horror-stricken orphan children; the lonely husband with the little ones who would never again know a mother's care, clinging about his knee; the broken-hearted lover bending over the coffin of his beloved; the slowly-moving funeral procession, and finally the graveyard and its monuments to mortality. For ten minutes, perhaps longer, this phantasmagoria continued, and then another strange concourse made its appearance. There were young and old, men and women, beauty and deformity, budding youth and hopeless infancy. There were about thirty altogether, who bore every description of wound that would naturally be inflicted at a great railway slaughter. Crushed, bruised and bleeding, they stood for a little time grouped together, and then raised their hands and eyes towards heaven as though imploring mercy in some hour of supreme peril, the ghostly conclave vanished into thin air.

Since then, the same apparitions have been witnessed by seven or eight perfectly reliable persons. The invisible trains crashing together is an affair of almost nightly occurrence, and about the full of the moon, any curious person can witness the spectral party haunting the scene of the great disaster.

If your Professor can explain this, we should like to hear from him, or, if he is still in LaFayette, and would take the trouble, we should be pleased to see him,

I have not forgotton by any means, that you declined to publish a brief and rather vague communication from me on this subject some time since, but since the supernatural agencies have located in LaFayette, and you reported their doings, I venture to hope that I may be favored with a hearing.

It is, perhaps, not improper to add, that I am a plain, unimaginative farmer, more familiar with wheat and corn growing than with any of the modern mysteries of Spiritualism and clairvoyance, which I have never for a moment believed, nor have I ever read—save an occasional newspaper sketch—anything of a more ghostly nature than the old "Arabian Nights" and "Clarke's Life of Wesley," which latter work, however, as you are doubtless aware, claims pretty broadly that the house in which the great Methodist divine lived for years, was actually haunted, and that this circumstance threw a shade of melancholy over Mr. Wesley's life, although out of deference to this intelligent sentiment of the country, he seldom, if ever, admitted his belief in supernatural manifestations.

Respectfully yours,

FAUST.

[From the Springfield (Ohio) Advertiser.]

We were afforded the opportunity last night of attending a Spiritual *seance* in this city, conducted by the celebrated physical and test medium, Mr. R. M. Sherman, of Gahana, Ohio. Most of the persons present were of a practical turn, and very little time was spent in preliminaries.

The medium with his coat on, and his hands tightly tied behind him with linen handkerchiefs, the ends of which were sewed together after the knots were tied, was seated in a chair, and asked to lean back, and the rounds of the back of the chair were snugly inserted under his armpits. The light was then removed, and instantly the coat was taken off, and thrown across the room. The melodeon in the room was played upon, a pair of guitars sounded and sent flying through the air; hands were placed upon the heads and arms of many present, and one gentleman's spectacles were removed and carefully laid away at some distance from where he was sitting.

Voices being heard, an egg was placed in the medium's mouth, and the writer took a seat immediately in his front, placed his feet upon the medium's, took hold of his knees with his hands, and expressed a wish to know what was up. A voice at his side expressed pleasure at seeing him, asked him to observe closely, that there might be no room to aver deception, and asked that the medium receive proper credit if all were satisfied after thorough examination.

An extended conversation was carried on, the voice announcing itself as belonging to the spirit of Anna Leece (spelling the name), a Quakeress, and occasional preacher, formerly of Madison, Wisconsin, originally of Hartford, Connecticut, and last public appearance at Racine, Wisconsin.

A singular occurrence took place while Miss Anna was entertaining the company. A gentleman who had just taken a "nip," entered the room, and at once a guitar flew through the air so violently as to cause considerable concern for the safety of visitor's head, and at the same time, in raised tones, the voice expressed great dissatisfaction at the habits and presence of any one addicted to the ardent. The medium explained that such demonstrations had happened before.

After various tests of a similar kind, the medium was unbound, the room lighted, and the presence of "Old Kenesaw invoked." Very soon "Old Kenesaw," as he calls himself, took control of the medium, caused him to dance, and talk in broken English, and give descriptions of persons and places with such accuracy as to astonish and bewilder those present,

"Kenesaw" represents himself as an Indian, who left the body many years ago, at the age of eighty. He claims to be the guardian and controlling spirit of this particular medium, and certainly reads character with wonderful ability for an Indian.

Mr. Sherman is here on a short visit to Mr. G. W. Dalle and other friends, who wished to have occular proof of the power reported as belonging to him and displayed in other places. He leaves next Monday to visit Indianapolis, but promises to return, and be present with "Kenesaw," Miss Leece, and many other communicating spirits, at the basket meeting of the Liberal Religionists, next month, at the Fair Grounds.

Almond Items.

Many of the readers of the *Express* have seen the pretty valley at the head of the Canisteo river, called North Almond Valley. 'Tis a lovely place. Those that see it a thousand years from now will see *some* improvements, without doubt; yet, still it is a pretty place. The people have a Union church, where they can "worship God according to the dictates of their conscience." We believe they never had but one fight *in* the pulpit, and that was by an (now) ex-Judge and the (now) Sheriff,—but there was nobody hurt.

It was given out that a Mr. Beals (from somewhere) would speak to the people in a trance state, and likewise play on the organ and sing. The trustees of the Union are as blind as Balaam, the son of Beor, who could not see what his ass saw, as were led up by a spirit to shut off this great light. The high deacon of the order by chance had the keys (although the house is always unlocked), and refused to surrender, being himself a stockholder in the institution. At length Mr. Beals was led up (half a mile) by the spirit, and we doubt if Jesus with his whip drove the money-changers out of the house that Herod built any quicker than Mr. Beals silenced the three trustees; yet one of them, who thinks himself (but other people differ with him) a Paul, at least, seemed to linger with an argument; when the Monitor with one of his ponderous shots (truths), sent him reeling to post. The result was a crowded house, both evening and Sunday, when the audience were treated with sweet music, and two as high-toned discourses as can well be imagined, on the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth.

Mr. Beals is a host in himself, and was followed by the editor of the Hornellsville *Tribune*, Mr. Greenhow, who put in some tremendous peace-makers between wind and water; "and the sea, there was a calm."

This man, Beals, we don't know from whence he came nor whither he goeth, but this we know, it is a rare treat to hear one of his beautiful discourses, which would astonish any extempore orator in the world. His music is worth going miles to hear.—*Scio (Ill.) Express.*

Commencement Week.

Last week was the general "commencement week" (why do peeple call the closing of schools "commencement?") for a large number of schools and colleges throughout the country. It was our fortune to be present at the interesting exercises at the Belvidere Seminary, located at the beautiful and quiet little city of Belvidere, New Jersey.

The ceremonies opened on Tuesday evening by the exercises of the Adelphian Society, which consisted of dramatic representations, music, tableaux, &c. These were highly creditable to all who took part in them. The dramatic exercises were arranged in a way to point a moral lesson in each one. We can not particularize, but we regard the tableau, "Truth Unveiling Error," as one of the finest and most significant we ever witnessed, and the "Hymn to Night," deserves special mention, being sung in connection with a tableau of great beauty and significance.

On Wednesday afternoon the regular exercises were such as to show the progress in the more substantial department of intellectual training.

The whole proceeding exhibited a training on the part of the teachers and talents on the part of the students, highly creditable to the institution, which is rapidly increasing in popularity and usefulness.

Among the most important features of this institution is the Gymnastic department, in which Dr. Dio Lewis' system is taught by a graduate of his celebrated school. The very perceptable effect of these exercises on the health of the pupils, is a consideration which all parents ought to take into account in selecting a school for their daughters. The exhibition in this department was one of the most attractive of the occasion.—*The Weekly Epitomist.*

A wit once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life. "I mind my own business," was the reply.

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and Subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

Comparative Theological Exegesis.

SCIENTIFIC—SERIAL NUMBER THIRTY-NINE.

The translator of the Bible in India, remarks (p. 186, 187): "The period of action and reconstruction of the world, occupies, according to the Vedas, one entire day of Brahma—and that day corresponds to four million three hundred and twenty thousand human years.

The Pralaya, or epoch of dissolution, lasts one entire night of Brahma, and that night is equal to the same number of human years as the divine day. These doctrines of the holy books on the construction and reconstruction of worlds, have given birth to a crowd of philosophic systems, of which we only have time to make passing mention of two theories, the first of which maintains, that the germ of matter once fecundated by Brahma, the phenomena of transformation operates spontaneously, and without direct participation of God, in accordance with the eternal and immutable laws which he has created.

Matter in precipitating itself from its center, from its generating force, subdivides and gravitates in space, all particles are compressed,—light is generated, the smallest fragments dry, the vapors which exhale produce atmospheric air and water. The fragments become habitable worlds. Gradually all the other particles according to their magnitude, becomes extinguished in their turn, but in proportion as they become habitable, heat and light diminish until having wholly disappeared, matter, deprived of its most active agents, of life and reproduction, falls back into chaos, into the night of Brahma. This opinion, which is not contradicted by the Vedas, is nevertheless attacked by the orthodox, who accord to divine influence a more active role.

They recognize perfectly, that it is thus nature develops herself, the elements form themselves, all the phenomena of existence accomplish themselves, that the worlds and matter thus likewise end, and lose themselves in the night of Brahma.

But according to them, God is the supreme law of all these phenomena, and exists in the law. He presides constantly at all these transformations which would promptly cease to pursue their course, should he happen for an instant, to suspend his direction, to withdraw his support."

Brahmin priests can not receive ordination without first declaring themselves partisans of this latter system, which is considered to be much more than the first in religious spirit.

"The book of Moses, occupied solely with coarse fact, pays no attention to (either these thought-forms, measures or) theories, which form the basis of oriental theology. Modern religions have placed them among their mysteries."

The prevailing chemism of the spiritual plane seems to have left its mysterious impress on the earliest grades of earth-mind, which a modern knowledge, analysis, and understanding of the more material, may triumphantly explain.

As Brahma proceeded in the first twilight of day, to create and populate the world with all things, he divided it into twelve parts, for the reception of himself, attributes, and power, and said:

"I will, that the heavens people themselves with inferior spirits, who shall obey me, and testify to my glory."

The angels sprung forth from his thought, and hastened to arrange themselves around his throne.

From this quotation, it would seem the intermediate conditions, or angels, were formed and aggregated in hierarchic order, according to their individual nearness and elevation of thought.

Should we now turn to the elementary conditions and successive combinations, as we have treated of them in the material, namely, the archangel Nitrogen, or Conscience Sensation; Hydrogen, or Wisdom; Oxygen, or Love; Air, or knowledge; Water, or understanding, and Inter-electro Chemical Action, or Reason, we shall have the legitimate, triune parity—of centralized unity of condition, surrounded by the diversity of surrounding relation.

And to trace the analogy still further, we find confused imperfection and restive antagonisms farther out in the circumference, less imperiously inspired, harmonized and ruled by the chemism of the all emanative and controlling center, in the physical as well as the spiritual; hence, the contentions and wars carried on by *Indra*, of the more central, and *Vasanki*, of the more circumferent, ranges of spiritualized condition, was instituted and permitted by Brahma, to work good out of evil.

We may indeed follow their interesting tradition to the subjecting of Vasanki, who, being overthrown by Indra, all his companions, terrified, abandoned him, declaring themselves ready to submit to the will of Brahma; but he, irritated by their disobedience, chastised them from Heaven, and having cut off all other sources, left them a homestead in Hell, and called them Rakchasas (the accursed), condemned to such a process of inherent change as might ultimate in their final good.

In other words, it would seem when interrelation has passed beyond the confines of central inspirational control, it becomes as an atmosphere of contentious pride and ambition, that can only give off their inner life essence by combustion of proximate forms. Hence the outward round of incessant revolution.

From these primitive sources sprung the free ideal of the Titans, or evil spirits, contending against Jupiter, and all others of a like character. All else of the pretended revelations prostituted to other aims than the revelations of nature, have signally ultimated in revealing nothing more than their own perversive ignorance, bigotry and prostitution.

A general want of comprehension of the legitimate links of inherent relationship between good and evil, and in many instances the predominance of evil necessitated the individualization of a Devil, who, of necessity, being uncentered by good, and opposed to the center of an all-poweful good, has made him, so to speak, a most veritable paradox of overreaching stupidity, or his opposing good, a worse than paradoxical Devil.

The Nosks of Zoroaster, Nagas, Sarpas, Pis-atches Assours, of the Hindoos, and most other of the olden evil powers were held more as the measures of evil condition than positive evil eliminating centers, and afford but little, if any, foundation to most of modernism's positive evil eliminating centers.

Just in proportion as any candid mind takes up and learns of the true self-teachings laws of Nature, will it be emancipated from the errors of self-complacent indolence and irresolution.

The more we reject all other than our own conceptions of Nature's teaching of the present and the beyond through the present, the nearer will we come in rapport with the pure, the beautiful, the grand, the sublime of the incomprehensible infinite to which they all point as with an ever constant finger of inspired aspiration.

It has been wisely said: "Let us not seek evil elsewhere than in the weakness of human nature. There begins the mystery. It is there that we can no longer comprehend the motive of the Supreme Being. But instead of explaining them by absurd fables, or denying them by an opposite excess, let us abstain and and confide in the inexhaustible goodness of him who has not (save through his laws) thought expedient to initiate us into his designs. If [continues the writer] the light he has given us be weak, let Reason fearlessly follow it! Demi-gods, *revelators* and prophets (departing from natural law) have given us nothing, taught us nothing, which (Nature) the light had not given and taught us before. And if we owe them anything, it is for the effort, made by themselves and their successors, to *extinguish* the healthy doctrines of free will and conscience.

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WHY INVESTIGATE SPIRITUALISM?

We noticed, sometime since, a lecture by Hudson Tuttle, before a German audience of Materialists and Spiritualists, at Turnverein Hall, Cleveland, Ohio. The subject was the "Origin and Evolution of Spirit," and it was so well received that its publication as a tract in the German language was at once demanded.

The lecture was prefaced by the following observations, especially addressed to his German hearers, but not embodied in the tract:

It is with a feeling of diffidence I address the countrymen of the great Buchuer and Carl Vogt, on a subject which they consider too puerile for investigation, but I am sustained in expressing ideas exactly the reverse of their pure and unqualified materialism, by the consideration that one greater than they is with me—not only the greatest poet of the Fatherland, but the greatest Scientist, of all the long catalogue of distinguished names which form the lustrous crown of united Germany. Modern science, with all its pretentious claims, in its intricate studies of the laws of the living world, received from Goethe its grandest generalizations. He it was who first, with an insight as profound as inspiration, outlived the all-embracing generalization of creation by evolution. In one sentence he has compressed the entire subject of the future life. He asks, "Why do we desire immortality?" and replies, "Because we cannot live without it."

If Humboldt, whom it would be unfitting to designate by any adjective, did not pronounce his opinions on futurity, he did not express himself against the possibility of that existence, and his last words, as he gazed from his couch on the landscape over which the sun shed its glorious rays, in their deepest spiritual sense, refer to a higher state of existence:—"How grand the sun-light! it seems to beckon earth to heaven."

Such was the closing prayer—a spontaneous burst of admiration from him whose forehead was already bathed in the light of the eternal sphere. No priest was there with dogmatic formula to intercept the grand apotheosis. Peacefully as a babe falls to slumber, he whose life of almost a century of Herculean labors in the unexplored fields of science, sank into the arms of the laws of nature in which he reposed such confidence, and was wafted on the wings of that light he so much loved!

And are they dead? Can such minds as Humboldt's, or Goethe, or Von Molke, or Bismark, with their gigantic grasp of thought, keen intuitions, and infinite understanding, cease to be? Shall we allow even a Carl Vogt to arise and say over their graves, "As the light of the lamp goes out when the oil is exhausted, so the mind perishes with the brain which gave it birth." Nay, but rather would we say with one equally celebrated, "The soul, the marvel of this great departure which we call death, is here."

What we yield to the intellect we must to our affections. Daily and hourly some are called to part with those who, to them, occupy a more exalted position than Goethe or Humboldt did to the world of their admirers, and affection demands that they have a continued existence. If they are immortal, all men are, for if we exist in the future it must necessarily be by the operation of unchanging laws applicable to every member of the human family. Immortality cannot be conferred as a gift, for that would pre-suppose a miracle; it must be the result of determinate laws, and these applicable to all mankind.

WHY SHOULD WE INVESTIGATE SPIRITUALISM?

The immortal life in this aspect becomes amenable to law, and hence a legitimate province of investigation. The thinker with propriety turned aside from this subject when it was made an adjunct of religion; a dogma, necessary to escape the final deductions of theology. When it was asserted that the body was resurrected at the judgment day, and reanimated by its long slumbering soul, for the express purpose, in nine cases out of ten, to be plunged into a lake of fire to burn for infinite time; the finale of creation being a stupendous miracle, the study of this question was worse than useless. We have nothing to do with such dogmatic statements. We do not even claim a belief in the future life essential to religion, or the highest form of morality. History furnishes us with examples of purest and noblest lives of men who discarded not only this belief, but were unqualified Atheists. We do not press the subject because of its religious effects, for we know that the priesthood have employed it as a powerful engine to keep in subjection the dependent laity. The stoutest warrior, who rushes on the seried ranks of the foe with unwavering courage, blanched and trembled with craven fear when a priest threatened to consign his soul to hell. Over the mysterious after-life the priesthood have ever claimed to rule, and they have never hesitated in employing the terrible power it conferred.

If Spiritualism only offered another system of religion, depending on dogmatic statements, I should not plead its investigation, but should at once condemn it. Because it is not dependent on assertion; because it attempts, at least, to prove *every* position it assumes, is its strong claim on the thinker. If we are immortal should we not know it? Should we not only be conscious of the fact, but also afforded means of investigation? They who have gone down to the brink of the grave, and with lacerated senses and bleeding heart, consigned to its narrow house the body of all they loved, have felt the necessity of something more definite and assuring than faith. Beautiful as faith may be, her pure and holy forehead bathed with supernal light, and ennobling the soul with calm reliance on the decrees of the Infinite one, yet she fails in the hour when most needed. When in anguish we call to the dear departed, over their inanimate clay, and echo is an only answer from the unpitying air; when we would give our life a thousand times for any signal from beyond the grave to assure us that life and love still exist, faith gives not that signal, but disappears in darkness, and doubt pierces our hearts with a desolating cry of "annihilation."

Spiritualism supplies the place of faith with knowledge. It makes two cardinal propositions, and attempts their demonstration:

(1) Man is an immortal spirit.

(2) Departed spirits can return and communicate with earth.

If it prove these beyond denial, then it is one of the most important subjects which can engage the attention. The love of existence is so strong that none would prefer annihilation or death. All hope for continued existence, and the most inveterate skeptic would willingly accept immortality. He may receive cheerfully the results of his reason, and unhesitatingly plunge into the night of oblivion, but it is not a pleasant, cheering view, nor can stoicism make it such.

On the contrary, the assurance that the departed exist and retain their individuality is most comforting when we are called to the bedside of the dying, or when we at last feel that our earthly task is finished.

I ask your attention to these fundamental propositions, and to nothing more. They form the basic framework of the vast superstructure of Spiritualism. You are privileged to receive them and reject all its philosophy if you chose.

PREJUDICE.

Well, I know how great is the prejudice that exists against the subject, and unflinchingly bear it, and accept the burden which all new theories justly sustain of vindicating their claims. In this respect I do not ask your leniency; I only request you to grant my subject as unprejudiced a hearing as possible for you to give, and not allow side issues, which, like vampires, have fastened themselves upon it, to influence you.

It is now twenty-three years since the first manifestations of the so-called Modern Spiritualism. During that time it has upheld an amount of deception, arrant imposture, importunate quackery, wild fanaticism, and unspeakable folly, that would have blasted and sank in irretrievable failure any such cause having less vitality.

If, in your prejudice, you point the finger of scorn at the fanatics, fools and knaves who take refuge under the folds of Spiritualism, I can only say, the true Spiritualist regrets that such is the fact, and so far as his charity allows, scorns them as much as you.

Do not judge the subject by these excrescences. There are equally contemptable attachees of the church, and even science has its astrologers and mountebanks. The astute lawyer is supplemented by the groveling pettifogger; the learned physician by the quack, and the upright clergyman, alas, too often, by the "wolf in sheep's clothing."

If unprincipled selfishness stain the pure robes of Spiritualism, do not cast reproach except on the baseness of those who perform this audacious act. The more you censure in this direction, the better shall we be pleased, for we shall hail with joy the day of purification from the fanaticism and folly which has made the name a mockery.

In the quiet communion with the spirits of the departed, there is no selfishness to gratify, no aggrandizement of presuming folly. Their voices come down sweet as the strains of delicious music, and exalt and purify our souls out of the slough and mire of egotism and vanity. They are heard *not* in the busy mart of trade, in the din of the assembly, in the contention of the world. The antagonism of strife, the heat of party, the agitation of faction, silences their lips.

If Spiritualism was not something better than what generally is received as such, which is absorbed in individualism, and prostituted to corrupt purposes, in turn the wholly devoted champion of Socialism, Communism, Temperance, Woman Suffrage, Mormonism, Shakerism, the Labor Question, Dietetic Reform, and countless other "isms" and "ologies," I should not ask your attention. Not that I cast any reflection on these various issues, some of which may prove beneficial, and others detrimental, but that they have no more relation to Spiritualism than they have to Catholicism. It is the strong cause, and into its eddy has drawn all these struggling issues, that seek by identifying themselves with it to be dragged into notoriety. In the process of time it will cast these off and become purified. The gathering of these drifts of debris has been forcibly exhibited in conventions and mass meetings. Intense individualism and inordinate egotism, reckless fanatacism, open-mouthed credulity, and besotted ignorance, seemingly gathered together for high carnival, and generally succeeded in absorbing whatever common sense there chanced to be present.

Do I say that the reporters of the secular press misrepresented and ridiculed the cause in their reports? I do not know what could have been their object in so doing, for the most absurd and ridiculous report they could make was the exact truth!

Spiritualism was not responsible for these results. The fault lay in its not having any defined bounds, and the platform remains free for all who pleased to ventilate their pet theories, and the sum total went forth as its philosophy.

MEDIUMS.

Nor have been the utterance of mediums less uncertain. It would be strange, if, with such a demand for "manifestations," there should not be spurious as well as genuine. In fact, the sources of error are manifold. The conditions of spirit control, of necessity, are so subtle and evanescent that the communications may be faulty when the best intentions exist. The error may belong to the controlling intelligence or to the medium. Then there is the influence of the circle, and the knowingly perpetrated deception. With these eliminations from the mass of so-called spiritual phenomena, there remains a portion worthy of confidence, and having value as evidence.

Such being the obstacles to meet, and the reasons for prejudice, why should you overcome them and investigate the manifestations? Because, if true, they are of vital importance, and how can you know whether they be true or false unless you investigate? One test by means of the rappings will convince you sooner than a volume of argument. On this question you must see for yourself. It is because argument is *not sufficient* that these manifestations are *necessary*. They come to supply the place of belief with knowledge, and to afford them opportunity, is your imperative duty.

MAGNITUDE OF THE CAUSE.

To whatever source the phenomena may be referred, they cannot be ignored. The numbers who receive Spiritualism equal those of any of the churches. We may not receive Judge Edmonds' estimate of eleven millions in the United States, although we think it near the truth; but reducing it one half, we have a number far greater than the adherents of Christianity two hundred years after its advent.

The adhesion of numbers alone does not prove a cause true; but it does prove that these numbers find in the cause something that meets their spiritual demands. It is not confined to this country but in all civilized lands, it has been welcomed by thousands, and become the head of spiritual life. Even on the other side of the globe, the glad tidings have been borne, and Australia has her Spiritual Journal, and the learned Hindoos have begun to investigate.

HUMBUG.

No one who has given the subject the least attention will assert that the manifestations are deceptions. They will not be referred either to hallucination, or dishonest deception. Such suppositions might be entertained in an earlier day, but too careful and close attention has been bestowed upon it by individuals whose lives have been devoted to accurate observation, and whose testimony would be received in any other department of knowledge, to permit it now.

Such men as Professor De Morgan; Professor Wallace, the originator of the so-called "Darwinian Theory;" Professor Varley, the Electrician of the Atlantic Telegraph; Professor Crooks, whose researches have lately attracted considerable attention; William Howitt, Garribaldi, Lord Lyndhurst, Jules Favre, and a hundred other equally eminent individuals, cannot be accused of delusion, or of being dupes. In this country, R. D. Owen, B. F. Wade, Garrison, Judge Lawrence, Judge Edmonds, Professor Robert Hare, Professors Mapes, Denton, and Gunning, only head a list almost countless, of well known and reliable adherents.

Years ago, a committee of Havard scientific men were appointed, to fathom the mystery of the phenomena, and the result was they became so confounded they could not report.

The Dialectic Society, of London, organized expressly to deal with problems on the outlying grounds of Science, vigorously and honestly began the task, and were quickly overwhelmed by an inundation of testimony. So overwhelming was the evidence, and so at variance with what the majority, in their prejudice, desired it to be, that the report was suppressed, and only saw the light through the zeal of a few of the members. Whatever may have been the conclusions drawn from their report, at least it silences the criticisms that the phenomena are delusions.

Pof. Crookes, who certainly can not be accused of partiality for the subject, by the reliable evidence of weights and scales, has proved that force exists and is manifested. That force he terms "Psychic," and thereby shows how great a man may be in one direction while unspeakably small in another. Force is the agent of all change and motion, but how can it possess intelligence? If there were simply sounds and movings of inanimate objects, without design, his theory might be supported, but the moment the rap answers a question intelligently, his theory irretrievably fails; for the waves breaking on the shore might as well be expected to exhibit intelligence as "psychic force." This intelligence is not derived from the circle or the medium. Volumes of facts might be introduced in proof of this point. It is not derived from ordinary knowledge or clairvoyantly.

This conclusion, sooner or later, must be reached. The churchmen who attempt an explanation on any other grounds, than the Spiritual, little understand the dangerous weapons they handle. Admit that these manifestations are explainable by "psychic force," the "unknown laws of mind," "odylic force" or electricity, will not the same explanation apply to the holy records of the Bible? Spiritual phenomena of all ages rest on one basis, and the explanation for one embraces all. Was it "psychic force" that performed the miracles of Christ? or electricity that raised the dead Lazarus? or "odylic force" that rolled away the stone from the sepulcher? Then does not the Christian religion become a sham, and churchmen arrant deceivers? There is but one recourse; then Christianity becomes Spiritualized, and the so-called supernatural in Hindostan, China, Persia, Europe, and America, at once become amenable to law; order is discernable amidst even the confusion of dogmatic beliefs.

THE POSITION OF SCIENTITS,

is equally unfortunate. They are quick to say that they are the only class capable of investigation. They scorn the idea that ordinary persons can make close and careful observations. In every experiment they know certain well-determined conditions must be fulfilled; and nature, not themselves, determines these conditions. When these savans attempt to investigate Spiritualism, they invariably reverse this axiom; and if not allowed to enforce their arbitrary conditions, discard the whole. They are too thoroughly prejudiced to make impartial observations. Sir David Brewster, seeing a table rise into the air, said, "It *seems*, to rise," and when Faraday was told his table-turning theory had failed, that tables actually rose into the air, he dared not go and see for himself, but expressed himself "heartily tired of the whole matter."

It is the misfortune of theorizers that there are two classes of phenomena to account for, the mental and the physical; and a theory, however nicely adjusted to one, is sure to be overthrown by the other, and the theories require a greater stretch of credulity than the acceptance of its Spiritual source.

Spiritathesis---No. 3.

BY ADDIE L. BALLOU.

BIRTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF SPIRIT.

Touching this infinite sea of spirit-life, composed of its myriad floating zomes, are many points of conjecture, with here and there promontories of certain foundation, and there are undisputed islands of facts stretching away in the mysterious horizon, whose high summits reflect now but the dim mist hidden outlines upon the waves of inspired revelation that sweep the sands at the feet of the gazers looking afar, islands, whose veiled points, Godward lifting, grow radiant in the hazy dawn of causation's solutions, and beaming attractions to the glass of infinite explorations.

How much this world of spiritual life about us may be dependent upon, aided by, or diffused from, elemental or emanating nature, or whether it contributes—or where it ceases to contribute, if at all, to the sustenance of developing spirit in gradation process, is yet undetermined. That it is subtile enough to be subject to command, is already shown by article No. 1 of this series; and if susceptible of invitation and control by selections at conception through conditions afforded by human agency, a spiritual agency beyond may shape in part, and control in a measure, the condition desired to produce in the ultimate, the genius that shall make a history.

There are no absurd vagaries in presuming the possibility of "immaculate conception," could we know ALL the law. To know but half, is to accept but generalities as truth, while extremes and freaks of nature show but a revelation of a law as yet not understood,—hence the miraculous.

Once the student has mastered the scholastic sciences of chemistry and anatomy as given by the external demonstrations of the law, to him there is no more; yet there is a chemistry of spirit ethics, that shows her authority in facts whose law is not yet taught. Always are we noting these way-marks upon the face of historic record, without the *reason* of their occurrence being satisfactorily given.

Historic page may satisfy the wondering questioner why a Bonaparte was born a warrior and diplomatist, yet fails to give the reason plainly *how* a *Christ* should be as history records, and would compel the sanction of belief, but gives no explanation to the law producing. The query arises, then, settled, yet unsatisfactorily to the sectarian thinker. A miracle was wrought. To the skeptic, simply a man was born, and nature deviated not. Let us see: Whatever nature CAN do, that she *may* do. What has she done? What are her finite powers? For example, let us apparently deviate from the point at issue. Within the germinal fluids of each sex are hidden the elements of both sexes, in miniature, the combination by attraction of which fluids—alkalies and acids—in the conjunction of sex, produces conception. Impregnation, however, is not *absolutely* dependent upon cohabitation for its results, nor is this assertion made without the verity of substantial proof.

While attending a course of medical lectures within the year, it was my fortune to be shown the fœtus of a male child, that was grown in the matrix of a virgin, while several similar citations were made of other cases known to the profession. In no instance, however, in modern history have these little waif germs of inceptive incubation, been possessed of sufficient vigor to be able to reach maturity. Accepting, then, the undeniable facts of this power in nature's gestating functions, making the allowance due the feeble powers of physical womanhood, her less reliance and faith in spiritual dispensations—the forbidding doubts and threatening consequences that have surrounded maids of more modern times, compared with the transmitted promise of generations that a virgin of Mary's line (as a descendant of David) should bear a son,—the physical superiority of her sex and day,—with her spiritual nature illuminated through the youthful exuberance of maidenly devotion and trust, constantly familiar with the worshipful, and may it not be possible that such a life might be *perfected* and given to the world as a son of a virgin mother? For reference to higher authority in the thought, the writer refers to the late work of one who stands as a man of professional wisdom, discretion, argument and authority—unchallenged before the world. Hon. Robert Dale Owen, in his "Debatable Land," page 268, gives the import of a sitting held January 26th, 1862, of which the following is an extract:

"Christ's birth was by inception—not by conception. Mary inherited a peculiar, physical and spiritual organization from her ancestors of David's line. She was placed in a perfect trance, her bodily life suspended. The fructifying principle was received during the trance. Christ's mortal body was the result of Mary's perfect faith ruling the organism—a faith of that trancendent kind which is the center and circumference of all that is desired."

"In Mary's case it was the outgrowth of centuries. It was a specific faith; the blossoming of that belief, preserved through ages, that a virgin should conceive and bear a son. No other possible conjunction could have produced a Christ. Yet there was no suspension of the law. His birth was natural. The same conjunction of circumstances recurring, if we might suppose such a case, a similar birth might happen again."

Such a life as this, alienated from gross desires, and familiar with the devotional and prophetic, through gestating maturity, whose mental orbit traversed only within the circumference of virgin purity, loftily ecstatic in the realization of prophetic promise, whose verity was transpiring within her own organization,—this grand centralization of divine purposes within, must compel the product of a Christ.

Sacred, indeed, must be, and ever is, the the mission of maternity, and most sacredly secure should she be in every household, whose motherhood is clothing the immortal germ pulsating beneath her own heart, with the character mirages reflected through the camera of her life's pulsations and mental impress, with as sure precision the indelible stamps of sensation and sentiment, as the collodionized plate, receives the lights and shades of objects before the lens that reflects them.

If from the discordant effects of an angered brain, which sends its poisoned shafts of mental fire through the lacteal glands to the nursing infant, till it may drink its death—perish in convulsions and congestion in consequence of the effects (a fact recorded), how much more, then, must the horoscope of these little lives be shadowed by the clouds of anger, or the deeper and more lasting midnight of anguish that wrings the heart of the motherhood, whose office is not understood, and whose hungering spirit pines in its solitude, for the words of endearment and encouragement that are never spoken, to buoy up her flaging courage to meet the impending peril, and certain pangs drawing daily closer upon her, and how much more directly must her disappointments cast their reflex through her doubly sensitive condition, upon the foetal charge, drawing mental as well as material sustenance through the tissues of her being.

Pre-eminently sacred is this creative hour to womanhood, yet less are its demands heeded by speculative man, and as often by the father of the offspring she hovers, than the wants and wholesome needs of his propagating animal, are they regarded.

Springfield, Ohio, July 29th 1872.

Letter from St. Marys, Ohio.

I have just finished reading the communication to the Cincinnati Commercial, signed "Nep," and headed "Spiritual Phenomena Extraordinary in Cincinnati," which you have re-published in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. I have also read the sarcastic editorial comments upon that communication, and an article headed "A Cold-Blooded Story of the Great Spiritual Performances of Mrs. Hollis," signed "Investigator;" and yet another, headed, "A Prophet Spiritual Phenomena," signed by John Bishop Hall, in which he calls on the clergy, as the prophets of Baal did upon their god, to come forth in all the might of their power and "annihilate the ghost of Spiritualism." If they stand aloof now, after such a lecture as J. B. H. has given them, they will justly merit such reproof as that given by Dr. Caustic. Investigator reminds me of the Irishman who was arraigned before a magistrate for stealing a spade. Two witnesses swore positively that they saw him take it, but Pat retorted that he could bring a dozen that didn't see him take it. The editorial remarks, as well as the other two communications, suggests the idea, that there are persons yet in the world who will deny the evidence of their own senses and the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses to the truth of what is called spiritual manifestations, and yet profess to believe some old stories said to have been written by Moses and the prophets, which are so absurd and ridiculous that if any man should say they had taken place in the last century, he would be called a fool or a knave. If some old sailor should say that some straggler on board his ship in the Mediterranean Sea had been cast overboard and swallowed up by a great whale, and after lying in his belly two or three days and getting uneasy, in order to solace himself should get out his tobacco-pipe, his flint, steel and tinder, and strike a fire and light up his pipe and puff out great rolls of tobacco smoke, until the monster became sick from the fumes and vomited out the old fellow, unharmed, upon dry land a quarter of a mile away, would they acknowledge their belief in the story? Yet such a story would not be a particle more ridiculous than that of Jonah or Samson and the foxes, or the quails falling in the desert to the depth of three feet for the circuit of one hundred and eighty miles, and not much of a time for quails at that.

A. BENTON.

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and Subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

Comparative Theology--Continued.

SCIENTIFIC SERIAL—NUMBER XLII.

The Hindoo account of creation, of Adima and Heva, of their endowments, connubial felicity, their restive desires, their transgression, their forgiveness and promise of reincarnation, was at the time of its transfer from India to Egypt, familiar alike to "*Paria*" and "*Priest*." Being models of strength, beauty and organic perfection, and standing next to the angels in position and power, they, as man and woman, as male and female, as spirit and matter, were, as thus adjusted in the all-wise ordination of things, functionally mated and called equal.

Having accepted them as the earth-plane representatives of the father sun, and mother earth, the father wisdom, and mother love, and knowing the incarnation of the positive father sun, is constantly impregnating the mother earth, and that the father wisdom is constantly impregnating the mother love, we have no doubt, but these positive centers combined, are constantly impregnating their representative manhood and womanhood on their mediatorial plane, and there should, as an ultimate, be a resource of central eliminating good, sufficient to saturate and purify all transitory, uncentralized, receptive reservoirs of bad. In other words, it is a universal law of nature, that positives always control and rule over negatives, positives being centralized radiators, and negatives circumferent reflectors, one ever fixed in its standpoint, and the other revolving round and obedient to the laws of cohesion, affinity, repulsion, attraction of gravitation, and ever demanding the relative obedience of negatives. Since all law, condition and relation is positive or negative, according to the amount of the positive life force, or God-power (so to speak), it contains, and since all law, condition and relation takes a corresponding position in the material and spiritual, according to the relative amount of this interior force contained, it may not be amiss before proceeding to the degenerating tendencies, leading to the necessities of the Hindoo flood, reincarnation, etc., to look to the relative estimates of Hindoo and Hebrew motherhood, from which much of the subject matter of these necessarily limited articles has sprung.

There is in the type impressing function of a truly self-conscious dignity, of wisely-directed motherhood, a sweep of prestige and power, as yet little understood. A functional sweep and power, which, under a wisely chosen and directed impress, during gestation, can do more in correct ante-natal impress and foundation, to favorably impress, mould and reform man and woman kind, than all other observances, rules and regulations that can be brought to bear upon the premises.

Just as the *impressing* motherhood is, so will the offspring be, and it is to these estimates, we, as scientists, are to look, when analyzing the offspring of any grade of motherLood, whether it be that of an epoch, era, age, nation, generation, or that of an individual woman.

All the truly inspirational conceptions and reachings of the primitive Vedas were pure and beautiful, because the impressing and impressed were in the near relation of fresh parentage and childhood, while yet the morning stars sang together. As an evidence, look at and compare the then estimates of woman, with the succeeding estimates of after ages, nations and generations. "MAN [says primitively inspired Hindooism] is incomplete without woman, and the man who does not marry at the age of virility, should be stigmatized as infamous. He who despises woman, despises his mother. Who is cursed by woman, is cursed by God."

"The tears of woman call down fire of Heaven on those who make them flow. Evil to him who laughs at woman's suffering. God should laugh at his prayers."

"The songs of women are sweet in the ears of the Lord. Men should not, if they wish to be heard, sing in the presence of God without women."

"Women should be protected with tenderness, and gratified with gifts by all who wish for length of days."

"It was in answer to the prayer of woman that the Creator pardoned man—cursed be he who forgets it."

"A virtuous woman needs no purification, for she is never defiled even by contact with impurity.

"There is no crime more odious than to persecute woman, and take advantage of her weakness."

"The woman watches over the house, and the protecting divinities (Devas) of the domestic hearth, are happy in her presence."

"Woman should be for man the soother of labor, and consolation of misfortune."

"Woman should be shielded with fostering solicitude by their fathers, their brothers, their husbands, and the brothers of their husbands, if they hope for great prosperity."

"Whenever women live in affliction the family becomes extinct, but when they are respected, loved, and surrounded with tenderness, the family increases and prospers in every way."

"When women are honored, the divinities are content, but when they are not honored all undertakings fail."

"In the household where the husband is content with his wife, and the wife with her husband, happiness is insured forever."

"The virtuous woman should have but one husband, and the right-minded man should have but one wife."

Such was the original estimate of woman, yet as man became removed from the fresh, parental impressing center, this pure primitive estimate has continued to sink degree by degree, into the almost affectionless empyricism of legal leachery; and woman—powerless, choiceless woman, in a great measure has become a commercial creature of degenerate man's lordly convenience and passion.

While the Vedas taught that woman was "the soul of humanity," and while they held that woman, the daughter, wife and mother, held the family by the hearts tenderest, purest and most sacred ties, and that inspiring and impressing the family with her self-ennobling virtues, she in moralizing society ruled the virtual destiny of nations—all was primitive peace and harmony. Is such the character of the Hebrew and still more modern Bible-woman, in order not to offend every intelligent, earnest, honest mind is left to answer for itself. Though self-sufficiency may ignore, science can not deny, the paramount impress of woman, in all the ages, nations and generations of the past, the present, and to come.

As a general rule the motherhood of a homeless tribe of wandering Parias and time-serving slaves, led out of Egypt by a power-hunting tribe of Levitical Jacobites, half instructed, perverse, leacherous, blood-thirsty lawgivers, could not be expected to give birth but to those, who generally regarded womanhood as the venal serf of concubineage, and to a fatherhood that felt no moral conjunction, in sending its own offspring in deserts to starve, and selling the innocent womanhood of its own daughters, for mere messes of pottage, of which many instances are on record, too venal and humiliating to speak of, such as the cases of Abraham, Lot and others.

The Mosaic record makes no mention of the immortality of the soul. Moses was enraged against the chief officers of his army, and ordered to slay all the males and wives of a conquered enemy and rape their virgins. See Numbers, chapter 31.

List of Lecturers.

HEREAFTER we shall keep a standing register of such speakers as are furnished to us BY THE PARTIES INTERESTED, with a pledge on their part that they will keep us *posted* in regard to changes; and in addition to that, *expressly* indicate a willingness to aid in the circulation of the JOURNAL, both by *word and deed*.

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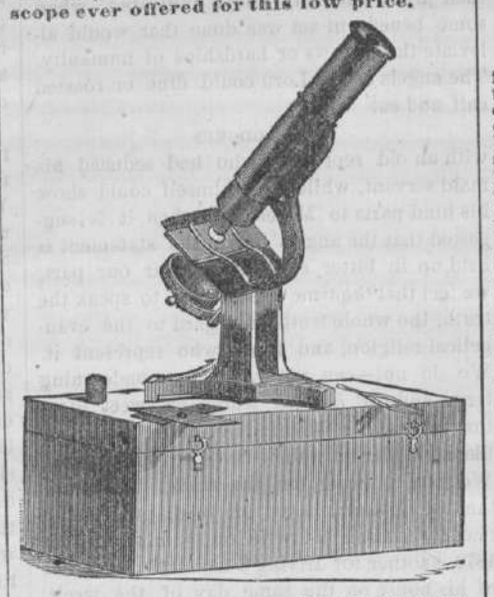
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Original Poetry.

THE CLOUD.

BY E. D. BABBITT, D. M.

On the sky,
Flitting by
Twixt the heaven and earth,
Is a thunder cloud
Gloomy as a shroud
To the eyes below of mortal birth.

But above
Clad in love,
Is the golden tide
Of the sun's own light,
Sweeter and more bright
From the contrast with the darker side.

Type of death,
When the breath
Leaves the human clay,
And the earthly eye
Sees upon the sky,
Clouds and storms which seem to hide the day.

But rejoice!
Tune thy voice;
For beyond is light!
Angel spirits come,
To escort thee home,
Where there is no sorrow and no night!

42 E. 12th St., N. Y.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

BY ALICE CARY.

Last night I sat beside the pane,
And heard across the mist of rain
The wild birds twitter low,
And thought how soon the leafy nests,
Now warm with little speckled breasts,
Would all be filled with snow.

I saw the withered wet leaves fall,
And cried, God shield and save ye all,
Black birds, and blue, and brown;
And all ye tribes of noisy things,
With linings on your ashen wings
Soft as the thistle's down.

And ye with top-knots on your heads
Of crimson grains and scarlet reds,
And tongues so wild and loud;
God save, I said, in kindest care,
Seeing ye drift along the air
Like a sunset cloud.

And ye in gray and russet suits,
And ye with ruffles all in flutes
About your necks ashine;
When April sends her lamps of dew,
To light her darkened daisies through,
God fetch ye, darlings mine.

And ye, with tuneful, tender throats,
And ye, with white and spotless coats,
And ye that hold in scorn
Soft music, and while summer gleams
Sit by your doubles in the streams,
Snapping your bills of horn.

And let what will my life befall,
I still shall love and need ye all;
Nor can my heart make choice,
Or hold the nightingale preferred
Above the cuckoo, less a bird
Than "just a wandering voice."

Therefore I pray, and can but pray,
Lord keep, and bring them back when May
Shall come with shining train,
This broidered with fields of wheat,
And butterflies and field pinks sweet,
And yellow bees, and rain.

Yes, bring them back across the seas
In clouds of golden witnesses,
The grand, the grave, the gay;
And if thy holy will it be,
Keep me alive once more to see
The glad and glorious day.

I SOUGHT to do some mighty act of good
That I might prove how well my soul had striven.
I waited, and the minutes, hours passed,
Yet bore no incense of my need to heaven.
Sad, without hope, I watched the falling rain;
One drop alone could not refresh the tree,
But drop on drop, till from its deepest root
The giant oak drank life and liberty.
Refreshed, like Nature, I arose to try
And do the duty that should nearest lie;
And ere I knew my work was half begun,
The noble deed I sought in vain was done.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

A Reporter with Mrs. Hollis.—He becomes Converted.—Balls of Phosphorescent Lights turning into Faces.—Mrs. Libbie White.

[From the (Washington, D. C.) Capital, of September 28.]

I was sitting in the editorial room of the *Commercial*, talking to one of its versatile editors who answers to the name of Plympton, and who ought to be known throughout the country as one of our most accomplished journalists, and who is known to a wide circle of friends, as the best sort of a fellow, when William M. Corry, late of the *Commoner* and Kentucky Resolutions, and now for all time the most brilliant conversationalist ever endowed with breath, came in and immediately opened a conversation concerning a message that he had received the night before from his grandfather, long since deceased and quite forgotton. The message, it seems, came in the shape of advice, directing William to drop the *Commoner*, and stick to bricks. This was certainly good sense, and showed that the grandfather's head was level if not brilliant. I thought the gentlemen were joking, and put in my little jest accordingly. There has always been something extremely ludicrous to me in the spiritual business. At best it seemed a sort of rat-hole revelation, and an unseemly attack on furniture. I had known the little Foxes at an early day, when they were quite pretty, plump as partridges, and as full of the animal as they claimed to be of spirits. Through these little girls, we interviewed St. Paul and Julius Cæsar. They were both represented to me as small men with bald heads and hooked noses. Julius had a good deal of a stomach on him, which came, I suppose, on account of his unbounded ambition; at least that is what Queen Catherine said of Cardinal Wolsley. I soon discovered, however, that my two friends were in earnest, and not in a frame of mind suited to joking. They went on to tell me—first one, and then the other—of the wonderful things they had witnessed at a Dr. Wolf's, on Smith street, in the presence of a medium called Mrs. Hollis, of Louisville, Kentucky. I was, of course, interested, and when invited to accompany them that night to a *seance* at the house of said Wolf, under the direction of the said female medium, I readily assented.

We took dinner together at the St. Nicholas. This restaurant is to Cincinnati what Delmonico's is to New York, or Welker's to Washington, with a slight difference. The fare is not quite so good at the St. Nicholas, the service is abominable, and the price one pays therefor out of all proportion.

At eight o'clock, we were at the house of the Doctor, a charming residence in Smith street, just out of Fourth. I was introduced to Mrs. Hollis—quite a handsome, dark-eyed brunette, weighing about a hundred and forty, and some thirty-five or forty years of age. Like the little Foxes, she is personally attractive, but, unlike my former mediums, I found her quiet and unassuming, and rather diffident. Aside from her personal attractions, the chief characteristic that impressed one was the exceedingly frank and honest expression of her face. A judge of human nature would dismiss all suspicion of fraud, after taking one good look at her kind, gentle countenance.

We were at once conducted through a long porch to the rear building, where, between the library and laboratory, the Doctor had erected for Mrs. Hollis what was called the cabinet. It consisted of a partition run across one end of the small room, in the centre of which was a door, and in the centre of the door a circular opening ten inches in diameter, and about four feet from the floor. This aperture was covered with black cloth, while on the outside lay a slate with a minute slate pencil upon it. The doctor made us examine the walls and floor, to satisfy ourselves that there was no machinery about, while in the the cabinet there was nothing but a common chair. Into this cabinet went Mrs. Hollis; but before so doing, the Doctor blackened the palm of her right hand. The door was closed, fastened on the outside, and we sat down to the rattle of a large music box that had borne about as much music in it as a tin pan covering an insane bug. The gaslight shone through in a dim way from the adjoining rooms on either side, and we sat watching that dark spot upon the door, like three terriers gazing into a rat hole. In about ten minutes a delicate, white hand appeared, that seemed to waver and flicker before us, and then disappear. As it went down, it seemed to melt into darkness. Directly the hand came back, and went out as before. The third or fourth time, it seemed to grow steadier, reached out, seized the pencil, and wrote something with easy rapidity. It then opened, so as to show the white palm, and disappeared. The doctor seized the slate, and we all rushed into the other room, to read this message from the spirit-world. It was to the effect that some fighting character felt certain that he could whip somebody a second time. I thought the message was addressed to me, and so said with the opinion to the ghost, that it couldn't be done; but it turned out subsequently, to have been addressed to Mr. Corry, from a venerable defunct, who, in the remote ages of Cincinnati, had thrashed his, (William's) grandfather, and unwilling to clasp hands over the bloody chasm, was prepared to fight again.

This message, with the subsequent ones, accorded with my sense of the ludicrous, and I quite annoyed my friends with my levity. After receiving four or five messages, a luminous ball, very dim, appeared at the aperture, grew lighter, resolved itself into a head, with the features clearly defined, and for a second, gazed at us from the opening. Mr. Plympton told me that that was his sister Mary—dead some years, and was very striking in its resemblance. After this, came a message addressed to me, purporting to come from a cousin deceased some time since, in Boone county, Kentucky.

Then came another face, appearing and disappearing like the other. After this, we saw the late President of the United States, James Buchanan, that was so like the common lithograph head of the old Pub. Func., that my sense of humor grew stronger than ever. I thought that if James Buchanan—dead these many years—had only got so far as Smith street, Cincinnati, he was as slow in the spirit as he used to be in the flesh. It seems, however, that Doctor Wolf had been, at one time, the private secretary of the solemn, old pump, and through life, quite intimate with him, so that his appearance was not so extraordinary as it otherwise would have been.

We then had the pleasure of seeing Stephen A. Douglas. Stephen came, I suppose, because Buchanan did, and my doubts overtook my fun, when I saw that the bow each gave to the response to the "good evening" of Doctor Wolf, was precisely that which would come from a crayon sketch on a pasteboard, if the upper end were dipped forward suddenly.

I had made up my mind that the whole affair was an ingenious, innocent sort of fraud, when the luminous appearance at the opening resolved itself into a head that so shocked me, that for a second my heart seemed to stop its action. I was so surprised, that for a second I was stunned, and my first feeling was that of indignation at what struck me as a wanton outrage. This was not, however, well defined, and the moment I could reflect, the fact forced itself upon my mind, that probably I had deceived myself. My sight is quite dim from over use, and I had only caught a glimpse of what so startled me. It was too sacred a subject to be trifled with, and I determined to investigate the matter closely, and if I found any fraud in the business, to make an example of one medium at least.

The face appeared but once afterward, and then more distinct than before, so that nothing was given me upon which to solve my doubt. I had enough, however, to satisfy me that there was something more in this than is generally attributed to such manifestations.

To tell the honest truth I had gradually settled into that unhappy state of belief so common to this materialistic age that we possessed nothing in the way of spiritual life that could be administered upon after death. This had been jammed into me, by being knocked on the head, when I found, by actual experience, that as the physical ceased to operate, that part of me which thinks, wills and remembers, ceased to exist also; and all was blank, until the blood began to circulate, and the material engine got under way again. For thousands and thousands of years, that chin of death has been tied up, and the napkin folded over the mouth never to be removed by any message from the world beyond. So, like the more eminent theologians of our day, I had come to the unpleasant conviction, that all there was of it we could taste, hear, smell and see. And yet, through this rat-hole came what purported to be facts, upsetting my settled opinions, and putting me all at sea upon this subject.

It is a common error for us to reject the truth because it does not come to us in a dignified and imposing manner. As the miracles of Christ failed to overcome the disbelief of the Jews, that grew out of the melancholy fact that the Messiah had come out of Nazareth, and had been born in a manger. Newton got his idea of a great law from the falling of an apple, while his kite identified the lightning. And so, this startling disclosure of a great truth, is as likely to come when least expected, in an obscure way, as others have done before.

With this spirit of skepticism, and with no belief in anything, not even in myself, I entered upon this investigation. I do not propose to go into the details of it, for others are at work upon them; but I can say in brief, that at the end of a week, in which I gave from five to eight hour's investigation, I was forced to the conclusion that if I had not been holding intercourse with the dead, I had, at least, been in communication with a mysterious intelligence outside the humanity subject to the laws of flesh.

Mrs. Hollis gave me, for example, a *seance* to myself, in which I was to receive communications in writing. I repaired to the house at ten A. M., and in brood daylight we sat down by a small tea-table, over which the medium threw a woollen cover, and giving me the slate, she requested me to ask any question, either mentally, or to write it. I did the first. She placed the slate under the table, and while talking about other things, held it there with her right hand. By means of a mirror that was hung accidentally in such a way that I could see her entire person, I noticed that her left hand rested in her lap. In a few minutes, I heard the pencil drop upon the slate, and bringing it out, sure enough, I found written upon it, an answer to my question. This continued for two hours and a-half, in which time I asked forty-one questions, and received the same number of answers. In some respects these were not satisfactory; that is, I could not realize that the person who purported to be in communication with me would send precisely such messages. They were answers, and they were reasonable, but in the answers I could not feel the source indicated. There was one peculiarity which struck and somewhat annoyed me. Every question I asked was a test; and yet, while this was going on, quite unexpectedly, and of course, unlooked for, the most conclusive evidences would be given.

There was a circumstance that occurred that amazed me, for it was so unexpected. I had written a message upon the slate that I did not wish the medium to see; and so turned it down, putting the pencil upon the upper side. In this position she placed it under the table. We heard the pencil drop directly, and fetching out the slate found no writing Turning it over, however, under my written interrogatory was the response, the spirit had written it on the under side, and the medium told me of a fact that I immediately put to the test, that the writing would go on upon the upper side with the slate pressed to the bottom of the table.

The most striking manifestations were made in the dark when the voices of the spirits became audible to us. The spirit whose face I had seen—and, by the by, this had been repeated to me until there could be no question about the resemblance at least, if not the identity, for I had procured a powerful opera glass that revealed to me the very color of the eyes and hair—this spirit whispered to me long messages that could be heard by others, which fact saved me from the doubt as to whether my imagination had not played me false. But the most striking and conclusive manifestation was in an interview between Mr. Corry and his former friend, Elwood Fisher. This was introduced by the medium asking if any one knew Elwood Fisher and giving a description of his personal appearance. Mr. Corry said he would be glad to communicate with his friend, but asked for some evidence that it was Elwood Fisher he conversed with. Elwood the friend than began:

"Does thee remember the little store on Fifth street?"

"Yes, very well," responded Corry.

"Does thee remember the first time thee saw me there, sitting on the counter?"

"Very distinctly."

"Does thee remember taking me to thy father, who expressed an approbation of me?"

"I remember it all."

"Does the remember Daddy Bassett, with his long queu and ruffled shirts?"

"I do, and I have not thought of him these thirty years."

And this sort of thing continued, it seemed to me, for nearly an hour—this talk of the two friends over the events of their lives, in which the one from the spirit-land sought to convince the other of his identity, and succeeded beyond doubt. While this was going on Mrs. Hollis informed me that quite a stout gentleman was examining my arm lately twisted in a buggy-wheel, who claimed to be a surgeon and called himself Jesse Judkins. She described him as a merry gentleman, fond of his jest. Poor Jesse, no truer word was ever said. After these whispered communications, that we were assured would grow stronger and become more distinct, we had a talk with Jimmy Nolan. Jimmy spoke right out, very like a man talking through a horn, which I have no doubt he was doing, for there was a tin horn in the room; and having decided that the medium was honest, this strange, hollow voice, speaking to us in a familiar way, with ease and fluency, had a very strange effect. I could not help asking Jimmie, however, whether Greeley was going to be our next President.

"That I can not answer, sir, and you know as much about it as I do. I can only say that he seems to have a first-rate chance."

I wish I could write more at length upon this interesting subject, but I find myself, since making the attempt, shrinking from the task. I am not ashamed, as many are, of my experiences or afraid to avow my convictions; but, unfortunately for my testimony, the proof came to me in a shape too sacred for common use. Dr. Wolf had invited this lady to his house after what I understand was rather an unfortunate experience as a medium at Cincinnati, for the purpose of calm, careful investigation of Spiritualism generally, and this lady's power and honesty in particular. Of all the prominent men invited in the city two only could be found possessing interest enough in the subject to look into it and report the result of their investigation. I happened accidentally to make a third. I join heartily in the report, which says that the medium is above all suspicion, and I can add my conviction that the intelligence with which we communicated was beyond if not above the experiences of material humanity.

GLORIOUS MANIFESTATIONS.

[From the Banner of Light.]

DEAR BANNER OF LIGHT—I have not read in your or any other paper any account of the *materializing* manifestations occurring at the house of Dr. H. H. Ostrom, through the mediumship of Mrs. Libbie White, in the quiet village of Alton, Wayne Co., N. Y. Since the beginning of this year the manifestations, have been of the most remarkable character, and have excited intense interest.

Owing to the feeble health of Mrs. White, the seances have been limited in number. The spirit directors will now permit of only one seance per week. If she could give one or two sittings each day, the house would be continually thronged with visitors. Not one party in ten that desires sittings can be favored. By "party," is meant a company of eight persons. None may be expect a sitting there unless arrangements are made in advance. The house is not open to all comers, as at Moravia. It is hoped that her health will soon permit her to have more frequent sittings.

I will briefly chronicle the results of two sittings. Owing to the fact that some of our party were not Spiritualists, and some others only "investigators," I will give simply the initials instead of their full names. All are happy, however, to relate their experiences to those who desire more light.

On Monday, Aug. 26th 1872, Judge S——, one of our most highly esteemed citizens, and wife, Mrs. M——, Mrs. S——, Mr. M——, Mr. S—— and wife, the writer, his wife and son, Fay, aged eleven years, Dr. Ostrom and Mr. Buth—all of sound mind and competent witnesses—took our seats in the lighted parlor at Dr. Ostrom's residence. Mrs. White entered the cabinet, and during the seance was "unconsciously entranced." We had no "dark circle." Our music was vocal, and excellent, to "harmonize conditions." My memory will not permit of giving an account of the appearance of all our spirit friends to the regular order in which they were seen. They manifested themselves in a manner similar to those at Moravia and other places. Among those first seen, were the grandfather of the Judge, the father of Mrs. S——n, and Darius Cook, an old business friend of the writer. After singing,

"Shall we Gather at the River?"

Mrs. M——'s husband appeared, and the materialization was perfect. He beckoned her to him. She advanced, and they shook hands and exchanged kisses; and as he said "this is the happiest hour of my life," the curtain dropped, and she fell on her knees, and in a beautiful and touching attitude of prayer, thanked God and the angel world. The Judge and his wife also shook hands with him, and exchanged expressions of continued love. After which her angel husband reappeared with their darling child in his arms.

An Italian music-teacher of Mrs. S——y greeted her with characteristic bows and smiles; and as she sang one of the songs that he taught her in her youthful days, he flourished his handkerchief in ecstatic delight. Mr. M. arose, approached the cabinet, and shook hands with his wife; and, after exchanging kisses and being embraced by her, he sank into a chair overcome with emotion.

As we were singing,

"Yes, we 'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river
That flows through the Summer-Land."

our precious angel daughter Eva, (in spirit-life two years—now aged eight,) made us happy in presenting her sweet face. Those beautiful eyes that closed in weariness again kindly looked upon father, mother and brother; and lips that faintly and softly whispered "*Ma, ma*," just before closing in death, stirred the depths of our hearts by their sweet music, as she wafted kisses to us on pulsating chords of love, in response to expressions of affection and kisses sent from parents' and brother's hearts. Her spirit mother held near her face white and pink daisies from the children's flower-gardens of the "Better Land." And how beautiful! Daisies of that color ever bloom on her grave in their season.

A sister in-law of the Judge's family appeared, in youthful beauty and vivacity, bearing in her hand choice flowers from the banks of the River of Life. Mrs. M—— arose and gave her a white geranium, which I handed Mrs M. for that purpose, that she pressed to her lips and returnd, thanking me, and also looks and gestures expressed a desire for more flowers. Mrs. M—— took the paper containing them to the cabinet window, and she selected a beautiful fuchsia, pressed it to her lips, and returnnig it, expressing in an audible voice her feelings of happiness and joy. These flowers are prized by her friends beyond power of expression. My wife's Eva's angel-mother, smiled upon us, in face of beautiful contour and celestial radiance. My wife arose and gave her a sweet-scented leaf, and received touches from her hands, and a kiss from her lips. The curtain fell. She again appeared, and motioned for Fay to take the leaf from her hand. I led the dear boy forward, who received the leaf, and a press from the angel hand. It was my happiness to shake her haud twice, when she disappeared, and was seen no more by mortal vision. This leaf, "by angel finger touched," and baptized with celestial love, is among our choicest treasures.

A brother of my wife bowed to us gracefully many times, and threw kisses to us as we expressed our happiness in meeting him. Shenandoah, a beautiful Indian spirit maiden, conversed with us a number of minutes in a melodious, fascinating voice. She said—"Have all the pale faces seen their spirit friends?" To the answer that all of our party from Rochester had, except Mrs. S., she replied—"That is too bad; I am sorry; we have done the best we could." Every eye was moistened by her words of heartfelt sympathy and love.

We thanked the Indian maiden and our spirit friends for the inexpressible joy of that day, and thus closed the feast of love. We acknowledged freely and fully that all we had witnessed, marvelous as it may seem, were glorious realities, and felt that the "happy land" was not "far, far away;" that the chasm of the grave was beautifully and grandly bridged.

R. H. CURRAN.

Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 22nd, 1872.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson.

To the friends in Missouri and Kansas:—Please, in sending me calls for lectures, give me your exact location, and remember that my health forbids exposure by staging into the interior in the inclement months of winter. Places on or near to railways I can visit when my terms can be complied with. Most of our speakers are more or less shattered by hardships, and if I continue in the field I must have the comfort of a private sleeping room with fire in it—for no speaker can go from the heated hall into cold rooms and cold beds except at the risk even of life. "A word to the wise is sufficient." I mention this knowing that all true friends will cheerfully accord me their hearty co-operation. My line of travel will be on the St. Louis, Kansas Pacific, Fort Scott lines, etc.

Truly,

M. J. WILCOXSON.

DR. KAYNER will be at Angola Hotel, Angola, Erie county New York, October 23d, 24th and 25th, to make clairvoyant examinations and attend to patients. October 27th he will lecture in Lockport, N. Y., on the The Two Pictures. He lectures in Good Templars Hall at 2 and 6½, P. M. Let the friends turn out and the angels will greet them. November 2d and 3d, he will lecture in Addison, N. Y., and remain four days to heal the sick.

Let the friends make thier arrangements accordingly and come out to hear the lectures, and see the spirit paintings. For appointments to lecture on the line of the Erie R. R., or anywhere in Massachusetts or New York, or for clairvoyant examinations, address until further notice, at St. Charles, Ill.

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and Subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

Bhoodhism.

Bhoodhism, of Hindoostan, Burmah, China, etc., 700 years B.C., comprises over 300,000,000, or one-third of the population of the globe. The Bhoodish commandments are five in number:

1st.—Thou shalt not destroy life.

2d—Thou shalt not obtain another's property by unjust means.

3d.—Thou shalt not indulge the passions, so as to invade the legal or natural rights of other men.

4th.—Thou shalt not tell lies.

5th.—Thou shalt not partake of anything intoxicating.

"Overcome evil with good," says Bhood. To a man in the wrong, or who thinks me in the wrong, will I return good for evil; the protection of my ungrudging love; the more evil goes from him, the more good shall go from me, so the good fragrance may return to me, and the ill flavor go to him.

A perverse man hearing Bhood teach good for evil abused him. Bhood was silent, and pitying him, said:

"Son, when a man forgets the rules of politeness in making a present to another, the custom is to say, 'keep your present, son! You have railed at me; I decline to entertain your abuse, and ask you to keep it as a source of misery to yourself.' For as sound belongs to the drum, and shadow to the substance, so, in the end, misery will certainly overtake the evil doer. A wicked man who reproaches a virtuous one, is like a man who looks up and spits at heaven; the spittle soils not heaven, but comes back and defiles his own person."

Who is a good Man? Bhood says, "the religious (true) man is only good; goodness is the agreement of the conscience (reason) and the will. The great man is he who is strongest in the exercise of patience; endures injury, and maintains a blameless life. The worshipful man is he whose heart has arrived at the highest degree of enlightenment, and remains calm and pure without blemish, amid all he sees, knows and hears—this is illumination."

Spiritual Culture. Bhood says, "a man who cherishes lust and desire, and does not aim after supreme knowledge, is like a vase of dirty water, in which all sorts of beautiful objects are placed; the water being shaken up, men can see nothing of the beautiful objects therein placed. So, lust and desire causing confusion and disorder in the heart, are like the mud in the water; they prevent our seeing the beauty of supreme reason (religion). But if a man, by the gradual process of confession and pennance, comes near the acquirement of knowledge, then, the mud in the water being removed, all is clear and pure; remove the pollution, and immediately, of itself, comes forth the substantial form. So, the three poisons (covetousness, anger and delusion) which rage within the heart, and the five obscurities (envy, passion, sloth, vaccillation and unbelief) which embrace it, effectually prevent one from obtaining supreme reason. But once get rid of the pollution of the heart, and then we perceive the spiritual portions of ourselves, which we have had from the first, although involved in the net of life and death; gladly, then, we mount the paradise of all the Bhoods, where reason and virtue continually abide."

A man who devotes himself to religion (reason) is like one who takes a lighted torch to a dark house—the darkness is dissipated! Persevere in the search after wisdom, and obtain knowledge and truth; error and delusion rooted out, what perfect illumination will there be!

In reflection, in life, in conversation and in study, I never for a moment forget the supreme end—religion (reason).

Speaking of "Bhodi"—supreme reason—Bhood said, "the Shaman who has left his home, banished desire, expelled love, fathomed the bottom of his own heart, penetrated the deep principle of universal mind (Bhooda), understood the principle, that there is no subjective personal existence, or objective aim in life, or result to be obtained; whose heart is neither hampered by the practice of religion, or fettered by the bonds of life; to be without anxious thoughts, without active endeavor, without careful preparation, without successful accomplishment, attaining the highest possible point of true being, without passing through any successive and distinct stages of progress; this is, indeed, to be religious, or practice supreme reason.

Difficult things to do. Bhood says, "It is difficult to be poor, and charitable, rich and great, repress lust, banish desire, see selfish pleasure and not seek it; to be strong and not rash; to bear insult without anger; to move in the world and not set the heart upon it; to keep an even mind in diving to the bottom; not contemn the ignorant; to cast off self-esteem; to be good, learned and clever, or sagacious; to see hidden principles; to attain an end without exultation; to show the right way—the doctrine of expediency; to save men by converting them; to be the same in heart and life; to avoid controversy," etc.

Speaking of Illumination — Clairvoyance, Bhood says, "Bodies and minds worn out with exertion, obtain illumination (death bed vision), and some anon perceive universal diffusion, and see all things within themselves. And still reflecting, they behold their generated bodies as so many grains of dust in the wide expanse of the universal void—now safe, now lost; or as a bubble of the sea—sprung from nothing, and born to be destroyed; but ever the same—identical with the substance of Bhood, incapable of increase or diminution. Oh! the mysterious depth, the all-embracing extent, the undisturbed and unmoved majesty. May we yet convert endless worlds of beings, and cause them deep gratitude through all time. May we cause those yet immersed in sin, to attain with us final rest.

Thought. Bhood says, "we are the result of thought, of what we have thought, we are founded on our thoughts, made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him, as the wheel follows the foot of him who draws the carriage.

"All that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts; it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks, or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him like a shadow that never leaves him

"As an Archer makes straight his arrow, so a wise man makes straight his thought, which it is difficult to turn. Those who bridle their minds will be free from Mara (the tempter), while those who only look for the pleasures of sense, fall into her embrace; yet, she overcomes one as a top-heavy tree, and is resisted by the other, as the Rocky Mountain.

"As rain breaks through an ill-thatched house, passion will break through an unreflecting mind. Yet, as the well-thatched roof resists, so resists the well-reflecting mind. The evil man suffers here and hereafter, when he thinks of evil done—yet more, while on the road of evil. To recite law and not do it, is like counting the cowherd of others."

Hatred ceases by Love. "This," says Bhood, is an olden rule.

Reflection, says Bhood, "is the path of immortality; thoughtlessness, the path to death. Those who reflect do not die; those who are thoughtless, are as if dead already." Reflection, self-restraint and control, make one's self an island which no flood can overwhelm. Earnestness is praised; thoughtlessness blamed.

Flowers. Bhood says, "He who knows that this body is like froth, and has learned that it is as unsubstantial as *mirage*, will break the flower-pointed arrow of mara (the tempter), and never see the king of death. As the bee collects nectar and departs without injuring the flower, or its color, or perfume, so let the sages dwell upon earth; yet, are fruitless words as the perfumeless flowers—mere appearance without life. As the lily on the rubbish grows beautiful, and full of sweet perfume, so bloom those self-controls found growing unseen and unsung on the waste heaps of human misery."

The Fool. "If," says Bhood, "the traveler meets with none equal nor better than himself, let him keep on his course, since there is no companionship in a fool. Fools are as spoons to the soup, whereas, intelligence to the wise are as lips to the soup. When the fool's fruit ripens, he suffers grief."

"The Venerable," says Bhood, "are as solid rocks unshaken by the wind; he who is free from credulity is warmed by the inner spirit; has cut selfish ties; removed all temptations and renounced all desires; is the greatest of men."

Self Conquest. Bhood says, "The man who conquers himself, conquers more than if he had conquered one million of men, and ranks among the greatest of conquerors; he always lives under restraint; he who sees truth one moment at birth, is greater than the ignorance of untold ages."

"Work out your own Salvation. Bhood says, "The thoughtful on the free way are beyond the bondage of Mara. Watch the speech; restrain the mind, commit no wrong with the body; these are the paths of the wise. Knowledge comes through zeal; ignorance through inaction—all must redeem themselves who would be redeemed. As kinsfolk receive our return from afar, so will our good deeds receive us."

Good and Evil. Says Bhood, "Commit not one sin, nor tell not one lie to protect another. He who has no wound in his hand may touch poison. The falling drop wears the rock away, or fills the pot—thus, good is overcome, or collected, little by little. Blow off thine infirmities, as the smith blows the dross off his ore. First learn and direct yourself, then learn and direct others." There is no fire like passion; no shark like hatred, no snare like folly; no torrent like greed. "Health is the greatest of gifts." "Content is the greatest of riches." These primitive sayings and teachings need no comment.

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THE PATRIARCHS.

A Heterodox Road to Heaven.—God gets the News.—God's Strategy.—Abraham.—The Original Story.—Points of Similarity in the Stories.—Ishmael and Isaac.—God Trifles with Abraham.—Heathen Custom.—Origin of the Legend of Abraham offering Isaac.—Points of Similarity in the Two Cases.—Astronomical View.—Saturn and Abraham.—Isaac the same as Abraham.—Jacob.—His Treatment of Esau.—Cheats his Father.—Marries Two Wives.—Steals Cattle.—Wrestles with God.—Water God, and Fire God.—Jacob's Ladder.—Twelve Sons.—Miracles of the Bible, and Heathenism.—Dinah, the Moon.—Joseph in Egypt.—All things Possible with God.

BY D. W. HULL.

In this paper we shall refer more particularly (commencing with the confusion of languages) to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and Jacob's twelve sons, who went down into Egypt. Although the same history is repeated in each one of these individuals, it will be necessary to speak of each separately.

In the preceding chapter (Gen. xi), we learn that the devil had found his way amongst the Lord's people since the Lord had destroyed his majesty's children, and was playing havoc with them. They had actually devised a plan to get into heaven, without being orthodox in their views of theology. If the Lord had not by chance been informed of it, heaven would soon have been crowded with outsiders. But some bigoted soul told the Almighty, "they are building a tower that will reach up to heaven, and if they do that, they will drive you out."

"Is that so," says the Almighty; why, I wonder what they won't do! I must go down and confuse them," and the poor creature was nearly frightened to death; but some one whispered, "That is one of Satan's lies."

I imagine I hear him say, "I wonder if it is not. I declare, that Devil gives me more trouble than my kingdom is worth. Well, I'll go down and see if the report is true."

Finding it correct, he says: "Behold the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do; and now nothing will be restrained which they have imagined; go to, let us go down there, and confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech"—(verse 6, 7).

Heaven being but a few miles above us, the Hebrew saw no difficulty in making a tower to reach up to it; hence he represents his God as trembling, and sputtering in his fright, that "if they commence this work, I can't do anything with them;" so, he comes down and confounds their language, and lo! he has made another mistake. He was only able to give his word in one language, and all his children are to-day quarrelling about what the English of that language means. There are one hundred and eighty thousand errors, they tell us, in that Bible, as now translated, and as we are told, only those can be saved who believe right; every error is as fatal as the poison of the Upas. Poor, unfortunate creature, the fates are at war with him.

ABRAHAM.

So, the Lord finding the world so awfully wicked, concluded to choose out Abraham, and try his skill on him. He made a promise to him, of making of him a great nation, and giving to his children a great tract of country; but lo! his wife got into a little innocent love affair with Phaorah, and as she did not know enough to tell him she was at once the wife and sister of another man, it came near resulting seriously; but it leaked out to Phaorah somehow or other, and he returned Abraham his wife. Again it seems that this promise is going to fail. But the Lord who often went to visit with Abraham, came one very hot day, and after Abraham had washed his feet, the Lord again repeated the same promise to him. "And he said, I will certainly return unto thee, according to the time of thy life; and lo! Sarah, thy wife, shall have a son. And Sarah heard it in the tent door which was behind him."—Gen. xviii. 10.

Again we will trouble the reader with the original extract from which the story of Abraham and servant is taken. It had been promised Adjigarta that he should wed Parvady, and they should have a son who might "accomplish on his tomb the funeral ceremonies which should introduce him to the abode of Brahma." After the wedding we are told:

Years slipped on with nothing to disturb the felicity of Adjigarta and the beautiful Parvady; their herds were the largest and best tended; their harvests of rice, of small grains, and of saffron, were always the finest. But one thing was wanting to their happiness; Parvady, although her husband had always approached her at the favorable season, according to the law of God, had given him no child, and seemed struck with sterrility. The eighth year of her sterrility approached, when, according to the law, Parvady should be divorced, as not having produced a son, which was a subject of continued desolation to them both. the finest day Adjigarta took a young goat, mountain to sacrifice it and went to a desert tears he prayed, "Lord, separate not [illegible] whom thou hast united!" But sobs choked his voice, and he could say no more. As he lay with his face to the earth, groaning and imploring God, a voice which sounded from the clouds, made him tremble, and he distinctly heard these words: "Return to thy house, Adjigarta, the Lord has heard thy prayer, and has had pity on thee." As he returned toward home, his wife, full of joy, ran to meet him, and as for a long time he had not seen her so joyful, he inquired the reason of her unusual satisfaction.

"During thine absence," replied Parvady, "a man who appeared worn out with fatigue came to rest himself under the verandah of our house. I offered him the pure water, boiled rice and ghee which we give strangers. After having eaten, and when about to depart, he said to me, "Thy heart is sad and thine eyes dimmed from tears; rejoice thyself, for soon shalt thou conceive, and a son shall be born of thee, whom thou shalt name Viashagagana (the reward of alms), who shall preserve to thee the love of thy husband, and be the honor of his race."—Ramatsariar Prophecies, quoted in Bib. in Ind., pp. 218, 219.

Now, let us look at the points of similarity of this and the Bible story:

1. Both Sarah and Parvady were very beautiful.

2. Both Abraham and Adjigarta had the largest herds in the country.

3. Both wives were barren.

4. Both men offered sacrifices.

5. The Lord sat down to cool and rest himself in Abraham's tent door, and he sat down to rest himself on the verandah of Adjigarta's house.

6. In one house, the Lord and his comrades eat a calf; in the other, he eat boiled rice and ghee; and

7. The son was promised to them both.

Do we want better evidence that it is all one and the same legend? only Moses found his in the Hindoo books.

"She was the sister of Abraham" (Gen. xx. 12). This custom must have been derived from the Egyptians.

Mrs. Child says:

"They married but one wife, and she, often, was their sister, on account of the prevailing idea that such marriages were fortunate."—Prog. Rel. Id. vi., p. 167.

Abraham already had one illegitimate child, which, with its mother, he treated in a good, orthodox style—turned them out to get as much of life as a loaf of bread and a bottle of water would afford. But by this time Isaac was born, and as he could perpetuate Abraham's name, Ishmael and his mother were not needed. Perhaps he had a scent of something not very orthodox about the lady.

Now that Abraham has driven off Ishmael and his mother, and they have, perhaps, starved to death, Abraham finds he has made a mistake; for his God needs a sacrifice, and there is no one to kill but his son Isaac, and so there will be no one to perpetuate his memory on his tomb. How horrible it must have seemed to that dear old patriarch, to kill his son and roast him for food for the Almighty (Lev. iii: 11, 16—food is the word), and eat his breast and shoulder himself (Lev. vii; 31, 34; viii: 31; Ex. xxix: 31); but he had an abundance of faith in God that some how or other it was right, else he would not have commanded it.

Abraham did not dare to tell the young men that were with him that he was going off in the woods to kill his boy, and roast and eat him, but makes them believe that he is going off to worship. The meanest acts are always done in the name of religion.

The legend professes that Isaac was very willing, but I think the boy could not help himself, as he was bound. But when Abraham raised his hand to kill the boy, the angel of the Lord arrested his attention, and showed him a ram in a thicket; and as the Lord liked mutton full as well as human flesh, he saved Isaac's life, lest when Abraham died there would be no one left to furnish him with his roast; for if Ishmael should live, which was doubtful, he would always have a poor opinion of the religion that would cause a father to turn one of his little boys out to starve to death, and kill the other for a social meal with his Deity.

These are the inconsistencies of admitting the literality of this legend; and whoever now will not accept these horrible tales as truths, and their heroes as the best men upon earth, must be damned in hotter fire to all eternity, than the one on which Abraham was going to roast his son.

"But," we were told, "God did not intend that Abraham should kill his son; he was only trying his faith."

Well, he must have been pretty well satisfied then. But I do not know which was the worst, for God to require Abraham to kill his son, or trifle with him in that way. He commanded him in dead earnest, to kill his boy. Abraham had so much faith that he would have believed black was white if his God had said so; and he is now convinced that murder, though self-evidently wrong, is arbitrarily right. He is a piece of putty in the hands of the Almighty that is moulded over to suit every emergency of every case. Had he lived in the nineteenth century, he would have piously stood up with the church, in denuoncing the "Abolitionists as vagabonds of hell;" and then again, he would have whipped around and told the dear people, with his brethren of 1871, "Why, we were always Abolitionists!" But just as he is about to give evidence to the Almighty that he is not moved by principle—that there is nothing too mean for him to do, if his Lordship requires it, the Lord stops him and tells him, "I was only playing I wanted you to sacrifice; I only wanted to arouse your fatherly feelings, in order to have some fun out of it." Rather a rough joke, one would think, if not very [illegible]

fice, was not [illegible] God requires a human sacri- The Celtic Druids and [illegible] to the Hebrews. sacrifice the fairest virgins of their [illegible] used to war.

"It was an established custom among Phœnicians," says Bryant, "on any calamitous or dangerous emergency, for the ruler of the State to offer up in prevention of the general ruin, the most dearly beloved of his children, as a ransom to divert the divine vengeance. They who were devoted to this purpose were offered *mystically*, in consequence of our example, which had been set this people by the God Krons, who, in a time of distress, offered up his only son to his father Ouranas."—Bryant's Observations on Ancient History, quoted in Archbishop McGee's Work on Atonement, Vol. i. p. 338.

I could make many similar quotations from mythology, but must content myself with one more. It is from the legend of Adjigarta; for the story goes right ahead until his father is compelled, as was Abraham, to offer him up as a burnt offering.

"As the child approached its twelfth year, and was distinguished above all for strength and shape, his father resolved to proceed with him to offer commemorative sacrifice on the mountain, where the Lord had before granted his prayer. After having, as on the first occasion, selected a young goat (without spot, and of a red fleece,) from his herd, Adjigarta proceeded on his way with his son. Advancing on their way in a thick forest, they came upon a young dove which had fallen from its nest, pursued by a serpent; Viashagana darted upon the reptile, and having killed it with his staff, he replaced the young dove in its nest, and the mother, circling about his head, thanked him with her joyous cries. Adjigarta was delighted to see that his son was courageous and good. Having reached the mountain, they set about gathering wood for the sacrificial pile, but while so occupied, the goat which they had tied to a tree, broke its rope and fled. Then said Adjigarta, 'Behold there is wood for the pile, but we have no longer a victim,' and he knew not what to do, for they were far from any habitation; and yet, he would not return without accomplishing his vow. 'Return,' said he to his son, 'to the nest where you replaced the young dove, and bring it to me; in default of a goat, it will serve as a victim.' Viashagana was about to obey the orders of his father, when the angry voice of Brahma was heard, as it said, 'Wherefore command your son to go in search of the dove which he saved, to immolate it in place of the goat which you have allowed to escape? Did you then only save it from the serpent to imitate its evil action? Such sacrifice would not be agreeable to me. He who destroys the good he has done, is not worthy to address his prayers to me. Behold the first fault that thou hast committed, O Adjigarta! To efface it thou shalt immolate the son that I have given thee, on this pile. Such is my will.'

"On hearing these words, Adjigarta was seized with profound anguish; he sat himself down upon the sand, and tears flowed abundantly from his eyes. 'O Parvady,' he exclaimed, 'what wilt thou say when thou shalt see me return alone to the house, and what can I answer when thou shalt demand of me what has become of thy first-born?' And thus he bemoaned himself until the evening, unable to resolve on accomplishing the grievous sacrifice. Nevertheless, he dreamt not of disobeying the Lord, and Vishnu, notwithstanding his tender age, was firm, and encouraged him to execute the divine commands. Having gathered the wood and constructed the pile, with a trembling hand he bound his son, and raising his arm with the knife of sacrifice, was about to cut his throat, when Vischnou, in the form of a dove, came and sat upon the child's head. 'O Adjigarta,' said he, 'cut the victim's bonds and scatter the pile; God is satisfied of thy obedience, and thy son, by his courage, hath found grace before him. Let the days of his life be long, for it is from him that shall be born a virgin who shall conceive a divine germ.'"—Romalarias, Prophecies, quoted in the Bib. in India, pp. 220, 221.

In addition to the seven points of similarity of the two legends, we find four other points.

1. They both went on a mountain.

2. Both parents and both sons gathered wood for the sacrifice.

3. Both bound their boys, and

4. Both were arrested just as they were about to kill their boys.

The reader will note the fact that a child is promised of the lineage of this boy. Paul construes the prophesy made to Abraham (Gen. xxii: 17, 18,) concerning his seed, to have reference to a holy child that should be born, which he claims was Jesus (Gal. iii. 16).

The word Abram signifies Father of Elevation, thus—Ab, father; Ram, elevation, which is the signification of Saturn, as it was the farthest off of any known planet, and hence was the highest. Saturn was a name, however, often given to the Sun, as he was also the father of time—measuring time off by passing around the great dial of the heavens. There are several points of similarity between the characters of the two,

1. Abram was the son of Ferah; Saturn was the son of Terra.

2. Abram married his own sister Sarah; Saturn married his own sister Sirius, or Rheo, which signifies a star, as does the word Sarah, which is Sirius in its orthography. The word Sarah, according to Taylor, has the same signification as Sirius—"a star"—from which we probably derive Angrio. Paul tells us the whole thing is an allegory (Gal. iv: 24), that is, "a figurative discourse or representation, in which the words signify something beyond their literal and direct meaning—a symbolical writing, a type, a fable."—(Worcester.) "To speak in such a way that something else shall be intended than is contained in the words literally taken."—(Greenfield.) Then we are to understand Paul, that there were no such onrgus as Abraham and Sarah; that they are else. But [illegible] representations of something says (Gal. iv: 25, 26) this something else? Paul Sinai, in Arabia, and [illegible] for this Agar is Mount which now is, and is in bondage [illegible] with her children. But Jerusalem which is [illegible] is free, which is the mother of us all." Agar is Mount Sinai, and Mount Sanai is Jerusalem. Jerusalem is a type, and Jerusalem above is the mother of us all; for unless the sun should ascend to the Jerusalem above, the earth should yield no increase, so that it is our mother. But Sarah is the Jerusalem above, or at least in it, while Agar only typifies it through Jerusalem on earth. Mountains were ever taken as symbols of heaven. Was ever anything so plain? And yet men will send us to the other place, because we understand Paul to mean what he says.

3. The names of both are called Israel, which means fire-god, thus—Is, Es—fire; El, Allah—God.

4. Both had many sons, yet each had an only son.

5. Both offered up their sons; only Saturn succeeded in killing his.

6. The names of both are astrological, thus—Isaac, Is; fire, the sun; ac, Baccus, the god of revelry, or Joe-god. Jeoud, Joe-god—the Chaldean title for the sun. Jove, Jeve, Jene, Jem, Jehana and Jeoud, all start from the same root.

7. Both were fathers—one of heaven; the other of Israel.

In the word Abraham we have, by transposing the "A," placing it at the end of the word, the Brahma of the Hindoos, who was the ruler of the zodiac.

"Now the Lord had said unto Abraham, 'get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee. And I will make of thee a great nation'"—Gen. xii: 1, 2. This is just what Saturn does as the sun or the planet he moves around from one constellation to another. That Abraham moves around the zodiac is evident from the fact that he was all the time moving from one place to another.

ISAAC.

The story of Isaac is, in part, a repetition of the story of Abraham. Both went down into Egypt, and both got into a difficulty with the kings, concerning their wives; and both were said to be married to sisters, [illegible] wife seemed to be no nearer [illegible] than a cousin; and both spent their time traveling around minding their flocks; and both were well-diggers. Isaac had two sons, twins—Jacob and Esau; but previous to this, like Abraham's wife, she, too, was barren. Of the name we have already spoken. As there seems to be so little in the father that has not been reproduced in the son, we pass to

JACOB.

By rights, Esau should have been the patriarch instead of Jacob, but as Paul's docrine of the election was in high favor at that time (Rom. ix. 8-24), by the help of the Lord the thing was managed in such a way as to deprive Esau of his expected inheritance. He found Esau in a famished condition one day, unable to go home. Esau asked him for a morsel of meat. Jacob, in true Yankee style, asks "What will you give?" Esau makes him an offer, but Jacob has the advantage of him now; so he made him sign over his right of inheritance to all his father's property, and deliberately puts it in his pocket. This man was one of the elect of God—one who has an inheritance in heaven. How will you feel, dear reader, when you get there and find heaven filled with such scoundrels? A humane man like any of our readers, could afford to give a man—especially if that man was a brother, as much as one dinner, but Jacob was not of that kind. By fair or foul means he must succeed his father. But the thing was not sure yet; it needed his father's sanction; and as his father did not appear to recognize any such rascality, he worked a new plan with him. One day when his dutiful brother had gone to hunt for game for the old man as he had requested, Jacob slipped over among his father's flocks, and stole one of the old gentleman's kids and killed it; and having so dressed himself as to counterfeit his brother, he came in the name of Esau—presenting goat meat which he claimed was venison, and thus obtained Esau's blessing. In accomplishing this he told three pious falsehoods:

1. He said he was Esau.

2. He said he had venison, when it was only very ordinary goat meat.

3. He said the Lord brought it to him.

There are some men in States Prison in Sing Sing, whom the Lord had helped in the same way. He thus obtained the blessing of his father, and as the Lord was responsible for all the mistakes made by Isaac, he was compelled to take the rascal to heaven whether he wanted him there or not, and send Esau to hell although he was greatly needed to keep up the reputation of the other country. But Jacob knew enough about theology to know that the Lord helped those who helped themselves, and unless he should run away, the prophecy might not be fulfilled. So he wended his way to his uncle Laban's, and there, through stratagy of his father-in-law, he became the husband of two wives; but he paid the old gentleman well for that, as he managed to get most of his cattle, after which, he slipped away. He started back to the country he came from, and as he was going, he met Esau in the way who treated him very kindly (Gen. xxxiii). But previous to this meeting, he had a wrestle with the Almighty, and proved too much for him it would appear, as the Lord could not get away from him, even after he had put his thigh out of joint. Here he received the name Israel, because he had beat the Almighty, the definition of which we have already given.

All these legends seem to run in the same line, and have reference to the same thing. The word Jacob, comes from the word *Joe* God, the son, *Ob*—a river, which really means the struggles of the sun in Aquarius, the commencement of the year. It is these wintry months that make the struggles of the sun to become conqueror of the infernal deities of night. They are not better represented in heathen mythology than here. "Let me go, for the day is breaking," says the Night-God. "I won't do it unless you bless, "says Jacob." What's your name? Asks the Wintry-God. "Jacob" *i. e.*, Water-God. "Very well", says the first, "you shall no more be called Water-God or Summer-God but Israel—(Fire-God,) for as a prince hast thou prevailed," and over come the wintry months." It is impossible to give this legend mixed with the priestcraft as it is in all its beauty. Of course, critics without trying to harmonize the difficulties I find in their interpretation, will think they have been very sharp, when they discover the sun arose.

Jacob and Esau could not both ascend to heaven at the same time; so one must go down as the other goes up. It is not so much a personification of the sun as it is the portion of the heaven, and seasons of the year over which and in which the sun rules. Esau (Es-Au) was as much the sun, but we must go down before Jacob can go up. The Zodioc may best be represented by "Jacob's ladder" (Gen. xxiii: 12) upon which he sees the angels of God ascending. As the sun goes down to the south part of the heavens, in winter it seems to be descending towards the earth and as it rises to the Tropic of cancer, it seems again to ascend, and all the stars seem to ascend and descend with it; so it seems with day and night also.

JACOB'S TWELVE SONS.

One can not help noticing how the number twelve runs through the Bible. Jacob had twelve sons; there were twelve tribes, twelve apostles, twelve gates, twelve fruits of the tree, twelve legions of angels, twelve foundations, twelve pearls, twelve stones, twelve altars, etc., etc. But the Bible is not peculiar in this respect. Jupiter had a council of twelve God's; Hercules twelve laborers; there are twelve signs in the Zodiac which Paganism has kindly arranged for us, twelve months, etc. This is no accident. Many of the twelves in the Bible were applied to the same things,—as their city, the tree of life, etc. These twelve sons appear to be twelve chips from the old block. They got into trouble with the shechemites in consequence of Dinah. Who is this Dinah, anyhow? It is so much like the Dianab, Isis, or Luna, (the moon) of Pagan mythology that I suspect they are the same.

1st. She is a sister to the twelve Patriarchs as the moon to the twelve signs. She holds a seat among the twelve councilmen of Jupiter.

2nd. Dinah went out to see the daughters of the land, traveled around the Zodiac. Diana is attended by nymphs.

3rd. Dianah captures the hearts of her lovers as she did Dinah Shechem. She was a mighty huntress traveling over the mountains in search of game. I can not take pains to go over all this and bring out every astronomical character, I only want to show that before the Hebrews had these legends they were in use among their neighbors. If Reuben manifested bad faith with one of his father's concubines, I can't help it, his father should not have had the concubine.

Of Joseph's going down into Egypt, I shall have little to say. It proves that they had one to many to make up their twelve councilmen if they kept Dinah in their council, as Jupiter had kept Dianah in his council. So they at first put him in a pit, just such a pit as all must go once every year, then they took him out and sold him down into Egypt, and there he is to this day just south of the constellation Virgo, and although he has received the name of Boote's, his old name Joseppe is not forgotten, and every year the old man and his twelve sons has to go down to see him.

Finally, Jacob was induced to go down into Egypt with his whole family, where they all spent the remainder of their days. There were just seventy (Gen. xlvi: 26), of these sons that went down with their wives and little ones. We wish the reader would remember this. We shall have use for it in the next chapter.

It will be noticed by the Bible readers that Hezron and Ham were of the number who went down into Egypt. I want to call attention to this for a moment. As Judah was their grand father, I want to find out his age; and I can do it by comparing his birth with Joseph's. Judah was born four years after Jacob had married Leah (Gen. xxix: 35), and Joseph seven years after that time (Gen. xxx: 24-26; xxxi: 41), which makes Judah three years older than Joseph. When Joseph stood before Pharoah he was 30 years old; (Gen. lxi. 46) and therefore Judah was thirty-three years old. From that time till they went down into Egypt—the second year of the famine—was nine years, which would make Judah just forty-two years old. But, if that was the case, Hezron and Hamal did not go down into Egypt with the patriarchs, for they were not born yet.

Joseph was sold into Egypt when he was 17 years old, and therefore Judah 20. After this Judah married, and had three sons, which would make him 24 at the birth of the last. Two of these sons, one after another, marry Tamor, and leave no issue. The third one becomes old enough, and refuses; by this time Judah is 44 years old, and, although he went down into Egypt two years before this time, he must have come back for he is not there now. After this, say one year, Tamor has children by Judah. This adds another year to Judah's age. These children, Phares and Zorah grew up in 20 more years, (which makes Judah 65 years old), and Phares has two sons (at least one year after that), Hezron and Hamal, which journey with him down to Egypt. Now, if Judah went with these two children down into Egypt when he was only 42 years old, then these two boys went into Egypt 24 years before they were born. "All things are possible with God," and I will not question.

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and Subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

Sayings and Teachings of Zoroaster.

Prayer. I raise my hands in adoration and worship: First, all true works of the divine spirit and the intelligence of the good mind, that I may be a partaker of this blessedness. To those works and the earth-soul do I offer my prayer. Thou first cause, supreme in nature and mind, father of good disposition, I behold thee as the essential substance of truth.

Agriculture. Health. Truth. "With the fruits of the field increases the law of Ahura Mazda (Ormuzd), and with them it is multipled a hundred fold. The earth rejoices when a man builds on it his house; when his flocks abound, when surrounded by wife and children, he makes the grass and corn to grow, and plants fruit trees abundantly." I seek and regard with veneration health, goodness, male and female of animals, storehouses of grain, water, earth, trees, the sun, the moon, the earth, the skies, the stars and celestial light, without beginning.

I adore Ahura Mazda's mountains of wisdom, his splendor of kings, the holy and pure, the powerful, spirits (feroners) of pure men; the sowers of diligence, who reap all the merit lost by lip prayers and idleness.

"Come to me ye high realities; grant me your immortality, your duration of possession for ever."

The Beginning. "This," sayeth Zoroaster, "will I ask thee; tell me it right, thou living and wise one. How was the beginning of this best the actual life, whereby we may aid that which is now here?

"This will I ask thee: Who is the first father and progenitor of truth? Who laid the path of the sun and the stars? Who caused the moon to wax and wane, but thou? All this would I know. Other things are incomprehensible to me. This will I ask thee: Who made the earth and the sky above it? Who is the wind and storms that they so swiftly run? This will I ask thee: Who made the useful light, and the darkness, by their alterations bringing labor and rest? Who the morning, mid-day, and night, which constantly remind him that knows the divine revealings of his obligations? Who constantly forms the fine son from the father, as by the weaver's art."

Oracles of Zoroaster. All light is of the father, since he alone plucked the flower of mind from the father's vigor. "He makes similitude of himself, assuming the type of forms."

"The parental mind hath seven symbols through the world."

"Time—the mundane God eternal, infinite, young, old, of spiral form."

"The soul is a bright fire, and by the power of the father, remains immortal, and is mistress of life. It is after the model of the mind, but being born, hath something of the body."

"The paternal mind hath planted symbols in souls." To slow mortals the gods are swift. The furies are strangers of men.

Right Living and the Future. "Angry words and scornful looks are sin. Evil intent deserves punishment. Opposition to peace is sin. Reply gently; contend morally, physically, externally, and internally, against evil. Do this, and you shall meet death fearlessly, and be led by the radient Izeds across the luminous bridge, into a paradise of eternal happiness. Should man have failed in these "Arimanes" and his "Deves" shall overcome and carry him into Duzukh (hell) not to satisfy Ormuzd, but to be purified from evil. Every man pure in his thoughts, words and actions, will go to the celestial region.

Pray to Ormuzd and his Works. "I address prayer to Ormuzd—creator of all things; who always has been, who is, and who will be for ever; who is wise and powerful; who made the great arch of heaven, the sun, the moon, the stars, winds, clouds, water, earth, fire, trees, animals, metals and men, whom Zoroaster adored." Zoroaster, who brought to the world the knowledge of the law; who knew by natural intelligence (intuition), and by the ear (clairaudence), what ought to be done, all that has been, that is, or that is to be; the science of sciences, the excellent word, by which souls pass the radient bridge, and separate themselves from evil regions, and go to light and holy dwellings full of fragrance. Oh, creator, I obey thy laws. I think, act and speak according to thy orders. I separate myself from sin. I do good works according to my power. I adore thee with purity of thought, word and action. I pray to Ormuzd, who recompenses good works; who delivers unto the end, those who obey his laws. Grant that I may arrive at paradise, where all is fragrance, light and happiness." I pray to Mithras, the fertilizer of the soil, with a thousand ears and ten thousand eyes; to the new moon, bestowing light and glory upon the needful earth. To the source of waters, coming from the throne of Ormuzd. I do the serviceable, and abstain from the unprofitable work. "I keep pure the six powers—thought, speech, work, memory, mind and understanding."

Confession. I repent of all sins; all wicked thoughts, words and works, which I have meditated in the world—corporeal, spiritual, earthly and heavenly, I repent of, in your presence, ye believers. O Lord, pardon, through the three words—I praise the best purity, hunt away the Deves, and am thankful for good. I take the law of Ormuzd as my plummet, and repent of all my sins.

Modern Parsee Catechism. In whom do we believe?

In one God, and none save him.

What is the form of our God?

He has neither face nor form, color, shape, nor place; we cannot describe nor comprehend him.

Whence did we receive our religion?

Through our true prophet, Zoroaster.

Whose descendants are we?

Gayomars, whom we call the first man, but the wise men of our community—of the Chinese, the Hindoos, and several other nations, dispute this, and say there was a population on earth before Gayomars. * * *

What commands has God sent us through his prophet, the exalted Zurthost (Zoroaster.)

To know God as one; to know the prophet, the exalted Zurthost, as the true prophet; to believe the religion and the Avesta, brought by him as true beyond all doubt; to believe in the goodness of God; not to disobey any commands of the Mazdiashna religion; to avoid all evil deeds; to pray five times a day: to believe in the reckoning and justice of the fourth morning after death; to hope for heaven, and fear hell; to consider doubtless the day of general destruction and resurrection; to remember always that God has done what he willed (through natural law).

"Some deceiver," says the Catechism (meaning, no doubt, Christian missionaries), with a view of acquiring exaltation in the world, have set themselves up as prophets, and going among the ignorant and laboring people, have persuaded them that, 'if you commit sin I shall intercede for you, plead for you and save you,' and thus deceive them, but the wise among the people know the deceit. If any one commit sin under the belief that he shall be saved by somebody, both the deceiver, as well as the deceived, shall be damned to the day of Rasta Khez. There is no savior in the other world; you shall receive the return according to your actions. Your savior is your deeds and God himself. He is the pardoner and the giver. If you repent your sins and reform, and if the great judge considers you worthy of pardon, or would be merciful to you, he alone can and will save you."

Such is the genius and tenor of the sayings and teachings of Zoroaster, the great original light of the Parsee system of worship.

How well and impressively do the Bhood and Parsee systems remind us that "we lie in the lap of an immense intelligence," which makes us the receivers of its truth as well as active exponents of good.

Emerson says, "Whenever a mind is simple, and receives a divine wisdom, old things pass away—means, teachers, texts, temples, face—it lives now, and absorbs the past and future into the present hour. All things are made sacred by relation to it, when man lives with God, his voice shall be sweet as the murmuring of brooks, and the rustle of corn. The soul raised over passion beholds identity and eternal causation, perceives the self-existence of truth and right, and calms itself with knowing that all things go well."

Such appears to be the spirit pervading the Bhood and Parsee systems of religion. Neither of them, as a religion, seem to assume to know too much in the beginning, to allow of learning anything in the end, as is unfortunately the case with most other systems.

Principle alone bears the fruits of good and evil, pleasure and pain.

"Proverbs, like the sacred books of each nation, are sanctuaries of the intuitions." The infinite is as open to us, as the unscreened sky above. We are now on the eve of revising our whole social system—political institutes, educational forms, religion, sciences, arts, trades, marriage and domestic manners, habits and customs, and indeed, earnestly entering upon the interior exploration of our own natures. Reform is the password, and nothing is more needed to make true noble reformers than the grand old primitive intuitions of Bhood, Confucius and Zoroaster.

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Original Poetry.

IN THE NIGHT.

BY HENRY L. KINER.

We're the truest when we're dreaming,
When the doubts of day are dead;
When the plotting and the scheming
Of the busy day are fled;
When the moon-beams round us streaming
Are with holy silence wed.

Then, almost without our knowing,
Angels take us by the hand,
And we feel earth's cares are going
With the coming of the band;
Feel the soul with twin souls flowing
Up toward the better land.

Then our Evil Angel dozes,
While we clear the clouded brow,
And the air is rich with roses,
And we see, we know not how,
That what sunlight to us closes,
Is as clear as sunlight now.

Oh, ye sad and broken-hearted,
Tell me do I not say true,
That ye in your dreams have started
At beholding forms ye knew
In this earth-life, now departed
Far beyond your earthly view?

Has not quiet like a blessing
On your drooping spirit fell,
Like a loving hand caressing,
Or a whispered "All is well,"
Or the peace born of confessing
Things that made your heart a hell?

Angels, who in tears were given
To the great and silent land,
Are who thus have blessed the even,
And these sweet surprises planned
'Tis the balmy breath of Heaven
That has o'er your spirit fanned.

English Correspondence.

BY E. J. WITHEFORD.

Spiritualism in Birmingham—Another Painting Medium—"The Spiritualist"—Remarkable Phenomena Among the Quakers—Tawell, the Murderer—Dreams and Impressions among the inhabitants of Natal—"Louise Lakan"—A Psychological Study—A local case of Ecstacy and Prolonged Fasting—Spirits materialize themselves in London—A piece cut from the robe of "Katey King"—The mediumship of Miss Florence Cook.

The Harmonial Philosophy is rapidly increasing the number of its adherents in all parts of this country, and the people of the midland districts are by no means slow to receive its truths, or dull to the brilliant beauties of their native appearance.

Birmingham, the chief town in the midlands, is about the size of Chicago before the fire, and contains some 370,000 inhabitants, mostly engaged in manufacturing pursuits. It has been said that the manufacture of every article of metal in use is carried on there, "from a pin to a locomotive." Last winter the Psychological Society held a series of highly successful meetings in a hall capable of holding five hundred people. The leading man among our friends there is Mr. A. Franklin, who has assisted in developing several good mediums, among them a Miss M., whose peculiar phase of mediumship consisted in painting flowers, landscapes, etc., chiefly in water colors, with the eyes closed, and producing a picture upside down. The pictures so produced were faultless; not a line appearing sketched in the wrong position when the whole was inverted. This young lady—who was connected with one of the first families in the place—also made some progress in speaking in the trance, indeed, Bro. Franklin believes she would have had no equal in this country, but some of her friends (?) prevented her continuing her sittings. Just at the present time, the cause in Birmingham is progressing silently; it is undermining all religious beliefs, and, like a hidden fire, will suddenly burst forth. Their most advanced preachers, Dawson, Crosskey, and others are secretly with us,—indeed, a prominent divine recently was carried by the spirits from a house in Birmingham to a distance of about thirty miles, to the residence of a friend.

The Spiritualist, a journal devoted to the scientific aspect of Spiritualism, and conducted by Mr. W. H. Harrison, hitherto published on the 15th of every month, made its appearance as a bi-monthly on the 1st of November. The editor has lately been having a "Plain Talk" with Messrs. Herne and Williams, and Mr. Hudson on the subject of "Real and Sham Spirit Photographs." Mr. Hudson is accused of selling a number of artificial ghost pictures, made by "double exposure of the plates," and Mr. Herne of sitting, both as a "mortal" and as a "ghost," thereby aiding in the imposture. However, in the last number, the editor says:

"Some of the Holloway pictures we think to be genuine spirit photographs, and among the best are two, one of them taken when Mr. Pycock was the sitter, and the other when Mr. H. E. Russell sat. Mr. Guppy's first five pictures, and two taken when Miss Cook was present, we think to be genuine, taking the collateral evidence, as well as that contained in the pictures, into consideration."

In a paper on "Psychological Science," recently read before the London Anthropological Institute, by the Rev. Canon Calloway, M. D., of Natal, several remarkable instances of spiritual phenomena were given, some of which, we think, are deserving of a place in the JOURNAL.

The first is the case of the celebrated murderer Tawell, who, some years ago, was convicted and executed for the murder of a woman with whom he had for years co-habited, and by whom he had several children. The circumstances of the case are still fresh in the minds of many people in England, and the whole affair, at the time of its occurrence, attracted considerable attention. He said:

"The history of this man is most remarkable. When young, he was taken into the employ of one of the Society of Friends. Here he soon began to assume all the external peculiarities which used to mark that body, and it was generally supposed in consequence that he belonged to them. But this was not the case. I believe he tried on several occasions to obtain admittance as a member, but something undefined prevented it. After his return from transportation for forgery, he assumed a very devout and grave deportment, and more than once applied to be admitted. But one of the committee appointed to consider his application, a physician since dead, opposed it. His objection was founded on the feeling of antipathy to which I have alluded, for at that time he had all the appearance of a reclaimed, respectable, religious character, and nothing was known against him; but he was not admitted.

"I call up this case not for the purpose of pointing out this instance of unreasoning antipathy, but to relate one or two facts in the history of this man, which are remarkable instances of what I have ventured to call natural clairvoyance, or inner sight.

"To all appearance Tawell was a respectable man, carrying on business in London. But one day, a friend now dead,—a loving, venerable, warm-hearted philanthropist, to whom it would be hard to think evil of any one, and who was ever ready to excuse and speak gently of the erring—had his thoughts immovably fixed on this Tawell. He could not tell why. He in vain attempted to turn his mind to other things; and if he succeeded in turning away his thoughts from him for a moment, they only rushed back to him more impetuously, and and dwelt upon him with a still greater tenacity. And these unreasoning thoughts gradually took a distinct form,—the form of an apprehension that Tawell was about to commit a capital offence; and this was soon followed by a sense of duty to go and tell him. This, as you may well suppose, was a most painful—a really terrible state of mind to be in in reference to another. He had no reason for supposing this strange, strong impression to be true. What if he obeyed it, and it proved to be false? What would Tawell say? What would others think of him who could allow such imaginations respecting an innocent man to arise or exist for a moment in his mind? But he could not shake off the impression, nor the sense of duty. He went to Tawell's house. Even when he got so far he found it hard to enter. He walked backwards and forwards several times before he gave the knock which finally necessitated him to take some action. He was ushered into Tawell's presence, and without much ceremony, and in much apprehension, addressed him in some such words as these:—"John, I come to tell thee that I believe that thou art on the eve of committing a crime which will bring thee to the gallows." Tawell was astonished. He buried his face in his hands, and burst into tears. After a time he composed himself, and opening his desk took out some forged money papers, which he was about to attempt to get cashed.

"At that time forgery was a capital offense. He tore up the papers in presence of his friend, and was for the time saved. But subsequently, when the law as regards forgery had been altered, he was convicted of the offense and transported.

"But the history of this man provides us with still another remarkable instance of this clairvoyant power.

"Tawell was living in the country. He went to London with his wife. On Sunday as usual they attended a Quaker's meeting. A preacher from Yorkshire was there, a total stranger to Tawell. This preacher arose and told the assembly that a distressing feeling had taken posses ion of his mind, which he could not account for, but on the supposition that some one present was contemplating an act of external wickedness and atrocity; and added that if the warning were unheeded, the person he was addressing would never be warned again. As they quitted the meeting, Tawell's wife said to him, "Why, one would think we had a murderer amongst us," little dreaming that at that moment her own husband was actually contemplating the committal of the crime which shortly led to his execution.

"In this case, which is perfectly authentic, and with one of the parties concerned in it I was myself intimately acquainted, there are several things worthy of notice. Tawell seems to have possessed a mind very readable by those who were gifted with inner sight. Of this he would seem to have had an instinctive consciousness; but all his attempts to conceal his real self by eternal peculiarities were in vain."

Speaking on the subject of "dreams and impressions," he quoted the following incidents, coming under his notice, while among the natives of Natal, South Africa, who are often highly impressionable:

"The natives of Natal believe in sympathy, by which they are made conscious of what is happening at a distance from them; and there are certain recognized signs among them, by which it is attended.

"Thus they may have an absent friend brought forcibly before them, as being in some danger, and at the same time, be affected with the cœliac passions; or tears may come into their eyes without any known cause; or there may be simply a something in them—an inner voice, which tells them that their friend is ill or dead.

"An old man who had cataract in each eye, referred his blindness to the following circumstances:

"'He said his son had gone out to battle. During the day he was suddenly seized with blindness, and felt at the same time a strong impression that his son was killed. This turned out to be the case.'

"Or, sympathy with the absent may be felt only at night. During sleep he sees his friend, as he is lying sick or dead; and sometimes, it is said, if he has been killed, he sees the very wound that has caused his death.

"Umpengula was engaged in service at Pietermaritzburg. He dreamt that he saw his brother Undayeni dressed in his finest attire and dancing at a wedding. On awaking, he had a strong impression that his brother was dead. He could not shake off the impression, and involuntarily tears came continually into his eyes, and he looked constantly in the direction by which a messenger must come from his home. During the morning, a messenger came. On seeing him, he said, "I know why you are come. Undayeni is dead." He was dead.

"The native Undayeni, whom I have mentioned above, was possessed of a similar power, which came on after a prolonged struggle with a leopard, which nearly cost him his life, and left him a broken constitution, and an irritable nervous system. This man used, by his inner sight, to become conscious of people who were coming to the Kraal before they were visible. He used also to dream correctly of the position of game, and the accidents of the hunt. Being a man entirely out of health, he was unable to go far from home, and knew nothing of the neigborhood of a new place where they had lately settled. But one morning he called the boys of the Kraal to him, and said, 'Boys, is there a place on the hills where there is a hollow stone, in which there is usually water, and where you are in the habit of washing yourselves?' They said there was. He told them to bathe there no more, for he had seen it in his sleep, and some one had put bad medicine in it, which would injure them."

An article appeared in *MacMillan's Magazine*, for April, 1871, entitled "Louise Lackan, a psychological study," by Dr. Day. It was a review of a work by Dr. Lefebre, of Lourain, Belgium, describing the case of Louise Lackan, of Bois d'Haine, a young girl on whose person the stigmata is manifested.

The mother is now again before the public, and is being discussed in all our leading journals. The case has been investigated by more than two hundred doctors, and as yet no "humbug" has been discovered.

Dr. Febre and others state, that every Friday blood flows from five wounds on the hands, feet and side, and marks of blood appear on the forehead; indeed, she is said to be wounded in an exactly similar manner to Jesus Christ. All kinds of experiments have been tried. Tightly-fitting gloves have been put on her and sealed, but always on being taken off on Friday, have been found full of blood. Now, every Friday, she passes into an unconscious state, from which she cannot be aroused, though a gun has been fired behind her, and she has been pricked with pins and knives without flinching. While in this state, she sees all the scenes of the Passion and Crucifiction, which are vividly described to those around her.

Another person, an eyewitness of the case, says that for the last eighteen months she has taken neither food nor drink, and still loses nearly eight ounces of blood every Friday.

These statements are, no doubt, greatly exaggerated; but the case is, undoubtedly, a most extraordinary one, for it seems hardly likely that a simple Belgian country girl should be capable of deceiving over two thousand people from all parts of the world, who have visited her.

The following is a somewhat similar case occurring at a village about eight miles from where we write, as communicated by us to the Birmingham *Daily Post:*

"Being in the neighborhood of Feckenham, about a month back, a report reached me of a girl who, it was alleged, had taken no food for a long period, and had lain many weeks in an unconscious state. I accordingly went to a farmhouse about a mile on the Droitwich road, and saw the girl. She appeared greatly emaciated, her breathing inaudible, pulse scarcely perceptible, and her hands cold. She appeared to be about fifteen years old, and was brought up a "Protestant." Her parents (who, by the way, are respectable farming people) stated that she had taken scarcely any food since last February, when she was first taken ill. The greater part of this time she has lain unconscious, except for a few hours at a time, when she has been restored to her normal condition by applying a current of electricity from a magnetic machine. At times she becomes ecstatic, and describes to her attendants visions she sees of Jesus, angels, etc., etc. It is said she lay for about twelve weeks without taking anything—not even water. At other times, when food has been forced upon her, her stomach has rejected it. She now takes about a quarter of a soaked fig, which lasts her a week."

The detailed accounts received in this country, of the systematic appearance of spirits at Moravia, N. Y., induced several of our London mediums to sit for the same kind of manifestations. Their efforts have been attended with considerable success, particularly Messrs. Herne and Williams, and Miss Florence Cook.

At a private seance recently reported, which took place at the residence of Mr. D. G. Fitzgerald, the Electrician—a gentleman well known in connection with scientific literature, bottles of a luminous solution of phosphorus were introduced in the attempt to see the spirits by a faint light, but the experiment did not answer.

After calling for a light, and directing the medium (Mr. Williams) to be tied securely, "Katie King" became distinctly visible, and at the request of Mrs. Fitzgerald, permitted that lady to cut a scrap from her robe, "Katie" remarking, when the piece was cut, "There, it won't dissolve now!" On examining the piece afterward, it appeared to be an Indian fabric of a cottony nature.

This same spirit, "Katie King," also manifests through the mediumship of Miss Florence Cook. Miss Cook sits in a cabinet, the dimensions of which are seven feet six inches, by three feet one inch, by one foot nine and a-half inches; it has two doors five feet six inches high, which, when opened, expose the whole interior to view. Above the two doors is a panelling, in the centre of which is an opening a foot square. The medium sits on a chair in the cabinet, placed sideways, with the instruments—consisting of a guitar, a concertina, a tambourine, and a harmonica; also two paper tubes, and a length of a rope.

She is secured with the rope, and the instruments are played by the spirits, all at one time, in a similar way to those manifesting through the Davenport Brothers. In the darkness of this cabinet to which there is no entrance but through the front doors, the spirits manufacture the faces, and when ready, put them out through the opening into the light, and talk to the observers. Besides "Katie," many other spirits have been able to show themselves. On the 12th ultimo, "Katie" showed herself while the medium was tied up and sealed; afterward, a Fellow of the Royal Society took about ten minutes to untie her. Later in the evening of the same day, another face appeared in full light; it had a painful expression of countenance, and some of its front teeth were missing. It was not recognized by any one present.

Little Edith Cook, aged four years, strengthens these manifestions by sitting near the cabinet outside. The spirits say they get more power from her, than from the other outside members of the circle.

A seance with this medium was reported in the London *Daily Telegraph*, of October 9th—a paper boasting the largest circulation in the world, which is written in a fairer spirit than could have been expected from a paper which has hitherto been bitterly opposed to Spiritualism. "Verily the world moves!"

London House, Broomsgrove, Worcestershire, England, October 17th, 1872.

Captain Winslow's Seance.

Capt. Winslow is in Topeka, Kansas, holding seances. The *Daily News* speaks of one as follows:

The first seance the local editor ever attended was the one given by Captain Winslow last evening. Twenty-three persons were in the room when the seance commenced. They joined hands and formed a circle with Captain Winslow, a table, guitar, two iron rings, a rope and a trumpet in the centre. Samuel Radges, Esq., and the local were commissioned to tie the Captain, and were at liberty to do so without suggestion from him. Square knots by the dozen were indulged in, and we concluded the job with some credit. The lamp was blown out, and in a very short time was relit, when the medium was found untied and the rope coiled up in the local's hand, without his knowledge and much to his surprise. The light was again extinguished, and upon being relighted the medium was found more securely bound than before. Out goes the light again, and the guitar makes a musical voyage through the air, nearly every one in the circle is touched by fingers, and the medium keeps talking, and his whereabouts is easily discovered by his voice. By this time the local wants to go home; the night is dark, pitfals are numerous, and he has a long way to journey. But he was constrained to stay. The Captain claims to be influenced by an Indian woman, and the half incoherent jargon given utterance to by her or him was certainly perfect. We have not the time to say all we would like to about what we saw there last evening. If what we saw last night were put in print, it would not be credited. We could detect no deception or humbug, and at present will be compelled to adjourn the subject.

Prayer.

The discussion of the "prayer-gauge" is still under discussion in the English papers, some holding that it is a fair subject of scientific test, and others that the propositien is little short of blasphemy. Both parties to the controversy, however, seem to assume if the test is really applied to the Supreme Being that he will be under the absolute necessity of responding, or else that he is incapable or unwilling to do so, and that in either case the test is successful.

The remarkable omission is made of the consideration that possibly he may do neither the one or the other; that it may better comport with Infinite wisdom not to recognize any such experiment on the Divine will; that God may not consent to turn aside the action of universal law because a few scientific men propose to make him the subject of experiment. In fact, it seems to us that the first element of experiment is entirely lost sight of by the zealous positivists, that is, the possibility of making any experiment whatever.—*Evening Post.*

That is a convenient dodge, nothing more. Here is the promise—"The prayer of the righteous shall save the sick;" but when a proposition is made to try it no one is willing! and moreover, the proposition is wicked! Verily, prayer is a great institution.—*Investigator.*

Angel Eyes are Upon Us.

BY ANNA DODGSON.

Reading the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, I was pleased with the summing up of the long series of articles, "*Search after God*," in which I found the following beautiful paragraph:

"Spirits alone can answer prayer. Ever hovering around you, ever showering down upon you the strength of their magnetism and love, to you they are indispensable. They know every thought, they sense every secret wish, they witness every act. Child of earth, beware! Your secret deeds are all known—every prayer is heard and recorded. Angel eyes are ever upon you. What better answer can there be to prayer, than that which comes from a spirit-band?"

Beautiful spirit-teaching, that is thus brought to bear so closely on our daily earth-life! What a protective influence would be shed over enlightened Christians, could they be made to believe that spirit-eyes are ever upon them! Who would transgress the rules of propriety in word, thought or deed? What a moral corrector such a belief would be—what a teacher of charity and universal love! How many prayers would be directed to the spirits of departed friends, in whom the highest degree of confidence or purity, virtue and love could be placed! and would not erring mortals long to a find Christ, dwelling in mortal form, to whom they might unbosom their secret thoughts, and confess their sins, that they might ever be ready for the communion of good and holy spirits? Who can bear the thought of being constantly accompained by bad, unclean, selfish spirits? No one. But this must be the case, so long as the spiritual consciousness speaks disapprovingly. Nothing but humility, confession and repentance will repel a bad spirit; and earnest, sincere prayer will bring a good spirit to our aid. Let this belief be living in every Spiritualist and Christian soul, and we should soon have a good world, of which we should have but little reason to complain. Shaker world, indeed!

Reflecting on the foregoing subject, I was reminded of a hymn, from which, in my youth, I received much instruction, and was consciently awakened to realization of spirit presence. It was composed by Garret R. Lawrence, a physician of our Community, who deceased in 1837. He spoke by the spirit of prophecy, at his death, of a time near at hand when we should converse with spirits as freely as with each other. This was fulfilled to the Shakers, in less than a year after his demise, in what is known to them as the "Spirit Manifestation."

WE ARE SEEN.

All things here on earth revealed,
Indicate a Great First Cause,
From whose sight there's nought concealed,
All efficient are his laws.
Every thought, and word, and action—
All lie open to His view;
None can hide the least transaction—
We are seen in all we do.

Mortals, here may try to cover,
And conceal their sins awhile;
There's a God who will uncover
And expose the deepest guile,
True as Heaven e'er existed,
Watchmen there their vigils keep;
Every veil shall yet be lifted,
There's an eye that knows no sleep.

Altho' conscience seems to slumber,
And resign its sweet control;
Yet each deed records its number,
Deep engraven on the soul.
And from these the soul eternal
Takes impressions day by day,
Whether spiritual or carnal,
Good or evil, yea or nay.

Who can hide a guilty conscience?
Fearful state of sin and woe!
Who can group thro' time, unconscious,
And their standing never show?
Who can smother flames unceasing,
Keep concealed the gnawing worm—
Shame and guilt their load increasing,
Nor with inward horror squirm?

We may seek to veil from mortals,
Deeds which can not bear the light;
Can we hide from the immortals,
That surround us day and night?
Are not thousands now beholding
Every action, word and way?
And our very thoughts, unfolding
In the blaze of endless day?

Have not those, who stand connected
With the source of truth and light,
Many secrets sins detected
And exposed to mortal sight?
Are not all our words and actions
Fruits which mortal eyes can view?
'Tis a truth without deception,
We are seen, yea, through and through.

The (Albany, N. Y.) Shaker.

Spirit-Rapping among Hindoos.

The Bombay papers contain accounts of a mania for spirit-rapping which they say has set in among the natives there. If the statements are correct, it would not be surprising if the mania ran through India. Everything connected with the spirit-world is a profound mystery to the native of India. He has no definite ideas as to the future. He confesses at once that it may be this or that—he knows not what. A city with golden pavement astonishes him, but really the definiteness is what puzzles him. If spirit-rapping finds its way among such a people, we shall have queer revelations by-and-by. They will intensify a hundredfold all the mysteries, and will make a thousand more. Religion will not stand in the way in the slightest degree. A Hindoo is free to examine anything on the face of the earth, and speculate to his heart's content.

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and Subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

Egyptian Sayings and Teachings.

Says Hernaes Mercurius Trismagistus the Egyptian teacher, "I write this Book, O my son, for humanity's sake, and piety toward God. The soul once lifted up, can never return to evil. Piety is the way of truth, but difficult for the soul in the body.

Of the soul, that part which is sensible, is mortal, but that which is reasonable, is immortal.

Every essence is unchangable and immortal; everything that is, is double; none of the things that are, stand still.

"Not all things are moved by a soul, but every thing that is, is moved by a soul."

"Heaven is the first element. Providence is divine order. Necessity is the servant, or minister of Providence."

"God is immutable and unalterable. Man is an unchangable evil." We suppose the allusion is made to man's imperfect state.

Vision, Illumination, Aspiration. "For the sleep of my body was the sober watchfulness of my mind; and the shutting of my eyes, the true sight; and my silence great with child, and full of good; and the promising of my words the blossom and fruit of good things.

"And thus came to pass or happened unto me, which I received from my mind, that is Pymander, the lord of the word, whereby I became inspired by God with the truth. For which cause, with my soul and whole strength, I give praise and blessing unto God the father."

Here Pymander, intoxicated with the imaginary "enthuse" tremendous, goes off into that sack-cloth and ashes mumblry so characteristic of self-confused semi-trance seers, of infinite flight, who are continually endeavoring to butt out the blinding light by which they have been attracted.

Wise men when on their feet, have but to fall down self-stultified, in the dust of over-ruling frenzy, to make ridiculous asses of themselves, in imitation of all that has been done, said, or acted before, under such circumstances, and on such occasions.

The divine Pymander says, "Holy is God, the father of all things. Holy is God, whose will has performed all things. Holy art thou, that has established all things. Holy art thou, of whom all nature is an image. Holy art thou, whom nature hath not formed. Holy art thou, that is stronger than all power. Holy art thou, that art greater than all excellency. Holy art thou, that art better than all praise."

All this was, doubtless, new to the Infinite, and entered in his log-book, as the true measure of the grand proportions of the divine Pymander, who continued his morning devotions by asking God to accept his sacrifice of information from "a pure soul," and a heart stretched out in that direction.

The Beginning, so imaginatively grand and overpowering in its inconceivable proportions, which all, copying from the original Hindoo, seems called on to explain and defend, is one of those sublime dives into Egyptian mud, characteristic of the whole tribe of delvers in the original creation.

Hear the divine Pymander—the noblest, purest, and best-informed of them all. He says, "The glory of all things—God, and that which is divine, and the divine nature, the beginning of things that are, God and mind, and nature, and matter, and operation, and working, and necessity, and the end, and renovation. (*Mirabila dictu*)

For there was in the chaos an infinite darkness in the abyss, or bottomless depth, and water, and a subtle spirit, intelligible in power; and there went out the holy light, and the elements were coagulated from the land out of moist substance. (Clear as fog.)

"And all the gods distinguished the nature full seeds." (Very lucid.)

"And when all things were interminated and unmade up, the light things were divided on high, and the heavy things were founded on the moist sand, all things being terminated or divided by fire; and being sustained, or hung up by the spirit, they were so carried, and the heaven was seen in seven circles."

In the above paragraph, we have a few light streaks of the origin of Hindoo intuition or inspiration, from which the spirit of the text is copied, and also a slight trace in the following:

"And the gods were seen in their ideas of the stars, with all their signs, and the stars were numbered with the god's in them. And the sphere was all lined with air, carried in a circular motion by the spirit of God."

And every god, by his internal power, did that which was commanded him; and there were made four footed things, and creeping things, and such as live in water, and such as fly; and every fruitful seed and grass; and the flowers of all greens, all of which had sowed in themselves the seed of regeneration. As also were made the generations of men, to the knowledge of the divine works, and a lively, or working testimony of nature, and a multitude of men, and the dominion of everything under heaven; and the knowledge of good things, and to be increased in multitude. And every soul in flesh, by the wonderful working of the gods in the circles of the beholding heaven, the god's divine works and the operations of nature.

Though Pymander may have seen an occasional spark of Hindoo inspiration in this learned rendering he secretly made of the original Hindoo text, it is doubtful if any one of them ever saw as much as a Hindoo scintillation that originally shone in their fountain source of inspiration.

However, taking into consideration the wonderful achievements of Egypt, that seemingly rose to the summit of all human glory, and fell to the lower depths of all human degradation, before (the to us known) human history began, we can but attribute it to the wilder and more incongruous flittings of intuition, caught by semi-illumined espiest, and impressional sky-sweepers on the wing, and cast down on the waste-heaps of Egyptian learning to rot, and give forth such sweet flowers of true life, as we find inscribed or growing on the Egyptian tombs of which no olden outside history gives any information.

The spirit of a priest in the reign of Cambysis, speaking from hieroglyphs, from the sacrophagus of an embalmed mummy, says: "I honored my father; I esteemed my mother; I loved my brothers; I found graves for the unburied dead; I instructed little children; I took care of orphans as though they were my own. For great misfortunes were on Egypt, and the city (sais) in my time."

Another inscription from the tomb of a Nomad prince at Ben Hassin, says: "What I have done I will say; my goodness and kindness were ample: I never oppressed the widow, nor the fatherless; I did not treat cruelly the fishermen, the shepherds, nor the poor laborers. There was nowhere in my time hunger and want, for I cultivated all my fields far and near, that their inhabitants might have food. I never preferred the great and powerful to the humble and poor, but did equal justice to all."

Another inscription upon the tomb of a Pharo at Thebes, says: "I lived in truth, and fed my soul with justice; what I did to men was done in peace; and how I loved God, God and my heart well know; I have given bread to the hungry; water to the thirsty; clothes to the naked, and shelter to the stranger."

Another inscription on a tomb at Sycopolis, says: "I never took the child from his mother's bosom, nor the poor man from his wife."

From the foregoing, it would seem that the wider and more incongruous the elementary properties of the aggregated manure, and the ranker the decomposition, the quicker, brighter, and more beautiful the flowers that spring up thereon—whether on Egyptian, or Hebrew, or more modern Christian grounds.

Though such may, in truth, be the necessary apologetic confession due to Egypt, and all more modern Christian countries characterized by such elementary manures, decompositions, and wondrous flowers, yet, there is a higher grade, better balanced, more uniform, and self-sustaining soil, whereon Truth's standard fruition is wont to grow. And though we may say whatever is is right, except a consciencious wrong, we may at the same time say with equal truth, whatever is is wrong, except a consciencious right."

G. B. Stebbins, in a new and interesting work, issued last month (1872), at Detroit, Michigan, entitled, "Chapters from the Bibles of all Ages," from which we have quoted and condensed the main substance of Bhoodism—the Parsee system, and the present Egyptian article, says in his appendix to Egypt: "The author of the divine Pymander is spoken of by Lord Bacon, as of kingly power, priestly illumination, and profound wisdom."

It is said to have been published in Arabic, Greek, Latin, French and Dutch. He (Hermes Mercurius Trismagistus), the author, was a King of Egypt—one of the Pharaoh's, perhaps, who ruled and taught long before Moses. It is said that this remarkable work is held authentic by eminent authors. To say the least, with all its wild vagaries and imperfections, it is far more common-sense, and consistent than some to follow, of far greater pretensions.

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The work clearly shows MAN has ever made a God in his image, and has conceived him to be in harmony with his (man's) own development. Hence, when man saw only through his own nature, his God was bloodthirsty and combative. These ideas are best expressed on page 165.

It seems that every creed or tribe of earth,
Conceives a god, and gives him form and birth,
Possessing all the traits of every tribe;
Thus while portraying God, *themselves* describe;
And as they each advance in reason's light,
And have more just conceptions of the right,
A god of like improvement then appears,
Reflecting still their passions, loves, and fears;
Then let us turn from that benighted age,
When God, a jealous God, was fired with rage;
And may diviner wisdom from above,
Expand our souls to see a God of love.

High authorities assert that some of the most difficult questions have been rendered plain in this remarkable book. For instance, the sovereignty of God and the free agency of man are for the first time reconciled. Read the following, on pages 25 and 26:

That God ordained the whole is understood
To ultimate in universal good;
Yet hath no less decreed that man shall be,
Within a *given sphere*, an agent free;
As fishes well secured in globes of glass,
Are free within, though none without can pass;
While they, like us, look outward all around,
May often wish a larger range was found.
But highest wisdom hath ordained this plan,
To focalize the feeble powers of man;
Where each may freely choose a field of thought—
May grope in darkness or be wisely taught;
Where all *will* learn, as laws are understood,
To harmonize with universal good.
Thus God ordained that every wayward soul
Should walk in wisdom's ways by *self-control*.
Hence man's free agency is not denied,
While God's grand purposes are glorified.

The sublimity of the first ten lines on page 16 has seldom been equalled:

Creation but one galaxy unfurls—
Jehovah's crown a diadem of pearls!
Each star-lit gem upon the whole depends:
The whole to each a needed influence lends;
Each orb, an aggregate of countless grains;
Each grain a key, a ponderous arch sustains;
Destroy but one, the boundless spheres will fall,
And tumble worlds to chaos, one and all;
Thus all are linked in Nature's endless chain—
The hand that forged them never wrought in vain.

The following is of especial interest to orthodox readers:

You must believe that men are all depraved,
And that but few of all mankind are saved;
Yet by God's cruel death, oh, strange to tell,
These few are thus released from endless hell;
For every creed declares all hope is vain,
If Christ, the Son of God had not been slain;
And yet I think no creed will dare deny
That Satan caused the Lord their God to die:
Thus it would seem that all who rest in peace,
May thank the Devil for their kind release!

From the above extracts a faint idea may be had of the merits of this work. But no advertisement or extracts can do it justice.

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LA DAME DE MASSABIELLE.

History of the Virgin Visions of Bernadette Soubirous.—Appearance of the Woman in White.—Bursting forth of the Miraculous Spring, etc., etc.

[Correspondence of the New York Herald, Oct. 5, 1872.]

The religious manifestation I am about to describe, is one of the most extraordinary that has been recorded in the history of this century, and can only be compared to the antique celebrations of past ages. It is a gigantic exodus of voluntary pilgrims, and several thousand priests gathering from every part of France, around the famed grottoes of Massabielle, in the village of Lourdes (Hautes Pyranees), for the purpose of obtaining through prayer, the

REGENERATION, CONVERSION AND PEACE OF FRANCE.

The present pilgrimage consists of five hundred thousand travelers, including those from Paris as well as from the principal provincial cities, but not the thousands of pilgrims from other parts belonging to the diocese in the department in which Loudres itself is situated. The great idea is to reach the spot by to-morrow, the 6th instant, when five Bishops are to officiate at mass and vespers at five different altars erected among the mountains, and where as many of the priests as are crowding thither, are also to say low mass, one after the other, at the numerous churches and side chapels for miles and miles around.

Lourdes is a small and picturesque village in the French pyrenees. Whether the traveler be *en route* for Barreges, Saint Souveur, Cauterets, or Bagneres-de-Bigorre; or whether the tourist be leaving Cauterets or Pau for Luchon, he must pass Loudres. This little spot is a centre whence all the roads to the thermal stations radiate, and yet, nobody knows any more about it, than if it had not a fortress on the top of a rock, and had not been besieged by Charlemagne, and were not the key of the Pyrenees.

Up to the year 1858, this village was to every one nothing but what I have just said of it, a thoroughfare to the water stations. Since then, it has become famed for

A MIRACULOUS SPRING,

and other miracles too numerous to relate here. What adds to the wonderment of all who know anything about Lourdes is this: Every person connected with the stories related is alive; their names and dwellings are known; they have been questioned and cross-questioned; they have been brought up before the authorities and officials; have been examined and found perfectly sincere. The other remarkable fact is that the clergy and Bishops were opposed to the propagation of the great event which marked the origin of the religious celebrity of Lourdes.

The following are the facts related by thousands and *de visu:* On the 11th of February, 1858, the day being clear and mild,

THREE LITTLE GIRLS

were sent out to pick up sticks in the direction of the Grotto of Massabielle. Two were sisters, Marie and Bernadette Soubirous; the other girl's name is Jeanne Abadie, a neighbor. They were of very poor parents, so needy that the sticks they were to bring home were the fuel waited for by which to cook the family dinner. Marie Soubirous was healthy and strong; but Bernadette, her elder by a few years, was troubled with asthma, and though only fourteen, was so delicate that she did not appear to be more than ten. This Bernadette had not been brought up at home, but by a friend of her mother, living at Bartres, and who, for the small sum of five francs a month, provided her with lodging and food. It had been arranged that she should lend what assistance she could, but as she was too delicate to work at the farm or field, she kept the sheep, and sat whole days doing nothing but fondling the lambs.

From year to year it was settled this should be the last of her stay at Bartres; but the good people loved her as if she was their own, and, although she was told that next autumn would be her last, when the next came Bernadette was kept, and had only been a fortnight home when the memorable day of picking up fagots marked a great period in the fortunes of the village of Lourdes.

As I have said, the two Soubirous sisters and their neighbor's daughter Jeanne, went out together. They crossed a bridge over the Gave, went past the mill of M. de Lafitte, the wealthy man of Lourdes,

PICKING UP BITS OF DEAD WOOD

as they walked along, and thus came to a large meadow, the two robust girls, much ahead of the more delicate Bernadette, who stopped to cough each time she stooped. She wore a black stuff frock, and the white coarse woollen capulet of the villagers in those parts, a pair of wooden shoes; and the only thing which distinguished her from the other poor children was a pair of stockings. These had been given her by her mother, in consideration of her weak lungs.

On the three girls went until they came in front of the Massabielle grotto, where they were certain to find plenty of sticks, for the rocks in which the excavation is bared by nature, are overhung by short brushwood that the wind wrenches out of the scanty earth in which it grows. There was unfortunately, a narrow stream to cross; but the girls found it nearly dry. Jeanne and Mary soon took off their wooden shoes and waded over, hopping from stone to stone, and laughing at their big leaps upon stones which were far apart.

"HOW COLD THE WATER IS,"

said one of them, when they got on dry land, and sat down to put on their dry shoes. Bernadette, on hearing this, was afraid to put her small feet in the stream.

"Do throw some big stones quite close," she begged, shuddering on the opposite side; "I should like to keep my feet dry."

But the two healthy girls were too busy picking up plentiful sticks to attend to the request of Bernadette.

"You must get into doing as we do," at last shouted Jeanne; take leaps and come over."

Poor Bernadette had to make up her mind to the dreaded water, leaned her back on a fragment of rock, and began to pull her stockings off. She had already thrown one down, when she heard a sudden swell of the river, and a whirling in the air, as if a terrible storm was gathering; but when she looked up she found the poplars perfectly straight, and none of the leaves shaken by the wind.

"I thought I heard the leaves rustle," she said, looking around, and then she went on pulling her other stocking off.

The noises increased. Bernadette looked up, and suddenly her figure fell together, while her face remained uplifted; like a crushed flower, down she bent and remained on her knees. She saw a vision.

SHE SAW A RADIENT VIRGIN IN WHITE,

without jewel or coronet; nothing like what she had fancied was the Blessed Lady; a real figure, such she could have imagined was that of a Princess or Queen, had she ever thought of any one so much above her station. This apparition held a long chaplet on her arm. Bernadette was not afraid. She fixed her eyes on the beautiful vision, then seeing it smile and make the sign of the cross, she did likewise, and then the vision vanished. Bernadette was still spell-bound to the spot long after the "dame" had disappeared. After a time she looked around her. The Gave, close by, was running on as usual, but everything seemed night and darkness.

IN THE HOLLOW OF THE GROTTO,

a few instants before filled with a luminous vision, there was nothing but a branch of wild briar that she had often seen before. She could not make out what had happened, but, deeply moved, she hurried over the stream, finding that both Jeannie and Marie were looking at her. Her surprise was immense, on noticing they were not surprised.

"Have you seen nothing?" she asked.

"What?" they asked.

"Nothing?" No one," repeated Barnadette.

"What have you seen?" asked the little girls.

"Oh," replied Barnadette, with a feeling of timid pleasure, not unmixed with fear. "If you have seen nothing I cannot say."

The two girls looked at her, and, though they wondered why she was so pale and strange, they went on picking up their wood. But Bernadette could do nothing. She stood in deep thought, passing the vision over in her mind, and looking up.

"What did you see?" asked the girls again.

"Well, some one in white," replied Bernadette.

Marie and Jeannie were afraid.

"Dear me, I hope it will not hurt us. We will not come to the grotto again," was all they said and thought of the vision; but when they got home, they told the tale to their mother.

"Nonsense," said Madame Soubirous, shrugging her shoulders. "You fancy; you did not see, my child."

Bernadette maintained she had, and related the whole scene, with the description of her vision, in the same words as her sister and friend.

"Well, I will not let you go to the grotto any more," was Mme. Soubirous' conclusion. Bernadetta returned no answer.

The next day was Friday, and the child talked of nothing but her "dame." On Saturday, some one asked her who she was like. She said she fancied she had seen such faces at church.

As she talked on of the same vision incessantly, the mother was prevailed on to allow her to go to the grotto on the following Sunday, and the only restriction Madame Soubirous made was, that Bernadette should not be left alone, but that the two girls, Marie and Jeanne should stop on each side of her all the time.

Bernadette walked very fast, and when she came to Massabielle she knelt. Her two companions did likewise, watching her face all the time, and divided between wonder and fear.

"THERE SHE IS!"

cried Bernadette "There! There!"

Jeanne and Marie looked; they could see nothing; but when they next turned to Bernadette the child was transformed, her face was radiant, her lips parted. She was listening attentively with clasped hands.

"Barnadette!" exclaimed both, "we are frightened of you. Get up! come!"

But Bernadette did not hear, neither did she rise until they saw her features assume their usual expression. They went home to repeat the story they already told; and it was heard with the same belief. This occurred several times, until at length

ALL THE PEASANTRY HEARD AND TALKED OF IT.

Among others who disbelieved were a Mme. Millet and a Mlle. Antoinette Peyret; but they thought they would cross-question Bernadette, after taking her to the grotto themselves, and watching her.

On this occasion, instead of walking quietly at her usual slow pace, she took a short cut down a precipitous rock, and the ladies had some difficulty in following her. When they were in front of the grotto, they witnessed the most extraordinary change come over the child's face She appeared in ecstacy, and yet in holy fear. They were so impressed, that Mme. Millett whispered:

"We should not be here."

"You are to stop!" cried Bernadette, as if she had been told to speak.

"ASK WHO SHE IS,"

desired Mme. Millet, "or take this paper, with my pencil, and request her to put down what she wants."

The child obeyed, and the witnesses heard her distinctly say:

"Ma 'dame,' if you have anything to tell me, will you be good enough to say who you are, and what you desire?"

The witnesses heard no reply, but they saw the child advance with paper and pencil, keeping her gaze on the excavation, then she stopped and listened for some time. Her features were angelic. It lasted for fully three minutes, after the expiration of which Bernadette walked back, and on being questioned, related that the lady had said she saw no necessity for writing, as she knew Bernadette would obey; but what she wanted was to see her every day at the grotto for fifteen days, promising her that if she did so she

SHOULD BE HAPPY IN A BETTER WORLD.

This is but the preliminary of the whole story. During the fifteen days which followed Bernadette was accompanied not by one, two or twelve people, but by hundreds. All the inhabitants of Lourdes followed her to witness her interviews with the vision, and the same transformations took place during her trances. The Perfect of the Commune, Mr. Massy, and the Commissaire do Police, Mr. Jasonet, took alarm at the spread of the agitation, the former came to Lourdes from Tarbes to look into the matter and desired Mr. Jacomet to arrest the child as an impostor, if, after questioning her alone, he discovered she had been influenced to act her part. Meanwhile the fifteen days were far advanced, and the population of the village, as well as of the villages around, gathered to look at the child. She passed through them with perfect impassiveness, neither reddening nor turning pale, ever thinking and walking on in her coarse clothes as if she had too much on her mind to care for people, or for what was going on about her.

The cure of the place did not encourage the peasantry to believe in her visions; he was even very sharp with Bernadette. His name is Peyramale, and he is still alive; none of the peasantry, on the other hand, doubted; in their opinion Bernadette was an instrument in the hands of God, and they believed that the Blessed Virgin appeared to her. On the 21st of February Bernadette came as usual to the grotto, and as simply as possible knelt in her accustomed place, where, in the presence of a dense multitude, after she had her usual vision and was rising to move,

A POLICE OFFICER PUT HIS HAND ON HER SHOULDER

and arrested her in the name of the law. She was led to M. Jacomet, who with the threats and persuasion endeavored to make her prevaricate, but after a long sitting gave his efforts up, saying he had never seen or heard such a case. He forbade her father at the peril of his liberty to allow her to return to grotto, and thinking he would have to adopt some course, after applying for advice to M. Roaland, who was then Minister of Public Instruction, he let her go to her parents' home. The attraction of the grotto proved so strong that her father, after a day or two, preferred getting into trouble with M. le Prefect rather than cause his child to pine and grieve, as she visibly did, besides which, the peasantry of Lourdes are not to be trifled with. They took the part of Bernadette against Prefect Cure, father, and Commissaire, and to the grotto Bernadette returned, all making way for her whenever she appeared. It was then thought M. Peyramale could shake the child's fancy and detect any equivocation, if there existed any. As he was known to be averse to her visions and to be very little acquainted with her on account of her long stay away from the village, it was supposed he would show no partiality to her, and the time was looked forward to when he would call her to the presbytery. He, however, was disinclined to do so; but Bernadette, to his great wonder, one day walked through his garden into his house.

"Are you not the daughter of Miller Soubirous?" he asked.

"Yes, Monsieur le Cure."

"Well, then, Bernadette, what do you want?"

"Monsieur le Cure, the 'dame' who appeares at the Grotto of Massabielle"——

"Yes, yes, I know," said the cure. "You pretend you have visions, and you have got all the country in excitement with your tales. What do you mean by telling me these things? What is this? Nothing but things you can not prove."

Bernadette was in no way astonished. She clearly related all that had occurred, all she had seen and heard, and when she had done the cure asked, "And what is the name of your 'dame?'"

"I don't know."

"Those who believe say it is the Virgin; but, child, know, that if it is not, if you lie, you will never see her in heaven."

"I do not know if she is the Virgin," replied Bernadette, "but I see her as I see you, and she speaks to me, and I have come to tell you that she has told me to tell you she wants

A CHURCH TO BE BUILT ON THE MASSABIELLE ROCK,

that's all." M. Peyramale looked closely at the child. She stood the gaze with innocent assurance; he made her repeat her message; she did so; after which he replied:

"You tell me, Bernadette, that the lady has a branch of briar under her feet in the grotto. This is February; go and tell her that if she wants a new church on the rock she must first make that branch bring forth roses in this season."

Thereupon Bernadette was dismissed.

"The briar will bring forth buds," said the people in the village; but the rock has brought forth something else.

When the child next saw her vision she gave the cure's message, which the "dame" did not heed; but told her to go on her knees from the place she was on to the hard, dry rock, and as far as she could, until she could go no further. The people who were looking on saw her do this, there were 300 present, holding their breath in suspense and wonder. When she came to herelf she was still repeating

"REPENT!" "REPENT!"

The time after this, instead of 300 spectators, there were all the people from the villages round, far and near. Several daily assert they were present in all the departments. Be that as it may, when Bernadette had her vision she suddenly rose to her feet and walked to the River Gave; then, as if called, went back to the grotto, where she kneaded with her two hands a portion of earth on the rook; she carried it to her lips, and did as if she washed herself with it; then she knelt and dug a hole in the ground, and by degrees drop after drop of muddy, thick water appeared on the surface. She went on until she had enough to fill her hands; she drank it, and then went away. The crowds pressed forward. There was a hollow of sticky clay; but soon a thin streak of water burst up, and with one voice the whole people cried,

"A FOUNTAIN OF THE ROCK!"

It was so. The next day the streak had become as thick as a man's wrist. The child related that the "dame" had desired her to wash and drink in the fountain; that she had gone to the river, knowing of no fountain in the rock, and that she had been called back and told that she was to drink of the spring, not the Gave. She had obeyed, and the "*source merveilleuse*," was the consequence. The rest of Bernadette's story is more that of a saint than of a human being. The authorities intervened to stop what they considered a great superstition, until the Emperor Napoleon III telegraphed to M. Massy to leave this coerceive measure alone and the peasantry to their fountain. For several years MM. Jacomet and Massy were the declared enemies of the Lourdais. Bernadette's fountain is at present said to be a strong stream, and the numerous

CURES AND MIRACLES.

here performed fill all the papers. A church is being built on the grotto that has already cost 2,500,000 francs; convents are to cover the mountains around; the Orleans Railroad Company have added a branch in order to render access easier. Bernadette is at this present moment a Sister of Charity in the Hospital of Nevers. Her father and mother have died, but her sister Marie and her brother live at Lourdes. Very large offers of money have been made them, but all have been rejected. The place of Anger is full of Bernadette, and the above facts are related all over the place.

The journey hither was inaugurated by a full service at Notre Dame Victories, in Paris, where all the Paris pilgrims assembled.

THE ILLUMINATION.

In the evening the pilgrims again assembled for the procession by torchlight to the grotto. Thousands of wax tapers were sold and cut in small pieces for those who had not wherewith to buy a small one. As many as 30,000 pilgrims, each bearing a light, moved in and out of the intricacies of the mountain paths, singing psalms as they slowly advanced. It was like an immense galaxy of moving light, and, seen from the valley, produced an indescribable effect. At midnight the illumination was over, and each sought rest. I do not say all did; for there were involuntary watchers in the grotto. I myself threaded through the crypt under the new temple in the dead of night, to find it full of pilgrims in prayer. When sleep threatened to conquer good will, they joined in dozens and walked up and down. Two processions, of one hundred pilgrims each, left the crpyt to walk around the grotto, singing night prayers.

The following morning saw the multitudes again gathered around the rocks of Massabielle, though a fearful deluge of rain had ushered in the day.

A MIRACLE—THE DUMB SPEAK.

While I was standing among the others I was eye-witness to one of the most extraordinary events it has been my duty to record. Mass was going on and diseased people were being carried to the pool formed, as I have already explained, by the rush of the miraculous spring from the grotto. Two girls in peasant costume pushed forward to get near the water. One was almost idiot-looking; she was leaning on the arm of the other, who with difficulty tried to clear a passage for her afflicted companion. A gentleman by my side perceiving it was her intention to make for the pool, spoke to her and asked what was the nature of the disease that her friend or sister was suffering from. "She is deaf and dumb," replied the girl, "and we have come all the way from Blois to see if she can't be cured by Notre Dame des Lourdes, for she is an orphan." The inquirer, touched with the speaker's simplicity, volunteered to clear a way for them, telling the leader to follow him. I stood some distance from the pool, and the pressure of people was so great that I got divided from the Blois travelers, and did not see the deaf and dumb orphan immersed, but some ten minutes after the above dialogue had been exchanged in my hearing a loud shout of joy arose in the crowded mass or beholders, and it was followed by a "*Viva Notre Dame de Lourdes!*" that ran like wildfire through every ear and mouth present, to be echoed by the mountains around. I used all my strength to reach the pool and stood by the girl from Blois, whose deaf and dumb charge was no longer by her side. She was as pale as death. "Where is your friend?" I asked. "They have carried her in the grotto to the Bishop." "Why?" "She is cured." "Cured?" A prelate then made his way up to our knot of eager questioners. "My child, tell me what you have seen," he asked kindly. "Monseigneur," replied the girl, governing her emotion, "We came from Blois yesterday, to ask Notre Dame de Lourdes to cure my friend, and when we got to the pool I helped her put head under as much water as I could pour over it, and made her drink a glassful. She seemed to hear at once, and a good gentleman, who noticed she looked confused at some noise, understood she was getting sounds in her ears, and, taking hold of her, said she was to say after him the words he said: "Vive Notre Dame de Lourdes," and my friend repeated, "Vive Notre Dame de Lourdes," when presently all the people standing round us shouted out the same words, and my friend was frightened, but the gentleman carried her in his arms from the outside to the railings of the grotto, which the priests inside opened, and she is inside now."

"It is a miracle," said the prelate.

The news had now spread all over the place. People came running down all the paths to have a view of the girls. "Vive Notre Dame de Lourdes!" was the universal shout. Others knelt in silence.

I pushed on to the railings, and saw that the scared child was surrounded by fathers and priests. One of them said she could not understand the sense of what was spoken to her; but she could bring out the words told her, as a parrot would. This, of course, is a natural effect of deafness. To aver that the girl could talk would be a gross imposition, as never having heard the human voice, she could no more understand it than a new-born babe; but the miracle of hearing and of uttering sounds had taken place for all that. Talking will be acquired by habit. I will refrain from mentioning anything I did not see. Other miracles were reported by eye-witnesses that day at the pool; I will not mention them. I can but certify that the incident as told above is as true as that I am relating it, and as that those who have fallen on this column, and are at this moment reading it.

BERNADETTE AND HER FAMILY.

I had got through the best part of my letter when Sister Elizabeth walked in, and after some apology for interruption, expressed a wish to have a talk with me. I was no less desirous, and put down my pen. After some preliminary introduction, we came to the subject I had cautiously heared, that of Bernadette Souberious, and I gathered what follows:

After her visions she become so great an object of curiosity that people came far and near with offer of protection for herself and family, which were all declined. John Souberious, her father, remained the poor miller. Louise Souberious, Bernadette's mother, died on the 18th of December, 1866. Bernadette herself had been adopted by the sisters of the hospice and remained eight years under their roof. She was the gentlest and most amiable child, would never talk of her visions unless very much questioned, was very fond of battledore and shuttlecock. When the villagers or strangers wished to see her she would take either Sister Elizabeth's arm or Sister Gilbert's and walk up and down the entrance; then return to her sewing or play. When called in the parlor to speak to a priest or visitors, she would sit down on a chair nearest the door and answer every question precisely to the point, without adding a word not asked for, only, if any one present construed her speech differently to what she had said, or if any one colored her narrative more glowingly, she would correct the speaker by saying, "I did not tell you that; I told you such and such a thing."

She took the veil at the Hospice of the Sisters of Nevers, and is known there under the name of Marie Bernard. She is now 25. She is not beautiful in feature, but in expression. Her look has a soft, melting attraction. She is a great sufferer, and is tried by cruel pains in her chest, which she bears very patiently, saying the Virgin told her she should be happy in heaven, for much trouble here below. She appears to fear nothing so much as the noise of the outer world, and tends the sick with assiduity when not kept by personal suffering in her cell. She is in ignorance of everything going on at Lourdes and of the pilgrimage; never hears nor asks about anything; has sat times out of number for her portrait, but never cares to look at them when the sittings were over.

Howling Repentants.

The principal characteristic of the worship of the sect seems to be howling. Regular times are fixed in the day for howling, and twice every night the votaries are obliged to rise and howl. When they meet together for service, they meet in the open air and howl in concert. This constant howling on every occasion, especially in the night hours, brings them in contact with the police, who have no sympathy with the howlers, and take them off to the station houses, where any further attempts to howl are discouraged by methods well known to policemen. The police evidently have the same opinion of this style of religion that Sam Geridge had of work—"It is not necessary to go 'owling round about it."

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and Subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

MATTER for Bro. Carr's department came too late for this week's issue.

Spiritathesis.—No. IV.

There is no law of *chance!*
Tho' Nature's bosom pulses soft and slow,
Or, with a heavier flood her rivers flow,
Sends her wild torrents fierce to rend a gorge,
Hurls her swift lightning from her vulcan forge,
Volcanoe's belching down her mountain steeps,
Or dark, coiled venom's pestilential sweeps;
Centres her furies in the human mind,
With passions carnal and to vice inclined,
With hunger like a vulture's, in his eye,
Demoniac lust and fury raging high—
Or, softer sheen on placid lake she draws
The silvery pencil of her gentler laws,
And pads of lilies white berim her lips
Where crystal mirages the stars eclipse—
Gives to her winglet of the air a zest—
Wild beasts their cunning and their cowardice;
To slay each other and shun man's device—
Or, in her soft maternal moods she keeps
Her starry vigils shinning, while she weeps,
Holding her children to her bosom pressed,
And gives them dreams of an eternal rest—
Divinest when to erring souls she nears
With mercy's tender and forgiving tears.
Whatever is, is the effect of laws,
Obedient *always* to their parent cause.
When Nature deviates, her range of *chance*
Lies in some unrestricted circumstance
Hidden within the matrix, where she moulds
The thing she gestates, or to life unfolds.
What e'er to harmony or discord tends,
True to some law, her courses shape their ends.

True to the endless chain of compensating law and effort, nature with all her accidental seemings, never so far aborts, but that something is the product. Selecting her choicest quality to mould her divinest, where she can, yet mingling her gold and dross where she must; and the closer we look into her achievements the diviner we appear, and may become. A proper knowledge of how to produce the higher type of humanity, is as possible, as to know how to cross the different families of canines, for a given product, and more morally obligatory to us all, than to society to understand and know how to apply the most successful chastisements that may beneficially be inflicted upon the breaker of its laws and customs, for only will the understanding and usage of the law of highest human propagation which will give to the world instead of the accidental and unwelcome human products that are cast like spawn, roadside animals, and vermine insects within the pools and crevices where the first impelling circumstance, unquestioned and irresponsible, may drift them, a welcome harmonious, happy and sinless generation. And no shorter or swifter road is there to that earthly millenium when crimes and their finalities and discord shall cease, and "peace on earth good will among men" reign supreme, than in the full knowledge and practice of the law of *legal* and proper generation, which comes only through adaptability of parentage and its contiguous harmony of surroundings.

Shameful ignorance and the disgraceful prudery of mock-modesty, have long been the skeleton rack upon which countless souls have been wrecked and tortured; the fruits of virgin purity have been ruthlessly cast to trail in the dust of anguish and oblivion; motherhood has been robbed of its sacred mission, and little half-formed lives, hated because of their origin and the pain that begets them, are cut loose from the material moorings that should shield and brood them, and sent adrift lone, weak, waifs upon the infinite ocean of uncertainty, or left to mature amid discordant elements, blight with the moral canker of hatred vice and crime inherent—strengthening in discord with growth by contact with its attracting kind, till stranded at last a wreck of debauchery, or doomed to the extirpation of its crimes by the penalities and forfeitures they incur, suffering always until some great redeeming hand or circumstance is lent, to lift them above the toils that envelope them.

Nature has guarded best her tenderest and most sacred functions where, in the storehouse of human souls, she performs her most perfect work. Walled in by the protecting shields of grosser material centre, the finer fluids and their glands within the generative organs; and to these centres flows the crimson current that sustains life. From every fibre of the stimulating circumferance it bears the impress of the external intelligence and sensations, and as surely as there is discord and derangement, even upon the surface, or by extreme excitement to the brain, so the sensitized mucus membrane in the generative vestibule, records the disaster, or the pleasurable emotion. Atmospheric exposure to the surface, or mental suffering, arrests the processes of nature's glandular sex attributes in the human, as surely as a lightning's flash with its electric shock destroys the incubating germs within the eggs of tender birds.

As nature gives her periods to the feminine, so also does she to the male—endowing each with the same relational functions, and in the germinal fluids of each reposes the possible of both sexes, in sperms and zomes, cast off in excitations when ripened, the more active of which, receives the electric baptism of its energy from that portion of the brain most stimulated and enthused. Thus electrified and intensified through sex conjunction, it starts forth in quest of its own conjugality or sustenance, and meets half way the reaction it seeks, awaiting its kindred fire of embrace, overpowering its slower fellow sperms it captivates its own. Conceived, it lives within the fires its kindling torch has quickened, and nourishes upon the fluid sperms that never may mature within its grasp, supremely making such demands upon its maternity, as that all the essences of her integral nature shall refine and filtre to its own. Thus it becomes a living soul, and immortality has begun.

Duplicate lives, or twins, result only in consequence of two-fold or double excitations, and may be determined by control, as also the reproduction of a chosen sex, by a law that may not well or fully be given in these articles.

In fuller explanation of the idea given in article number 2, viz: That "the mental impress of the one parent overpowering the mental activity of the other upon a given point or idea, will control the germinal sperm and zome attendant, and become the nucleating correlation at conception; and thus divided, the centre continues to attract its kindred element—both in thought-fluid, and the grosser animalcular sperms that stimulate and mould it into growth," may be added.

The overpowering mental activity of the parent becomes the generator of mental electric streams or waves, upon whose bosom are borne the mental nebulæ that aggregates and becomes the spirit-zome that is guided by the force that evolves it from the active organs of the brain, through the conducting channels of emotion and sensation; and by electric guidance to the sex-fluids in action, where it becomes the spirit-zome attendant and correlation at conception: and the thought, but an intensity or emotion before, takes form and becomes the inherent greatness, or the transmitted vice of the parent, in the offspring.

This explains the laws of Selection, in brief, by which instantaneously character is evolved. The twisted saplings at the well have their significance unveiled, and the Ethiopic face, that mirrored at conception its hue upon the fœtus, remains no longer a mysterious phenomena, but a problem answered.

Thus the over-heated passions and maudlin brain of debauchery that seeks to close its dissipating hour in the gratification of a carnal desire and feverish lust, gives to the offspring of such debasement, destroying appetite and vicious lust, in intenser measure, than that which begets it to a baptism of curses through life. As there is seldom any after-circumstance that will so far remove the mother from the revolting effect the shock has cost her, as to give her opportunity to smooth over the pathway of parental destiny through the contracting influences of her powers in the fœtal education she may be able to impart, sufficient to obliterate the "*trail of the Serpent*" upon its character.

And thus the starward lifting thought and lofty aspirations of the soul, that communes with nature in its grandest moods, and drinks at the bubbling fountains of noble purposes, prefaces love's consort, and in holy exaltation, seeks conjugality of mind and purpose in the oneness of sensuous purity, love's fruition, and bespeaks a nobler issue than the best conception of poetic dreams. For none can parallel the beauty in soul and earthly mould, the child of purpose, of wilful and chosen begetting—welcomed in its earliest dawn of existence, and cradled in the sanctuary of love's constant embrace. It is fashioned with more than human art. Of such there are a few on earth, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven continually.

There is always room for them everywhere, like buds of blissful fragrance; and the very air that encircles them seems pure and sweet as a virgin's breath. Tender, frail, and precocious in general, the taints of gross mortality sweep too often over their pathway, and bear under the shadowy wing of closing day, the night angels poison to life, and early they plume their spirit pinions for flight, even as we regardless and secure in hope, fold them to our bosoms of pride—the gates are flung ajar, and they slip, serenely crowned in immortal light, from our arms that would retain them, to the angels that saith, "Suffer them to come unto me."

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The work clearly shows MAN has ever made a GOD in HIS image, and has conceived him to be in harmony with his (man's) own development. Hence, when man saw only through his own nature; his God was bloodthirsty and combative. These ideas are best expressed on page 165.

It seems that every creed or tribe of earth,
Conceives a god, and gives him form and birth,
Possessing all the traits of every tribe;
Thus while portraying God, *themselves* describe;
And as they each advance in reason's light,
And have more just conceptions of the right,
A god of like improvement then appears,
Reflecting still their passions, loves, and fears;
Then let us turn from that benighted age,
When God, a jealous God, was fired with rage;
And may diviner wisdom from above,
Expand our souls to see a God of love.

High authorities assert that some of the most difficult questions have been rendered plain in this remarkable book. For instance, the sovereignty of God and the free agency of man are for the first time reconciled. Read the following, on pages 25 and 26:

That God ordained the whole is understood
To ultimate in universal good;
Yet hath no less decreed that man shall be,
Within a *given sphere*, an agent free;
As fishes well secured in globes of glass,
Are free within, though none without can pass;
While they, like us, look outward all around,
May often wish a larger range was found.
But highest wisdom hath ordained this plan,
To focalize the feeble powers of man;
Where each may freely choose a field of thought—
May grope in darkness or be wisely taught;
Where all *will* learn, as laws are understood,
To harmonize with universal good.
Thus God ordained that every wayward soul
Should walk in wisdom's ways by *self-control*.
Hence man's free agency is not denied,
While God's grand purposes are glorified.

The sublimity of the first ten lines on page 16 has seldom been equalled:

Creation but one galaxy unfurls—
Jehovah's crown a diadem of pearls!
Each star-lit gem upon the whole depends:
The whole to each a needed influence lends:
Each orb, an aggregate of countless grains;
Each grain a key, a ponderous arch sustains;
Destroy but one, the boundless spheres will fall,
And tumble worlds to chaos, one and all;
Thus all are linked in Nature's endless chain—
The hand that forged them never wrought in vain.

The following is of especial interest to orthodox readers:

You must believe that men are all depraved,
And that but few of all mankind are saved;
Yet by God's cruel death, oh, strange to tell,
These few are thus released from endless hell;
For every creed declares all hope is vain,
If Christ, the Son of God had not been slain;
And yet I think no creed will dare deny
That Satan caused the Lord their God to die:
Thus it would seem that all who rest in peace,
May thank the Devil for their kind release!

From the above extracts a faint idea may be had of the merits of this work. But no advertisement or extracts can do it justice.

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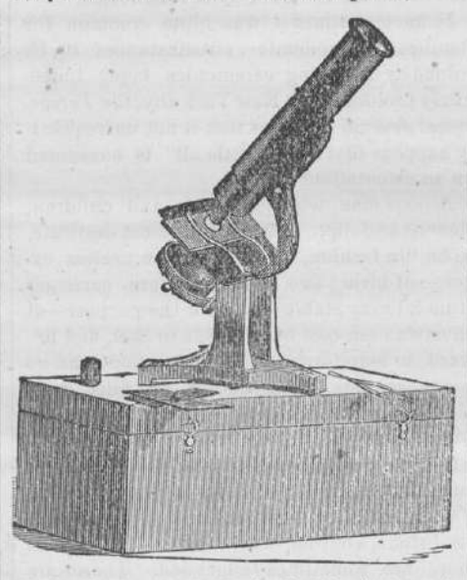
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DEAN CLARK, SPEAKER, AND SPIRIT MOTHER.

SARAH A FLOYD, ATTENDED BY HER INDIAN GUIDE, HAR-WEE-NE-HA.

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McDONOUGH'S GHOST.

A Virginia City Sensation—A Most Remarkable History of Supernatural Occurrences—Voices in the Air—The Spirit of a Father Returns to Earth and Converses with His Daughter.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle.]

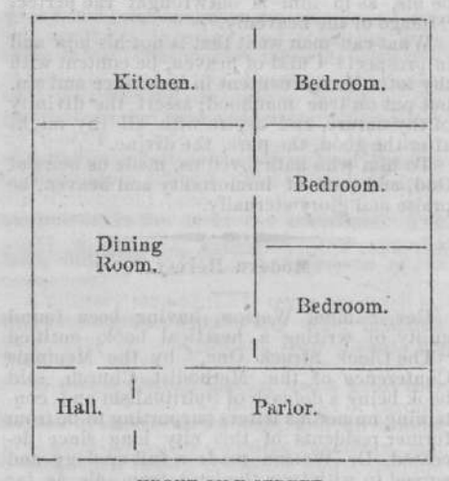
We are about to relate a series of events which have recently happened in this city so marvelous in character that the most credulous might well withhold their belief were not every circumstance substantiated by unimpeachable witnesses. Our authorities for the statements we are about to make are Rev. Father Manogue, Rev. Father Nulty, J. C. Masel, Mrs. Masel, Agnes McDonough and John McDonough, all of whom witnessed a part or the whole of the occurrences in question. The strange manifestations were also observed by Rev. Father Clark and Rev. Father Haupt, of Gold Hill, Rev. Father Tormy, of Carson, Michael Lynch, Mr. Seffern and others; but we have not thought it necessary to consult any of these, as it would only be accumulating additional proofs upon testimony already entirely satisfactory. There can be no doubt of the absolute truth of every statement we are about to make. We will mention that all the parties whom we consulted at first questioned the propriety of publishing an account of the wonderful affair; and it was only upon representation that it had already become the town talk, and that it was better the public should receive a correct and authentic version, that they reluctantly consented to its appearing in print, and furnished us with the full particulars.

TO BEGIN THE NARRATIVE.

Six years ago, James McDonough followed the occupation of an expressman in this city. He is spoken of by those acquainted with him as an upright, conscientious and industrious man. He was a Catholic, but we have not been informed as to the strictness of his religions observances. He was attacked with dropsy and died at his residence at the corner of A street and Sutton avenue six years ago next April. He left a widow and two children, a son and daughter. The widow has since married, and the children are living with J. C. Masel, whose wife was a cousin of their father. John, the son, is about eighteen years old, and is employed in Mr. Masel's butcher-shop, at the corner of C street and Sutton avenue; Agnes, the daughter, is fourteen, and is attending the First Ward public school. She is a tall, healthy girl, with light brown hair, blue eyes with long dark lashes, frank and regular features, and a modest and candid manner. Mrs. Masel states that though exceedingly vivacious, she is a dutiful and pious child, and that her whole nature is foreign to anything like untruthfulness or deception.

THE SCENE OF THE OCCURRENCES.

The residence of Mr. Masel is at 163 North B street, nearly at the extreme north end of the city. It is a neat, one-story, brown cottage, with a porch in front, a yard in the rear, houses adjoining solidly on the south, and a vacant space on the north side. Following is a diagram of the rooms.



FRONT ON B STREET.

The family consists of Mr. and Mrs. Masel, two sons, respectively seven and eight years old, a babe, and John and Agnes McDonough. Mr. Masel is of a fine physical build, about 36 years of age, an energetic and clear-headed business man, and one of our best-known and respected citizens. His wife is a bright, cheerful, intelligent lady; and the children are two as handsome and manly boys of the period as Nevada has ever produced. The whole tone of the houshold is that of health, sound sense and cheerfulness, pervaded by an earnest feeling of piety.

THE FIRST MANIFESTATIONS.

On several occasions during the past few months the family has been disturbed by prowlers, two of whom were detected entering the kitchen window, and others of whom had knocked at the doors without warrant. In consequence of this the female members of the household had become a little nervous and apprehensive. On Sunday afternoon, October 27th, Agnes was at home alone with the children, the others being at church. A loud knock came at the front door, but Agnes refused to open it, supposing the summons to come from one of the intruders of which we have spoken. The knocks, however, continued at intervals, and when Mrs. Masel returned from church the neighbors, who had heard the disturbances, informed her of the unaccountable noises at her door. She entered, and when the sounds were renewed, supposing them to originate in trickery or intrusion, she advanced quickly and opened the door, but nothing was visible. Agnes was dispatched to a neighbor's upon an errand. As she left the house loud knocking was heard upon the door, but nobody was to be seen near it. While she was absent no sounds were audible, but they re-commenced upon her return. That evening she went to visit her mother, and during her absence the noises entirely ceased, but they began again as soon as she re-entered the house. None of the household were believers in spiritual manifestations, and therefore no one had assigned the singular occurrences to that cause, but they were thoroughly perplexed, and Mrs. Masel and Agnes at last retired to rest with strange and unquiet emotions.

VOICES IN THE AIR.

The next morning the household rose at half-past 4 o'clock. Business called Mr. Masel to Truckee Meadows and John McDonough to the shop down town. While it was yet dark Mrs. Masel was preparing to do her washing, and Agnes was standing near the kitchen stove when the terrible knocking was heard at the back door. The child's nervous system had become so unstrung that she was nearly paralyzed by the sound; but Mrs. Masel dauntlessly proceeded to the door and found as usual—nothing. The knockings continued throughout the day, wherever Agnes happened to be—on doors, walls, picture frames, sewing machine and even on the fence, when she chanced to go into the yard. But a stranger occurrence now mingled with the monotonous noises. Whenever Agnes was alone she could hear a voice distinctly saying to her, "Do not fear," "Be not afraid," and other assuring phrases. The words appeared to be whispered in her ear out of the empty air, no object being visible and no person near her. So the day wore on, the child surrounded by the strange knocks and voices until she became almost prostrated from nervous excitement.

THE VISION.

At evening Mr. Masel returned, and being informed at the supper table of the occurrences of the day, was moralizing upon the strange visitations, when Agnes started to go into the middle bedroom, which opened from the dining-room. A loud knock from within sent her affrighted back. Mr. Masel directed her to enter the bedroon and ask who the visitant was and what was wanted. She shrank from the trial at first, but upon Mr. Masel advancing near the door to assure her, she entered the room. No sooner was she inside the door than she saw a shadowy figure near the corner to her left. She can not say whether it stood out in relief, or was spread on the wall like a picture; but she saw it distinctly, and noticed that it had short whiskers upon the chin, that the eyes were fixed and partly closed, and that the shirt was white, the coat black, and that a small black hat was upon the head. She exclaimed:

"In the name of God, father is that you?"

She saw the lips of the apparition move as it replied:

"Yes."

The voice was audible to every person in the dining room. It was an unnatural voice, the word appearing to be spoken with teeth closed. Every one present attests that at the assurance that the spirit was her father, a singular change came over Agnes. Whereas she had before been excited and frightened, she now became perfectly calm and self-possessed, and continued so during all the subsequent occurrences. She next asked?

"What do you want of me, father?"

"Prayers, prayers, prayers, prayers," was the reply, in the same audible tone as before.

THE SPIRIT'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

While single words spoken by the apparition could be understood by all, his longer sentences were a confused sound, intelligible to Agnes alone. She says the words appeared to be spoken in her ear, and were as plain to her as the ordinary speech of persons in conversation. The spirit proceeded to tell her that he had been judged by Jesus Christ, Almighty God and two angels; that he had been in purgatory since his death; that at length an angel had come to him and brought him to earth for six days to visit her; that he appeared to her because she was the only one of his family who prayed. Much more was communicated to her, but as most of it was of a private character, relating to members of the family, we refrain from publishing it. He earnestly enjoined the religious observances on the part of all, and beseeched prayers for himself. At the request of Mr. Masel, Agnes asked the following questions:

Question—You say you come from purgatory. How far away is it? Answer—Five minutes.

Q.—How long will you stay with us? A.—Six days.

Q.—When will you leave us? A.—At half-past 1 on Friday.

Q.—At half-past 1 in the daytime or night? A.—At half past 1 in the afternoon.

Q.—Why will you go at precisely that time? A.—Because an angel will come to me precisely at that time and lead me to heaven.

Q.—How long will it take you to reach heaven? A.—I will be in heaven at twenty-five minutes to 2.

That night when Agnes went to bed she drew the clothes over her head, as timid children are so accustomed to do. But immediately they were softly removed, and, although she saw nothing, she heard her father say, in his spirit tones, "Bless you, my child!"

FATHER MANOGUE AND FATHER NULTY SENT FOR.

Father Manogue and Father Nulty were sent for and told of the remarkable appearance at the house of Mr. Masel. Father Manogue says he endeavored to dispel the belief of a visit from a spirit as an illusion, but in vain. According to request, therefore, he and Father Nulty visited Mr. Masel's. There was nothing visible to the eyes of either of them, but there were loud knocks, and a voice issued as from a person unseen. Agnes, who could see her father, says he scanned Father Nulty from his head to his feet. He at once addressed Father Nulty, saying that he remembered well when they both attended him when he was dying—on a cold Winter's night about six years ago.

FATHER NULTY'S QUESTIONS.

Father Nulty felt some reluctance about relating for publication what he had heard. He said he heard a voice, but saw nothing, and he could not tell where the voice came from. He asked, perhaps, one hundred questions, to some of which answers were given and to others no response was made. He asked the voice if he knew anything about heaven, and received, in reply, that he knew nothing whatever of heaven or hell, but he had seen Almighty God and our Lord the Savior. He asked him which was the best prayer, and the reply was, "The Lord's Prayer." He also asked him about a dozen other prayers, among which were the "Thirty Days' Prayers" and the "Prayer to St. Joseph." "The rer'y was—"They are all good."

Question—Why is it that my own parents do not come to me and give me some information of the future life? Answer—I don't know.

Q.—Why do you appear to that child more than to anyone else of the family? A.—Because she is the holiest.

Q.—Will you pay us another visit after you go to heaven? A.—I can not tell.

FATHER MANOGUE'S QUESTIONS.

Father Manogue asked the voice to speak louder, and the reply was that he came to speak more especially to Agnes, who could hear him distinctly.

Question—How could you come into the house? Answer—Because I am a pure spirit.

Q.—How could you, being a pure spirit and pure spirits being immaterial, have contact with a material object? A.—By the power which God has given me.

Q.—What do you think of Spiritualism as it is understood on earth? A.—It is all nonsense.

Father Manogue asked him how long he would remain on earth, and the reply was six days; that he would leave at half past 1 on the afternoon of Friday, when an angel would appear and lead him to heaven. He said it would not be the same angel that took him from purgatory.

Q.—Does your body suffer? A.—My body has nothing to do with my soul.

Q.—Is there no punishment for the body? A.—Yes.

Q.—What is the punishment of the body after death? A.—Into ashes

Q.—Will you ever see your body? A.—Yes.

Q.—When will you see your body? A.—At the eternal judgment.

Q.—Where is your body now? A.—In the grave.

Q.—Is it in California? A.—No; it is here in Nevada.

Q.—Do you wish to have a headstone put over your body? A.—Yes.

Q.—What sort of a headstone do you wish to have put over your body? A.—A plain headstone.

Q.—Will you give the inscription to put on it? A.—Yes.

Q.—What is it?

THE INSCRIPTION.

Remember me, my children, who came to you at eve:
When I was a sufferer, in purgatory I dwelt:
My children were not around me to hear my cries to them.
A messenger from Jesus to my child Agnes.

IN THE CHURCH.

One morning during this period Agnes remained near the sanctuary of the church after mass, and Father Manogue asked her if the spirit of her father was visible to her there or if she could hear his voice. She could hear or see nothing. Remembering that the visitations had most frequently occurred when she was in a room apart, he requested her to step into the sacristy by herself, which she did, when she says the apparition at once appeared to her, and Father Manogue attests that its tones were audible to him outside.

THE DEPARTURE AND ASCENSION.

As we have already stated, the spirit had said that an angel would come for it at half-past 1 on Friday, and it had also told Agnes that she could see it ascend far up into the sky. On that day Father Manogue and others were present at Mr. Masel's. The spectators watched through the door of an adjoining room, while Agnes stood in the presence of her father and conversed with him. As the appointed moment approached, the child says the specter grew evidently nervous, rubbing his hands and exhibiting other symptoms of anxiety. He told her that they need pray no more for him; that he was going to heaven and should pray for them. Father Manogue says he was watching the clock, which could not be seen by the child. As the hand pointed to the half hour, the spirit said to her: "The angel is at the window; I must go." Agnes sank on her knees and shrieked. One of the by-standers told her to go to the door and see her father ascend. She arose and went to the kitchen door, the apparition advancing along the wall beside her, repeating "good-by," and finally taking her by the hand and kissing her. She says she plainly felt the clasp of a cold hand, not larger than a babe's, and felt the cold lips pressed to her own. At the door she beheld her father assume a spotless white mantle, unfold a pair of shining wings, and, with a smile of ineffable sweetness, float into the air. She could not see his companion, but one hand was uplifted, as if he was being led heavenward, while the other was waved toward her, as though bidding her adieu. And so the vision vanished into the sky, nor has sound or voice or sight made itself manifest since.

IN CONCLUSION.

Space and time have compelled us to curtail this wonderful account to the merest outline. We have not told the tenth part of what was seen and heard, and have told that little so imperfectly that we feel we have done injustice both to the witnesses of the strange events and to the reader. We have not made a single statement except upon the most indubitable authority, and unhesitatingly assert that we believe every circumstance narrated to be true. As the cause, nature and object of the strange visitation, we make no pretensions to penetrate the mystery which surrounds them. We simply relate the unquestionable facts as they were told us, and leave every one to form his own conclusions according to the light that God has given him.

THE VIRGINIA CITY MANIFESTATIONS.

[From the San Francisco (Cal.) Catholic Guardian.]

Most solemnly do we protest that we will believe no miracle which has not been fully examined and settled as such by the proper authorities of the Church. We may express an opinion; but, when expressed, it is the opinion of the individual, and subject to correction. While we do not deny the existence of miracles, we believe that men are too prone to follow after the marvelous without sufficient light from the Church. It is hard, we know, to maintain that exact equipoise between too little and too much belief in the spiritual; but if we will only remember the words of our Lord, Jesus Christ, and "Hear the Church," it is all easy. We have been publishing accounts lately about the miracles said to have been worked at Lourdes, in France; and in this issue we have an account, taken from the New York *Herald*, of a deaf mute restored to hearing; but all this needs confirmation. We are prepared to believe it *when*, by the light of Divine inspiration, the Church tries and decides the cause. Until then, whatever degree of belief we may give it, is based upon the ground of its extreme probability. It is such belief as one accords to the newspaper account of a crime—subject to be modified by the evidence in court. The Church is our court in such matters, and we believe in the ever-present miracle of a God-directed Church. Excitement or enthusiasm may warp our private judgments, and lead us into an abyss of heresy; but it is the business of the Church to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

"The talking ghost" at Virginia City, Nevada, is a wonderful manifestation, yet it is hard to separate it from the ordinary spirit phenomena. As we have several times remarked, it was our good fortune, or misfortune, whichever it may have been, to have had an opportunity of thoroughly examining that matter. That they do receive communications from some intelligence not human, we are fully convinced; but that pure spirits come to this earth, except by special permission, we do not believe. St. Augustin declares it to be the hight of impudence to deny the possibility or probability of their coming. In fact, visits of the spirits are attested by many of the saints. We have condemned the ordinary spirit manifestations, because the teaching was bad; we have approved the theory of special visits, because the teaching has been good; and, as a Catholic, because the Church sanctions it. We publish herewith the letter of the Vicar-general, who was present and examined the matter, to the Bishop of the diocese:

I thought I would inform you about a strange occurrence which took place here, on Sunday, October 27th. There is a girl, named Agnes McDonough, living with her aunt, to whom her father (dead about six years) appeared. The apparition continued from Sunday, October 27th, to Friday, November 1st; appearing to the child whenever she was alone in the house, or in any room of the house. It mattered nothing how many persons should be in the house, provided Agnes were alone in any room, the same thing took place. He wished to be continually speaking to her. He spoke to her under the same appearance as when living. On Monday evening, the second day, the family sent for me, as they were very much afraid and annoyed. I went, carrying what I supposed necessary on such occasions. As I entered the house I examined the girl, pretending the whole thing was only the work of the imagination. But I was unable to dislodge her from her belief. I told her to enter the room, while I took my position at the door, which was left open. Immediately a signal was given her, which was given on every occasion when she was alone, and denoted a desire to speak to her. I told the child to ask her father various questions, among the rest, where did he come from? His answer was—"from purgatory." "How long were you in purgatory?" "Six years," was the answer. "Where is purgatory?" "Next to Heaven." "Is it in one of the planets or stars?" "I do not know." "What punishment is in purgatory?" "By fire." "How does purgatory appear?" "Light and smoke." "How did you find the way to the earth?" "An angel conducted me." "Where did the angel leave you?" "At the door." "How long will you remain on the earth?" "Six days." "What day will you leave?" "At half-past one Friday afternoon." "What was your reason or object in coming on the earth?" "To see my child Agnes." "Who permitted you?" "God Almighty." "Is God visible in purgatory?" "No." "Did you ever see God?" "Yes." "When and where?" "When he judged me." "Did he judge you in purgatory?" "No." "Where did he judge you?" "At the gates of Heaven." "Who judged you?" "Almighty God and Jesus Christ." "Was any one else present?" "Yes, two rows of angels behind them." "How did the angels appear?" "As white as snow." "Were the angels standing?" "No, they had wings." "Did they fly?" "No, but their wings were in motion." "Were you not afraid when Almighty God and Jesus Christ appeared to judge you?" "No." "Did Jesus Christ appear as a stern and severe judge?" "No." "How did he appear?" "Very kind." "What did Jesus Christ say." "Come to me, my blessed." "Did he say any thing else?" "Yes; descend into purgatory." "How long did you remain there?" "Six years." "How is time counted in purgatory?" "I don't know." "How did you know what time to leave?" "An angel told me." "Did you know how long you had to remain there?" "Until prayers and masses were offered up for me." "Where will you go at one-and-a-half o'clock next Friday?" "To Heaven." "How can you find your way to Heaven?" "An angel will come for me." "Is it the same angel that left you here?" "No; it is another angel from Heaven." "How will you know when one-and-a-half o'clock on Friday arrives?" "The angel will come for me then." "Do friends and relatives know one another in Heaven?" "I was never in Heaven." "Which are more efficacious for the souls in purgatory, masses or prayers?" "Masses." "What is necessary for us to obtain eternal life?" "To believe in Jesus Christ, and practice the duties of your religion." "Is there a true religion on earth?" "Yes; the Catholic religion." "How long will the Church of God be persecuted?" "For ever." "Will Pius IX triumph over his enemies?" "I don't know." "If you were on earth now, what would you do?" "I would do every thing to save my soul." "Where is your body?" "In the grave." "Why did not the body suffer with the soul?" "The body has nothing to do with the soul." "Is there no punishment for the body after death?" "Yes, into ashes." "Will you ever see your body?" "Yes, after the general judgment." "How will you know your body?" "I don't know." "Where are little children who died without baptism?" "In darkness." "Will they be always in darkness?" "Yes." "Where will children be after the general judgment, who die without baptism?" "In darkness." "Are they suffering pain?" "No." "Are they in purgatory?" "No." "How far is purgatory from here?" "Five minutes." "Do you wish us to pray for you?" "Yes; I wish to have prayers and masses offered up for me." "Do you wish us to pray and have masses offered for you after one-and-a half o'clock on Friday afternoon." "No." "Why so?" "Because, I will be in heaven." "What time will you be in Heaven?" "Twenty-five minutes to two o'clock in the afternoon." "Will you remember us in Heaven?" "Yes; I will pray for you." "How is it that you could come into the house, the doors and windows being closed?" "I'm a pure spirit." "How is it possible that you can make such a noise on the wall, being a spirit, and immaterial, and the wall being a material object?" "By the power which God gave me." "How do you strike the wall when you wish to speak to Agnes?" "With my hand." "What do you think about Spiritualism?" "It is all nonsense."

These are only some of the numerous questions which I proposed to him through Agnes. What was strange about the matter was that he would never be fatigued in speaking to his little daughter. But as soon as she retired to bed she was never annoyed till morning. When asked how he spent the night; watching and praying. When asked several times to speak aloud that we might hear him, he said he was sent to speak to Agnes. It being a sort of a private apparition to the girl, we kept it as still as we could, fearing the Spiritualists might take advantage and say it was their doctrine. However, it is a good deal known now over the city. In all the conversations he appeared face to face with Agnes; and he invariably spoke of Jesus Christ when he was asked for advice how to live. I went there every day during the time he predicted he had to remain, and on Friday, at one o'clock, I was there watching. I was putting questions, as usual, when he announced the time was fast approaching. The girl was standing in the room, in the centre of the floor—the door open, and about eight persons looking on—among the rest, Mr. Lynch. I kept my eye on the clock—there was no clock in the room with Agnes—as soon as the precise second arrived (one-and-a-half o'clock) the child screamed, falling on her knees: "There is the angel." She screamed out several times to her father, and rushed after him to the door, where he told her, during the week, she could see him go up to Heaven with the angel. She saw him as he described. The flight was due east, in a slanting line. She saw him only about a second ascending, when he was out of sight.

Such is the outline of this strange apparition. What do you think of it? Agnes McDonough received her first communion on the first Sunday of September, and was confirmed by your Lordship the same day. Her brother, who never went to Church since the death of her father, attends since, and is preparing for a general confession. Strange, the father told

(*Concluded on Fifth Page.*)

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and Subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

The Physiological Position of Tobacco.

BY W. E. A. AXON, M. R. S. L.

[From the Popular Science Monthly.]

M. Blatin regards the various local affections as trifling, when compared with the gradual saturation of the system with nicotine, which, accumulating in the tissues, waits for the opportunity, varying, according to individual habits and constitution, of declaring its poisonous nature.

The trembling, which is one of the usual symptoms of acute, is also a common result of chronic, nicotism. A very distinguished Parisian physician had hands which shook so much that he could not write. Whenever he remained without tobacco any length of time, these tremblings disappeared. Another case mentioned by Blatin is noteworthy. A man of forty-five years consulted him respecting violent and numerous attacks of vertigo. When he felt one of them approaching, he was obliged to lie down wherever he might be, in order to avoid falling. In the country, where he had plenty of exercise, they were less frequent than in the town, where his occupation was sedentary. Cessation from tobacco and a tonic regimen quickly restored him.

A physician of fifty-two was afflicted with similar disagreeable symptoms, and was also cured by abstinence. Habit had become so strong that he could not resist at times the temptation to slight indulgence. Finding that these returns to tobacco were immediately followed by his old painful attacks, he renounced it forever.

The circulatory system presents in chronic nicotism similar symptoms to those found in acute poisoning. The most noticeable of these is the intermittent pulse, of which many cases have been collected by Decaisne and others.

Decaisne speaks of narcotism of the heart, but Blatin does not consider the action to be directly upon that organ, but considers the effects described to result from an irregular relaxation of the ganglia of the great sympathetic nerve.

When a person suffering from intermittent pulse was carefully examined, Blatin found the stoppage in the heart's beat followed a series of apparently normal movements. The systole and diastole succeeded in due regularity, and nothing in the play of the central organ indicated trouble, when the heart suddenly stopped in diastole, sometimes for the space of three arterial pulsations. When it awakens from this syncope its action is abnormally quick, as if it wished to make up for the lost time, and force the mass of blood across the organs at one stroke. But, with force insufficient for this purpose, it is exhausted in fruitless efforts, hesitates, wavers, acquires fresh power, commences again, now violent, now feeble, and fulfills very imperfectly the duties which it should perform. Gradually it calms; a foreign element seems to appease the tumult, the heart again becomes regular. The explanation appears to be that the irritation of the sympathetic nerve stops short the movements of the heart, and thus causes the intermittence; then the susceptibility of the nerve is lessened or paralyzed, and the cardiac functions are left to the sole direction of the automotor ganglia; hence the disordered beats, which decrease as the nervous force coming afresh from the pneumogastric moderates and regularizes it.

From intermittent pulse to angina pectoris the distance is not far. That tobacco may produce all the usual symptoms of that painful disease has been abundantly shown by Beau. To the cases which he has cited may be added an epidemic of his nature noted by M. Gelineau, with which a great part of the crew of the Embuscade were struck. The patients were all great smokers. It is worthy of notice that this disease is much more common among men than women.

Difficulty of breathing approaching asthma has also been recorded. Blatin gives a case of a young officer whose asthma could be attributed to no other cause, and who was cured by a simple abstinence and tonic medicines.

Tobacco, acting upon the cardiac and pulmonary branches of the pneumogastric, is not likely to leave untouched its gastric terminations. In an animal under the influence of small doses of nicotine the gastric juice is secreted with increased rapidity, and the action of the walls of the stomach is more noticeable. With strong doses or long-continued usage this secretion is very considerably diminished, and the peristaltic motion enfeebled. That is to say, the tobacco acts upon the pneumogastric, excites it in small, and paralyzes it in large, doses. The smoker takes his after dinner pipe or cigar to aid digestion. Undoubtedly, it excites the par vagum, increases the gastric secretion, and accelerates the peristaltic motion. Undoubtedly, also, this daily stimulation enfeebles the nerve, and digeston becomes more difficult. The swing back from the excitement causes a reaction, which only an increase in the doses can overcome. The nerve is partially paralized. The appetite fails, nutrition is impeded, dyspepsia reigns conqueror.

A military man of thirty seven years fell into a consumption without any other affection antecedent or concomitant than distaste for food, and salivation. Dr. Roques, after various essays, learned that he was a great user of tobacco, which had led to a sort of chronic fluxion of the salivary glands, and an almost total cessation of the digestive functions, and consequently caused the feeble and consumptive state into which he had fallen. Gradual diminution and ultimate abandonment of tobacco led to a cure in about three months.

The influence of tobacco upon vision is well known. One of the symptoms produced in acute nicotism is blindness, and chronic nicotism gives rise to similar affections. Thus Mackenzie found that patients afflicted with amaurosis were mostly lovers of tobacco in some form. Sichel found cases of complete amaurosis, which, incurable by other means, were easily conquered by cessation from the weed. Hutchinson found, out of thirty-seven patients, twenty-three were inveterate smokers. The observations of Wordsworth and others have so clearly established the fact that the continued excitement of the optic nerve by tobacco sometimes produces amaurosis, that it is now generally cited in text-books as one of the causes of that disease.

We have completed our brief examination of the physiological action of tobacco, but in concluding it may be well to point to some portions of the evidence which are especially noteworthy.

The fact that tobacco reduces the animal temperature is an important one. It shows the fallacy of those who smoke to keep the cold out, and proves conclusively that tobacco is neither a generator nor conserver of vital heat, but, on the contrary, a wasteful destroyer of it.

The influence of tobacco, in liberating the heart from those restraints which regulate its healty action, naturally leads to the conclusion that in frequent doses that organ must, sooner or later, undergo a structural transformation. Although when thus excited it has less pressure to overcome than when in a normal condition, yet the extra exertion cannot but be evil in its results, since it causes an irregularity in the supply of blood, and thus degrades tissue.

Tobacco belongs to the class of narcotic and exciting substances, and has no food-value. Stimulation means abstracted, not added, force. It involves the narcotic *paralysis* of a portion of the functions, the activity of which is essential to healthy life.

It will be said that tobacco soothes and cheers the weary toiler, and solaces the overworked brain. Such may be its momentary effects, but the *sequelæ* cannot be ignored. All such expedients are fallacious. When a certain amount of brain-work or hand-work has been performed, Nature must have space in which to recuperate, and all devices for escaping from this necessity will fail. It is bad policy to set the house on fire to warm our hands by the blaze. Let it, then, be clearly understood that the temporary excitement produced by tobacco is gained by the destruction of vital force, and that it contains absolutely nothing which can be of use to the tissues of the body.

Tobacco adds no potential strength to the human frame. It may spur the weary brain or feeble arm to undue exertion for a short time, but its work is destructive, not constructive. It can not add one molecule to the plasm out of which our bodies are daily built up. On the contrary, it exerts upon it a most deleterious influence. It does not supply, but diminishes, vital force.

It has been denied that tobacco leads to organic disease, but the evidence is very strong the other way, and it would be very remarkable if continued functional derangement did not ultimately lead to chronic derangement of the organs; that it causes functional disturbance no one dreams of denying; indeed, it has been remarked that no habitual smoker can be truly said to have a day's perfect health.

(CONCLUDED.)

List of Lecturers.

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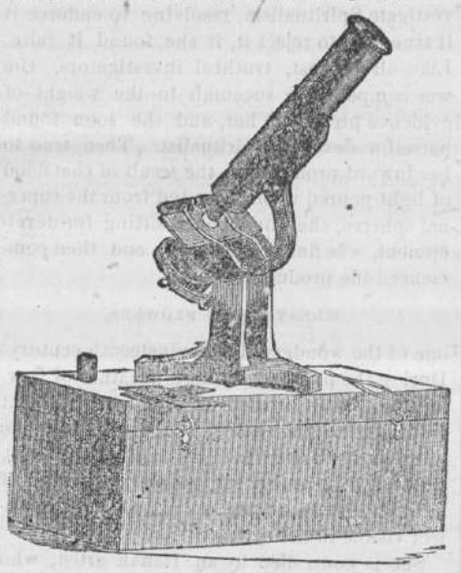
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Which long gave an echoless moan—
A stretch of something as bright as gold,
Lights the edge of life's blackened cloud,
Green leaves and white blooms smile through the cold,
Long hushed Hope again sings aloud,
The joy and the promise of other days,
Sweeter, purer than even then,
Turns a life-line into love's peaceful ways,
Lighting God's world again.

We bow our heads to the rain and wind,—
Like flowers look up when the storm is past,
And gratefully gather our blessings in,
Thanking God, the calm hath come at last.

Chicago, Ill., 1872.

LONG AGO.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Long ago, long ago, a Spirit was singing
By the shimmering hearth of our parlor fire,
Her voice like silver-tongued bells sweetly ringing,—
As purest affection could only inspire.

Long ago! Do I dream? Do I dream of a pleasure
Never tasted by mortal, nor known on this shore—
A dream which for sweetness can have ne'er a measure,
A draught from a goblet quite brimming o'er?

And of that dream only memory tarries,
And I wake from its silence to bitterest pain!
For though it is sweet, it cruelly harries—
The light of our hearth has gone out in the rain.

Long ago! long ago! Ah! Spirit then with us—
If I dream not happy, but terrible dreams—
Come over the waves of the Stygian River,
If only to give us the faintest of gleams!

Long ago, your fingers like light-beams were flying,
Over the strings of your silent guitar!
O touch it again, if you can, by complying,
Awaken the faintest vibration afar!

Long ago! hearts were made to break and to bear it—
To feel the keen anguish of sorrow and pain!
To know what is fate, and recklessly dare it—
To be chilled by its sleet, its storm, winds and rain.

Long ago, long ago will come back to us never!
Never more can we drink of fountains passed by!
Long ago, long ago! eager years shall not sever;
The lost of that time awaits in the sky!

A REPENTANT SPIRITUALIST.

Samuel Watson, Author of "The Clock Struck One"---Incidents from his Work ---Interesting Letter from Judge Edmonds.

The Rev. Samuel Watson, of Tennessee, a Methodist minister, has got into trouble through writing and publishing a "heretical" book under the attractive title of "The Clock Struck One." The Memphis Conference of the Methodist Church, having examined the work, find it to be a defense of Spiritualism. The reverend author has been compelled to apologize for his literary effort and to agree to withdraw it from circulation as far as possible. It contains numerous letters from citizens of Tennessee, long since dead, and is no doubt amusing reading. The action of the Conference will make every person anxious to purchase a copy, and hence it may after all be fortunate for the author that he has been hauled over the coals. It is a curious fact that the world is never so anxious to read a book as when it has been pronounced unfit for perusal. —*New York Herald.*

JUDGE EDMOND'S LETTER.

EDITOR JOURNAL, DEAR SIR:—In the *Herald* of to-day I found the above article which I enclose, and as I was somewhat acquainted with the appearance of the Book, I thought it would be well for me to mention the matter, especially as it comes from your section of the country and may interest believers there.

Sometime last May, just before I left town for my usual summer residence, I was waited upon by a gentleman, who introduced himself to me as Mr. Samuel Watson, a Methodist clergyman from Memphis, Tennessee. I was very much pleased with the acquaintance. He was some 50 years old, a gentleman in every respect, and a man of culture and education.

He told me that he had been settled over 30 years in the vicinity of Memphis, as a preacher of that sect, or as editor of its newspaper, and was now in New York, preparing to publish a work giving his experience in Spiritualism, which he had been some 16 or 18 years investigating.

His investigations had been conducted in company with some of the first men of the vicinity, among whom was Bishop Otey of the Episcopal Diocese of that State. I had been acquainted with that Bishop in his life time—he having once had a *seance* at my house, when he was attending the Episcopal Convention in this city.

Dr. Watson had been quite outspoken in his views of the subject during all this time, without having been dealt with or having been censured by his church authority.

He had, however, at length come to the conclusion that he ought to do something more to spread abroad among men the truths which had been revealed to him, and he had come on to New York to publish an account of his experience. This he was going to do at his own expense, which he was able to do, as he had been giving his services to his church for many years gratuitously.

He wished while here to have access to some of our mediums. I advised him to select some particular medium and not wander around among different ones, as thus his spirit friends would find it more easy to commune with him and not be embarrassed by the miscellaneous influences which he would otherwise encounter. He followed that advice and has recorded those interviews in the XIV chapter of his book.

After he left on his return home, I received a copy of the work from his publisher. It is a volume of about 230 pages and is called "The Clock struck One, and Christian Spiritualist."

The first five chapters of it, are in a measure introductory to his own experience, and give instances of spirit communion irrespective of himself, from the Bible and the early Christian Fathers, down through the founders of the Methodist denomination, to Barnes, Beecher, Longfellow, Channing, etc., of more modern times.

The next eight chapters, filling about one hundred pages, contains his experiences and his views of what he witnessed. They are well worth reading. There is an evident directness and sincerity of purpose displayed which is very attractive, and a fearlessness in the highest degree becoming the magnitude of the truths discussed.

He hoped—though he hardly expected—to escape the censure of his church for what he was doing; still after long reflection and experience, he had made up his mind to give to the world what had been revealed to him and take the consequences. The incidents which had mainly moved him to this conclusion, are told in his Introduction which fills about 30 pages, and which he concludes in the following language:—

"I have embodied what I believed to be the truth, which will ultimately prevail over error and prejudice. I can have no private or selfish purpose to subserve in thus subjecting myself to the ridicule of many with whom I have been so intimately associated.

"I have passed that period in life when ambition would prompt me to that kind of notoriety which will lead some to think of me as Dr. Bond has expressed himself.

"Having been cradled in the Methodist church and devoted over thirty-five years to the active work of the ministry, I have found much to strengthen my belief in her doctrines, as I understand them from the Bible and her standard authorities.

"Having been refused a hearing through her organs, I have been driven to the present plan of vindicating myself before an enlightened public. My self-respect as well as a sincere conviction of duty impels me to this course. I cannot avoid it and satisfy my conscience as an honest man.

"I claim nothing for myself that I do not concede to all others—the right to think, speak and write independently, if not through one, some other channel than a Methodist *Christian Advocate.*

* * * * * * * * *

"The time is coming when truth will triumph and all error be banished from our mental and moral vision. I trust I have not been prompted by any motive that will not bear the scrutiny of the Omniscient God."

Such is the spirit in which has been put forth this book, which the newspapers tell us is condemned by the Methodist church as "heretical."

Whatever orthodox Religionists may think of it, its tone and temper, its reasonings and its facts alike commend it to the attention of the candid mind, and that part of it related in the Introduction which gives the name to the Book, details a series of manifestations as interesting as any in our annals.

Yours truly, J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, Dec. 1st, 1872.

TESTIMONY OF METHODISTS.

[Extracts from "The Clock Struck One."

Mr. Wesley had unquestionable evidence of mysterious agencies, and spirit manifestations. He was personally blessed with some gifts, promised to believers. All through his evangelizing career he noted and recorded cases of spirit power, and promotion. In his journals and the "Armenian Magazine," some of the clearest cases on record will be found. In his journal—to mention only one: A lady was awaked at night by what purported to be her brother, who told her he had died that night on board a certain ship at sea, in such a latitude and longitude. A record was made that night of it, and, months after, the facts were ascertained to be as the apparition stated.

Again, he says: "Suppose my spirit was out of the body, could not an angel see my thoughts, even without my uttering any words? (if words are used in the world of spirits.) And can not that ministering spirit see them just as well now I am in the body? It seems, therefore, to be an unquestionable truth (although perhaps commonly observed) that angels know not only the words and actions, but also the thoughts of those to whom they minister. And indeed, without this knowledge they would be very illy qualified to perform the varions parts of their ministry. And if our eyes were opened, we should see 'They are more that are for us than they that are against us.' We should see

"'A convoy attends,
A ministering host of invisible friends.'

"In all ages he [God] used the ministery both of men and angels."

This is what the founder of Methodism says upon this subject, yet many of his sons, professing to be wise above what is written, will sneer at any demonstration of this doctrine, and talk of "morbid brain" and "superstitious turn of mind." Oh, shame, where is thy blush!

Hear what one of the best women that ever lived says of him and the subject: "It appears to me no way contrary to reason to believe that the happy departed spirits see and know all they would wish, and are divinely permitted to know. In this, Mr. Wesley (the founder of Methodism) is of the same mind,—and that they *are* concerned for the dear fellow-pilgrims whom they have left behind. I can not but believe they are. . . . . Nor doth it seem contrary to reason to suppose a spirit in glory can turn his eye with as much ease, and look on any object below, as a mother can look through a window, and see the actions of her children in the court underneath it. If bodies have a language by which they can convey their thoughts to each other, though sometimes at a distance, have spirits no language, think you, by which they can converse with our spirits, and, by impressions on the mind, speak to us as easily as before they did by tongue? And what can interrupt either the presence, communication, or sight of a spirit?

"'Wa'ls within walls no more its passage bar
Than unopposing space of liquid air.'

"Though it is allowed we may have communion with angels, various are the objections raised against the belief of our communion with that other part of the heavenly family,—*the disembodied spirits of the just.* If there is joy throughout all the realms above, yea, 'more joy over one sinner that repenteth than over the ninety and nine, that went not astray,' how evident it is to an impartial eye that the state, both of one and the other, must be known there, together with the progress of each individual . . . Have not spirits faculties suited to spirits, by which we may suppose they can as easily discern our souls as we could discern their bodies when they were in the same state as ourselves? . . . If he maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire, can not a spirit be with me in a moment, as easily as a stroke from an electrical-machine can convey the fire, for many miles, in one moment, through thousands of bodies, if properly linked together?"—*Mrs. Mary Fletcher.*

Dr. Adam Clarke I have already quoted. (See his commentary, page 299, vol. XI.)

1. "I believe there is a supernatural and spiritual world in which human spirits, both good and bad, live in a state of consciousness."

2. "I believe that any of these spirits may, according to the order of God, in the laws of their place of residence, have intercourse with this world, and become visible to mortals."

These are unequivocal expressions of belief. If, as Dr. Clarke affirms with reason, Samuel "actually appeared unto Saul," if the ascended Moses and Elias "talked with Jesus" in the presence of Peter, James and John, if spiritual beings denominated "angels" "men of God," *men*, held intercourse with the earth's inhabitants during several thousand years of Scriptural history, why not now? Is God mutable? Have Deific laws changed? Has the door John saw opened in heaven been shut and barred?

The real and living verity of the future life, and spirit world, is a doctrine which can appeal confidently to the Bible, to history, and to science, for its substantial proof, and reasonable confirmation. It is not only taught in the Bible, but proven by the concurrent testimony of every race of mankind, in all ages of the world.

I find the following in the *Lynchburg Virginian* recently. The family with whom I reside were familiar with the facts as here stated. The editor says, "We copy an account of an occurrence well remembered by some of our citizens:

"SMITH CRADLE ROCKING.

"This is one of the most remarkable and best authenticated phenomena of its kind on record. It occurred in 1840, in Lynchburg, at the residence of the late William A. Smith, D.D., for many years President of Randolph Macon College. In that year he was pastor of Lynchburg church. An empty cradle in his house was noticed rocking of its own accord. It continued its motion for an hour. The next day it commenced rocking at the same time, kept it up and stopped as on the day before. Thus it continued daily for a month. Many intelligent citizens and ministers witnessed this wonderful affair and made repeated efforts to solve the mystery without success. It was moved to different parts of the room without any change in its behavior. It was removed to other apartments in the dwelling with the same result. It was taken to pieces and each part scrutinized and refitted, yet there was no change in its motion.

"The Methodist clergy selected one of their number to hold the cradle, and prevent, if possible, its movement. The Rev. Dr. Penn, one of the purest men of his time, was chosen for this purpose. While it was rocking he grasped it. It wrenched itself, from his grasp! He seized it more firmly. The timbers cracked and the cradle would have been broken in the struggle to release itself, had he not loosened his hold.

"It was not further hindered in its daily exercise. After thirty or more days it stopped, and never commenced again.

"No explanation of this wonderful affair was ever given or attempted."

I would respectfully ask Dr. Bond, if the physical force used on this occasion, was not sufficient to make a "clock trike one?"

Richard Watson, of England, who was perhaps the most intellectual man the Methodist Church ever had, speaking of the case of Samuel, says: "The account not only shows that the Jews believed in the doctrine of apparitions, but that in fact, such an appearance on this occasion did actually occur; which answers all the objections which were ever raised or can be raised, from the philosophy of the case, against the possibility of the appearance of departed spirits" "I believe in this apparition of the departed Samuel, because the text positively calls the appearance Samuel."

Let us see what Dr. Watson says on this subject in his "Theological Institutes," a standard work embraced in the course of study for ministers of the Methodist Church.

"This is the doctrine of revelation; and if the evidences of that revelation can be disproved, it may be rejected; if not, it must be admitted, whether an argumentative proof can be offered in its favor or not. That it is not *unreasonable* may be first established.

"That God, who made us, and who is a pure spirit, can not have immediate access to our thoughts, our affections, and our will, it would certainly be much more reasonable to deny than to admit; and if the great and universal Spirit possesses this power, every *physical* objection, at least, to the doctrine in question is removed, and finite, unbodied spirits may have the same *kind* of access to the mind of man, though not in so perfect and intimate a *degree*. Before any natural impossibility can be urged against this intercourse of spirit with spirit, we must know what no philosopher, however deep his researches into the courses of the phenomena of the mind, has ever professed to know—the laws of perception, memory, and association. We can suggest thoughts and reasons to each other and thus mutually influence our wills and affections.

"We employ, for this purpose, the *media* of signs and words; but to contend that these are the only *media* through which thought can be conveyed to thought, or that spiritual beings can not produce the same effects *immediately*, is to found an objection wholly upon our ignorance. All the reason which the case, considered in itself, affords, is certainly in favor of this opinion. We have access to each other's minds; we can suggest thoughts, raise affections, influence the wills of others; and analogy, therefore, favors the conclusion that, though by different and latent means, unbodied spirits have the same access to each other, and to us."

Mr. Watson relates one of the most remarkable instances of persons returning that I ever read outside of the Bible. It was published in the *Methodist Magazine* when I was a boy, and republished in the *Methodist Magazine*, at Baltimore, a few years since. There was a man and his wife, by the name of James, both of whom died very suddenly, as was supposed, without a will. There arose serious difficulty among the heirs about the property. James and his wife came back (in the day-time) and informed a lady where the will was in a secret drawer, in a secretary. She informed the circuit preacher (a Mr. Mills), who went and found the will, and reconciled the parties.

It is too long to copy; I merely mention it to show his opinion of such things.

Bishop Simpson said, after he lost his boy, that "it seemed to him as though he were walking on one side of the veil, and his son on the other. It is only a veil. These friends will be the first to greet you—their faces the first to flash upon you, as you pass into the invisible world. This takes away the fear of death. Departed spirits are not far above the earth, in some distant clime, but right upon the confines of this world.

DR. WILBER FISK'S TESTIMONY.

"God," he says, "has use or employment for all the creatures he has made—for every saint on earth, for every angel in heaven. He would that none be idle, He has a mission for every one. Angels and archangels, cherubims and seraphims, patriarchs and prohets, apostles and reformers, and all the holy hosts of heaven, are his ministering spirits, frequently dispatched to minister unto the strangers and sojourners of earth. He sends forth these spirits to guide and guard his contrite children through this wilderness world, to their promised place at his right hand.

"Oh! consoling doctrine! Angels are around us. The spirits of the departed good encamp about our pathway. Who knows how many times the sainted spirit of Paul has been our guardian angel, protecting and defending us? Who can tell how often Marah's humble spirit has surrounded our thorny pathway, strewing it with heavenly flowers, and the golden fruits of the true life, and perfuming the atmosphere we breath with celestial fragrance?

"Who knows how frequently the sainted spirits of Benson, and Watson, and Clarke, have hovered over our minds, directing them to the sound doctrines of the Gospel of Truth? and how often has the fervent spirit of Wesley inspired us with zeal, and the spirit of Luther with holy boldness, to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints? And how often has Bunyan's blessed spirit lingered around our path, to lead us on to God? And who knows, brethren, but it is the inspiring spirit of the flaming Whitefield, or Hall, or Chalmers, that sometimes sets on fire our stammering tongues with heavenly eloquence?"

Did not Bishop McKendree see and recognize those who were around his dying bed, when he said:

"Bright angels are from glory come—
They are 'round my bed,
They are in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home."

Hear what one of our living bishops says:

"We labor not only in the sight of mortals; we labor also in the sight of celestial beings. We preach to two congregations at the same moment—one below, the other above us. Methinks they are present with us now. Poised upon celestial pinions, they shed over us the odors of paradise. I seem to hear the rustling of their plumes. The air about us is full of fragrance. Their benevolent countenances beam with delight, and their eyes, sparkling with supernatural intelligence, are watching to catch, before we disperse, another proof of 'the manifold wisdom of God.' To use the impassioned strain of a familiar hymn:

"'Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived they mix the throng,
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song.'

See "Union Pulpit," page 446.

I not only fully endorse the above quotations, but will add that if we had our minds and affections elevated to the plane occupied by those spirits, that we could commune with them, and realize that there was indeed but a veil between those who have passed over, and those who yet tabernacle in their clay tenement. We are too earthly, if not sensual, to comprehend, appreciate, and enjoy "the communion of saints." As we arise in our moral status, we will find that we approximate those who have passed the veil; and we believe the time will come when fellowship with the church triumphant, and the church militant, will be realized by all who are in a condition, spiritually, to enjoy such "conversation in Heaven."

TESTIMONY OF OTHERS.

Just as I am writing this, I find the following in the *South-Western Presbyterian*, published New Orleans, March '72. The writer, speaking of a case where the dying persons saw his departed friends around him, says: "Does not this case, with its simple explanation, go far to unravel the mysterious incidents of many a dying experience? Those seraphic smiles playing over the face, like the sheet-lightning that sports upon a summer cloud—those typical gestures, pointing as if to some real presence, which the natural eye is unable to discern—the joyful recognition of beautiful spirits, who seem to beckon the departing soul toward the glory that is beyond: all these things so often occurring and throwing such awe upon the living, as pregnant hints of the eternity that at other times seems so far away—may they not all be only the natural expressions of spiritual desires and affections wrought in the heart by the Holy Spirit in the hour when his work is finished on the human soul? May they not be the simple reflection of the grace that is wrought within the believer, when he is made 'meet for the saints inheritance in light?' And may it not be lawful to conclude that these cases, which seem to us so rare, are but types of all the rest?" Such cases are not so "rare" as many suppose. I was called to visit a physician who was a Presbyterian Elder recently. He bore the same testimony and seemed to be astonished that all who were in the room did not see loved ones as he did. His natural eyes were becoming dim but his spiritual eyes were being opened.

REV. DR. A. BARNES TESTIMONY.

"In this doctrine (the ministry of spirits) there is nothing absurd. It is no more impossible that angels should be employed to aid men than that one man should aid another, certainly not as impossible as that the Son of God should come down not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Angelic ministration constitutes the beauty of the moral arrangements on earth. Is there any impropriety in supposing that they do now what the Bible says they have ever done."

The author of these sentiments made the Scriptures a study and wrote a commentary upon them. I might multiply authorities from this scource but enough has been given to answer our purpose.

REV. H. W. BEECHER'S TESTIMONY.

"I confess to you, there is something in my mind of sublimity in the idea that the world is full of spirits, good and evil, who are pursuing their various errands, and that the little that we can see with these bats' eyes of ours, the little that we can decipher with these imperfect senses, is not the whole of the reading of those vast pages of that great volume which God has written. There is in the lore of God more than our philosophy has ever dreamed of.

"On the other hand, I believe that there are angels of light, spirits of the blessed, ministers of God, I believe, not only that they are our natural guardians, and friends, and teachers, and influencers, but, also, that they are natural antagonists of evil spirits. In other words, I believe that the great realm of life goes on without the body very much as it does with the body. And, as here the mother not only is the guardian of her children whom she loves, but foresees that bad associates and evil influences threaten them, and draws them back and shields them from impending danger, so ministering spirits not only minister to us the divinest tendencies, the purest tastes, the noblest thoughts and feelings, but, perceiving our adversaries, caution us against them and assail them and drive them away from us.

"There have been times in which I declare to you heaven was more real than earth; in which my children that were gone spoke more plainly to me than my children that were with

[*Continued on fifth page.*]

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and Subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

The Incarnation of Christna Zens,

As recorded in "The Bible in India," in the Sanscrit language, antedates that of Moses in the Hebrew language over three thousand years; and the still more modern records of Boodh, Zoroaster, Confucius, Menecus, Appolonious, Menes, Minos, Christ Jesus, Mohammed and others, from four to five thousand years. Though we have already referred to the creation of Adima and Heva; to their location and departure from the isle of Ceylon; to their fall; their forgiveness and promised re incarnation; of Vishnu to redeem their hopelessly corrupt posterity; to their patriarchal ages; to their flood, and to some of the sequences that followed; and more especially to some of the peculiar circumstances connected with the birth, youth and teachings of "Christna Zens;" it was with an eye single to showing the true fountain source of all after religious corruptions and all, rather than the real status of Christna Zens, or the comparative understanding of the people. Hence we propose resuming the question in the latter connection.

It were useless to inform the constant reader of the columns of the JOURNAL that our popular laws, our religion, our opinions, and in a great measure, our morals, have been stolen, borrowed or imported, from antiquity. None we presume doubt the fact, that Menes, Minos and Moses, of the Egyptians, Greeks and Hebrews, all stole their mess of legal pottage from Manou intact, and moreover that others of a more modern date, stole many of the precepts they teach, and their re-incarnation ideas direct from the Hindoo ideal of Christna Zens. As already remarked, neither Boodh, Zoroaster, Confucius, Christ, Mohammed, nor any other mediumistic teacher, ever claimed to be more than man; yet, after they had passed away, their Biographers set up a semblance of the Hindoo's Christna Zens for them which he (whoever he was—Ideal, or otherwise) never claimed for himself, so far as we know or infer from the facts in the case. All these and other teachers of their class, were as so many light-houses on the great main of human life, and when recalled and considered in this respect, no matter, whether in the Sanscrit, Pali, Zend, Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek, or other languages, they must be admitted as the ultimated reflexes and leaders of their respective ages and generations of men.

Each epoch, age, measure and motor, that came up as the propagator of creeds, accepting the "fall," has never in its bigoted assumption failed to think its "own crow the whitest;" that its own deformed bantling was the wonder and admiration of all the world abroad; it virtually underlaid the whole system of universal civilization; and that it came as a revelation in the sunrise of the East; a keynote of time, sounding the wondrous strain of an infinite ocean life on some former shore.

Such was, doubtless, the sublime faith of the African Fetish of the "rat" and "cat." Armies of brute force, who slew and eat each other for their rat and cat (Christ's sake), though such things as accredited floods and other disasters may have humbled mankind for a time; their impress died away as soon as the sting and fear of danger had departed. Yet, all these minions, though silent records in the treasure home of deathless memory, comprise the womb in which each regular re-incarnation or renewal of spirit measure and force came, as in the forms and characters of Christna Zens, Boodh, Zoroaster, Confucius, Christ, Mohammed and others of similar mediumistic powers. To show that the young intuitions, from whence a world of religious measures of system have sprung, regarded them as the investitures and operations of natural law; it is but necessary to refer the close observer and reasoner, to their truthful conceptions of the formative source of all humanized perfection, as well as operations of natural laws.

To say the least, it is certainly a singular fact that the Hindoos or Brahmins of the "*Cali Yuga*" over four thousand five hundred years ago, should have comprehended and practiced ante-natal impress, and translated nature so much more correctly and profitably than all the learning and religious wisdom of this age and generation of men. In the incarnation of Christna Zens, which is said to have occurred about that time, ante-natal impresses were in vogue, and in Christna Zens' case was brought to bear on his grandmother Laking as well as his mother Devanaguy, the latter of whom, under the most propitious circumstances, was "overshadowed" by the Holy Spirit. This was done amid scenes and sensations of enchantments, or to quote from the Bhagvat Geeta: "One evening while the virgin Devanaguy was praying her ears were opened to the charms of celestial music; the prison became suddenly illuminated and Vishnu appeared to her in all the *eclat* of his divine majesty; Devanaguy fell into a profound ecstacy, and having been "overshadowed" (the Sanscrit expression) by the spirit of God, that desired to incarnate itself, she conceived—the period of gestation was to her a time of continued enchantment; the divine infant afforded his mother supreme enjoyment which made her forget Earth, her captivity and even her existence.

"Devanaguy's night of accouchment came, and with the first wail of her infant swept a wind that scattered her prison walls, from whence she and her son escaped to Nanda, where they were met by the wise men of the East. Of his life and teachings we have spoken before.

LORD BOODH

signifies "the enlightened," of which, there are said to have been many. This most wonderful and pure of all the reformers, of which it is our province to speak, was the son of a Prince, born at Kapilwarta, the capitol of his father's Kingdom, at the foot of the Napaul mountains, nealy seven hundred years before Christ. It is said the first twenty-nine years of his life was spent as a layman, the succeeding six, in suffering and penance, after which he became Lord Boodh—lived and preached, about forty-five years. Renouncing his station of state, he toiled and preached in the humblest guise, and by his singular beauty, and purity of life; his spiritual insight and large native abilities, he converted over three hundred millions to his purest of all systems of practical worship.

In the face of Bhood's disclaimer of being more than an ordinary man, his truthlessly enthused biographers perpetrated the following story, concerning his mother and birth, some time after his death.

Soon after Maia, his Queen mother married Prince Suddhodana, she informed him of this *immaculate conception* of her child. The King rejoiced exceedingly, gave orders that all care should be taking of the Queen, that wherever she might be, sleeping and waking, she might be surrounded by that which was pure, melodious, harmonious, refined, elegant and simple.

And the forty thousand angels of ten thousand worlds, watched around her with perfect delicacy, never were they seen when she desired privacy, but at all other times she saw them guarding her by day and night, and she saw them without fear.

From that time no sensual desire ever disturbed her thoughts, she steadfastly obeyed as she had done from her youth up the five commandments, and abstained from all impurity as the mother of Buddhas have ever done"

"Going to visit her parents, the King had the road cleared and leveled, and made gay with flags and flowers, and jars of water were placed along it. A golden litter was provided for the Queen, and an escort of a thousand noble ladies attended her. Ultimately reaching a forest of interlacing branches that sheltered her as a canopy; the sun's scorching rays could not penetrate the delicious shade. From the trunks to the very tops of the trees, flowers budded, bloomed and shed fragrant leaves, ever again budding and blooming. Attracted by their sweet pollen, flights of shining beetles buzzed around them, filling the air with melodious humming like the music of the heavens, lotuses of all colors grew in the pools, their sweet scent wafted by gentle breezes. When Queen Maia entered the forest, the trees bowed before her as if they would say, 'Enjoy yourself O! Queen among us, ere you proceed on your journey." And the Queen looking on the forest as lovely as the garden of the angels, ordered her litter to be stayed, that she might descend and walk; then standing under one of the majestic trees, she desired to pluck a twig from one of the branches, and they bent themselves down that she might reach what she desired; and at that moment her labor came on her—her attendants held curtains around her; the angels brought garments of the most exquisite softness; and standing there beholding the branch, she brought forth her son without pain or any of the circumstances usually attending that event."

Such is the story invented concerning the birth of Boodh, which, though it may be false in detail, has the merit of commending and holding in the highest esteem those all-important antenatal impresses out of which the greatest perfections of humanity are formed.

This life of "Buddha," translated from the Siamese speaking of his death, says: "Reclining between two sala trees, in the garden of the Malla Princes, close to Kusinagaru, he spoke his last words: 'Transitory things are perishable; qualify yourselves (for the imperishable)!' Absorbed in ecstatic meditation, (Dhyana) he remained until the third watch of the night, and then expired.

"Then was there a great earthquake, and the pious who had not yet the perfection of saints wept aloud with uplifted arms; they sunk on the earth, they reeled about exclaiming: 'Too soon has the blessed one expired; too soon has the eye closed on the world.' But those more advanced in religion, calmly submitted themselves saying: 'Transitory things are perishable; in this world there is no permanence.'"

It is our opinion that Boodhism as taught and practiced in the days of Boodh or Buddha, surpassed in rational consistency all that had preceded or that has since followed.

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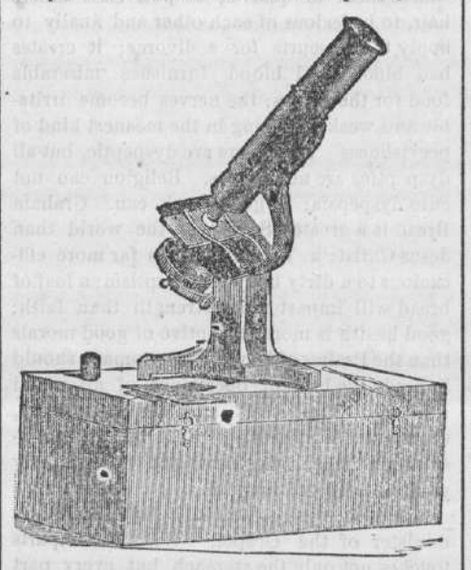
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